



HARPER'S



YOUNG PEOPLE

1889





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CHRISTMAS MORNING.

A HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP. BY F. S. CHURCH, N. A.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

1889



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Morning Papers, 589.
Mother, The, 8.
Mother Goose Revised, 180.
Mother's Joy, 313
Mount Vernon, The young People of, 452, 453.
Mousie, 468
Moving-Day Incident, A, 466.
Music Lesson, The, 23, 445.
Mustang, How a Boy trained a, 289.

ACE BALL FOR AMATEURS 482, 500, 521, 531.
 Beck's graduating Dress, 570
 Bee-Mauds, the, of France, 773
 Bella's Choice, 336
 Best M. M. and his Consequences, 441
 Birds—Recent studies of the Intelligence of 17
 Black Spirits and White, 311, 322
 Bobbie, 754
 B. T. that was brought up by Hand, 879
 BOYHOOD IN OTHER LANDS 272-342, 390, 465.
 Boy's Hat, A, 61.
 Boy's Letter, A, in 1789, 441.
 Boy's Lesson, The, 369
 Boy who became famous, 67, 131, 331.
 Brahmin, A young, 342
 Brave little Anderl, 749
 "Breches hard," Saved by the, 470
 Brick yard, A Boy's, 541.
 Bruce, 202
 Building of the Nest, The, 607
 "Bumble," The Sneeze, 242
 Business—Girls and 853.
 Business Boys, 545.

C.
 Can a tort build a Fire? 119.
 Canine Philosopher, A, 519.
 CAPTAIN POLLY—129, 151, 174, 186, 206, 222, 233, 262,
 273, 286, 309, 325, 340, 346, 362, 383, 398.
 Captured Santa Claus, A, 82.
 Carola, The, 429.
 Carols and Carolers, 145.
 Casablanca, My little, 170.
 Case, A, for the Doctor, 653.
 Cat's Paradise, A, 336.
 Cats, Sacred, in Egypt, 483.
 Caught in the Ice, 327.
 Centennial Parade—The Schools' Welcome to the Pre-
 sident, 494.
 Champion, A World's, on Skates, 523.
 Chickens, The Mother of those, 508.
 Children's Aid Society, The, 380.
 Children, Sir Baden Powell and Gerber's, 864.
 Children, Some, by Franz Hals, 526.
 CHINESE TALES—A, 36, 169, 244, 340, 376.
 Choir, Singing in the, 119.
 Christmas Gifts, Clapperton on, 53, 99.
 Christmas, How, came to Turkey's Cove, 74.
 Christmas Surprises, 106.
 Christmas Tree, A, that talked, 118.
 Clothes-pin Corded, A, 716.
 Coaching Wrist, 580.
 Color, 873.
 Commencement, Floral Decorations for, 547.
 Coins Bearing, How to use, 631.
 Compass Plant, The, 583.
 Coats, 276.
 Crabs in plenty, 316.
 Cricketers, Wrinkles for young, 683, 710.
 Cricket, Tor, A, in Canada, 705.

D.
DANCING (see "The Carola"), 429.
Davy and Bessy, 886.
Delcy's Squirrel, 23.
DICKENS, GLIMPSSES OF CHILD LIFE
743, 879.
Doctor? How can I get the best
Dog, Only a, 290.
DORMYATES:—374, 394, 414, 431,
534, 554, 573, 581, 598, 618,
721, 738, 754, 774, 790, 802.
Duke Donoghue, The, 358.
Dutch Child, A. of South Beveland

E
 EASTER Ways, 418.
 Edith's Day in the Country, 327.
 Edna with the red Cloak, 279.
 Egypt, Sacred Cats in, 483.
 Electricity and the Telephone, 530.
 Elephant, How the, moved the House, 225.
 Elsie's Mnemonics, 816.
 Emperor's Tarts, The, 517.
 EPIQUETE, A SERMONETTE ON—398, 435, 667, 759.
 EXPERIMENTS, LITTLE—211, 255, 397, 377, 436, 590, 568.
 652, 719, 819, 873.

FACE, The, at the Port-hole, 771.
 PACKET—36, 52, 72, 144, 164, 180, 196, 216, 232, 268,
 284, 320, 332, 388, 408, 440, 456, 476, 612, 612, 648,
 732, 888, 884.
 "Faithful Johnnie," 166.
 Fate, The, or the "Interp'd," 668.
 Fauntleroy, Little Lord (Elsie Leslie), 217.
 Favore, Prizes, and Souvenirs, 368.
 Feast of Flora, A, 80.
 Fight, The great, on the Gravelstone, 259.
 FISH AND FISHING-TACKLE—576, 587, 607.
 Fishing, Boat, 659, 676.
 Fling and Cling, 727.
 Flitter, 238.
 Flood versus Steam, 248.
 Floral Decorations for a Commencement, 547.
 Plume, A Picnic in a, 702.
 Flute, Nanny's Visit to the, 754.
 Flute-player, The, and the Snakes, 47.
 "Flying Dutchman," The, 753.
 Fool of the Family, The, 664.
 Foot-ball, Old and new, 99.
 Forest Combat, A, 890.
 For his Friend, 682.
 Fox, The tame, Tau, 770.
 Frank Benson's First Race, 801.

French Boys in the Eighteenth Century, 823.
 French, Charles, *The Struggles of*, 778.
 Gallaudet, Thomas H., *Teacher of the*
 434.
 Girls and Business, 833.
 Goodyear, Charles, *The Struggles of*, 778.
 Gottet, 835.
 Gravely, 28.

HALES, FRANK. *Home Children* by, 426.
Happy Country, The, 506.
Harry's Idea of English, 216.
Hawk, Huss and the, 262.
Hewson the Lamest, the, 290.
Hewson Otto and
Hewson and Method of Invention 111, 778.
Herome, A Little Kansas, 25.
High born, Some of the People, 344.
Highway. A hidden, 459.
Hobbs, Francis, 751.
Holland, Princess Wilhelmina of, 286.
Hoskote, N. and E. E. de la, 291.
Homesick, Was the, in the, 294.
Home-made Zoo, A, 305.
Hornes, George. *How Acquired, Paperwork, and the*
 How Acquired, Paperwork, and the
Horse, The President's, 444.
How a Boy trained a Mustang, 284.
How Christmas came to Turkey's Cove, 74.
How I learn for a Kid, 290.
How Johnny was won over, 164.
How a Mule's Life was, 507 711.
How Was John's special Thanksgiving, 474.
How the Boys found a Horse, 290.
How the Snake - Vipers, captured a Great Crested
 22.
How to make a Brother a Horse, 294.
Huguenot, St. Vincent, 300.
Huguenot, St. Vincent, 300.

I
Ice, Caught in the, 327.
Ill Luck and the Ladder, 835
Illness, In Times of, 249.
In the Days of Queen Anne, 159
Invention, Heroes and Martyrs of 414 778
Italy (see "Boyhood in other Lands"), 463

J.
JAPANESE Five-o'Clock Tea Party, A, 701
Jokes. Festival H.
Journalist. Becoming a, 199.

KANSAS Heroine. A little, 2

LACROSSE, 758.
Language, Precision of, 483.
Language, Poetry of, 607.
Language, Simplicity of, 190.
Lawn Tennis, 10, 614, 642.
Lawn Tennis, The Championship, 789.
Lawyer as a Debtor, A, 36.
Leaf-cutting Bee, The, 738.
Lebrun, Madame Vigeo-, and her Daughter, 566.
Left in the Lurch, 280.
Leader Ideas, 217.
Lexington, The of the Sea, 98.
Library, The Children's, 333.
Light (see "Experiments, Little"), 719.
LILAWINKINS, THE PRINCESS :—426, 450, 470, 481.

Little great People of the World, 286.
Little Lady Betty's Valentine, 257.
Little Misses Jansen, The, 5.
Little Pleasant, 107.
Lobster, An ultramarine, 158.
Logging and River-drying, 366.

M
MANNER and Manners, 197.
Master Verthuis, Hobbs Horse 54
Mastodon, How the Boys Housed a 60
Matter, 211.
Moss, Clements's 346-367.
Moss, Elisons's 401-414 and below State, 420.
Moss, Harbord's Bonnet 474.
Morse, How to make a, 888.
Mosses—Bent 354 and 399.
Most fragrant of Men, The, 341.
Mount Vernon, How the Boys of, 452.
Mosses 466.
Mosses—A "Cute Times" and "A Song for the
Time, 177; Lullaby, 180; The Frog and the L
Moss, 425; Musical Note A, 368; Little 153
Mosses—652; An Old Romance 419.
Mustang, How a Boy trained a, 288.
Mystery, The Mystery of, 824-842 858-867, 8
Mystery, The Admiral, 667.

N.
Nancy's Visit to the Flume, 874
NARRATIVE HISTORY HOME STUDIES IN 46, 180-2
180-2, 181-2
NARRATIVE HISTORY: How the Boys Learned to Read
(don't), 60.

ONLY a Dog, 299.
PALACE, The G, 555.
Partnership Stew, A, 555.

[illegible]

101 Best Songs Since 1980, 100
 Practical Jokes, 419
 Presents: The Gift Book, 417
 The Season of Laughter, 155
 Presents: 80 Book Day, 10
 This Party's the Rock, 415
 Prince, Albert & the Pocket Money
 Prince, 416
 Prince, Taxes and the Secret of the
 Professors, The SA, 416
 Party of Laughter, 10
 Pass and the Hawk, 207
 Pazzes: These 80s, 100
 PVA: How can I find which is
 all Luck and the Luck, 10

QUEEN ANNE. In the Days of 129
Quails and Quirks 52, 180. See also Quail.

RACE. How I train for a 5K
"Rattler." The deadly, 888
Rear Cross. The 5000 ft. climb
Red Oak Tree, The, 66
Recreation. A Hunt 240
Riddle, A, 476
Rio and Alexander H. Stephens
Robin Hood and his Merry Men
Rocky Top, The, 174
Rocks, The, The 4, 400 ft.
Rocks, The, 400 ft.
Rocks, The, 400 ft.
Rocks, The, 400 ft.
Rocks, The, 400 ft.

Saxon, Wreck of the War Ship at 477
 Santa Cruz, Account of 82
 Sawley, a Slave 802
 Saved by a hooker, 804, p. 672

[illegible]

Spring, Round about a, in Winter, 355.
 Star, The lost Sister, 852.
 Stephens, Alexander H., Rio and, 550.
 Stolen Garb, The, 117.
 Stories in Names, 630.
 Strayed, One.
 Summer Experiment, A, 754.
 Sun Pictures (see "Little Experiments"), 819.
 Swimming Game, A new, 764.

T.

TALKING-MACHINE, The, 235.
 Tan, the tame Fox, 770.
 Teacher of the Silent, The, 434.
 Teddy Muller's Country, See 183.
 Telephone, Electricity and the, 539.
 Tennis Drill, A, 551.
 Tennis. (See "Lawn Tennis.")
 Thanksgiving (see "How Miss Roxy spent Thanksgiv-
 ing Eve"), 38.
 That which is done never dies, 735.
 Three Wishes, The, 89.
 Titan, A Portrait by, 724.
 Tomblstone, Mrs Perkins's, and the Sergeant, 484.
 Touch-me-not, 411.
 Tragic Story, The, of Tom and Fred, 726.
 Train, How I, for a Race, 878.
 Tree-Toad, Ten Minutes with a, 840.

Trophies from the Woods, 711.
 Troubles, The, of Childhood, 767.
 Truant Friends, 227.
 Trumpeter's Boy, A, 38.
 Tumble, Quite a, 561.
 Turning-Lathe, A simple, 33.
 Two frogal Men, 340.
 Two young English People, 636.

U.

UNDER PETER'S TRUSS.—11, 3641, 62, 106, 122, 138.
 Use, The, of Danger Angles, 699.

V.

VALENTINE, Little Lady Betty's, 257.
 Vandeyck as a Painter of Children, 516.
 Venetian Boys in the Sixteenth Century, 184.
 Venetian Girls in the Sixteenth Century, 135.
 Vocal Training of Children, 301.
 You! You! Twinkles, The, New Year Knickers, 154.

W.

WASHINGTON, GEORGE (see "The young People of Mount
 Vernon"), 432.
 Washington's, George, School-Days, 278, 294.
 Water, 577.

WATLAND, A DAY IN:—751, 779, 795, 810, 821, 846.
 Weight, 307.
 West Point, A Morning at, 600.
 What a Girl once did, 379.
 What may we do in Vacation? 629.
 Where salty Breezes blow, 769.
 Which—the Right or the Rest of the Boys? 338.
 Whitney, Eli, and the Cotton Gin, 114.
 Who shall be Captain? 662.
 Who was "Jack Robinson"? 696.
 Who was the Thief? 717.
 Widow Morgan's Interest, 78.
 Widow, The, and the sagacious Magistrate, 244.
 Wilhelmina Princess Royal of the Netherlands, 286.
 Williams, Georgiana (see "A little Kansas Heroine"),
 25.
 Will-o-the-Wisp and Prince Toto, 591.
 Wills, Some eccentric, 766.
 Winter Guests, 150.
 Woodchuck, Trapping the, 846.
 Words, Sport with, 742.
 Wreck of the War Ships at Samoa, 477.

Y.

YACHT Pennant, A, 692.
 YACHTING.—How to use Compass Bearings, 631; The
 Use of Danger Angles, 699; Frank Benson's of
 Race, 801; A "Sonnavigator," 818.
 Young Loretta, 161.

POETRY.

"All are not Hunters who blow the Horn," 501.
 April, 435.
 April, The Song of, 394.

BABY'S, The, Lament (Illustrated), 677.
 Bells, A Jingle of, 865.
 Birds, The little brown, 190.
 Boston, A Trip to, 544.

CAROL, A Christmas, 49.
 Castle on the Rhine, The, 68.
 Cat, The wicked, and the Jolly Rat, 388.
 Change of Opinion, A (Illustrated), 813.
 Chemist, Our little (Illustrated), 745.
 Child, To a, 304.
 Christmas Carol, A, 49.
 Christmas Vigil, The, 122.
 Clouds, The, 446.
 Coming Holidays, The, 128.
 Culture, 868.

DAISY, The, 534.
 Dew-drop, A, 864.
 Doctor Tail, 748.
 Drummer, The, 687.

FIRE-BATTE FESTIVELY, A, 764.
 Formal Call, A, 447.
 Frog, The, and the Pollywog, 473.

GINGERBREAD-TREE, The, 275.
 Grandmother's Petticoat (Illustrated), 781.
 Great Bell, The, of Moscow, 716.
 Gretel and her Brother, 961.

HEART of SNOW, 359.
 He didn't want him any smaller (Illustrated), 525.
 Heroes, 593.
 Hickory-Nuts, 748.
 Holiday Thought, A, 40.
 Homeless, 584.
 How Aunt Anne saw the Centennial Parade, and what
 she saw, 492.
 Hunter, The very best-h, 826.
 Hunting the Gazelle, 476.
 Hurry Up, 257.
 If and Perhaps, 810.

In Sunday Dress, 30.
 Intellectual Infant, The, 577.

JACK-ANNE'S LIPS, A, 193.
 Jingle, A, of Bells, 865.
 Jingles, 128, 144, 268, 352.
 Jingles (Illustrated), 193, 533, 564, 653, 732, 764.
 Juggler, The, 166.

KITES, The Maker of the, 405.

LAST LOOK, The, 847.
 Learned, The, Sailor Man, 109.
 Lesson, A, 679.
 Lilies—A Vision of Spring, 262.
 Little Boy, The, 610, 611, 621.
 Little Tales of a Season, 152.
 Little House at Mailly, 48.
 Lord, I have nothing to offer, 74.
 Lullaby for the New Year, 141.
 Lullaby (Illustrated), 213.

MATHEW, The, 664.
 Maple Leaves, 62.
 Marjory's winged Friends, 734.
 Match-Song, 622.
 May Children, 502.
 Meadows Green, To, 564.
 Mistress Marguerite and poor Peggy Ann (Illustrated),
 464.
 Misunderstood, 862.
 Monkey, The mischievous, 352.
 Morning (before), 829.
 Mother Goose revisited, 180.
 Mother's Boy, 645.

NARRATIVE PIECE, A, 732.
 Nothing, The, 802.

ON the Stair, 180.
 Ostrich, The impudent, 884.
 Our Dog Dan, 852.
 Owl Romance, An, 849.

PEARL PRINCESS, The, 317.
 Penny Jane's Fainting Fit, 897.
 Plant, A, 320.
 Playmates, 216.

POSTMAN KNOWS, The, 128.
 Post-office Box, Our, 422.
 Princess, The Pearl, 317.

QUESTY, A, 580.
 Questionings, 158.

RABBIT WITCH, The (Illustrated), 761.
 Rake's Head, 726.
 Reason why, The, 512.
 Remembered, 879.
 Robin, 106.
 Robin, Good, Spring, 378.

SAILOR, The, 790.
 Santa Claus's Petition, 99.
 Sausy Boy, A, 342.
 School-house, The old, 481.
 Sea-weed (Illustrated), 661.
 Slitch, A, in the Back—Jingle (Illustrated), 54.
 "Stretch it a little," 286.
 Superstition, 336.
 Swallow's Good-by, The, 13.

TALK of two Cocks, The (Illustrated), 713.
 Three of a Kind—Jingle (Illustrated), 653.
 Tommy on the Fourth, 609.
 Tommy the Actor, 456.
 To my Second Self, 968.
 Toys' Revolt, The, 788.
 Treacherous Friend, A, 128.
 Troll, The, and This Lake, 238.

UNIVERSALLY acknowledged, 370.

VALENTINE, Where Cupid took his, 285.
 Voracious Appetite, A (Illustrated), 784.

WASTE of Words, A, 311.
 What matter? 33.
 Winter, A Song for, 211.
 Winter-time, A Song for, 177.
 Wise old Man, The, from Kilroe (Illustrated), 533.
 World, A little, 836.

YOUTH beside the Sea, 693.

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"YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO STRIKE ME, UNCLE PODLING." SEE "NEED THUNDER'S THUNDER" ON P. 11.

NELS THURLOW'S TRIAL.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



LAST of Mr. Podlong's fine hay crop had been raked into windrows in prime condition for the mow.

There was still one load to go in when a black thunder-cloud loomed up in the western sky. Then all was hurry and worry in the hay field. The horses returned at a gallop from the barn, driven by

Dick Stark, the hired man, and the wagon with its broad rack went clattering over the uneven ground. Guiding the team alongside one of the great, light, loosely tumbled windrows, Dick threw off the reins and leaped down with his fork, while old man Podlong got down more slowly with his rake, and Nelson Thurlow, a boy of fifteen, staid in the wagon to load and trample the hay as it was pitched on.

Dick Stark rolled up immense forkfuls and heaved them over the side of the rack, sometimes half burying Nelson, and Mr. Podlong scratched up the leavings and trimmed the sides of the load. Even the horses seemed to catch the spirit of work; they threw up their heads and tossed their manes as the cool wind blew over them in the shadow of the black cloud after a sultry day, and started with alertness the moment Dick touched the reins.

The "worry" was all done by old man Podlong. Notwithstanding his years and white hair (he was near seventy), he had an irritable and impatient temper, with but little wisdom to control it.

"Rain 'll be here in five minutes," he cried. "Hay 'll git wet, sure as anything. We *must* put in, boys, all we know how! Oh, Nels!" he roared out, "what a load you're making!"

"How can the boy do any better while I'm putting the hay on faster'n a man can take care of it in decent shape?" cried Dick, pausing for Nels to lay out a corner. "If it will only ride, that's all we care for. There's no use fretting."

"Guess *you'd* fret if 'twas *your* hay, 'stead o' standin' there sassin' me, with your hands in your pockets," replied the old man, angrily, plying his rake behind the load.

"Sassin' you? My hands in my pockets?" Dick retorted. "I only tell you what I think of your fretting. And as for my hands, they couldn't do more if the hay was mine, and I thought as much of a dollar as you do."

"Waal, waal!" said the old man, in a heat of ill-suppressed fury, as he felt a rain-drop strike his hand; "will ye pitch on the hay, or won't ye?"

"I will when I get ready, and Nels is ready to take care on't," Dick answered.

He began to pitch again with almost too much zeal, sending up masses of hay which Nels found it impossible properly to distribute and trample, with the wind likewise tearing and tossing it.

Nels knew the old man's temper too well to say a word; he could only hope that the hay would stay on till it got into the barn. He was struggling with it in the squall, when suddenly an accumulated heap, carried clean across the top by the force of the gale, rolled off on the other side, carrying a good corner of the load with it.

"Lucky I'm up here out of his reach," Nels said to himself, anticipating the old man's wrath. "Uncle, I couldn't help that," he cried.

Mr. Podlong looked up, and seeing him well beyond the sweep of his rake, turned his fury upon Dick.

"You done that a-purpose," he said. And down came the brandished rake upon Dick's head.

Dick's coarse felt hat was a protection, and his head was not broken, though the rake was. He felt for a moment as if he would like to take the old man on his fork, and "pitch him into the middle of next week," as he afterward expressed it; and Nels, peering over the side of the load, looked to see a bloody battle.

But Dick simply threw down the fork and adjusted his hat. "That ends my work for you," he said.

"You leave this hay in the rain?" yelled the old man.

"I leave it and you," Dick replied, with determination.

"But you hired to me for the summer," Podlong remonstrated, lifting his rake again.

"What did I hire for?" said Dick. "To work the best I knew how, as I've done, and as I've been ready to do, up to this minute; Nels will bear me out in that. But I don't hire out to anybody to stand and have rakes broken over my head. Don't you hit me again, old man!"

"Then go to work. The rain is coming," said Podlong, half threatening, half imploring.

"I wouldn't do another stroke for you if Noah's deluge was coming," returned Dick. "I've no more business with you, except to get my pay."

"And that you never will get, without you clap to and help us with this load into the barn. Not a cent, if it costs me my farm to keep you out of it," the old man declared.

"We'll see," muttered Dick, turning to walk away. "You, Nels, will bear witness to his striking me."

Nels had seen and heard the blow, and he could not blame Dick in the least. But foreseeing trouble, and fearing the old man's anger, he did not open his mouth.

II.

Uncle Podlong took up the fork Dick had dropped, and set out to throw on a little more of the hay. But his limbs shook so with excitement and the feebleness of age that he soon gave up the attempt, and reaching up the reins on the lines of the fork to Nelson, he cried out, "Go with what you've got."

And Nels drove to the barn. The old man stopped to roll up the rest of the windrow into rough cocks; but it was fast getting wet, and so was he, though he didn't mind that, he was so angry. He soon followed the load, a forlorn figure crossing the meadows in his shirt sleeves, with the fork on his shoulder, in a driving shower.

Trouble enough came of the quarrel in the hay field, as Nelson had foreseen. Dick lost no time in entering a complaint against the old man, having him "hauled up," as he termed it, for assaulting him with a rake. Whereupon Podlong stepped firmly to the Judge's desk, pleaded guilty, and paid his fine on the spot, with a readiness which robbed the complainant of half his revenge.

Then Dick began a suit for the recovery of wages due him, which Podlong resisted on the ground that Dick had broken his contract, and subjected him to great loss and inconvenience by striking work in the midst of a thunder-squall in the hay field. Dick was vindictive enough to fight for his rights, in court or out, to the bitter end. But his lawyer frankly told him that the suit was likely to cost him more than he could expect to gain by it, and that by persisting in it he would punish himself more than he would hurt the old man.

"Then what shall I do?" said poor Dick, despairingly.

"Settle," replied the honest attorney; "make the best terms with him you can. That's my advice to nine men out of ten who want to go to law. I'm a fool to give it, and they're fools if they don't take it. If you were rich, and could afford a three or four years' fight in the courts, for the luxury of revenge, it would be different."

"I can't afford it, and he knows it," said Dick, with smouldering wrath. "If he wasn't so old a man, I'd take it out of his hide."

"Oh, that would be more foolish still!" replied the cool-headed counsel.

So Dick left the matter in his hands for settlement. But the old man was obstinate; he wouldn't pay a dollar. And at last, in a fit of disgust and despair, poor Dick, out of work and out of money, half convinced that his lawyer had been bought up by the other side, disappeared from the town.

Nels Thurlow liked Dick, and believed the old man to be in the wrong. No doubt Podlong was secretly of the same opinion, for he was not devoid of conscience, though his stubbornness prevented him from acknowledging, even to himself sometimes, the folly of his fits of temper. They made life pretty squally at times to the boy, but he managed to dodge those little cyclones for a while; and for weeks after his assault on Dick Stark the old man showed an extraordinary sweetness of disposition, as if by way of penance for that fault.

One day in September they were in the orchard gathering apples. Nels was at the top of a ladder in a tree filling a basket, when a huge pippin tumbled from the boughs and struck the hard orchard turf at the old man's feet.

"You careless!" Podlong exclaimed, stooping to pick it up. "Look at that bruise, now! Oh, dear!" caressing the fruit, and examining the hurt with almost as much solicitude as if it had been the head of a child.

The boy, looking down from the top of the ladder, couldn't smile at the old man's anguish over a bruised pippin.

"I couldn't help it," he said. "They fall sometimes before I can fairly get hold of 'em."

"An apple 'most as big as yer head," growled the old man, sucking the juice from the broken place. "Wuth as much as yer head, anyway—such a head as yours!"

He was stooping again to put it into a basket when another pippin, at a touch of the boy's fingers, slipped away before he could grasp it, struck the ladder, glanced off, and bounded to the nape of the old man's neck, almost knocking him down.

Nels couldn't help laughing to hear him yelp, and see him stagger under the blow. Thinking his first care would be for the apple he called out, "I guess that isn't hurt much; you kind o' broke the fall."

"Broke the fall!" snarled the old farmer, rubbing the back of his head with one hand, while he picked up the apple with the other. "Well I might; it 'most broke my neck. Laughin', be ye?" he cried, looking up in a great rage. "I believe ye done it to spite me." And he appeared to be restrained from hurling the pippin back at the boy only by a consideration of the damage he might be doing the fruit. "Let another come down the tree that way," he roared, seizing hold of the ladder, "and you'll come down!"

Nels, frightened, ceased to giggle. He determined to be extremely careful in laying hold of the next pippin. It was just beyond his reach, and to bring it down to his hand he pulled toward him the bough on which it hung, and on which, unluckily, he had hooked the handle of his basket.

Suddenly there was a crash. The bough broke, and down went the basket amidst a golden shower of apples tumbling about the old man's ears and shoulders, and thumping upon the ground.

III

The broken bough went with the basket, and the boy followed almost as quickly, eager to repair as far as possible the damage he had done.

"You villain! you critter!" shrieked old man Podlong, snatching up the bough and hurriedly stripping off the leaves and some of the twigs, "I'll larn ye!"

Nels remembered Dick Stark's misfortunes, and hastily backed off as the old man rushed upon him. He stumbled, and going down on one knee and holding up his

hands, he cried out, "Don't strafe me with that! You've no right to strike me, Uncle Podlong."

"I'll show ye whether I've a right," cried Podlong, his hat fallen with the apples, his white hair disarranged, giving him a savage aspect, and his eyes flaming.

"I'm bound to give ye a thrashing." He had no right, indeed. He was a relative of the boy's, but not his legal guardian. Nels was an orphan who had come to work for him for seven dollars a month, and a general promise on the part of the old man that he would do what was right by his sister's grandson if he would stay and do well by him.

He would not have been a hard master if he had not himself had the hardest of masters in that yammering temper whose outbursts we have witnessed. Nels had hitherto escaped his blows, and had become, in a way, a favorite with the irascible old man. But now his time had come.

He stopped backing off, and stood pale and frightened awaiting the worst. "Uncle Podlong," he entreated, "don't! Don't, uncle!" He had been accustomed to call the old man by that title, and he now repeated it in the hope of touching him by his last appeal. But seeing the Podlong arm raised and swung well back for a blow, he changed his tone. "You'll be sorry, sir! I've done no thing to be whipped for, and I won't be whipped!"

"You won't, hey?" cried the furious old farmer. "Take that!" a blow "and that! You won't, hey? You jack-anapes! How does that suit?" And he dealt blow on blow.

Nels cried with pain and rage, and if there had been any deadly weapon at hand he was infuriated enough to have used it for defence and vengeance. He was at first determined not to run, but the strokes rained so fast and so hard on his shoulders and sides and thighs that the resolution was quickly beaten out of him, and he turned and fled.

He was followed by the old man and the uplifted apple branch, now worn down to a mere forked club. Nels went headlong over a stone wall, behind which he regained his feet and made a stand, grasping a rock considerably too large for any boy but a young Ajax to hurl.

Podlong stopped before he reached the wall, not for ever, because he was overawed by the rock Nels lifted. One of the big pippins would have been far more dangerous in the boy's hand.

"Now come back," said the old man, "and go to work and see if you can be a little mite less clumsy."

"I never will," Nels replied, in a white heat of passion. "I never will do another stroke of work for you as long as I live. I said I wouldn't if I had been Dick Stark, and now you've treated me worse than you did him." And he sobbed with a sense of the wrong and ignominy that had been heaped upon him.

"Very well, do as you like," cried Podlong. "Dick didn't make much but by puttin' out, and I guess you won't. The farm has got along without him, and it can get along without you."

"I'm not a slave, to be abused and knocked about by any man," Nels muttered, wishing himself a little stronger or the rock not quite so big, there would have been such a satisfaction in hurling it at the old man's head.

Thus the evil which we yield to in ourselves has the power of raising a kindred demon in others, and a thoughtless blow or word may leave a lasting scar upon an innocent soul.

"I'm at work for wages, or I have been," he went on. "You owe me for over five months. But as you wouldn't pay Dick Stark—"

"I don't pay nobody that brings his own head down," he interrupted the old man.

"You won't give me any money?" Nels asked.

"Nary cent," exclaimed Podlong, grimly.

"You'd better," said Nels, with a lurid fire in his eyes.

as he stood bareheaded by the wall, with his disordered hair over his pale brows. "I won't stand it, and go off without my pay as Dick did. I give you warning."

"Warning of what?" said the old man, advancing, as if to renew the flogging. "Be careful what you say."

"I know what I'm saying," returned the boy, "and I mean it."

Desperation burned in his eyes and tear-stained cheeks. There was nothing which he would not have done at that moment to avenge his wrongs, as the old man might have seen had he not been blinded by his own passion.

"Threaten me, do ye?" he retorted. "Come back to your work at once, if you know what's good for yourself."

Nels did not even return to pick up his tattered straw hat, which had been swept away by the old man's switch, but hurried along beside the wall, crossed the barn-yard, and entered the house, where, reaching his garret, he began, amid sobs of rage and grief, to pack his clothes into a bundle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

A Chinese Tale.

BY ADELE M. FIELDE.

THERE was once a family consisting of a father, his three sons, and his two daughters-in-law. The two daughters-in-law, wives of the two elder sons, had but recently been brought into the house, and were both from one village a few miles away. Having no mother-in-law living, they had to appeal to their father-in-law whenever they wished to visit their former homes, and as they were lonesome and homesick they perpetually bothered the old man by asking leave of absence.

Vexed by these constant petitions, he set himself to invent a method of putting an end to them, and at last gave them leave in this wise: "You are always begging me to allow you to go and visit your mothers, and thinking that I am very hard-hearted because I do not let you go. Now you may go, but only upon condition that when you come back you will each bring me something I want. The one shall bring me some fire wrapped in paper, and the other some wind in a paper. Unless you promise to bring me these, you are never again to ask me to let you go home; and if you go and fail to get these for me, you are never to come back."

The old man did not suppose that these conditions would be accepted, but the girls were young and thoughtless, and in their anxiety to get away did not consider the impossibility of obtaining the articles required. So they made ready with speed, and in great glee started off on foot to visit their mothers. After they had walked a long distance, chatting about what they should do and whom they should see in their native village, the high heel of one of them slipped from under her foot, and she fell down. Owing to this mishap both stopped to adjust the misplaced foot-gear, and while doing this, the conditions under which alone they could return to their husbands came to mind, and they began to cry.

While they sat there crying by the road-side a young girl came riding along from the fields on a water buffalo. She stopped and asked them what was the matter, and whether she could help them. They told her she could do them no good; but she persisted in offering her sympathy and inviting their confidence, till they told her their story, and then she at once said that if they would go home with her she would show them a way out of their trouble. Their case seemed so hopeless to themselves, and the child was so sure of her own power to help them, that they finally accompanied her to her father's house, where she showed them how to comply with their father-in-law's demand.



ILLUSTRATION DRAWN BY A CHINESE ARTIST.

For the first, a paper lantern only would be needed. When lighted, it would be a fire, and its paper surface would compass the blaze, so that it would truly be "some fire wrapped in paper." For the second, a paper fan would suffice. When flapped, wind would issue from it, and the "wind wrapped in paper" could thus be carried to the old man.

The two young women thanked the wise child, and went on their way rejoicing. After a pleasant visit to their old homes, they took a lantern and a fan, and returned to their father-in-law's house. As soon as he saw them he began to vent his anger at their light regard for his commands, but they assured him that they had perfectly obeyed him, and showed him that what they had brought fulfilled the conditions prescribed. Much astonished, he inquired how it was that they had suddenly become so astute, and they told him the story of their journey, and of the little girl that had so opportunely come to their relief. He inquired whether the little girl was already betrothed, and finding that she was not, engaged a go-between to see if he could get her for a wife for his youngest son.

Having succeeded in securing the girl as a daughter-in-law, he brought her home, and told all the rest of the family that as there was no mother in the house, and as this girl had shown herself to be possessed of extraordinary wisdom, she should be the head of the household.

The wedding festivities being over, the sons of the old man were to return to their usual occupations on the farm; but, according to their father's order, they came to the young bride for instructions. She told them that they were never to go to or from the fields empty-handed. When they went they must carry fertilizers of some sort for the land, and when they returned they must bring bundles of sticks or weeds for fuel. They obeyed, and soon had the land in fine condition, and so much fuel gathered that none need be bought. When there were

no more sticks, roots, or weeds to bring, she told them to bring stones instead; and they soon accumulated an immense pile of stones, which were heaped in a yard near their house.

One day an expert in the discovery of precious stones came along, and saw in this pile a block of jade of great value. In order to get possession of this stone at small cost he undertook to buy the whole heap, pretending that he wished to use them in building. The little head of the family asked an exorbitant price for them, and as he could not induce her to take less, he promised to pay her the sum she asked, and to come two days later to bring the money and to remove the stones. That night the girl thought about the reason for the buyer's being willing to pay so large a sum for the stones, and concluded that the heap must contain a gem. The next morning she sent her father-in-law to invite the buyer to supper, and she instructed the men of her family in regard to his entertainment. The best of wine was to be provided, and the father-in-law was to induce him to talk of precious stones, and to cajole him into telling in what way they were to be distinguished from other stones.

The head of the family, listening behind a curtain, heard how the valuable stone in her heap could be discerned. She hastened to find and remove it from the pile; and when the guest had recovered from the effect of the banquet he saw that the value had departed from his purchase. He went to negotiate again with the seller, and she conducted the conference with such skill that she got the price originally agreed upon for the heap of stones, and a large sum besides for the one in her possession.

The family, having become wealthy, built an ancestral hall of fine design and elaborate workmanship, and put the words "No Sorrow," as an inscription over the entrance. Soon after, a Mandarin passed that way, and noticing this remarkable inscription, had his Sedan-chair set down, that he might inquire who were the people that professed to have no sorrow. He sent for the head of the family, and was much surprised on seeing so young a woman thus appear, and said: "Yours is a singular family. I have never before seen one without sorrow, nor one with so young a head. I will fine you for your impudence. Go and weave me a piece of cloth as long as this road."

"Very well," responded the little woman; "so soon as your Excellency shall have found the two ends of the road, and informed me as to the number of feet in its length, I will at once begin the weaving."

Finding himself at fault, the Mandarin added, "And I also fine you as much oil as there is water in the sea."

"Certainly," responded the woman; "as soon as you shall have measured the sea, and sent me correct information as to the number of gal-

lons, I will at once begin to press out the oil from my beans."

"Indeed!" said the Mandarin. "Since you are so sharp, perhaps you can penetrate my thoughts. If you can, I will fine you no more. I hold this pet quail in my hand; now tell me whether I mean to squeeze it to death or to let it fly in the air."

"Well," said the woman, "I am an obscure commoner, and you are a famed magistrate; if you are no more knowing than I, you have no right to fine me at all. Now I stand with one foot on one side my threshold and the other foot on the other side; tell me whether I mean to go in or to come out. If you cannot guess my riddle, you should not require me to guess yours."

Being unable to guess her intention, the Mandarin took his departure. The family lived long in opulence and good repute under its chosen head.

THE LITTLE MISSES JANSEN

BY ISABEL J. ROBERTS.

ONE morning Miss Eastman, head mistress of the Misses Eastman's select private day school for girls and boys, brought into the assembly-room two new pupils, whom she introduced as Ange and Gretta Jansen.

The elder was singularly beautiful and self-possessed. With the air of a young princess she acknowledged her introduction to the school, dropping a little courtesy, and shaking back the long brown curls with a gentle, confident smile, as if she knew the charm in the name of Ange Jansen.

The younger presented a strong contrast to her sister, with her blunt little German face and thick-set form. She shrank to the teacher's side in an agony of shyness, and when she heard her name pronounced, twisted her self away from the curious eyes bent upon her, turning



THE TEARS CAME IN HEAVY SOBS.

upon them a square little back with two tight yellow braids of hair.

The little girls were not strangers to the pupils. Not a child present but knew that they belonged to the big house at the end of the street. Not a boy or girl but had heard fabulous stories of the wealth of the German father, the beauty of the invalid French mother, and the wonderful curiosities which filled the house.

It would be a great thing to say, "The little Jansen girls go to our school," and every tongue already tingled to tell the news. At recess a few of the braver spirits gathered about the new-comers, and plied them with questions. Was it true that they could speak both French and German, and that not one word of English was ever heard in the house?

"Oh yes. Mamma doesn't understand English, you know," said Ange, graciously, with a pretty foreign accent, while Gretta shyly hung her head.

Visions of unexpected help in untranslatable translations crossed more than one harassed brain. Mademoiselle and Fräulein were suddenly robbed of half their terrors. Ange was indeed an angel. Was not that what her pretty name meant? A general light-heartedness communicated itself to the little group, which gradually widened and deepened until Ange and Gretta were the centre of a large circle.

It was suggested that Ange should say something in French. It would be so nice to hear something besides the hackneyed "Avez-vous le pain? J'ai le pain. Avez vous le sel? J'ai le sel."

"What shall I say?" asked Ange, obligingly.

"Oh, anything, just so it isn't English," said Josie Barrett, with a yearning for a new sensation.

Ange thought a moment, and then rattled off something that sounded delightfully unintelligible.

"Oh, do tell us what it means!" came in a burst from her interested audience.

She hesitated, and then, with an arch smile, said, throwing her arm around her sister, who was blushing consciously, "It means that I am very glad to make the acquaintance of so many nice girls and boys, and that I hope you will all like Gretta and me as much as we like you."

The polish of this little speech was indescribably charming. Nothing like that had ever before seemed possible to a real little girl. Only fairies who drank dew from lily-cups or beautiful young princesses were supposed to speak like that. Of course she was not a fairy—that was nonsense—but she had quite the manner which they associated with their idea of a princess, and it might be that she was one in disguise.

Little Gretta, however, had not the air of a daughter of a king, and caused much merriment when, after a good deal of coaxing for just one word of German, she forced herself to say: "Good-morning! How do you do?" in a harsh, guttural voice.

Soon Ange was the most popular girl in school. Her favor was courted, her patronage sought. With inimitable grace she bore the honors of her position, instinctively holding herself above a too great familiarity.

For a time Gretta was overlooked. She was a funny, shy little thing with a deep gruff voice, which came from her boots or the cellar, the children said, and that was all. But before long she made a place for herself. It was hinted that she was brighter in her classes than her sister; that she was more willing to put a refractory French or German exercise into shape; that she was more ready for a romp. If there was a game of "tag" or "prisoners' base" in the gymnasium, Gretta was always foremost, her yellow braids flying out almost at right angles with the sturdy little back, while Ange had too much respect for her fresh pinafore and smooth curls to do more than give the encouragement of her presence to the sports. But although Gretta won her way into the hearts of her school-

mates, she in no wise disputed the reign of her more brilliant sister. Gretta was commonplace; Ange entranced by a thousand witcheries. A most tender love existed between the two girls. Gretta admired Ange as much as the most devoted of her followers, while Ange gave Gretta a patronage which was in itself a passport to favor.

The next most popular girl to Ange was Josie Barrett. She was bold, generous, outspoken; a leader with a strong following, and did much to establish the new queen. In a truly loyal spirit she paid tribute to the little sovereign, sometimes in the shape of a delicious bunch of grapes, or a luscious pear, or a handful of roses which her father's greenhouses placed at her command.

The fruit Ange would generously share, but the roses she kept, begging in a pretty way not to be thought selfish, murmuring half to her playmates, half to the roses, that no one loved them so well as she, and that they were happiest with her, they had told her so.

Josie, with a school-girl's fickleness, soon tired of her allegiance to the new power. She no longer brought her wanted gifts. She sought other companions than those who danced attendance upon the "foreigner," as she disdainfully called her.

"Ange Jansen is a mere doll; and who would want to be a doll, even if it were a French one? Gretta, for all her snub-nose and absurd voice, is worth a dozen of her," Josie was heard to declare to a little group about her.

It was one winter's day. Everything was white with snow—a wonderful deep snow which filled every child's heart with joy, and sent every boy and girl to school with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Josie, as usual, was among the early arrivals, for she dearly loved a chat before school began. She opened her bag and held up a bunch of great red roses, the contrast with the snow without giving them a marvellous depth of color. The children gathered around them with enthusiastic admiration—all except Ange, who affected not to see them, although her very soul was torn with their beauty and the desire to possess them.

"These are for myself and nobody else. I am going to wear them to dancing-school this afternoon, so nobody need ask me for even one," said Josie, forestalling all requests, and placing them in her desk, with their stems wrapped up in moist paper. She adhered to her resolution despite the assistance so generously proffered when she stumbled in a recitation, and the affection so gushingly lavished throughout the day, which to her practised eye meant roses as plainly as if printed. But despite all this, Josie was kept in.

Dancing class had begun half an hour ago when she was at last dismissed. She would have to go in late. She hated to go in late. In anything but an amiable mood she proceeded to gather up her books, when suddenly her indignant voice came across the silence of the empty rooms.

"Miss Eastman, my roses are gone! Some one has stolen them!"

"You do not mean stolen," said Miss Eastman.

But the roses were gone; she had not given them away, and therefore they were stolen, persisted Josie.

There was but one conclusion. Some stranger had come in during recess and picked up Josie's roses. It was a trifling theft, to be sure; but the rooms must be more carefully guarded in future. Josie promised to say nothing about the matter, and continued to bring her flowers, suffering no further loss until about two weeks after the event, when three long-stemmed Jacqueminots mysteriously disappeared. She took her grievance at once to Miss Eastman. The rooms had not been vacated since school was called. The thief must be in that beloved band of girls and boys. Who was to be accused?

No one had as yet left the school-house. The roses must be secreted somewhere in the rooms. Miss Eastman

waited until the lower floor was deserted for the gymnasium, and then went carefully through each desk. She could not suspect one child more than another.

She sighed when she opened Ange's desk. It was so disorderly! Bits of fancy note-paper, a dainty knot of ribbon, a half-emptied box of candies—how French Ange was even in her untidiness! Miss Eastman quite forgot the stolen roses in her comparison of the two sisters as she went from one desk to the other.

"What a methodical little creature Gretta is! I believe she arranges her mind in the same orderly fashion," she thought, as she scanned the contents of her desk. She was about to shut the lid when a rich fragrance stayed her hand. Surely she must be mistaken. But all the neat rows of books breathed an unseen presence—the presence of the stolen roses. With trembling hands Miss Eastman searched the desk, and there in one corner, wrapped in moist paper, were Josie's roses!

What! Gretta—faithful little Gretta! It could not be. Why, she would as soon suspect Ange—yes, more readily, for she knew her passion for roses.

The next morning after prayers, instead of dismissing the children, Miss Eastman directed them to remain. This in itself was of so rare an occurrence as to be impressive. It might mean many things, possibly the joy of an unexpected holiday; but when Miss Eastman began to speak, the hope of even the most sanguine took hasty flight. Her voice was sad almost to sternness. She sketched with telling effect the evil possible to the human heart—even the heart of a child. They knew before she had said it in so many words that there was one heart among them which had made that dreadful possibility an accomplished fact, and stained itself with dishonor.

"And now, children," continued Miss Eastman, "there is one among you who must for a while be shut out from your acquaintance. You no longer know her. In school, whether during class or recess, you may not speak to her. My authority ends here. I cannot enforce the rule outside the school gates. When she acknowledges her fault and promises amendment, she will in good time be restored to her old place; but until then she is without honor among you, and therefore no longer a friend or even an acquaintance."

Each child looked fearfully from one to another as this dreadful sentence was pronounced, and then by common consent fastened upon one little form shrinking under the weight of conscious guilt. The concluding words were hardly necessary, but a thrill of horror and compassion shot through every heart when the words came:

"The child is—Gretta Jansen."

A breathless pause; the bell was touched, and in awed silence the children filed into their different class-rooms. What had Gretta done? was the question whispered fifty times that day. No one could answer. Josie Barrett looked important, but said nothing. Ange was too wretched to be questioned, and was sent home with an aching head before school was over. A few ventured to speak to Gretta on their way home, but in proud silence she accepted the full weight of her punishment. She would have no sympathy.

A week, two weeks passed, and still Gretta was silent. She had learned to accommodate herself to the new condition of affairs, and seemed to live happily in a world of her own. At recess she ate her lunch in a corner over a book, and looked the picture of quiet contentment. But with Ange it was quite different. She was miserable; she wished to share her sister's exile, but when she found that she too had to disown all acquaintance with her from the moment she entered the school gates until she left them, she lost her accustomed vivacity. An air of gloom hung over the whole school.

But a great day was approaching. There was to be a competitive examination in elocution. The same poem

had been given to each scholar for preparation, and he or she who recited it best according to the vote of the school was to have the honor of repeating it at the Commencement, which was near at hand.

The day of trial came. The assembly-room showed row after row of bright, interested faces. Each boy, each girl felt the dignity of having an electoral vote, and the responsibility of giving it without prejudice.

"The Wind and the Moon" was the poem selected, and that it afforded an endless variety of interpretation was shown as recitation followed recitation.

At last the name of Ange Jansen was called. She rose, dropped a pretty courtesy, shook back her curls, and smiled. It was a smile that was in itself a bribe. By common consent the children broke into noisy applause, and, thus encouraged, Ange began her recitation. But she had not gone far before it was quite plain that the poem was not in her line. The caressing voice, with its silvery, rising inflections, was ill suited to represent the harsh blowing and roaring of angry Boreas. She was rather a merry zephyr coquetting with the moon, having no serious intention whatever of doing her any harm. Instinctively the children felt the falsity of her rendering, but she looked so sweet and winsome that when she had done a burst of applause made the room ring.

Gretta followed soon after, closing the list, her yellow braids unusually tight and smooth, her arms straight down over her white pinafore. For a moment she thus stood, stolid as a log of wood; the next instant she was all action.

"Said the Wind to the Moon, 'I will blow you out!'"

she began, swelling her cheeks in a way that not one had dared to attempt before, and forcing out her words before a genuine big blow. Her deep gruff voice suited the words. She herself was the wind. She saw the moon up there in the sky, calmly defiant, not floating from ceiling to floor, now in this corner of the room, now in that, but

"On high,
In the sky,
With her ghost eye,
.... white and alive and plain."

and Gretta's purpose was to blow her out. She carried her audience with her; they were ready to see anything she chose to picture to them, and when, after representing the blare and revelry of the angry wind, she became the simple narrator, and told them, with inspired face and voice, how the moon grew

"Till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night,"

the little school-room opened out into the immensity of the moonlit heavens. A moment's hush, and then a mighty burst of applause broke again and again, with cries of "Gretta!" "Gretta Jansen!"

She was again the simple, unassuming child, uncertain now what to do, and turning to her teacher with questioning eyes. Miss Eastman called her to her side and whispered something, but Gretta shook her head, and then, for the first time in all those hard days of disgrace and banishment, tears were seen in her eyes—tears which soon came with such heavy sobs that the applause died away into an awed silence.

There was an answering sob from Ange's seat. She rose and tried to say something, but her voice was too broken, and in utter abandon she threw herself into her seat again with her head down upon her desk.

Miss Eastman touched the bell, and all except the little Misses Jansen went to their class-rooms. Hardly had the door closed on the last child when Ange was again on



THE MOTHER.—FROM AN ETCHING BY HUBERT HERKOMER.

her feet, and making a strong effort to control herself, she said, in a tear-choked voice:

"It wasn't Gretta at all. I stole the roses. I put them in her desk because they seemed safer there. I didn't mean the blame to fall on her. I wished to tell, but Gretta wouldn't let me. I am so sorry—" A sob cut off her words.

"But, my child, why did you steal the roses? Did you not know that it was a great sin?" Miss Eastman asked.

"I didn't think. They were so lovely, and I wanted them so much. I couldn't think of anything but the roses, until it seemed as if they belonged to me."

Miss Eastman talked long and earnestly with the little girls—they could never forget that conversation with their beloved teacher—and when their tears were dried, sent them back to their classes. At the close of school, when the assembly-room was again filled, Miss Eastman called Ange and Gretta to the platform, and said, simply:

"Children, Gretta is innocent of the charge made against her, for which she has suffered so severely. The real culprit is Ange. She has been very wicked, not

only in committing the sin, but in allowing the punishment to fall upon the innocent. But she has suffered, suffered far more than Gretta, who has had the consciousness of innocence to uphold her. Gretta has acted nobly and generously. It gives me the greatest joy to number this brave little girl among my pupils, and to restore her to your companionship. You will love her all the more for her heroism."

Miss Eastman was interrupted by a burst of applause, which, encouraged by her smile, increased into wild cries and cheers. When the tumult had subsided, she continued, turning to Ange, who stood beside her with her head bowed in deepest humility:

"What am I to say to you, my child? You are forgiven—freely, fully—but your grave offence cannot end with mere pardon. You must go into exile; you must be banished from the fellowship of your companions."

Ange lifted her head, smiled, and clasped her hands as if glad to take her punishment; but Gretta's pinafore suddenly went up to her eyes, while a sympathetic sob, stifled by a cough, was heard at the other end of the room. Miss Eastman looked perplexed.

"Children, what shall I do? Shall I punish Ange or release her?"

"Release her! release her!" came from every throat.

Miss Eastman smiled, and drew the weeping girl to her side; and then, with her other arm around Gretta, who looked shy and confused, she said:

"But we have not decided who is to recite the poem at the Commencement. True, it is to be a vote by acclamation. Let me speak for you. It is Gretta Jansen, is it not?"

"Yes! yes! Gretta—Gretta Jansen!" came in chorus.

Kissing the two little girls, Miss Eastman sent them down among their playmates, who quickly closed about them. But after the manner of children, the congratulations came shyly and awkwardly. There was a feeling of constraint upon all, when happily Miss Eastman came to the rescue by proposing a romp.

Everything was forgotten but the game. Ange laughed and clapped her hands as of old, the ghost of the stolen roses forever laid; and Gretta—no one was so swift and daring as she. It took the fleetest foot to follow the yellow braids that day, and it was always Gretta whom all were most eager to catch—dear, noble little Gretta Jansen!



"AT YOUR SERVICE!"—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.L.

LAWN-TENNIS IN 1888.

BY VALENTINE G. HALL.

AMONG the multitude of readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE there are doubtless many who love the beautiful and exciting game of tennis.

In olden times it was the custom of knights to meet in tournaments and try their skill and strength with knightly armor and knightly weapons. Now we have tennis tournaments which encourage and add greatly to the enjoyment of those interested in this pastime. The knight of old must be not only well-trained and courageous, but kind, courteous, and unselfish. To be just and generous, ready to note and appreciate skill and worth in an opponent; to yield gracefully when fairly conquered; to learn self-control in the midst of exciting contests—these are some of the lessons that the boy knights of the tennis-court learn in the school of the tournament.

During the past summer some of the most noted tournaments have been as follows:

June 2d. Country Club (Invitation Tournament). Contestants: R. L. Beeckman, H. A. Taylor, O. S. Campbell, and C. E. Sands. Singles—Won by O. S. Campbell, defeating R. L. Beeckman in the final, 6-8, 6-3, 4-6, 7-5, 6-3.

June 13th. St. George's Cricket Club—Championship of the Middle States. Singles—Won by E. P. MacMullen, defeating H. A. Taylor in the final, 6-1, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4. Championship Round—E. P. MacMullen, challenger, defeated R. L. Beeckman, holder, 6-0, 6-4, 0-6, 8-6.

June 20th. New Haven Lawn-Tennis Tournament—Championship of the New England States. Singles—Won by E. P. MacMullen, defeating O. S. Campbell in the final, 6-3, 6-3, 3-6, 6-2, 6-3. Championship Round—H. W. Slocum, Jun., holder, defeated E. P. MacMullen, challenger, 8-6, 5-7, 6-1, 1-6, 6-2. Doubles—Won by O. S. Campbell and V. G. Hall, defeating F. G. Beach and W. L. Thacher in the final, 7-5, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3.

June 26th. Orange Lawn Tennis Tournament. Singles—Won by H. A. Taylor, defeating A. W. Post in the final, 6-3, 6-2, 6-4. Doubles—Won by H. A. Taylor and C. E. Sands, defeating C. Hobart and A. W. Post in the final, 5-7, 9-7, 8-6, 1-6, 6-4.

July 8th. Weylesley Open Lawn Tennis Tournament. Singles—Won by P. S. Sears, defeating W. L. Williston in the final, 4-6, 3-6, 6-2, 6-2, 6-2. Doubles—Won by P. S. Sears and Q. A. Shaw, Jun., defeating Manchester and Kingsley in the final, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3, 6-1.

July 14th. Southampton Lawn-Tennis Tournament—Championship of Long Island. Singles—Won by J. S. Clark. Championship Round—H. A. Taylor, holder, defeated J. S. Clark, challenger. Doubles—H. W. Slocum, Jun., and Foxhall Keene defeated H. A. Taylor and C. E. Sands in the final, 6-3, 6-4, 3-6, 6-1.

July 31st. Wentworth Open Lawn-Tennis Tournament. Singles—Won by C. A. Chase, defeating O. S. Campbell in the final, 6-4, 7-5, 4-6, 4-6, 6-2. Doubles—Won by P. S. Sears and Q. A. Shaw, Jun., defeating O. S. Campbell and E. P. MacMullen in the final by default.

August 20th. Championship of America. Singles—Won by H. W. Slocum, Jun., defeating H. A. Taylor in the final, 6-4, 6-1, 6-0.

September 12th. Championship of America—Won by O. S. Campbell and V. G. Hall, defeating E. P. MacMullen and C. Hobart in the final, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4.

October 8th. Inter-collegiate Lawn-Tennis Tournament. Singles—Won by P. S. Sears, Harvard, defeating V. G. Hall, Columbia, in the final, 7-5, 4-6, 3-2, 4-6, 6-2. Doubles—Won by O. S. Campbell and V. G. Hall, Columbia, defeating P. S. Sears and Q. A. Shaw, Jun., Harvard, in the final, 7-5, 6-2, 6-3.

Of the tournaments above-mentioned the most important were: First, the Championship Singles at Newport; second, the Championship Doubles at Staten Island; and, third, the Inter-collegiate at New Haven. The tournament at Newport was important because there it was to be decided who should win the title of champion of America so long held by Richard Dudley Sears, of Boston. It was regretted by many that Mr. Sears was unable to compete this season. Owing to a severe illness in the spring, his physicians strictly forbade Mr. Sears entering any contests or exercising violently in any way. That his withdrawal from a field in which he had been so successful was keenly felt by many was not to be wondered at. The present champion, H. W. Slocum, Jun., deserves fully the proud title that he has won. Mr. Slocum's tennis before entering at Newport was not up to its usual high standard, as he met defeat at Southampton, Wentworth, and Narragansett. Many thought his chance of

winning the championship very small. He, without doubt, drew the hardest men entered; they were Chase, Brown, Dwight, Clark, Campbell, Taylor. His playing improved daily and showed determination, and at times exceedingly fine tennis. The match against Mr. James Dwight was beautiful to watch, the ball rapidly travelling from racket to racket in many long and well-fought rallies.

Another match worthy of mention was the final against H. A. Taylor. Long before the hour set for the contest to begin crowds assembled to witness what was expected to be the best match of the tournament. A court rolled and kept specially for the occasion was roped off and surrounded by camp-stools five and six rows deep, which were occupied by gayly dressed crowds. Can one imagine a more beautiful picture? The contestants appear; time is called, and play begins. It is evident that Mr. Taylor is far below his usual form, whereas Mr. Slocum is playing the game of his life. "Two games all," the scorer calls. Stillness reigns throughout the multitude as Mr. Slocum begins serving on the fifth game. Both players were receiving many rounds of applause, but it was noticeable by those understanding the fine points of the game that Mr. Slocum secured the advantage over his adversary in nearly every long rally. The score reached "four all" amid the greatest excitement, and Mr. Slocum took the next two succeeding games and the set, 6-4. This won for him the "All-comers" prize and the title of Champion of America.

The Championship Doubles held at Staten Island were important, since the winners would be entitled to rank as champions of America. In the final between O. S. Campbell and V. G. Hall, of Columbia College, New York, and E. P. MacMullen and C. Hobart, of the New York Tennis Club, many expected to see a close and exciting battle resulting in favor of the latter. For some reasons this expectation was justified, since MacMullen and Hobart had defeated Slocum and Keene, who were considered the strongest team entered. But, on the other hand, Campbell and Hall had defeated Taylor and Clark, and in previous tournaments had shown much better form than their opponents. So while MacMullen and Hobart might be playing a wonderful game, there was no reason why Campbell and Hall should not be playing this wonderful game too, which proved to be the case, as the Columbia team easily defeated the New York Tennis Club representatives in three straight sets.

The Inter-collegiate Tournament is held each season about the second week in October on the picturesque grounds of the New Haven Lawn-Tennis Club, which kindly lends its grounds to the College Association. The courts are considered the best earth courts in America.

The colleges forming the association are Amherst, Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Lehigh, Princeton, Trinity, Wesleyan, Williams, and Yale. Each college has the privilege of sending two representatives in Singles and Doubles. At the opening of the academic year each college holds its own tournament, and the successful contestants are chosen to represent their comrades in the Inter-collegiate Tournament. Yale and Harvard have been most successful in capturing the handsome trophies and championship honors, but this season the white and blue of Columbia came to the front, capturing the Doubles and taking second place in the Singles. I give a list of the successful winners since 1882. Singles: 1882, J. S. Clark, Harvard; 1883, H. A. Taylor, Harvard; 1884, W. P. Knapp, Yale; 1885, W. P. Knapp, Yale; 1886, G. M. Brinley, Trinity; 1887, P. S. Sears, Harvard; 1888, P. S. Sears, Harvard. Doubles: 1882, R. D. Sears and J. S. Clark, Harvard; 1883, R. D. Sears and J. S. Clark, Harvard; 1884, R. D. Sears and H. A. Taylor, Harvard; 1885, W. P. Knapp and H. W. Shipman, Yale; 1886, W. P. Knapp and W. L. Thacher, Yale; 1887, P. S. Sears and Q. A. Shaw, Jun., Harvard; 1888, O. S. Campbell and V. G. Hall, Columbia.

UNCLE PETER'S TRUST.*

BY GEORGE B. PERRY.

CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL SIR HUGH ROSE was not the man to be satisfied with the blow thus struck against the rebel power. It was not a decisive one, though it created consternation in the rebel camp, and practically rendered victory certain in further encounters.

Great as was the advantage gained, it was discovered that the leader of the mutineers—the only man who had, so far, displayed any commanding ability—was not among the slain; and too late it was also found that he had escaped to another fortified town, where he had succeeded in gathering a force which would require all Rose's energies to master.

Anak was right in his estimate of the dangers to be feared. The casualties from the bullets of the enemy were almost ridiculously few, yet the death-rate was fearful. Cholera made its appearance in the ranks, and men literally dropped and died by the way-side, the hard-working surgeons often sharing the fate of the soldiers whose sufferings they tried to alleviate.

Yet the pestilence, fearful as were its ravages, counted less victims than the deadly heat. Marches were made with the thermometer at no less than one hundred and thirty-one degrees in the shade, and the endurance of the soldiers was taxed to the utmost.

But cholera, the heat, the excitement, and dangers of frequent skirmishes with the enemy, seemed only to bring out the exuberant spirits of the troops. In the hottest march the soldiers cut boughs of trees and enveloped their heads in the cooling leaves, while the General, riding at the head of the column, indulged in the luxury of wet towels around his head. Slight, delicate, almost as effeminate in appearance as he was in manner, there was no man in the whole force who appeared to more easily bear the fatigue and hardships of the forced march than the dandy General. Whatever discontent had been caused by his appearance, and the contrast between him and the rugged old Scot, Sir Colin, had entirely passed away. The men saw that they were under a commander whose affected dandyism covered a resolution and personal daring unequalled in the force under his command.

Except in the point of personal courage, in which he was woefully deficient, the rebel leader was in every way as capable and resourceful as his British antagonist. Tania Toppee, who had served as an artillery-man, and was an expert gunner, was one of the most extraordinary characters that the mutiny developed. He had a knack of quickly realizing when he was beaten, and his lack of courage was in many cases the secret of his generalship.

Joe Stetson, at his own request, and with the approval of Colonel Vandeleur, had been permitted to change the bugle for the musket, and had entered the ranks. It had been the earnest desire of Captain Shankland, the Adjutant, that Joe should be attached to him, but the lad, evidently preferring the chances the ranks offered, had been permitted to have his way.

Jimmy Donovan, too, had found a place for himself. He had never been borne on the books of the regiment, and a proper application having been forwarded to headquarters, he had been permitted to join the Seventy-sixth as a "volunteer"—a rank which gave him an ensign's pay, allowances, and position, without the formal commission, which it was felt he had to earn. So much had been done for Jimmy out of consideration for his father's rank.

It was not many weeks before Joe Stetson began to put

his foot on the ladder of promotion. He found himself a Corporal, a step which pleased him more than any subsequent advancement, and he was of an age to be keenly alive to the first steps. Goliath Anak, though he had suggested the change, was not best pleased to be without his company, and the lad, as often as his duties permitted, sought the genial giant's quarters. Perhaps he sought them a little more readily the day after he mounted the two chevrons that told of his first rise.

"It's lucky for you, Joe," said Goliath, who was just as proud as the lad himself of the promotion, but of course could not say so, "that the Old Sixth is a light-infantry regiment."

"Why?" asked Joe, innocently.

"Because the stripes are on both arms, and new-fledged Corporals are not likely to get cross-eyed."

"Why should they get cross-eyed, anyway?" said Joe.

"New-made Corporals in heavy regiments carry the chevrons on the right arm only," explained Goliath. "They are so fond of looking at their new decorations that they frequently get cross-eyed. In light-infantry regiments they are on both arms, and so a newly fledged Corporal can see them without risk to his eyesight."

"I'm all right, then," said Joe, laughing; "but I wish Jimmy had been with us still. I think he would have liked to remain if it had been possible."

"It wasn't possible nor right," said Goliath. "Major Donovan has earned the right to ask favors for his boy. I heard the Colonel speaking of him. He will be in a position to make way for Jimmy very soon; but you need not fear for yourself, and I'm sure you are not envious."

"Not a bit," said Joe, frankly. "When I heard that Jimmy had received the letter from his father I was very glad indeed; but I would not change these stripes—on both arms—for Jimmy's position as a volunteer. He will have to earn his commission yet, and so will I."

"Well, Jimmy has the weather-gage of you at present," said Anak, "because he must be commissioned on the very next step, whereas you have a long road to travel, with the chances in favor of your not getting it after all, for the authorities are not in favor of 'rankers.'"

"They must be content with what they can get. It seems as if the young officers sent out here from college cannot be better than the 'rankers' who have made their way here."

"Never supposed they would," said the Drum-major; "but the day for that has gone by. We are not in a struggle for life now, as the British were six months ago, and when every man who had soldier blood in his veins was a commander by instinct."

"Captain Brayer is a 'ranker,'" said Joe, "and I heard Captain Shankland say he was one of the best officers here."

"So he is, but he won his rank in just the time I spoke of, when men, and especially good leaders, were scarce. Things have changed. This is a regular campaign now, conducted by regular troops acting under all the War Office machinery, and men are not likely to get commissions easily under the regulations."

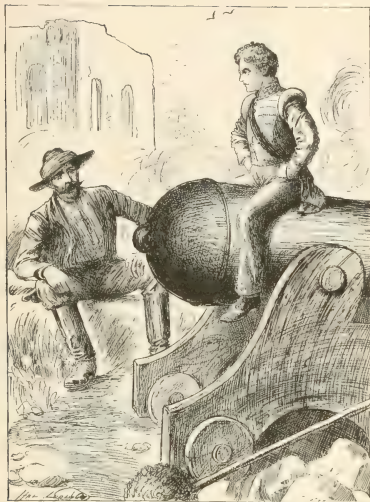
The conversation had taken place during a halt by the road-side, where the men, striving to find some shelter from the intolerable heat, had spread themselves in every direction where there was a prospect of a temporary shade.

Only one tent was to be seen, and in its shade, suffering internally from a recent attack of sunstroke, lay the General. He had been stricken during the march, and there were grave fears that the stroke might necessitate his resignation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN spite of the eager remonstrances of the surgeons, Sir Hugh Rose was soon on horseback. Around his head wet towels were tied, and these were frequently changed. He was evidently very weak, but it only seemed to in-

* Begun in No. 457 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"I AM TO HAVE THE VICTORIA CROSS," SAID JOE, PROUDLY."

crease his ardor, and his dispositions were made as rapidly as they were conceived.

Dividing his small command into two parties, Sir Hugh prepared for the attack. All the guns he could muster were engaged in a hot duel with the enemy's artillery, and the latter was so well served as to overpower the few light field-guns of the British. There was nothing for it but the bayonet.

"Our old friend Tania is around, Colonel Vandeleur," said Rose, as he galloped up to the Sixth. "I shall leave you the pleasure of attending to him. Grant has the right, Napier the left."

The Colonel bowed. The main attack was the duty of the Sixth, and the old man was gratified at the prospect.

"And I don't mind saying, Vandeleur, that I wish I had a little more cavalry. Mine are pretty well worn out, but half of them are with you, unless I find I can make a better use of them."

The rebels were skillfully posted. In their front was the dry bed of a stream, which formed a deep depression. It was reached with great loss, and in its shallow bed the troops formed for the final rush up the steep slope where the rebel batteries had been posted. Here and there on the bank, as the thin line rushed forward, a number were left behind.

But it did not take long. The lines were seen to converge at one point. There was a rush, and the excited spectators saw the small crowd of red uniforms clamber upon the battery, and in a few moments the colors of the Sixth had been planted and were waving in triumph.

Colonel Vandeleur had been the first to enter. Seizing a favorable spot which he had noticed, he had urged his horse to a desperate leap, which landed the white-haired old man inside, in advance of his men. When the Sixth entered, it was to see the Colonel on his feet (his horse lying dead beside him), engaged in a desperate struggle

with a crowd of Sepoys, who had almost overpowered him as the leading company entered the works. The Colonel was soon relieved, and the Sixth, gradually gaining ground, pushed the mutineers from the guns, and, turning them as they were captured, made havoc in the rebel ranks.

Relying on their vast numbers, the mutineers returned to the attack. The remnant of the "Royal Warwicks" was sorely pressed. But help came at last. The cavalry, led by Rose himself, had succeeded in entering the batteries, and rolling up the line of mutineers who attempted to reach them, sent them back in a confused heap on their centre. At the same instant an unexpected re-enforcement arrived for the Sixth. A body of horse swept into the battery. It was hard to tell for a moment whether they were friends or foes, for their dress was entirely unlike the First Lancers, which Rose led.

But there was no mistaking their action. Led by a man who rode a powerful black horse, which Joe seemed to recognize, the new-comers literally rode down the mutineers who attempted to stay them, till, with the inflexible line in front, the cavalry on both flanks, and the British artillery pouring grape-shot through their disorganized masses, the rebels utterly broke and fled, after one of the fiercest fights they had ever dared.

Tania Topee had, with his usual sagacity, fled from the scene before the British troops reached his batteries. It was a splendid force which he had brought up to oppose the British. Twenty-six pieces of artillery had fallen into the victors' hands, and a large store of ammunition. It was a great victory. It left the British General especially well pleased, and it won Joe his rank of Sergeant by the simple process of killing off enough to make the promotion necessary.

There were other reasons that determined the promotion. A desperate struggle had centred around the possession of a gun, and the mutineers, who seemed to have been almost entirely composed of a hardier and more daring class of soldiers than usual, fought desperately. In the rush which won the piece Joe had the satisfaction of leading, and with true boyish exultation bestrode the cannon while the last act of the tragedy was being played by the cavalry and artillery.

He was still sitting astride the gun when the cavalry which had created such an agreeable diversion returned from their merciless work. In their leader Joe recognized his old companion of the march, Captain John Vidal, and the latter could not refrain from laughing as he saw the sturdy form of the young Corporal bestriding the gun.

"Holloa, curly pate! have we met again?"

The young Corporal gravely saluted the cavalryman, and ventured to hope he had come out all right.

"Without a scratch," said the other, dropping from his horse and seating himself on the ground.

"But what's this?" he continued. "I say, curly, did you capture this gun alone?"

"No, indeed," said the young Corporal, laughing; "but I was in the last rush that did, and I liked the seat well enough to keep it."

"So they've made you a Corporal, have they, curly?" said Vidal, glancing at the stripes on Joe's arm. "Why, promotion is getting rapid in the Sixth when youngsters like you are non-commissioned officers."

"Yes, sir."

"Threepence a day more pay, eh?"

"Not for that, sir," said Joe.

"Not for that, eh? Are you the bugler who was with the party at the explosion of the gate of Jhansi?"

"Yes, sir."

"And they made you Corporal for that?"

"No, sir."

"What, then?"

"I am to have the Victoria Cross," said Joe, proudly.
 "With exactly fourpence more by actual money value," said Vidal, dryly.
 "Joe," he continued, dropping the sarcastic humor, "I'm glad of it, and you shall have it, or my name's not Vidal. But what have we here? Joe, here's your dandy English lord. What's his name?"

"Rose, sir."
 "Looks like one of the hot-house variety," said Vidal, as he stretched out his long limbs. "If there's anything I hate it's the formality of this business. Now don't you think I'm tired enough without having to get into the saddle again for no other purpose than to salute your dainty commander?"

"I should suppose," said Corporal Joe, gravely, "that if Sir Hugh, sick as he is, thought it worth while to come over here to thank you, you might find energy enough to get into the saddle to receive him."

The Captain jumped to his feet as if he had never felt fatigue. "You're right, youngster," he said, "though it sounds rather insubordinate in you to reprove your superior officer—eh, young soldier-lawyer?"

"I didn't mean it for reproof, sir," said Joe. "You put the question to me, and you surely required an answer."

The bronzed, stern-faced Captain of irregulars looked into the fresh, frank face of the youth before him. "Corporal," he said, "I like you the better for your remark."

He mounted his horse, called his grim troopers to attention, and stood awaiting the arrival of the General and staff, who were saluted with a precision due rather to Joe's timely remark than to any special love of the formality; and as the General rode up, Vidal saluted him with a steadiness and grace which told that in spite of his careless manner he was a well-drilled officer, and that the fierce Pathans under his command were equally well drilled.

The "fashionable" General stood for a moment in silence watching the swarthy group of cavalymen with an eye that fully measured their value. Then his eyes flashed and a color came into his cheek, which even the burning sun of India could not fully brown.

He beckoned Vidal to his side, and as the latter reined up his magnificent charger, Sir Hugh said, in a voice from which all trace of affectation had been removed:

"Captain Vidal, I thank you heartily for the splendid manner in which you gathered up our friends yonder. I should like to have you with me always."

The Captain bowed. Under his careless manner he also concealed the polish of a gentleman. Every man has his affectation. While Rose's weakness was the air of the languid man of fashion, Vidal affected the opposite character.

"It will give me great pleasure to convey your compliment to my men, sir," said Vidal, "if I ever get hold of enough of the dialect to do it."

"They deserve an interpreter, sir. If the fact of the thanks will gratify them, I will see that they have one."

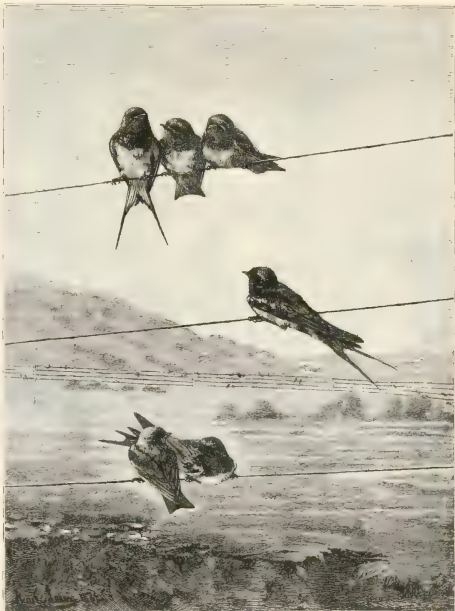
"A hardy set of men, Sir Hugh," said Vidal, for a fear of a change came upon him; "used to fatigue, and capable of good work;

but used, also, to a certain freedom of action which may not be in line with the discipline of your regulars."

"The facts are very palpable, Captain Vidal," said Rose, in a tone which was in itself a compliment, "and I am sure they cannot be in better hands than your own."

The Captain bowed. He was gratified, for he had correctly judged the soldier-like character of his new commander. His quick eye detected the boy Joe reluctantly descending from his choice position on the gun. After the formal inspection was over, inquiries were made, and Joe found the number of his stripes increased and a further step gained.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SWALLOWS' GOOD-BY.

"BY-BY, little folk."

"Chirpeth now the swallow.
 "By-by, little folk. Good-by to you.
 We are going southward where you may not follow—
 Where the sun is shining and the skies are blue.

By-by, little folk;
 Summer days are going;
 Winter winds are blowing;
 Soon come sleet and snowing;
 All the flowers are dying.
 So the swallows lie away,
 Southward, southward flying.

"Think you, little folk.

We shall find some others.
 Waiting for the swallows and their math song—
 Bright-eyed lads and lassies, sisters and brothers.
 Where the warm sun shineth, shineth all day long.

By-by, little folk;
 Zephyrs floating over us
 Tell the tale of sunny bowers,
 Fragrant vines and bright and flowers,
 Rainbows coming after showers,
 Waiting, waiting for us.
 So we send by telegraph
 Just a good-by chorus.



ONE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

VOLUME X: Is it possible that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has entered upon its tenth year? That the little people who were babies when we sent forth the first number are now studying geography and grammar, playing law-tennis, and learning to skate, and to do other delightful things, while those who were then ten years old are now twenty—big brothers and sisters, quite grown up? Well, well; how time flies, to be sure.

The nine years of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have been very successful, and as for the Post-office Box, it owes its attractiveness entirely to the dear children who have written their bright letters to one another in its columns. Now that we have Cousin Dorothy to tell us of the Sunday-school lesson, we will enjoy this part of the paper more than ever, and the Postmistress, wishing YOUNG PEOPLE a Happy New-Year, hopes that every boy and girl, every mamma and auntie, and all the lovers of children from grandpapa down, will help her to make the Post-office Box more than ever charming.

NATAL BURKE, CARBORNE.

Our city is noted for its delightful climate and beautiful scenery. It is situated between the Santa Ynez Mountains and the Mesa or foot-hills facing on the Pacific Ocean. It is noted as a summer resort and for its climate, but also for the sea-bathing, which can be indulged in during any month of the year. A party of school-girls, myself included, are going in at five o'clock next Saturday morning. We have all kinds of fruit here in abundance, such as apples, pears, peaches, figs, plums, and berries. The largest bearing orchard and walnut orchards in the State are about ten miles from Santa Barbara, also a great deal of the finest olive oil is raised and manufactured on a large farm about sixteen miles north-west of our city. Tourists coming here, and artists especially, are delighted with the ruins of the old adobe buildings, a few of which are left standing, which were formerly occupied by the old Mexican and Indian tribes. Probably some of my readers have either heard or read of the Catholic Missions, some of which are two and three hundred years old, scattered through middle and southern California. There is one here which was built by the Franciscan Fathers one hundred years ago in 1866, at which time a grand celebration took place, showing the difference between the manners and customs of the people at that time and this. Some of the paintings there came from Spain, and are very old.

MARGUERITE DE V.

The Three Little T's, from the "Land of the Sky,"
Away up on the Blue Ridge ever so high,
Send down to you, lady, a greeting of love
By a Walhalla mule, not a carrier-dove.

HELEN GAIN, NORTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We have not written to you for over a year, and I have not thought of you, and have not recovered from the disappointment of not having seen you last summer while in New York. This is a beautiful place, situated among the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the southwestern part of North Carolina. The scenery around is magnificent, and at this season of the year the woods are especially beautiful. When we first came up here we staid at Kala-lanta, a very pretty house about a mile and a half

from the village. It is the highest residence east of the Rocky Mountains. Kala-lanta is an Indian name, which means "near heaven." Now we are down in the village, at the foot of Salsilla, a very high mountain, from which one can obtain a beautiful view of all the country around. At the south of the house there is a hedge, which is a thick undergrowth of the rhododendron and laurel or kalmia, interspersed with the oak, maple, chestnut, and various other trees, which are turned by the frosts, and which are relieved by the lovely dark hemlock. There are a great many really very beautiful falls all around here. We have been to nearly all of them. There is one called Glen Falls, which is a regular succession of cascades and cataracts. Near one of the upper falls there is a very charming shady little nook, which goes by the name of "The Glen." It was there that we ate our luncheon. There are also Highland and Cullassaja Falls, and a great many others which I will not describe, as I know I could not do with justice. We take long walks and horseback rides almost every day. We are taking advantage of summer vacation, for when we go back home we shall have to tie ourselves down to our books. My brother walked here to Walhalla (thirty miles) in one day. Don't you think that was splendid? Several times during the summer he has taken very long trips. Once he went nearly as far as I have, and don't see how any one with a conveyance right at the door would prefer to walk such a distance. With love, and very true friendship,
NORRIS (one of the Three Little T's).

Tell sister Carrie that the Postmistress enjoyed her letter quite as much as she did yours, but there was not room to publish both.

HARPER, IOWA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—On a bright sunny day, in November, 1886, I came to the little town of Harper, named in honor of Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York, suffered a severe loss from the great devastator, fire, nearly as great as that which took place in New York ground. This was not the first of its kind the village had experienced, but was by far the greatest. The destroyer found birth in the west end of Main street, an old wooden shoe and hat shop, the property of an eccentric, hard working, but careless German, who operated his machinery by steam power. By some as yet unexplained means, the fire caught, and it rapidly spread near his furnace, and before it could be extinguished enveloped his building in flames. The alarm was given, and a large crowd gathered. There were speculators, and a furniture store adjoining was soon in a blaze. In spite of every effort to the contrary, it passed from this to a large brick building, and then to the next building. By heroic work the flames were nearly subdued in this building, but in a critical moment burst forth again and enveloped a large wooden house close by in their hot embrace. All hope of saving the block was now abandoned, every effort being made to save the contents of the remaining buildings, which were our own brick building, a retail clothing store, and an extensive clothing-room, and a billiard hall. All of these were consumed inside of ten minutes. The Washington firemen, twenty-two miles east of us, were sent for, but they were unable to furnish material aid, and now all that remains of Block 14 is a blackened heap of debris. The entire loss estimated at nearly \$40,000. In addition to our loss of drug stock, my brother and I each lost a fine and valuable violin, they having been left in the store. This we regret very much, they were used in the orchestra, and were valued to replace. Our public-school library, of which I was librarian, and which, for convenience during vacation, was placed in our building, was entirely consumed. This I regret very much, as I felt in a manner responsible for it. The Harper ball club played a match game that day, and was north of their village. Happy as larks were the boys, but they were not there at the eventide, crowned with victory, only to find a blackened, smoking, mouldering field of ruin instead of what they had hoped to find. That was that! Yours truly,
HARPER R.

No one will read this letter without regret that the little town should have suffered this great misfortune, but I expect before many months to hear from my friend Harper R. that with real American energy the losses have been turned into gains, and new buildings have risen from the ashes of the old.

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I HAVE BEEN HERE ever since the first of July, and I would like to tell you about some of the good times I have had. We have been out a great deal, and I have been photographing a good many times and we had great fun. One day she thought it would be nice to take a picture of an old house which was built in the early part of the century. The rooms are arranged in the form of a horseshoe, which stands out a little from the body of the chimney. It was quite a long walk to the house, but we staid there after a tramp over a rough, rocky road, up a steep hill, and over a fence, we ar-

rived there. My cousin then decided that it would not make a very pretty picture, and I agreed with her, but as it seemed a pity to have come so far for nothing, she said, "Well, I'll take the door. I send you one of the pictures. How old should you think I am from it?"

My brother has had a cut-bout this summer, so I have been out sailing a great deal, and I think it is splendid, especially when the waves are big rollers. He and I went out one day when, although it was very rough, the water was hardly splashed in at all, but the boat pitched up and down at a great rate. I held the tiller, and it was fun. We went out a long way, entirely out of the harbor, and sailed all day. It was just glorious! Another time I went on a moonlight sail, and then six or seven others. It was a very still night, and the reflection of the moon on the water was beautiful. As we sailed along we could see the lights shining from three light-houses.

I went on an excursion to Gay Head with my cousin, my mother, and three other ladies, and I had a very nice time. We started from here in the steamer at seven in the morning, and reached there about noon. After calling our luncheon we rode to the light-house in an ox-cart driven by an Indian, and there would have been a splendid view from the top of the bluff, only it was very rough. We saw some very beautiful things, with the many different colors of clay—yellow, orange, jet black, white, two or three shades of drab, and a great many different shades of red. The green bushes, etc., greatly added to the beauty. These bands of color run from the top to the bottom of the cliffs instead of horizontally, as might be supposed. After calling our luncheon when we had almost reached the beach I stepped over my boot into a mass of soft, wet, red clay. When I drew my foot out it was plastered with clay about three inches thick. A young man offered a stick to scrape with, so I soon succeeded in getting my boot fairly clean. Then we walked along on the beach to the steamer landing, and then to the light-house. It was a very home, the boat steamed out, so that we could have a view of the cliffs from the water, and it was a splendid sight. We went home at about seven, having had a delightful trip.

ALICE W. T.

Is Alice twelve years old? I fancy so from the picture.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

The Exposition is open now, and it is very interesting. The fair will commence next Monday. I go to school, and am in the Sixth Grade. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, physiology, grammar, drawing, and penmanship. I have a horse named George, a Scotch collie named Leighton Collie, and two birds. I had two little rabbits, but they died. We had two black cats named Sam and Sig, but they ran away. I like dancing very much. I used to take dancing lessons from Professor John M. I am very fond of reading. I think the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are very good. I like "The Flamingo Feather," "The Ice Queen," and "The Colonel's Money" best. I am very sorry Miss Alice is so small. I like to read "The Little Women," "Little Men," "The Boys' Book," "The Fashioned Girl," "Eight Cousins," and "Rosa in Bloom." I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Tom Sawyer" are very good books.

MAT L.

BURKEVILLE, VIRGINIA.

When I last wrote I was about twelve years old, and of the opinion that if I were only "sweet sixteen" I would be perfectly happy. I have now arrived at that age, and I can tell you that my happiness has reached perfection. I do know that I shall be very sorry when the 30th of next month has gone by and I have left sixteen behind me. I have been living in Burkeville five months, my former home having been Richmond, Virginia. I am a New Yorker by birth, but came South when I was eight years old, and I have lived in Virginia ever since. I lived first in Atlanta, and in Richmond ever since. This is my first experience in a small country, and I find it is not a very pleasant one. Last night, about twelve o'clock, I was awakened by papa telling me there was a fire in town. He left the house to go to it, and on opening my door I saw a great fire burning in the street, that some building about a square away was in flames. I dressed hurriedly, and taking an opera-glass stepped out on top of the extension on the first floor of our house. I tried to distinguish the people and what building it was that was burning, but my hand shook so that I had to put down my glass and trust to my eyes alone. It was a terrible and grand and picturesque scene—the great clouds of fire and smoke illuminating the whole town with a weird red light, the people hurrying about in confusion, and the firemen with their hose cries for water. It seemed more like a panorama than a scene in real life. There is no fire-company of any description here, and even in the city of New York the firemen of the men are applied to save the surrounding houses, knowing that all attempts to rescue the first to catch fire are useless. This of last night was a very extraordinary occurrence, and but for the favorable direction of the wind one of the largest

dry-goods stores. As the place would surely have burned down. As it was, the rear part of the store was slightly damaged. I am passionately fond of music, and spent a great deal of time at the piano. I play both a grand and a small piano. I sit at the piano always feet toward my piano as if it were a human being, and I prefer the way in which it speaks to me to the conversation of any human being. I do not care much for anything except classical music, but I play a great deal of a lighter style because the people in general do not appreciate the other. EDITH A. G.

PARKERS, BROAD ISLAND.

It is such a dull day I thought I would pass the time away by writing to you, dear Postmistress. We are full of trouble just now. Ten days ago I had two dear little twin sisters; they staid with us—one, three days; the other, four. I thought when we lost my baby brother two years ago I was as badly as I could, but I am older now, and I took care of one baby sister nearly all the time it was here, and of course felt more attached to it; and as if we did not have trouble enough, we had a bad rain-storm. All our fruit was blown off the trees, and all our cattle got sick by eating apples; and we lost a nice cow, and all our milk from the other cows for four days. We are now getting our corn cut with glass, and cannot step his foot to the ground, and he was one of the span we drove in the carriage. But we shall be better when winter goes. I will send you some of my lessons again on the piano. My pets are flowers just now. I wish some correspondent of *YOUNG PEOPLE* would write a list of good house plants that will grow in the winter. I would like to exchange stamps or nice cards, for good slips. MAUDE V. P. W. (age 14).

I'm so sorry to hear of the death of the dear babies.

PARKERS, BROAD ISLAND.

I live on a large farm, and love the country. We have just sold a pair of twin calves. I can milk, and like to take care of stock. My cow died a few days from eating apples. We are hating up our fall work. We have had several severe frosts, and our corn is frozen. I take lessons on the violin, and play very well—so take my dear friends, have a globe and fishes, caught frog and snails, and put them with my goldfishes; but my fishes died when I took out everything, and found they do better alone.

WILLIE H. L. W. (age 9).

The globe may be too small for so many inhabitants.

I am very glad to find one of my best correspondents in the letter which follows:

THE GARDEN, PENNSYLVANIA.

This evening finds my sister, brother, and myself in our sitting-room, grouped round the table reading our dear HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. For many months have several back numbers of the paper been laid away from us, and the closer the closet where our interest has been centred on the attractive matter found in the later issues, but to-night we have gathered together the long-looked-away papers, and are now reading. How familiar the dear old pages are! No doubt, dear Postmistress, you have spent a pleasant summer. I myself have been in the city during vacation, but I did not mind it much, as we had such pleasant weather. I went on two picnics, once to the Ravine, near Horticultural Hall, and the next time a party of sixteen of us drove out on a wagon to Rockland, near the Delury. There we spent the greater part of the day. We ran up and down hill, played bean bag, took long walks, climbed a tree, and at last, altogether, had a delightful time far into the afternoon. Then for a time our jollity ceased, for the little ones, four in number, and an older girl of about fifteen had been seen, and were seen, and were seen, through the woods, ran around the Park, and searched for them here and there, but all in vain. No children were to be heard or seen. My little sister and two cousins were among the lost ones, and you can well imagine the distress of mamma and aunty at the non-appearance of their children, for you must know it was nearing dark. Several of us set out in different directions in search of them, but we returned unsuccessful. I had, at about the time we missed them, seen several children crossing the bridge, though it was extremely difficult to see, and as they were going down the steep rocks, down, down, till I came to the drive far below. I looked for the children, but could not find them. Then I climbed up again, and crossed the bridge on half of my way. There the trains ran. Seeing no children, I was about to return in despair, when I met two little girls. Questioning them, I found that some children answering to my description had been seen, and were climbing up the rocks about fifteen minutes previous to this. How I got back I never can tell. After to say and do, thoroughly worn out, I had good crying spells, but the children were found safe and sound, and as the supper looked rather

tempting, I thought better of it, took my tea, and felt refreshed again. The children had crossed and recrossed the bridge, having gotten back to our side of the Park a few minutes previous to our starting, but the first of them had not yet packed up and drove home in the moonlight, singing till we arrived there. Thus ended our last picnic this summer. Hoping that you have enjoyed the letter, I am, dear Postmistress, with love, your sincere friend,

RENA H.

P. S.—To-day I am fifteen and a half years of age.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 1STH.

Helping the Author—JOSHUA XXI. 45-47; XXII. 1-9.

Cousin Dorothy thinks that the class is in the habit of using the Bible every day. So many of you as read it regularly morning and evening may hold up your hands! More hands than one little woman can count, a perfect forest of fingers, pink-tipped and nail-brush, waving in the air. That is right, you belong to this great class who will study the Bible, and presently you will find that there is not a book in the whole world which can even compare with it in interest.

"Cousin Dorothy:"

"Yes, dear."

Who were these Reubenites and Gadites spoken of in this lesson? What was their relation to the Hittites and the Jebusites and the other 'ites' of whom we've heard so much?

My dear boy, no; not at all. The Hittites, Edomites, Jebusites, and the rest were the warlike tribes of Canaan, who had to be driven out of the promised land before the children of Israel could possess it. The Reubenites and Gadites belonged themselves to the nation of Israel. They were men of the tribe of Reuben and of the tribe of Gad, Reuben and Gad being two of the twelve sons of Jacob. Do not be misled by the term 'children' as you find it in the Bible, and remember here mean little people, as it does when we use the word, but means grown-up men and women. Is a word for a nation or a race.

Those who have their Bibles in their hands will please turn back to Numbers xxiii. 1-33. There you will find a curious bit of history. The tribes of Reuben and Gad, and half the tribe of Manasseh, had a great many sheep and cattle, and on the eastern shore of the Jordan they found excellent pasturage for their flocks and herds. As they felt they were contented, they were satisfied to remain where they were, and had no wish to cross the Jordan. They sent what we should call a committee to confer with Moses, asking him if they might not stay where they were.

Moses was not disposed to listen to them at first. He said, "Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye be idle?"

Whereupon these warrior shepherds promptly answered: "We will build sheepfolds here for our flocks, and for the little ones, but we will ourselves will go ready armed before the children of Israel, until we have brought them to their place, and our little ones shall dwell in the fenced cities because of the inhabitants of the land."

Read this whole account for yourselves, and you will then understand the lesson of to-day. The two tribes and a half formed a gallant advance guard which marched in the van. Forty thousand of their best warriors were selected to go with the people over the Jordan, while seventy thousand were left to take care of those who might not go home to their homes the first day, when the priests stood with the ark on the dry river-bed, while the foaming waters were piled behind them in a great wall (Joshua iii. 15-17). The two tribes and a half were good-bye to their wives and children for a time, were the first to step into the strange pathway. They were the first all the way through, to do and dare, until the hard campaign was over.

Now they had, so to speak, fulfilled their part of the contract. The people were in peaceful possession of a good land, and Joshua, who was able to disband the brave army of Reuben, Gad, and Manasseh. He told them that as they had done what they had pledged themselves to do, they might now go home to their wives and little ones, and to the old fathers and younger brothers who had been left to take care of these, and you may think how joyfully the noble fellows went, and how glad the little ones were to see them coming home.

There are two or three beautiful thoughts for us in this lesson. One is the thought of our Heavenly Father.

"There failed not any good thing which the Lord had spoken concerning the house of Israel, it all came to pass."

You may depend that no good thing will ever fail concerning your houses and dear ones either. It will all come to pass. The hymn says:

"It may not be my way,

"It may not be my day,

But yet in His own love,

The Lord will provide."

Our Saviour said: "Take no thought" (no anxious thought) "for to-morrow." Your Father

knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him."

If we do our part God will surely do his. And we have not to think of the whole campaign and all the hard battles beforehand, but just take them as they come along—one march at a time, one fight at a time.

They were told, these Reubenites and Gadites, to go back to their tents. The homes they had, even in their fenced or "defenced" cities, were only temporary shelters, such as shepherds in that land were contented to live in. They would now have time to build more permanent houses if they chose. But Joshua gave them a parting command to love the Lord, and to serve Him just as fully on the opposite shore of the river, as if they were to stay with the rest of the people.

It is never any trouble to serve where we truly love. But half-love always means half-service.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. I am a freplace—curtail me, and I am the freplace of the body; curtail me again, and I am to distinguish sounds; behead me, and I am that which distinguishes sound. I grow from the earth—behead me, and I am a game; behead again, I am an insect. 3. I am to detest—curtail me, and I am a detest; behead me, and I am a yow; curtail me, and I am a grain; behead, and I am a preposition. 4. I am to rub hard—behead, and I am a fabric; behead again, I am a plant; behead again, I am an animal. ALICE W. T.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 12, 22, 4, 5, 6, 13 is a girl's name
My 23, 32, 3, 31 appears in the sky
My 8, 2, 15, 35, 20 is a green.
My 14, 34, 10 is an animal.
My 17, 11, 18 is a garden tool.
My 19, 16, 3, 7, 18 is a small rock.
My 9, 15, 35 is a boy's name.
My 20, 15, 13 is an animal.
My whole is a proverb of 26 letters.

HELENA AND GERALDINE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 468.

No. 1.—Shakespeare. Milton.

No. 2.—B-e-a-r-d B-l-a-c-k

No. 3.—Election. Maple.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Leander Johnson, Helen C. Stewart, Alice W. T., Louise L., Arthur, Nellie Geisse, Bianca B., Robert Arthur, Thomas Barclay, Roland Brower, Mabel Gibson, and others. Send in your answers, Godwin, Lulu and Florence, Mildred V., and Ernest Wells.

NOTICE.

A Liberal Offer to those who Subscribed to "Harper's Young People" for 1888.

Any Boy or Girl who subscribed as above stipulated, sending in before 31st January 1889, his or her own certificate, signed by the Editor, and a renewal, accompanied by the price, namely, ten dollars, in one remittance, will receive the following nine volumes as a premium:

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DISAPPOINTED.

MAMMA. "WHY, FRANK, DEAR, WHAT IS THE MATTER? DID YOU HAVE A BAD DREAM?"

FRANK. "NO. I DREAMED I HAD A BIG BAG OF CANDY AND WORKED WITHOUT EATING IT."



THE NEAREST WAY TO CHINA

ROB. "PAPA, HOW FAR IS IT TO CHINA?"

PAPA. "OH, THOUSANDS OF MILES, ROB."

ROB. "HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO GET THERE?"

PAPA. "MONTHS, MY BOY. WHY?"

ROB. "I WAS THINKING IF YOU COULD DIG THROUGH THE EARTH AND PUT STAIRS DOWN, YOU MIGHT GET THERE SOONER; COULDN'T YOU?"

PAPA. "NO, ROB; IT WOULD TAKE MONTHS, ALL THE SAME."

ROB. "WELL, IT WOULDN'T IF I SLED DOWN THE BANISTERS."



RECESS AT THE PELTYVILLE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

RECENT STUDIES OF THE INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF "UPLAND AND MEADOW," "WASTE-LAND WANDERINGS," ETC.



N the 10th of September last I happened to be wandering along the enormous curves of the great Serpent Mound, in Adams County, Ohio, when my attention was called to a little tuft of grass that for some reason had been left standing.

The day before, the ground for a considerable space had been closely mowed, and not a trace of the beautiful autumn bloom that had made the spot a garden of delights had been left standing. Mist-flower, golden-rod, iron-weed, and asters were all laid low, leaving the lone tuft of grass a prominent object. On a near approach I found that it covered but did not conceal a sitting quail. Stooping down, I put my face within a foot of the brave bird, and yet she would not move; but never for an instant did she take her eyes from me. It was evident that I must actually touch her before she would leave her nest, and this I abstained from doing.

Day after day I saw her, and she was always equally courageous. A week later, my companion happened to pass by, and found that the nest had been abandoned. The mother bird and her brood had gone, but the nest was not really empty. Seven pearly egg-shells remained, and they were well worthy of study. Each had been opened—not merely broken—like and in a curious manner. A clean cut had been made nearly around the shell, but enough remained intact to hold the two portions together. This unsevered portion acted as a hinge, and so the little quails had merely opened a wide door of their own making, and through it stepped out of their cramped quarters of the past two weeks or more into the outer world. Occasionally I have seen a single egg, or perhaps two in a nest, the shells of which had been opened in such a methodical manner, but never before where such marked similarity characterized the whole series.

I have said that the young birds had "stepped out": rather they had run, and I can testify to what good purpose they can put their tender feet. Still, for the first day of their freedom, they were somewhat bewildered by the strange sights about them, and their helplessness when but a few hours old touched even the heart of the grizzled archaeologist who for weeks had been studying the mysterious earthen serpent that for centuries has rested upon the summit of the cliff. He almost wished himself a naturalist, as in former days, when the callow creature that he caught and carefully stroked was cuddled in the hollow of his hand, and a spark of old-time enthusiasm thrilled him when the warning cry of the mother bird was heard, to which the captured baby quail feebly responded. But here the unearthing of relics called the archaeologist away, and I took up the study of the quail.

That parent birds are cunning, all the world knows, and it is commonly added that young birds, the moment they are hatched, know *by instinct* the meaning of their parents' calls. I do not believe it. Baby quails have a good deal to learn in the first two or three days of their lives, and the old birds realize that it falls to them to be the teachers as well as protectors of their offspring. It was very evident, I hold, that the seven little quails at the Serpent Mound did not understand the urgent whistling of their parents when they squatted in the grass. They did not now respond, nor had the antics of the mother bird, when she feigned being wounded, any effect upon them. They occasionally shifted their positions, and as

often exposed themselves as sought a better cover. Later, when the field was clear, the parent birds gathered them, after long search, and as systematically as a shepherd traces the wanderings of lost sheep. For at least a day, if not for two, the anxious movements of the old quails were meaningless to their young; but not so a day or two later. Then you could no more have caught the latter than the former. A little experience had gone a great way in educating the brood, but that little was necessary.

I have laid stress upon this trivial occurrence, as I wish to add a word of caution as to the common use of the term "instinct." It is better to explain the habits of an animal by other means, and fall back upon instinct when all else fails. I have followed the fortunes of many a hundred broods of wild birds, and know with what astonishing rapidity they mature intellectually. In many cases it is but a matter of two or three days, but it is a transit from ignorance to knowledge nevertheless.

I had no glimpse even of these young quails after they were four days old; yet I knew they were very near me many times each day. They had learned that mankind were enemies, not from instinct, but through instruction; their parents had told them so. This may seem strained and over-fanciful, but after being many weeks afield and disposed to observe without preconceived notions, I, for one, always fall back upon this leading thought, that birds, at least, if not all animal life, are quite well gifted with sound common-sense, and this is their main safeguard.

For a month a pair of Bewick's wrens dwelt opposite my tent, holding our ample wood-pile against all comers. At sunrise, let the weather be what it might, they were astir, ready to resent the near approach of any bird, and for an hour or more each day sang so sweetly that the best efforts of the crested tit, the summer red-bird, or the cardinal seemed poor indeed.

Close at hand was the rude oven of unhewn stones, about which Katie, the cook, flitted industriously, and her the suspicious wrens ignored entirely. As breakfast was being prepared the old wren cheered her with his song, but I was never to be so favored. Neither my companion nor myself could do aught but listen from our tents. The moment either appeared, the bird darted to some safe cranny among the logs. This, as I have said, was not a chance occurrence, but the established habit of the wrens. They were not afraid of a woman; they were afraid of men.

There was, of course, some reason for this, and I would that I could report its discovery as mathematically demonstrated; but how seldom can we do this! I let my fancy run riot for three weeks, and imagined all sorts of extravagant explanations. At last a ray of light seemed to fall upon the mystery. Toward the close of my days in camp the wood-pile was rudely disturbed by the chopper, and finally the wrens appeared and scolded vehemently; then until next morning all was quiet, and the morning song lost none of its sweetness because of the ruffled temper of the day before. A few days later the ox-team brought a load of drift-wood from the creek, and when this was rudely tossed, stick by stick, upon the pile, again the wrens protested.

Here, then, was an apparent clew. Whatever the wrens suffered was by the hands of men, while the ever-present Katie in no wise interfered with their pleasure. Is it possible that the birds realized the difference between Wallace and his ox-team, or Martin with his ax, and Katie the cook? It certainly appeared so. With my field-glass I watched these wrens one morning, more closely than usual, as soon as they appeared. Early as it was, Katie was already astir, yet the wrens appeared

not even to see her. Without hesitation they flew into the open kitchen, and caught the chilled flies that had clustered about the pots and dishes. If Katie came too near, they flitted to the other end of the long table and continued their hunt, and when their morning meal was over, the old male sweetly warbled thanks for both.

There can be no question but that they recognized our cook as their friend, perhaps supposed she provided the flies for them. Be this as it may, they were bold to a degree until the Professor or I appeared, when they promptly skurried off, to be seen no more that day. I may be wrong, but I believe my explanation is not wholly wild. It is something to watch the same pair of birds for weeks. You get by so doing an insight into their character that a chance meeting will never afford. I came to look upon these cunning wrens as creatures that thought, and I hold, indeed, that we should so look upon all birds.

Away from camp, down in the tangle of the wild Brush Creek bottom, I found many a cunning bird. How cleverly, just as I leveled my field-glass, they all eluded pursuit and disappeared in the caves along the cliff, or if not there, in the cavernous old dead sycamores! Cardinals, jays, titmice, sparrows, flycatchers, and wrens, they all knew they were upon dangerous ground, and shunned all living creatures but themselves.

Why dangerous ground? Those rocky ledges, draped with impenetrable growths, were the black snakes' paradise; the bleached and hollow trees that stood like so many ghastly sentinels along the creek's crooked shores ambushed innumerable hawks and owls. There was scarcely a cave but harbored a mink, a raccoon, or a skunk; while in the dark pools into which the rippling waters ominously disappeared lurked the wily soft-shelled turtles that have a serpent's neck and head, with also their agility and cunning. In such a spot it behooved the harmless and helpless birds to be cunning and careful, for their safety lay only in their quickness of wit. When I saw what hosts of enemies surrounded them I did not wonder at their wildness.

Within a stone's-throw of my home in New Jersey these same birds are abundant, but there their foes are few. I can always approach reasonably near to them without difficulty. They quickly learn that here they are comparatively safe. A few months ago I chanced upon a nest of the small green-crested flycatcher without disturbing the sitting bird. Twice daily after that I visited the nest to see if I could have so remarkable an experience as did a friend with another sitting bird. Before the young had left the nest I twice stroked the parent bird without her taking flight. Never, I venture to say, a nesting bird in the Brush Creek Valley would prove so trustful. Nature there is more evenly balanced, and every bird that carries has a veritable struggle for its existence. Certainly those that nested in the more open shrubbery (and they were many) must have been ever on the alert. Indeed I came to look upon every empty nest as necessarily the scene of a tragedy, yet in truth the great majority had escaped molestation.

But this cunning had its ludicrous phases; at least I was daily entertained by the quick wits of the kill-deer plover. During September these birds were phenomenally abundant. Even throughout the night they passed over my tent incessantly, often at a great elevation. Aroused at times by the hooting of the great horned owls, I have caught the faint *dee-dee* of a wandering plover, falling as softly as the whisper of a star, and then, as the bird swooped earthward, the shrill *kill-deer! kill-deer!* rang out with startling distinctness on the still night air. They gloried in the glimmer of the harvest-moon as I never before had known birds to do; but where were they at high noon? I missed them for a long time, and learned at last that they were skulking, often in silence,

upon the ploughed fields. I often tried to approach, but found it impracticable. Long before I was within a reasonable distance I was discovered, and away they flew. I tried stalking, but this proved of no avail; they knew they were being pursued, and posted sentinels wherever they were. Think for a moment what an elaborate mental effort this implies. These birds devised an intricate plan to insure, not individual safety, but that of their little community. Their actions showed that they not only planned, but jointly planned; and therefore, be it language or something else, they had a means of conveying their thoughts one to the other. The few kill-deers that frequent the meadows in early spring, at home, had never appeared to advantage as birds of brains; but here, in southern Ohio, they were preeminently so.

I have not exhausted the list of birds I found within the limits of my daily walks while in camp, but they were all alike in this one respect—they were quick-witted. Vultures were abundant, yet though they often swept by the trees upon the cliff, not even a timid sparrow lifted a wing, knowing full well their harmlessness; but if merely the shadow of a passing hawk fell upon the leaves, the timid birds that instant sought safety in the dense undergrowth beneath. I had noticed something of this before, at home, but never until now in so marked a degree. Here is an instance where discriminating knowledge has been acquired.

To see a bird poise upon a trembling twig or cut the clear air with its pulsing wing, to hear it sing of a bright May morning, or warn its callow brood when danger is near, is to see simply, but never to learn also, what manner of creature a bird really is. To live among them for weeks, and to watch them daily and nightly, is to gain at last an inkling of their true character; and they who do this are of one accord, I think, that a bird possesses a goodly store of wit.

AT LOOSE ENDS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

NINE-TENTHS of the people who fail in life do so because they have never appreciated the value of thoroughness. They begin an enterprise with eagerness, but midway in their efforts, when the charm of novelty has vanished, and the long pull and the strong pull are before them, their courage fails, their interest subsides, and they are weary and listless. All along our pathway through the world we meet the forlorn people who started out with banners flying, trumpets sounding, and hopes elate. Draggled and discomfited, discouraged and depressed, they have either given out altogether, or subsided into mediocrity, rather because they never learned to be thorough than because they began with too small a capital.

One of the most important steps in child-training is, I fancy, taken when the mother has succeeded in teaching the little feet to run on their own errands, and the little hands to put away toys and blocks when the game is over. To leave the nursery in order when going out to walk, to pick up the *Mother Goose* and lay it in its place on the shelf, to have a place for everything and keep everything there, are among the requirements which will prevent children from leaving their later work at loose ends. In the best ordered household I ever saw, where the children were crowded like fledglings in the nest, the mother always had plenty of time for reading, study, and friends, the maids were not overburdened, and day followed day in the gentlest, sweetest harmony.

"It almost seems as though your little people took care of themselves," said a visitor to the mother one day, when the merry flock trooped in from a romp on the lawn, hung up their hats and jackets, and dispersed to their several parts of the house, one child to the music-

room for her half-hour's practice, another to his grammar, and a third to some other appointed task, while the babies went to their proper business of playing with dolls and Noah's arks as usual.

"Not quite," was the reply, "but I have always accustomed the older ones to look after the younger; each has the next younger one in especial charge, and each has some little duty or other which nobody else is allowed to undertake for him. You see the graduated row of hooks on the wall, just high enough for my little men and women to reach. That is my idea. I want them to be self-reliant and able to wait on themselves, and I would feel very much ashamed should I see their things lying on the floor or the chairs, while one maid's time was occupied in going after them and restoring order. I do not want to send a set of irresponsibles out into business and society."

To watch that every task is properly finished, to notice that the blocks are picked up, the garments laid away, and the shelves kept in order constantly, is a good deal of trouble to the mother or governess. Of course it is easier to do all this one's self with swift, grown-up, accustomed hands, but that is not the best way for the children.

Half the time, when some good habit is nearly established, this notion that what is so easy for us is difficult for the child is allowed to creep in and ruin everything. Mamma makes a rule that Jeanie shall feed her bird, giving him fresh water and seed every morning directly after Jeanie's own breakfast. For three or four mornings birdie's seed and water are given him at the appointed time, but on the fifth a playmate calls with an invitation for Jeanie to take a drive. The sunshine is bright, the pretty pony phaeton with its waiting vacant seat sends duty to the pet entirely out of mind, and birdie is forgotten. Mamma happens to pass, observes the nearly empty seed cup and replenishes it, reminding Jeanie of her forgetfulness on her return. A similar occurrence some days later, when mamma is absent, leaves the poor bird to go hungry for hours, and by-and-by it becomes an affair of hap-hazard; the little creature is cared for at Jeanie's convenience, and sometimes is neglected altogether.

I have known a neglected bird to pine until death relieved it from pain. I once knew a poor imprisoned squirrel, tame and accustomed to captivity, that yet beat its life out against the bars of its cage from sheer hunger and thirst. The child-owners of these pets, having forgotten to care for them, mourned extravagantly when it was too late, and no grief however honest could undo what thoughtlessness had wrought. Regularity in the performance of an assigned task is as essential an element in the building of character as competence to the task. Sporadic enthusiasm does very well for a spurt now and then, but steady, painstaking work, thoroughly done, tells on the final result.

The number of people whose work is sketchy, half finished, lacking strength at some point, is immensely greater than the other number who can be relied upon to do everything thoroughly from beginning to ending. "It will pass muster," says the architect, as he allows the building to rise with the leaning walls, the insecure foundation. "Never mind," cries the man who is casting an iron bar, which cools unequally, causing the slightest of flaws. "Nobody will ever find it out. Let it go."

He lets it go, and years afterward that bar, weakening under an unusual pressure, gives way, an edifice sinks to the ground, and human lives are lost. The unsound timber in the bridge, the worm-eaten block in the ship, the flaw in the boiler, lightly regarded or undiscovered by the expert whose training should earlier have condemned such a defect, are responsible for broken hearts, shattered homes, lives made wretched. My point is that the lack of thoroughness which made somebody back of the apparent accident careless of a trust and unfaithful to a responsibility must be laid at the door of the mother and

father who allowed their boys to leave boys' work at loose ends.

A lady was criticising her dress-maker: "Madame fits elegantly and drapes perfectly; her gowns have the indescribable air that only a French modiste can give them; but I cannot patronize her any longer. Everything is sent home so loosely fastened, the skirts just hang together, and I have to pay a seamstress to go over every loop and flounce and fasten down the stitches. It is such a trial to temper and nerves that I can no longer endure it."

"I have ceased to shop at the —s," remarked a housekeeper. "They have such hazy ideas of time in that establishment, and one is weary of waiting a week for goods which should be delivered in a day."

Quoting from an article I once wrote for the benefit of girls, let me ask: "Is that *David Copperfield* you are reading by the parlor window, Kate? I hope you care for something more than the story, though that is fine. Let me give you an extract for your commonplace-book. Whoever reads this puts a finger on the open secret of Dickens's magnificent achievements. The words deserve to be written in letters of gold:

"Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself completely; in great aims and in small I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities and hope to gain its end. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be of stuff to stand wear and tear, and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find to have been golden rules."

When Charlotte Cushman, after a wonderful career, which was a triumph, not of genius only, but of genuine pluck and honest plodding effort, took her farewell of the stage, she made a little speech which in this connection is worth recording:

"If the few words I am about to say savor of egotism or vainglory, you will, I am sure, pardon me, inasmuch as I am here only to speak of myself. You would seem to compliment me upon an honorable life. As I look back upon that life it seems to me that it would have been absolutely impossible for me to have led any other. In this I have perhaps been mercifully helped more than are many of my more beautiful sisters in art. I was by a press of circumstances thrown at an early age into a profession for which I had received no special education or schooling; but I had already, though so young, been brought face to face with necessity. I found life sadly real and intensely earnest, and in my ignorance of other ways of study I resolved to take therefrom my text and my watchword. To be thoroughly in earnest, intensely in earnest, in all my thoughts and in all my actions, whether in my profession or out of it, became my one single idea. And I honestly believe herein lies the secret of my success in life. I do not believe that any great success in any art can be achieved without it."

A few months ago, in a certain inland city, a woman found herself thrown suddenly upon her own resources. Her husband, going out in the morning in health, strength, and fulness of activity, was caught between two cars which came crashing together, and, maimed for life, was brought home to the brave little woman, who must henceforward be the bread-winner, and care for him who had generously cared for her. But what was she to do?

Like many another home-keeping woman, she had been

trained in no bread-winning art. To the slightly held accomplishments of girlhood, what used to be styled the "ornamental branches," in innocent oblivion of the mockery thus described, since nothing is ornamental which is not perfectly rendered or daintily executed, she had added nothing. Rather had she lost during the busy years of wifehood and motherhood the little skill once attained. Of course she could sew; but sewing meant slavery, and the gaining of a mere pittance at the best. Her courage would have failed had not love nerved her to do what she feared was at best a forlorn hope.

"I can make cookies," she said. "Aunt Debby taught me to do that. Perhaps I may succeed in keeping a roof over our heads by my skill in baking cookies."

It came to pass that her first tray of cookies, toothsome, melting in the mouth, delicately baked to a pale golden brown, was placed by a sympathizing friend on a counter in his shop. A lady, one of those sensible mothers who do not feed their children on indiscriminate compounds perilously rich, observed these home-looking cakes, and was reminded of her childish feasts in the old farmhouse in New England.

"Precisely," she exclaimed, "what I want for Ethel's luncheon party to-morrow. I will take the trayful, and I will leave an order for cookies to be sent me every Saturday."

One told another of the wonderfully good cakes, and before long the orders came in so fast that our friend found herself in business. The one homely thing which she had learned to do thoroughly was the dependence of her entire household.

A boy on a New England farm was impatient that day after day, when other boys were playing, he was obliged to go off on the hills with the sheep. "Never mind, Jonathan," said a wise old uncle, consolingly; "if you tend the sheep you will have the sheep." Much the lad puzzled over this utterance, which seemed to him like an enigma; but in due time, when he was Jonathan Sturges, a great merchant, with ships going to and fro on the high seas, he found out what the good old man meant, viz., that diligence and fidelity always bring their reward to the industrious. Thrift and thoroughness are friendly qualities, and often dwell in company. Thorough work is not necessarily slow work. The oft-repeated doing of a single thing results in rapid execution and accuracy of aim. Drill and discipline develop the tried soldier from the raw recruit. Granting that you know how to accomplish a definite task, the celerity with which you can perform your stint is an added element of value. To be slow and shiftless together is to vote yourself at once out at elbows, and not worth anything in the great world's competition. If we could always keep before us the thought that somewhere ahead of us lies an hour where every item of knowledge, and every stroke of skill could be put to some good account, we should be more careful to fill every day with our best.

"I had excellent opportunities," remarked a lady one day, "but when I was at school I did not improve my time. To get through a lesson in any way, so as to escape being marked down, was the extent of my ambition, and only when it was too late to repair the mischief did I awake to a sense of my folly."

Whenever a boy who ought to work out his long example to its end peeps into a key to find out some easier process, he cheats himself, and leaves at loose ends what ought to be thorough and sure. All makeshifts and expedients which lessen the power to do honest labor, and take away the self-respect of the student, belong to the loose-end school.

"My dear," said the Rev. Samuel Wesley to his wife Susanna, as she patiently taught one of the children to read—"my dear, you have told that child the same thing twenty times over."

"Yes, my love," she answered; "I found that nineteen times would not do."

Of a certain man it was said not long ago, in my presence, "He is not brilliant nor clever, but when he knows a thing he knows it root and branch, and nobody needs to go over his work; it is sure to be right."

In thoroughness, therefore, is comprehended accuracy, and accuracy presupposes patient perseverance. One reason among others why we are the better for studying mathematical science is that exactness is cultivated by the somewhat arbitrary logic of figures. "Two and two make four," we say, and no more about it. If you should argue for a week to show that two and two made five, where would be the use? The first pair of childish eyes you met would glance at you with a laugh in their bright depths.

I may be writing to somebody who acknowledges in her own secret heart that she is not thorough. She knows that she uses pins instead of strings, leaves buttons hanging by a thread and drops them in consequence, forgets that a stitch in time saves nine, and is generally inconsequent and careless. Shall I tell her what sort of house-keeper she will make if she ever have a house? Probably such a one as Mrs. Jellyby made, the lady with a mission, whose portrait is drawn in *Bleak House*. Go to your book-shelf, take down the book, and read the wonderful catalogue of the miscellany which came out of the closets on the occasion of Caddy's marriage. You think there is no danger of your ever resembling this famous incompetent? I hope not, but it is very easy to slip downhill when once you have started, and climbing up is hard work. In your place, I would begin this very day to mend every rent, darn all the holes in the stockings, repair the glove fingers, set patches in the torn gowns, and put all my disorderly nooks and corners into beautiful order. And then I would drill myself into keeping them so.

If, on looking at myself coolly and critically, as if I were somebody from the tropics or the poles just presented, I discovered that there was really not one art, accomplishment, or trade which I knew, I would not let my life lie at loose ends a half-day longer; I would set about learning something at once. A sweet brown-eyed girl in my parlor one evening told me she was studying stenography.

"With a view to supporting yourself?" I said.

"Certainly. Papa has enough to do to take care of the others. I want to help educate the little ones."

"But do you find it easy?"

"Not very easy yet," she replied; "but I am learning it thoroughly. If I become a stenographer, I intend to be the best stenographer that my teacher can possibly make of me."

Whether or not my readers shall ever need to earn money for themselves, if they are possessed of common-sense they will appreciate the convenience of having a tool in their hands which they will know how to use if ever the time of want shall come. This is the age of the specialist. General information is apt to be vague and inexact. Choose for yourself a special line, and resolve that on that line you will rise to a high rank. The finest fruit grows on the highest boughs. There is always room at the top.

The wise course is to ascertain the child's weakest point, and devote pains to strengthening that. If we would study our children with a thought of their individual possibilities, we should not so often send them into the world unfitted for its struggle, unprepared for its discouragements. Thoroughly masters of at least one thing, and braced in their moral fibre so that their rule in life shall be on the plane of the strictest integrity, the men and women of the coming time will more pleasantly and easily fill their places than those who went before them did.

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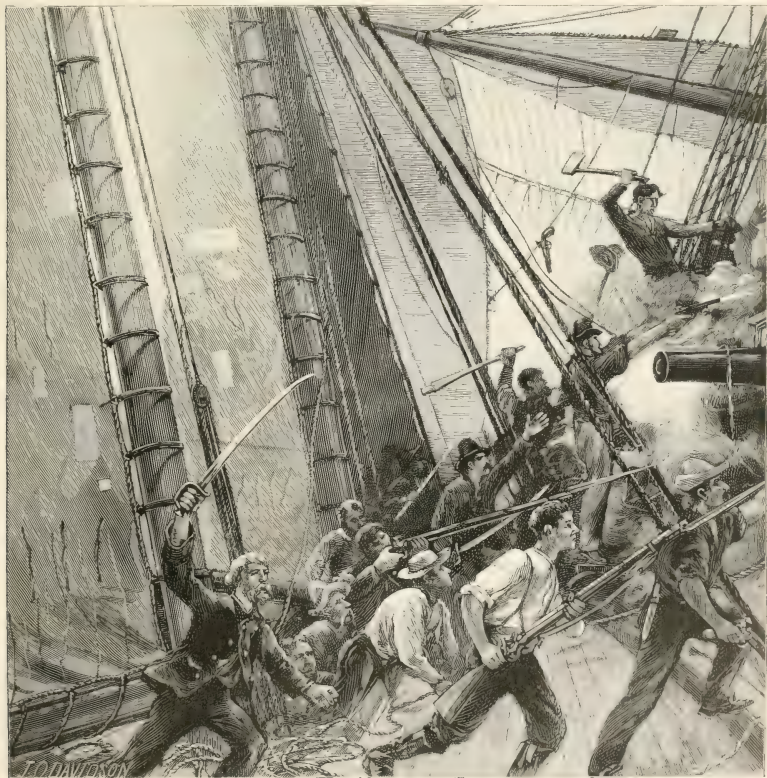
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THE CREW OF THE "YANKEE" BOARDING THE "EAGLE."—SEE PAGE 23.

HOW THE SMACK "YANKEE" CAPTURED A BRITISH CRUISER.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

THEY were brave spirits who stood on the wharves of South Street, New York city, on a warm day of the summer of 1813. Brave they were, and rash too, one might have thought, if he had listened to the wild schemes they were plotting in animated tones. The war with England had now been going on for some time. If our flag had not always been attended with victory on land, at sea an almost uninterrupted run of success had filled our people with pride, and given increased daring to our sailors.

On the occasion referred to a stroller along South Street might have seen a few square-rigged vessels lying at the wharves, brigs and ships, large for those days, but of no great size according to our present notions. A number of sloops and schooners were also grouped in the slips, a large proportion of the latter being topsail schooners carrying square sails on the fore-topmast, a rig now entirely abandoned by Americans. The sloops also carried square topsails.

The jolly tars who moved with rolling gait along those wharves wore smooth faces, and their hair was done up into stiff pigtail queues. Quite a number of these odd-looking salts were gathered about the fishing-smack *Yankee*, a trim little schooner made fast to the wharf, with her mainsail hanging loose in the brails.

"Boys," said a burly fellow, "this ventur's mighty risky; the chances are agin us; but if you're bound for to try it, messmates, I am not the man to hold back; so you can just count me in."

"Well," spoke up a tall, loose-jointed sailor, taking a pipe from his mouth, "it's just here: we've either got to drop down with the next tide, or the game's up. It's flood-tide in two hours. I want forty men, and there's more'n that here now. I am going to take the *Yankee* alongside the Britisher if it rains thunder-bolts. Who's going along?"

Captain Peter Jones was the speaker, and he uttered his brief sentences with a rough eloquence that told on his audience. One after another called out his name, and was put down on the list of volunteers, until Captain Jones had forty men ready to accompany him in his desperate undertaking.

A pilot who had arrived from down the bay early in the morning had reported that two English cruisers were off Sandy Hook—a large frigate and a sloop of war. The latter was standing close in, being desirous of obtaining a supply of fresh provisions. Pete Jones, skipper of the smack *Yankee*, was sitting on the taffrail of the smack, cleaning his pipe and thinking about his plans for the day. Naturally the presence of the enemy's ships made it necessary to employ caution, and it was not every fine day that the smack could visit the fishing-grounds. Like all our sailors in those days, Captain Pete was intensely patriotic, and it flashed across his mind that instead of going fishing for mackerel and halibut that day, he might try his luck fishing for British men-of-war. In a moment his brain was alive with the idea, and a way in which it might be done suggested itself to him almost immediately.

Full of his novel idea, the skipper got his long legs out of the snarl in which they were twisted under him, and grasping the line that held the schooner to the wharf, swung himself on shore.

The news that Pete Jones was going to start on a cruise of a novel sort brought a crowd down to the wharf, to whom he unfolded his plan. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly, for everything depended on secrecy, and the first fresh fair wind might snatch the opportunity from their grasp. A light air was springing up from the northwest; with that and the tide the smack could soon float past the Narrows, and reach Sandy Hook

before sunset. She had no cannon, and if she had, they would of course be of no use against the powerful batteries of a British cruiser and her large crew.

Forty volunteers were soon obtained, each provided with arms of some sort—some with muskets, others with horse-pistols with huge flintlocks, and some with cutlasses and axes. But their best weapons were the stout hearts in their bosoms. Skipper Jones, however, proposed to capture the enemy's ship *Eagle* with weapons of a different sort, and scarcely less singular than the lamps with which Gideon defeated the Midianites; they were a cow, a sheep, and a pig placed on deck between the masts in plain sight from a distance.

When the *Yankee* had got fairly under way, and was slipping past Governor's Island, the skipper ordered every man except two of his crew to go below. They were instructed to keep quiet, and on no account to show their heads above the hatchway until commanded to appear. The skipper also caused the sails to hang loose, as if carelessly hoisted, still more to suggest the shiftlessness of fishermen and coasters. Smoking vigorously, he tended the tiller, apparently with an air of negligence that scarcely concealed the anxiety he felt as the smack gradually approached the scene of action. Captain Jones was anxious lest the enemy should have left before he could reach him, and also lest his plans should fail if he should reach the *Eagle*.

The first cause of anxiety ceased when the *Yankee* cleared the Narrows, and the *Eagle* was plainly seen standing off and on near Sandy Hook. But now came the question, how was Captain Pete Jones, of the smack *Yankee*, to hoist the Stars and Stripes at the *Eagle's* peak, where the red banner of England was proudly waving? To bring such a change about took a stout heart and a cool head. Captain Jones had both.

When the *Yankee* was sighted from the deck of the *Eagle*, the British Captain caused his ship to be directed toward the rusty-looking smack, with the hope that he might be able to obtain some fresh provisions from her, or at least engage the skipper to bring him a supply the following day.

Seeing the *Eagle* bearing down toward him, Captain Jones adroitly changed his course a little, as if to head for the Shrewsbury River, showing neither timidity nor any interest in meeting the enemy's ship. At the same time he so worked the helm and sails as to reduce the speed of the smack without exciting suspicion. This circumstance enabled the *Eagle* to draw gradually nearer, until she was within hailing distance, when she summoned the Captain of the smack to heave to. The crew of the *Eagle*, suffering as they were for fresh food, felt their mouths water when they discovered the animals on the deck of the smack. Here, indeed, was enough fresh meat to give them all at least a good meal that would be refreshing indeed after the salt fish and salt "horse" they had been feeding on for months.

"Come alongside and let us see what you've got," cried out the Captain of the English ship.

After a show of hesitation, Skipper Jones put his helm down, and with one or two short tacks drew up under the guns of the *Eagle*. It was a critical moment. As he came alongside he cried, "Heave us a line, will you?" One of his deck hands caught it, and made the schooner fast to the man-of-war. The English crew, having not the remotest suspicion of danger, were ranged in eager groups along the bulwarks, joking and chaffing each other, while their Captain demanded what Captain Jones had to sell in the way of fresh meat. They had a right, he said, to seize his ship, and make him and his crew prisoners; but they needed fresh provisions, and they would treat him fairly, and pay him a reasonable price if he would sell them what he had on hand in the smack, and bring a fresh supply in the morning.

Driving as sharp a bargain as he could, Mr. Jones finally accepted the terms offered, and the English crew were ordered to prepare a whip or tackle for hoisting the cow on board the *Eagle*. The strap was adjusted under her, and the English tars were hauling on the tackle and lifting the cow into the air, when Captain Jones gave a low whistle over the hatchway. Instantly forty armed men sprang on deck and clambered up the sides of the man-of-war like spiders. The cow immediately dropped into the water, and the Englishmen ran for shelter hither and thither, most of them under the decks. The hatchways were at once placed under guard by the boarders, and it was impossible for any one to appear on deck without being cut down or shot.

Finding himself powerless to act, with the deck entirely under control of the Americans, who were heading the *Eagle* toward New York, her Captain found himself obliged either to surrender or blow up the ship. Notwithstanding his intense mortification and desperation, he did not feel justified in resorting to the latter expedient, and therefore called out through the companion-way that he surrendered. He was thereupon permitted to come on deck, where he delivered up his arms to Captain Jones. The crew, informed of the surrender, now came up one by one, and were disarmed. They were then ordered below, and a guard placed over the hatches.

The return of the smack *Yankee* was welcomed, as may be easily imagined, with no end of firing of cannon and waving of bunting. Never before had so easy a victory been known. But they who were engaged in it knew that it was not so easy as it appeared. The result had been achieved by a combination of courage, determination, and skill.

DELEY'S SQUIRREL.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

PROBABLY the Pennington boys would never have sold it if they hadn't wanted a bicycle. Their uncle had promised to give them half the money needed if they would work hard and raise the other half themselves. They lacked only a few dollars when Mrs. Dustin came in one day to call upon their mother, and brought her little Delcy with her. Delcy was seven years old, an only child, and always had everything she wanted. She stood out by the squirrel cage and watched Dicky a long time. She was a sweet little girl, and the Pennington boys often took her to ride on their sleds. They would do a good deal to please Delcy any day.

"I wish I had a squirrel like that," she said as she stood there.

"Why, you've got a canary-bird and old Grim," said George Pennington. "Old Grim" was a great cat, very knowing and very dignified, and with a distinguished local reputation.

"I know it," said Delcy; "but they aren't squirrels, and they can't run around a wheel like Dick."

This was a fact, and the boys kept a modest silence as they poked Dicky and threw him a nut.

"Couldn't you catch one for me too?" pursued Delcy, rather timidly.

"My! You don't know what hard work it is to catch squirrels!" said Joey Pennington, with a patronizing way of undervaluing the opinions of girls, which boys are apt to have. Joey was nine years old, and ought to have known more than Delcy, of course, as he did.

"We caught lots, and they got away or else died," explained George, the older boy, "before we caught Dicky."

"You wouldn't sell him, would you?" went on Delcy, who had fallen very much in love with the squirrel, and who knew that she could persuade her father and mother to buy her almost anything that she wanted.

"H'm! I don't know," said George, reflectively. Joey

started and looked at his brother in a little fear. He did not want to sell Dicky at all. But George was thinking of the bicycle, and after Delcy went away the two boys talked it over, and decided that as it was nearly November, and they couldn't earn any more money by driving cows, or selling berries, or doing odd jobs about the places of the neighboring farmers, and as they had threshed all the nut trees bare in their father's (and to tell the truth, some others') pastures, they concluded that there was no other way of making out the sum for their bicycle before snow came excepting to sell the squirrel, cage and all.

When the young people's minds were fairly made up, it did not take long for Delcy to bring the older ones to terms. Accordingly, one clear cold morning early in November the Pennington boys came across the half-mile or so of pleasant lots that separated their house from the Dustins'—it was a mile by the road—bringing Dicky and all his belongings. He was placed on a sunny south porch, and Delcy sat and looked at him in rapt affection and admiration. They were happy all around, for in less than a week the Pennington boys were spoiling their clothes, and bruising their limbs, and spraining their wrists learning to ride on their new bicycle, which seems to be a boy's idea of perfect bliss.

All went well until, one snowy morning soon after December came in, Delcy went out to visit her new pet. She always looked to see that he was all right just as soon as she was dressed. It had been very cold at bedtime the night before, and Delcy had insisted that a piece of carpeting should be thrown over the little house part of the cage to keep Dicky from freezing. The boys had told her, among the many cautions and directions they had given her, that this was a good plan. It had grown warmer during the night, and had begun to snow quite hard. Delcy thought, as she lifted the piece of carpeting, that maybe the squirrel had been too warm, and there was some latticework which protected the porch during cold weather from the snow, so that the carpeting was not needed for that purpose.

"Dicky! Dicky!" said Delcy. But no Dicky ran out to bid her good-morning as usual, so Delcy called again; still there was no response. Then she made a noise of cracking nuts—a summons which the keen-witted little fellow was usually quick to answer—but still no Dicky appeared.

Mrs. Dustin just then came to the door, and after trying in vain to make Dicky show himself by calling in her peculiar way, she unfastened the top of the house, which the boys had thoughtfully made so that it could be taken off for cleaning and other purposes. The neat little interior seemed to be entirely deserted, and a crack appeared, which Dicky's sharp teeth had gnawed and made large, until, by trying very hard, he might possibly have squeezed through.

An immediate scouring of the whole house and the adjoining sheds took place, but no Dicky could be found. Delcy was inconsolable; she did not see how the others could sit down and eat their breakfast. She could only drink her cup of milk, and rock back and forth in her little rocking-chair and sob, occasionally getting up and running out to Dicky's deserted house to see if by some happy chance the naughty little fellow had not returned to it.

"Perhaps Grim ate him," suggested Mr. Dustin.

"Oh no!" cried Delcy, in horror; "Grim *couldn't* do such a thing, could you, Grim?" She took up the dignified old cat and began to stroke him. Grim was quite as much of a gentleman as the "Calim" whom Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has made immortal. Delcy knew that he was incapable of so mean a crime as killing, even through the jealousy which one pet might be supposed to have of another one so dear to little mistress as Dicky had been.

"Besides," pursued Delcy, whose heart was true to



"GRIM WALKED PROUDLY INTO THE ROOM."

Grim, as well as torn by her loss, "when Grim eats things he always leaves feathers and things around."

"That's so," admitted Mr. Dustin, glad to see Delcy getting enough interested in anything to stop sobbing. "He couldn't very well leave feathers after eating Dicky; but your reasoning is good, and we won't accuse our old Grim until we have to. I hope Dicky will turn up; but I confess I can't give you much hope. When I get home, we'll see what can be done;" and pretty soon Mr. Dustin drove off through the snow to do an errand in a distant part of the town, and Delcy fed her bird, and tried to think of some way in which she could get back her beloved Dicky.

She usually wiped the breakfast dishes, but this morning, on account of her affliction, she was relieved from this duty, and she dropped in a little heap on the lounge to consider the sad state of affairs.

All of a sudden a new idea occurred to her: perhaps the Pennington boys could suggest some way of catching Dicky or of luring him back. If anything of the sort was to be attempted, Delcy knew that it should be done at once, so she jumped right up.

"Mother! mother!" she cried, "let me go over and ask the boys about it. Maybe they can tell me some way to get Dicky back. Maybe they *can*, mother"—as she saw a doubtful look cross her mother's face. "Maybe they can lend us a trap or something."

"But your father has gone off with the horse," objected Mrs. Dustin, "and it seems foolish to go out while it is snowing."

"Oh, 'tisin't very far across the lots to walk," urged Delcy; "you've let me go out and play lots of times when it hasn't been snowing any harder than this."

"But I should worry to let you start off alone," went on prudent Mrs. Dustin.

"Then you go with me," pleaded Delcy; "it won't take long, and Mrs. Pennington is always teasing you to come. I'm pretty sure the boys can tell me something to do."

Delcy kept begging her mother in this way to go until she had produced in her a favorable mood, and they set off on what Mrs. Dustin called "a wild-geese-chase" across the lots to the Penningtons'.

It was not snowing so very hard, and as they were both well wrapped up, and Delcy was bundled in a thick coat and had her leggings on, while her mother carried an umbrella, they did not get very wet.

Delcy could hardly wait to have the snow brushed off her clothes in her hurry to get into the Pennington sitting-room and interview the boys.

Joey was sitting by the fire whittling, and George was at just that moment coming in from the wood-shed, where he had been splitting wood.

"Dicky's lost, Joey!" cried Delcy, flying into the room.

"My! is he?" Joey looked up in some dismay, and George said, to Delcy's great astonishment, "There, Joe! what did I tell you?"

George sat down with an air of profound conviction.

"What—what?" asked Delcy, eagerly.

Mrs. Pennington had come in, and was talking with Mrs. Dustin, and they both said "What?" too.

"Don't you know, mother, that I said I saw something that looked like a squirrel on top of the wood in the wood-shed this morning early?" said George.

"Why, yes," returned his mother; "but there are a great many squirrels about. Two lived in our attic all last winter," she said, turning toward Mrs. Dustin.

"Well, sir, if that was Dick, he's cute, that's all," said Joey, in open-mouthed admiration of such an exploit as

would be Dick's return to his old home across a half-mile of snow-covered meadow.

"Well, I believe it was," George continued, reflectively. "I *know* it was a squirrel, and I believe it was Dick—My! whose cat is that?"—as a large cat was seen through the window to spring down from the door-step. "I declare it's your Grim, Delcy."

"Grim follows us everywhere," said Delcy, proudly.

"But can you catch Dicky again?" asked Mrs. Dustin, "or any squirrel? Delcy feels so about losing Dicky. I'm willing to pay you something for another, even if you can't catch Dick."

"I don't know," said George, dubiously, and with the air of a man elevated to an important and difficult position.

"We had an awful time getting Dicky; but I'll try."

"Well, I must hurry home," said Mrs. Dustin, rising. "Delcy persuaded me to come out this morning and leave my work against my better judgment, and we mustn't stay. I think she's satisfied now."

Delcy smiled a rather sober smile. She couldn't help hoping that the boys would catch another squirrel, though, to be sure, no new one could quite take Dicky's place.

"Wait a minute, and taste my ginger-snaps," urged Mrs. Pennington. "They are just ready to come out of the oven."

She brought in a plate of the fresh and toothsome dainties, and they all sat talking in a neighborly way about the open fire. Delcy was telling the boys about the crack, and how Dicky had ingeniously widened it.

Suddenly there was a sound of scrambling in the woodshed. George's axe, which he had left, as boys generally do, leaning against the wood-pile in a very uncertain way, was heard to fall, and there was a sound of flying sticks and of scratching and growling.

The boys ran to investigate the matter, but as they opened the kitchen door they saw a sight which made it unnecessary for them to go further. There stood Mr. Grimalkin Dustin—Delcy's Grim—tall, commanding, and superb, with erected ears and a general air of having acquitted himself nobly, and in his mouth was the neck of the delinquent Dicky, whose bushy tail was scraping the kitchen floor. The sawdust and cobwebs with which both animals were covered testified to the nature of the struggle, the noise of which had startled the peaceful group around the fire.

Grim walked proudly into the sitting-room, stood up beside his little mistress, gravely delivered Dicky into her hands, and then sat down complacently to "preen" himself and smooth his disordered fur.

The poor little squirrel lay, limp but palpitating, in Delcy's lap, with the marks of Grim's sharp teeth in the back of its neck, and for a few moments Delcy could not join in the excited plaudits of the company as they caressed Grim, such as, "Where did he come from?" "What does it all mean?" "Is Dicky hurt?" "What a cat!" "What a squirrel!" and so forth. But presently it came out that Dicky was not seriously harmed; the boys thought he would recover entirely in a few days; and then Delcy could admire Grim's valor too. George brought a small box, made some holes for air in the cover, and tied the little runaway into it, and pretty soon Delcy and her mother started for home, with Grim trotting seriously along behind them in the snow.

Dicky did indeed recover, as the boys had foretold; but a few months afterward somebody carelessly left his cage door unfastened, when he again got away—this time for good—and not even Grim could find him, though he surely tried. Every one knew that he was making heroic efforts for that purpose, for he was found prowling around the Pennington house and barn—a very uncommon thing—many times during the few weeks immediately following Dicky's final departure. But at last Grim too gave up the search and applied himself to his life-long task of ex-

terminating the rats and mice from the Dustin premises—a task which he is engaged in performing admirably to this very day. Indeed, everybody in the whole town points him out to visitors as one of the wonders of the place, for the story of Dicky's return to his old home across the snow-covered lots and of his subsequent capture was related briefly in one of the local papers some few years ago.

A LITTLE KANSAS HEROINE.

LITTLE Georgiana Williams, whose portrait we give on this page, and who lives at Parsons, Kansas, is justly entitled to be called "The little Kansas Heroine," on account of remarkable bravery and rare presence of mind which she displayed recently in rescuing her baby brother from the flames. During the temporary absence of her parents on Sunday night, a few weeks ago, a burning lamp fell off of the table into the foot of the crib where her baby brother was sleeping. In an instant the flames flashed up, and the blazing oil dripping through the willow sides of the crib upon the floor set the carpet on fire also. Little Georgiana was the only person present, but she instantly comprehended the situation, and with a presence of mind almost incredible for one of such tender years, she seized a blanket from the floor of an adjoining room, and dragging the baby from the crib, smothered the fire out of its clothes. Having carried the baby out of the house, she then attacked the fire in the house with a piece of carpet used as a door-rug, and after a desperate struggle beat it out, thereby saving the house from



GEORGIANA WILLIAMS (AGED 9½ YEARS).

destruction. The long skirts on the baby were burned off several inches, but its body was untouched. One of Georgiana's hands was slightly burned, and the crib and several yards of the carpet destroyed.

Her parents, attracted by the smoke issuing from their house, hastened home, and found their little daughter mistress of the situation. She did not seem to appreciate the fact that she had displayed any unusual bravery; and the next day, when her heroic act became known in the city, and congratulations began to pour in upon her, she modestly disclaimed being a heroine.

Little Georgiana is the daughter of G. T. Williams, foreman of the Kansas City and Pacific Railroad blacksmith shops, and was born in Springport, Henry County, Indi-

ana, February 14, 1879, and consequently was nine years old last Saint Valentine's Day. She is affectionately called "Our Valentine" by her parents. She is small for her age, and very bright, is a leader among her playmates, and belongs to the "A" class in the 4th grade of the Second Ward public schools of Parsons. She is a general favorite with everybody, and the pride of her doting parents.

NELS THURLOW'S TRIAL.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

IV.



NELS had left his hat in the orchard, where it had fallen in his struggle with old Podlong, but he had another hat in his room. That was soon on his head, and with his small bundle of clothes under his arm, he hurried downstairs and through the front entry, his heart too full of passion for even a word of farewell to old Aunt Podlong.

She waylaid him, however, and asked, under her amazed spectacles, what it all meant.

"It means," said Nels, with explosive grief, "that the old man" (he was no longer *uncle*) "has whaled me"—a convulsive sob—"and I'm going."

"Oh, Nelson, I'm so sorry!" said the old lady, soothingly. "You know he *does* give way to his temper unaccountably sometimes. I wouldn't mind it."

"Not mind it?" echoed the boy, all afire with indignation. "You don't know what it is to be licked with the limb of an apple-tree—when I wasn't to blame either! I wouldn't stay and do another hour's work for him if it was to keep me from starving."

In vain the old lady remonstrated. Go he would, and it was with difficulty that she could even prevail upon him to let her stuff a few doughnuts and some cheese into his bundle.

"You'll feel different after you've been away a little while," she said. "You'll come back, I guess. I'll make it all right between him and you."

"Come back? What should I ever come back for? But"—Nels faltered—"you've been good to me; I haven't anything against you."

His voice choked again as he hurried away. Whither he went he himself hardly knew. He avoided houses and people. Proud and sensitive, he was ashamed to let anybody see his face, the wrathful gloom of which he could not hide, and he could not have trusted himself to speak of his wrongs.

He might do as Dick Stark did, and have the old man arrested for the assault. But Podlong didn't mind walking into court and paying a little fine—at least he pretended he didn't—and the boy must think of some more terrible retribution. Even the wages due him, which he despaired of getting by any lawful means, seemed to him a trifle compared with the awful debt Podlong had incurred by the blows he had struck—a debt the boy vowed should be paid, at whatever cost to himself.

He sat down on the edge of a woodland, and broke spears of grass with his agitated fingers, and plotted vengeance. The sun was setting on a September landscape so fair and tranquil that it seemed a mockery to the turbulence of his heart. A laborer with his empty dinner pail, crossing a field a few rods below, sat down on a

stone and lighted his pipe. After smoking a few puffs he walked on, and disappeared over the hill.

If there be such a thing as an evil genius, it must have been that which prompted Nels to rise shortly after and saunter down to the rock where the man had sat. He thought he had seen something drop from his lap as he got up, and he was not mistaken. A fragment of a card of matches, white and clean, lay in the grass. He looked eagerly to see if anybody was near to observe him; then, stooping quickly, he picked up the matches, which he carried in his hand with an innocent air as he sauntered back to the woods.

There, hidden in a hollow, he tried one of them on the sole of his shoe, and found that it burned with a lively sputter. He had three left; these he gloated over with vindictive satisfaction, and finally put them away carefully in his pocket. He had been wishing, only a short time before, that he had taken a few matches from Podlong's house, and wondering where he could get some.

How he passed the time until eleven o'clock that night I hardly know. At that gloomy hour a slight dark figure, visible only to the eyes of the calm stars, crept stealthily under the shadow of a great straw-stack standing within two rods of Podlong's great barn. It was the figure of a boy. The boy was Nels Thurlow.

Having reached a sheltered spot under the brow of the stack, he concealed himself and listened. All was still in the house; Uncle and Aunt Podlong and their hired girl were no doubt sleeping soundly. All had been quiet, too, in the house of Gideon Shaw, their nearest neighbor, when Nels passed it a few minutes before. Only the rhythmical chorus of the tree crickets broke the silence of the autumn night.

After waiting and listening awhile, he pulled out armfuls of straw from the stack until he had a pile breast-high beside him. This, after another long pause, he carried and heaped against the corner of the barn. Some got scattered by the way, and he now scattered more over the same ground, until there was a continuous trail of straw between the barn and the stack.

Everything, from the finding of the matches, seemed to favor the boy's scheme of vengeance. He remembered hearing Podlong say, only two days before, that the insurance on his buildings had run out, and that he must get it renewed the first time he went to the village. He had not gone to the village yet, unless he went that afternoon. And the barn was filled with hay to the tops of the mows, and with grain to the edge of the great bins—wheat and oats and rye—while the floor was heaped with still unhusked corn. There were also adjoining sheds with lofts crammed with fodder, wagons and sleighs in the wagon house, and ploughs and harrows and machines and tools wherever they could be best stowed away.

V.

Under the open sheds and in the yard were sleeping cattle. Nels had no grudge against them; he went softly and let down the bars leading into a lane, so that they could escape at the first alarm. There was a stable nearer the house, but that he would spare for the sake of the horses it sheltered. The house too should be exempt, because of the old lady's last kind words to him, although she had not always been so kind.

When all was ready he sat down again under the stack to fortify his resolution with recollections of the wrong he had endured, and to enjoy in anticipation the old man's impotent fury at the sight of his blazing property. He did not much care what might happen to himself. He believed he could escape; but even at the risk of being caught and punished, he was determined to have his revenge.

While he was waiting, and hardening his heart as often as it whispered to him that what he was doing was des-

perately dangerous and wicked, a noise in the direction of the orchard drew his attention. Was the old man out there picking his precious pippins at that time of night?

He had certainly heard a bough clash, and a thump on the ground as of one of the great apples in its fall. Silence followed for a few minutes; only the crickets kept up their pulsing song, and now and then a full-fed cow in the yard heaved a far-heard sigh of content. Then came an unmistakable noise at the orchard wall.

Nels lay perfectly still, thrilling with a strange fear, and all his senses strained by intense excitement. Presently a man got over the wall, and stood in the starlit gloom, not more than five or six rods away—so far, indeed, that Nels would not have seen him but for the sound that attracted and quickened his sight in the obscurity.

After another pause the man drew over the fence something which, by his movements and the slight rubbing sound it made, Nels guessed to be a ladder—probably the same from which he had picked the fatal pippins that afternoon.

He crept out of his hiding-place, and following at a safe distance, saw the man approach the house, raise the ladder, and place it noiselessly against one of the upper windows. There the robber—for such he undoubtedly was—waited a long time, as it seemed to Nels, and finally, mounting softly, tried the sash. It seemed to offer no difficulties, and soon his head and shoulders, which showed black against the white-painted side of the house, disappeared in the room.

All this had served to divert the boy's mind from his own private scheme of vengeance. And now, crouched behind a quince-bush, he had leisure for other reflections. What satisfaction would it be to him that the old man should suffer from a robbery at the hands of one whom he had probably never wronged?

Far from being a bad boy at heart, Nelson Thurlow had an unusually strong sense of justice. It was that which had been so deeply outraged by Podlong's ill treatment of him, and driven him wild with the desire of vengeance. But the same feeling which in its lower manifestations may prompt revenge, in its nobler aspect is conscience. And how could Nelson's conscience let him lurk there while old man Podlong was being robbed?

He remembered when he used to sleep in the next room to the one the burglar was entering (that had been Dick Stark's) how eager he would have been then to defend the house against any such depredation. The old feeling came back upon him, and he half forgot his own injuries in a sudden impulse to baffle the burglar.

But what should he do? Try to alarm the family, and by the cry give him warning and a chance to escape? Better run back to Gideon Shaw's house, get assistance, and help to capture the rogue. Although he had himself been wrought up to the commission of a dreadful deed, Nels had no sympathy with robbers or with rogues of any sort.

Gideon Shaw lived hardly forty rods away, and in less than three minutes Nels was knocking at his door. Podlong had not slept well for an hour or two after going to bed. Stoutly as he was accustomed to bear himself after his fits of passion, he often felt more remorse for them than he was willing anybody should suspect, and he was particularly disturbed by the recollection of his mad abuse of Nelson. He had sharply cut short his wife's remonstrance, but he could not quiet his own thoughts so easily.

"I hadn't ought to have flogged him," he said to himself, as he turned on his pillow, trying in vain to sleep. "Why *can't* I learn to keep a curb on my pesky temper? He's re'ly the best-intentioned boy I ever had on the farm, and I might have had a little patience, 'stead o' wallopin' him."

He groaned and turned again, wondering if he was keeping Mrs. Podlong awake.

"Now I've lost him, I s'pose! for 'tain't likely a boy o' his sperit 'll come back. And he's lost a good place; for I'd 'ave done well by him if he'd staid. He's jest the boy I want. What possessed me to be so harsh with him I can't understand!"

The remorseful Podlong tried to comfort himself with the reflection that he would try to find Nelson the next day and bring him back; inwardly owning, for I suppose the thousandth time in his life, that he would never let his temper get away with him again. In the midst of these thoughts he fell asleep, to be awakened not long after by a violent knock at the door.

"Who's there?" he shouted, starting up in bed. And at the same moment he was aware of a man leaping up from the floor and darting out of the room.

"Robbers!—there's robbers in your house!" the knock-er stopped knocking to shout.

The old man, calling to his wife not to be frightened, sprang in his night-clothes to a tall bureau, behind which stood an old musket. It wasn't loaded; and even if it had been, it would have proved a dangerous weapon to the man trying to fire it. But the butt-end might be useful to strike with; and thus armed, Podlong rushed out in pursuit of the intruder.

VI.

After getting in at the chamber window, the robber had cautiously made his way down-stairs and entered the old folks' sleeping-room, which was on the lower floor. The old man commonly carried a thick roll of bank-bills in his pocket-book; and it was this the fellow was after. He had barely got his hand upon it when the alarm came at the front door, and the farmer sprang out of bed.

At the back door Nels was standing guard, with an eye turned up at the window where he had seen the man's legs, following his head and shoulders, disappear in the house. Precisely at the moment when the alarm was raised in front he pulled down the ladder, and made a highly strategic use of it at the back door. He turned it up on its edge against the steps, which he had hardly done, when the house-breaker, having unbolted the door on the inside, opened it, dashed out, and plunged headlong over the ladder, which tripped his feet in a most unexpected fashion. The old man rushed out after him, full of fight, with his clubbed musket ready to do execution upon a whole band of robbers.

As the man stumbled over the ladder, Nels flung himself on his back to prevent him from rising, and screamed for help. The old man saw the two struggling figures, and not knowing which head to hit, threw away his musket. At the same time Gideon Shaw came hurrying around the house, with an iron rake in his hands and a whip-lash in his pocket.

Between the three the burglar was captured and bound; and by the time this feat was accomplished, Aunt Podlong came to the door with a lighted lamp.

"Is this you, Nelson?" said the old man, in an agitated voice, as the gleam fell upon the boy's face.

Out of breath with his recent struggle, Nels did not speak. But the helpful neighbor had a voice, and used it.

"He saw the robber getting into a window, and came to my house and gave the alarm. He has had the hardest part of the tussle; but my whip-lash has come handy."

"Nelson," said the old man, trembling in his night-clothes, "you've done me a turn I'd no right to expect. I believe the rascal has my pocket-book; leastwise he had pulled my trousers off 'm the foot-board, where I always hang 'em when I go to bed. Must be somebody who knows the house. Turn round here, you scamp, and let's look at your face! Dick Stark!"



"UNTIE HIS HANDS, GIDEON," SAID PODLONG, IN A SHAKING VOICE.

"Yes, sir; Dick Stark," said the man, boldly confronting him. "You think I came to rob you. No, sir; I came to help myself to the money you owe me, since I couldn't come by it any other way. And I might have got off with some of it, at least, if it hadn't been for Nels."

"Dick!" exclaimed the old man, "I never believed you would do such a thing!"

"I wouldn't if your beating and cheating me hadn't driven me to it," replied Dick.

"That's no excuse," said Podlong. "Look at Nels here. I used him, this very day, wuss'n ever I did you. But 'stead o' comin' back to rob me, he comes to save me from robbers."

"Uncle," spoke up Nels, in a choking voice, "I didn't come back to do you a good turn. And I'll tell you the truth. If I had known it was Dick after his pay I wouldn't have interfered."

"You think he was doing right?"

The old man was a strange-looking object, standing in the lamp-light, with his white hair and excited features, and a many-colored bed-quilt, which his wife brought him, wrapped about his shivering limbs.

"No, not right," said Nels. "But you know, uncle, how you had treated him."

He spoke earnestly, and not without fear of what his words might provoke. But Podlong was not angry. They were in the kitchen by this time; and Aunt Podlong, dreading the effect of the cold air on the old man's naked shanks, closed the door.

"Untie his hands, Gideon," said Podlong, in a shaking voice. "Now give me my pocket-book, Dick. If there's money enough in it, and I guess there is—for I've been savin' some to pay my insurance—you shall have your

dues this very night. I hain't done right myself; I know it, and I don't mind sayin' it here in the presence of you all. Count out his money, Gideon—I can't—with somethin', whatever he thinks is right, for the trouble and expense I've put him to."

It was pitiful to see him so humiliated and broken; and when he turned and said, "Now, Nelson, boy, what can I do for you?" the lad's heart went out to him with a throb of sympathy and pity.

"Nothing, uncle; I am all right," he said, in a suffocated voice, and with tear-blinded eyes.

"Well, then, go to bed. You'd better turn in too, Dick. And, Gideon, you've had to suffer sometimes from my temper, as well as the rest of 'em; but I vow you never shall again!"

So Nels returned to the little room which he had not expected ever to see again. In his gratitude, as he crept into his bed, and felt that he was once more at home, he could not but wonder if he was the same boy who an hour ago had skulked behind the stack in pursuit of a horrible revenge. What satisfaction could there have been in that? How hideous the very thought of it, compared with the bliss of forgiving and being forgiven!

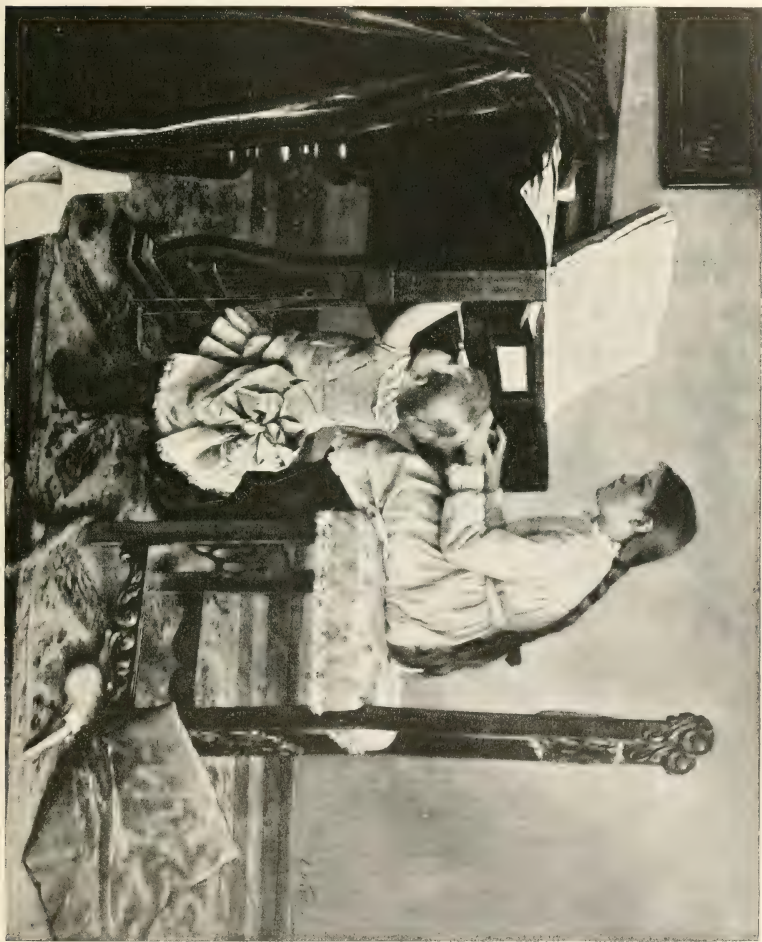
He slept little that night, so anxious was he to get out at daybreak and clear up the litter around the stack before the old man, or even Dick Stark, should see it.

This he did, and had got the straw mostly back in a heap under the brow of the stack, when the old man appeared.

"So! this is the bed you made for yourself last night," was Podlong's innocent comment. "I'm glad enough Dick came along to disturb you."

"So am I," said the contrite boy.

THE END



THE MUSIC LESSON.

IN SUNDAY DRESS

BY ALICE ROGERS.

O H, mother, come and see the trees! They're in the Sunday gowns
That somewhere have been hidden until the time of frost.
Such shining gold and scarlet, such stately rustling browns,
And, oh, such rustling splendor, with rainbow colors crost!

I thought the trees were lovely in the misty green of spring,
When came the dear old robins to build within the eaves;
I thought the blossoms beautiful that wooed the bluebird's wing,
But brighter than the blossoms are the radiant autumn leaves.

'Tis just as we do, mother dear, when week-day work is done,
And Sunday brings its blessed peace—we wear our Sunday dress.

You see, the trees are resting from their labors in the sun,
And the pretty gowns are worn to show their happiness.

UNCLE PETER'S TRUST.*

BY GEORGE B. PERRY.

CHAPTER XIX.

"DR. TREVELYAN, please look in on No. 23."

"Anything special, Harvey?"

"Yes, sir," the attendant replied. "There is a marked change in his case, and I think he will need restraint, or at least another attendant and a different room."

"Very well, Harvey; I will be with you in a few moments."

The scene was a pleasant room, which was called the Doctor's study, in the Cornwall County Lunatic Asylum, of which Frank Trevelyan had been the house physician for some five years.

"No. 23?" said the Doctor to himself. "There can be only one change come to him, and that is a wind-up of his mortal affairs. Hopeless melancholia, as far as I have observed—an utter insensibility to any of the methods I have tried to rouse him. He seems like a man with the weight of some great trouble on his mind; but he rarely speaks, and when he does, it is but the faintest flash of memory of childish scenes."

He rose from his chair, and passed into a small room where the records of the institution were kept, and took down a bulky volume labelled, "No. 23," and read therefrom:

"Inmate No. 23. October 10, 1841; admitted on certificate of Drs. Dash and Blank, Treasury physicians; male; no name; age, probably 45; English, or speaks English with no appreciable accent to denote locality; supposed to be a sailor; possibly the captain or mate of an unknown vessel lost off the Greater Brisson, near the Land's End, October 6, 1841; body when received much emaciated, and showing signs of severe privation."

"Probability, supposition, mystery," muttered Dr. Trevelyan. "Nothing certain to go on. What a romance one might weave around a case! There is a fine field for imagination. If he ever was a sailor, I never heard him talk of the sea." He continued his reading, but it was the dry, technical details of the treatment which had restored the patient to a sound body, but without having any appreciably good effect on his mind.

"Confirmed melancholy following years of violent insanity, now broken at last by another change. A breaking up, I think." And with this repetition of his former

words, the Doctor shut the desk at which he had been seated, and took his way to the room in which the mysterious No. 23 was lodged.

The patient, who looked more like a man of seventy than sixty-one, as the record estimated, lay fully dressed on the little bed, which, with a few other articles of plain furniture, all firmly fastened to the floor, formed the contents of his room. He was exhausted and in a stupor, following a violent outbreak which had severely taxed the resources of the attendant to repress.

The Doctor sat at the foot of the bed and watched the patient for a moment; then instinctively drew the man's left hand to him and felt his pulse.

"For nearly eight years I've had charge of him, sir," said Harvey; "and he's been as gentle as a baby, and needed little care, except when sick, when he was just as peevish as a child; and only at times long apart has he ever ceased to be other than quiet. Last night, sir, I looked in on him for a while, for he had been ailing, as you know. He was not asleep, and when he saw me he spoke first—a most unusual thing in one who had almost to be coaxed into speaking at all."

Dr. Trevelyan nodded. He was a better listener than talker, and encouraged Harvey to proceed.

"He was talking, of course, at random, but quite calmly. He said, 'In two months, John, if the sea serves us fairly well.'"

"Ha!" was all the Doctor said; but there was more to come.

"Then," continued Harvey, "in a few moments he sprang out of the bed and pointed down at the floor, saying, excitedly, but in a low whisper: 'For Heaven's sake, go below, Mrs. Vidal! You unnerve me, and I have already more than I can bear.'"

The Doctor had a little note-book open on his knee, and he jotted down the name.

"Then," continued the nurse, "he ground his teeth together, and muttered to himself, 'How easy 'twould be to end this misery!' and stopped. I ventured to prompt him, sir," said Harvey to the Doctor, "and so I said, 'How will you end it?'"

"And he answered what?" said the Doctor, who was beginning to grow interested.

"Go below, madam! If you love your child, go below, and lock your cabin door!"

Dr. Trevelyan's note-book was busy again, and he interposed a question here:

"Do you remember all the circumstances of the wreck from which he was taken, Harvey?"

"All that I remember is that he"—indicating the patient—"was mad when taken off the rock; that a lady was drowned, and a child, about two years old, was saved, and taken care of by some fishermen of Sennen Cove."

"Was the child ever brought here to see if they recognized each other?"

"Not that I know," said the man. "You'll remember I wasn't here when No. 23 first came."

The Doctor nodded, and Harvey continued his story:

"He repeated this order of entreaty several times, only varying it by the remark once, after he had begged the person to go below: 'Never mind me. The sooner I am food for the fishes the better.' And then he went back to his old melancholy state, and said nothing, and refused even to take food when it was offered him till about half an hour ago. Then how he did rave!"

"Did he?" murmured the Doctor. "Go on, Harvey."

"He leaped from the bed, went down on his hands and knees, crawling cautiously around the lower end, with his eyes staring forward, and his hand raised as if he held a pistol in it. 'That lascar is lurking here, I know! Take that, you sneaking hound!' And he rushed forward on the floor, grappling with some imaginary enemy, and

* Begun in No. 457 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

beating the air as if pounding some fellow with the butt of a pistol."

"Or list?" said the Doctor.

"Pistol," said the attendant, firmly. "See, at his first movement he held his right arm extended as if taking aim. Then, when he flung himself on the floor, he pounded, not with his knuckles, but as if he held a club or pistol in his hand, and was pounding with the butt."

"You're a close observer, Harvey," said Trevelyan, with a touch of sarcasm.

"Have to be, sir," said Harvey, unconscious of the sarcasm. "It's part of my business," he added, complacently.

Trevelyan smiled. "Go on, Harvey."

"After he had finished pounding the floor, he stood up and kicked the imaginary lascar. Then he stooped down and tried to pick up something—the body of the man he had killed, you know," added the voluble Harvey, with needless explanation—"but seemed confused, and groped around for it, till he felt it was gone from him, and then, sir, he raved awfully about the scoundrel, who wasn't dead, after all, and what he might do to the child if he—No. 23—should sleep; and he was too weak to keep up longer. Then he fell exhausted, and I picked him up," said the stalwart attendant, "and put him on the bed."

The Doctor's note-book had been busy; so had his brain. But he had not yet exhausted Harvey.

"You put this and that together?"

"Have to, sir, in our business," said Harvey, with a self-satisfied tone. "And I've got a romance."

"Shrewdly conceived, then, if you have only the slight skeleton to build on that you have told me," said the Doctor.

"I have had eight years of watching, and the words used to-night have given a clew to the meaning of many expressions, dropped at long intervals, which were unintelligible before."

The Doctor looked up. He began to see that Harvey was an enthusiast in his business.

"Shall I tell you, sir," said Harvey, "what a story I have made?"

"Go on," said Trevelyan, glancing at the patient. "I will wait, in the hope that he will awake, for fifteen minutes. If you haven't finished then, write the remainder out for me."

"Very good, sir," said the gratified attendant. "I won't take five minutes."

"No. 23 was captain of a ship—an English ship, I think. He had a lady and child as passengers. They were friends of his; but she was not his wife—that's plain, from his use of her name and the handle before it. The ship was short-handed, and the few on board were starving. There was a lascar on board, who had designs on the child. What do you think they were?" asked Harvey, suddenly.

"Give it up," said Trevelyan. "Tell the story yourself."

"Want of food makes the best of men desperate, and the lascar was probably not the best of men. Well, the Captain was then alone, unable to work the ship, and she drifted helplessly before wind and sea till she struck on the Brissons; and No. 23 made one more supreme effort to save the woman and child, failed, and you see the result."

The Doctor smiled approvingly, and closed his note-book.

The patient still remained sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion. Once or twice he flung his arms wildly around, but did not wake.

Dr. Trevelyan, feeling that while this sleep lasted there was no necessity for his presence, turned away, intent on

giving directions for Harvey's assistance in case it was needed.

He had barely closed the door and walked along the corridor when the shrieks of the patient he had just left resounded through the building. Then there was the sound of a struggle.

He dashed open the door and entered.

CHAPTER XX.

HARVEY was struggling in the grasp of the madman, who had his fingers on the attendant's throat, and was fast choking him.

In an instant the Doctor flung himself upon No. 23. It took all his strength to release the fingers, which were fastened on the unfortunate nurse's throat with a bulldog tenacity. But he succeeded; and as the patient fiercely turned upon him, he flung him with violence to the other end of the room. The patient's head struck with terrific force against the edge of the iron bedstead, and he fell to the ground as if stricken by a blow from an axe.

It was some time before even Harvey found speech. The Doctor, exhausted by the struggle, sat in a chair endeavoring to recover himself. Meanwhile the patient, bleeding profusely from a severe wound in the head, was lying as if dead.

"That was a narrow escape, sir," said Harvey, who was the first to find a tongue. "I thought he would take the life out of me. It's lucky you came in just in time. Has he hurt you, sir?"

"No," said Trevelyan, quietly, "but he has used me up. How he did cling to your throat! He took you for the lascar of his frenzy."

"Yes, sir."

"Now," said Trevelyan, rising, "let us see how this poor fellow is getting along. I'm always preaching of gentleness in dealing with our patients, Harvey, but I'm afraid that was a vicious push of mine, after all."

"Still, it was a case of life or death," said Harvey. "I saw enough of him to know that if he once had hold of you, you would not have escaped, for I could do nothing."

"True," said the other. "There is no need of excuse, yet I'm sorry for it."

They raised the head of the lunatic from the floor, and the Doctor examined the wound carefully. He looked more grave than usual, as the full extent of the mischief showed itself.

"Send for Dr. Dervale, Harvey."

The attendant disappeared, and the physician again closely examined the patient's head. What he saw there at last made him spring to his feet. He took a pair of scissors from his pocket, closely cropped the hair, and waited for the surgeon's approach.

Dr. Dervale, the house surgeon, a grave, elderly man, entered the room, and Dr. Trevelyan nodded to Harvey to retire—a hint which that worthy declined to take till it was repeated in decisive terms by both the doctors.

"Not very serious. A few days will see him right again," said Dervale, after a slight examination.

A whispered consultation followed. Dr. Dervale seemed annoyed. The physician was endeavoring to impress a fact upon him which he refused to believe.

"Impossible," he said. "A fancy, a mistake," correcting himself, as he saw the younger man's brow contract. "The thing never was heard of."

"It will be after to-day," said Trevelyan, decisively. "In a word, will you undertake it or not?"

"I must decline all responsibility for it," said Dervale. "It is not reasonable."

"Very well, then, I will send to Graves at once."



"THE DOCTOR DREW THE MAN'S LEFT HAND TO HIM AND FELT HIS PULSE."

He wrote a letter, touched a bell, and the faithful Harvey entered.

"Tell Thomas to saddle Redgauntlet, and ride to Bodmin with this note."

The messenger was despatched, and brought back with him the most famous surgeon in the west of England.

That for which the timid Dervale declined responsibility was eagerly undertaken by his superior. Dr. Dervale did not even offer his assistance. Before daybreak a delicate operation had been performed on the skull of No. 23, and he was sleeping peacefully, having recovered from the stupor produced from his excitement and wound.

Dr. Trevelyan refused to allow his patient to be nursed by any other than himself. For forty-eight hours he remained at the bedside, and was rewarded at last by the awaking of his patient, weak as a child, but with the light of reason in his eye.

"Where am I?" he murmured, feebly.

"Safe with friends," said Trevelyan, gently. "Let me entreat you to be careful not to speak or get excited. Keep perfectly quiet. You have been seriously hurt, but have every prospect of recovery if you do as I tell you. Ask no questions; do not be anxious."

"One word," said No. 23, feebly—"are the lady and child safe?"

Trevelyan nodded. "God forgive me!" he murmured. "The truth would kill him."

The patient uttered a deep sigh and turned his face away; but there was an expression of hope and joy on the face that had long been a stranger to emotion of any reasonable kind.

It was necessary to caution the talkative Harvey. Fortunately that worthy was capable of controlling himself, and he followed Dr. Trevelyan's instructions implicitly. As a consequence, in spite of Dr. Dervale's prophecies of failure, the patient rapidly recovered strength.

The time came when it was necessary to undeceive the

now restored man, and Dr. Trevelyan undertook the task. When the Doctor had finished his communication, which he had to substantiate by clear evidence of dates before his patient could comprehend it, the latter for a time was completely overpowered. It was as if the dead had come to life. In him had been wrought a resurrection both of body and mind from the death of insanity and disease. What wonder, then, that he stood before the Doctor dazed, and almost refusing to credit the evidence offered him!

"Now," said the Doctor, kindly, "think over what has been said and done here too. Remember that you are not yet out of the woods, and be careful. To-morrow I shall be the questioner, and shall want to know your story in return. Meanwhile, give me your name."

"My name?" said the other, dreamily. "Have I still a name? It is—was—Leland Morrison."

"And your home?"

"Salem, Massachusetts."

"Captain?"

"Ship *Flying Scud*, of New Bedford. Fourteen years lost!—dead to every one!"

"Hush!" said Trevelyan, gently. "Thank God; you have much to be thankful for."

The patient sank on his knees, holding the Doctor's hands in his.

"Carry in your mind this idea of thankfulness for restored reason. Good-night, Captain Morrison."

"Good-night, Doctor. God bless you!"

At that moment came a knock at the door, and Harvey entered slowly, bearing a card.

"Gentleman anxious to see you, sir. Travelling to Penzance, and has only a short time to spare."

The Doctor took the card and read—

Commander Prideaux, R.N.

H.M. Coast-guard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SIMPLE TURNING-LATHE.

BY R. B. WILLIAMS.

WINTER is approaching, and the racket must be hung up on the wall and the base-ball bat left to repose in the corner. Skates are hunted up, oiled, and scoured, the bob-sled and toboggan repaired and made ready for another season's hard usage, and perhaps a good shinny-stick selected and trimmed during a woodland walk in these bright autumn days.

These are the necessary preparations for out-door amusement. But winter weather is not always kind, and even the toboggan and the skates lose their attraction when a severe storm is raging. Then is the time for indoor amusements, and the boys that have a workshop at home, in the basement or the attic or the barn, are objects of envy to their less fortunate fellows.

Last winter vacation, having free access to the tools in a carpenter and blacksmith's shop, I spent several very agreeable and profitable days in making a turning-lathe, which, though not so finely finished as some, will do for all ordinary work. The directions for its construction are as follows:

Obtain some walnut planking an inch in thickness, and sawing off a piece eighteen by four inches, plane it smooth; then one and a half inches from each side draw a line the entire length of the board, thus marking off a space an inch wide along the centre (see dotted lines, Fig. 1). Beginning at one end, saw eight inches into the board through each of these lines, and cut out the tongue thus formed, making a slot eight by one inches (see A, Fig. 1). At B, Fig. 1, chisel a square mortise-hole the width of the two lines, and another at C, its edge being just four inches from that of the first. Make the dovetailed notch at D an inch wide at the opening, and three-quarters of an inch deep.

Taking another board, four inches wide and of the same thickness as the first, saw out three pieces like Fig. 2, the length from A to B being four inches, and from B to C one and a quarter inches in two of the pieces, and two and a half inches in the third. Next make the adjustable rest as shown in Fig. 3, A-B being six inches long, and the tongue C must be made to fit in the notch at D, Fig. 1.

The band-wheel (see Fig. 8) should be three and a half inches in diameter and an inch thick, with a small groove in it to receive the band. This should be turned on a lathe so as to insure accuracy, as the band must run smoothly.

This completes the wood-work of the lathe proper, and if you are not blacksmith enough, or have no opportunity, to make the other part yourself, you can have it made at a very small cost. Fig. 4 is an iron plate two by one inches, and one-quarter of an inch thick, having a hole drilled entirely through it near each end, and another hole about

two-thirds through in the centre. This plate must be screwed on one of the pieces like Fig. 2, having a short tenon, so that the central hole will be just three inches from B, and midway between the two sides.

Next take an iron rod three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and cutting off a piece six inches long, file it to a point as shown in Fig. 5. Then taking a screw-plate, begin at the pointed end and thread it for four inches, and beginning at the other end, thread it an inch. Now screw three taps on the rod as shown in the figure, the furthest edge of the right-hand tap being just four inches from the pointed end, while the other two, which form the arbor of the band-wheel, are placed midway between. Next take a rod of the same diameter, and fashion a screw like Fig. 6 four inches long.

To put the lathe together, take the piece like Fig. 2 having the plate on it, and mortise it in B, Fig. 1. Then bore a hole three-eighths of an inch in diameter in each of the other two pieces just three inches from B, and midway between the sides (see D, Fig. 2). Take the rod Fig. 5 (the wheel having been put in position at A), and pass the blunt end through the hole just made in the piece having the short tenon, and mortise the piece at C so that the pointed end will rest in the central hole of the plate Fig. 4.

Next insert the screw (Fig. 6) into the hole made in the other piece, and then bore a three-eighth-inch hole in the side of tenon one and a quarter inches from B, and after placing the piece in the slot A, Fig. 1, as shown in Fig. 8, insert into this hole a peg having a flat side, which, though serving to keep it firm and in place, will admit of its being adjusted at any point in the slot.

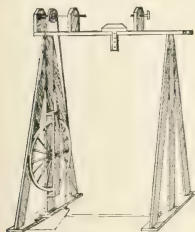
Fig. 7 shows one side of a support for the lathe, and the manner of attaching the treadle-wheel to it. This treadle wheel is nothing more than an old sewing-machine wheel, which can be obtained at almost any junk-shop for a few cents. The lathe is now complete, with the exception of a chuck and tools, and these can be obtained at any large hardware store. If you have executed your work in a careful manner, you will now have a lathe that will do as good work as, and that you will value more than, one costing from ten to fifteen dollars.

NOTE.—In following the directions for putting the lathe together, always refer to Fig. 8 if you do not understand exactly what is meant, as it shows the parts in their respective positions.

WHAT MATTER?

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

WHAT if your coat be patched and old?
The worth of a coat is easily told.
A handful of gold will quickly bring
A coat that is fit for Prince or King;
But an honest heart and a willing hand
Can never be bought in the whole wide land.
Remember that patches may cover a boy
Who some day will be the great world's joy.
If your soul be pure and your heart be true,
What can an old coat matter to you?



LATHE COMPLETE.



FIG. 1.

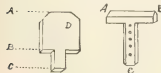


FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.



FIG. 7.

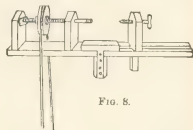


FIG. 8.

Art Amateur, St. Nicholas, HARPER'S MONTHLY, Scribner's Monthly, Century, Youth's Companion, and Christian Union. The society is over twenty years old, and is a great help to the school. Madeline may visit and read a puzzle over some of the puzzles just now. My little sister Gertie and cousin Minnie would like to see more of Howard Pyle's stories. Your friend,
JENNIE B. S.

This is a boy's journal of an expedition to the woods, and is very well written in my opinion:

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY NED HALE (TWELVE YEARS OLD, OF SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA).

When I was going to Cucuyana Mountain I saw a rattlesnake, and helped to kill it. It had nine rattles, which we cut off, and was four feet long, and as large around as a man's wrist. We ascended a mountain, and walked three miles of the distance when I saw the snake. I had the rattles to keep, for I was the first to discover it. Three rattles I gave to my mother, and the rest I kept. It is night now, and we are going to camp out and sleep in a tent. It will take about four days to get to the mountains. There are three peaks in Cucuyana mountain, and the trees are new now. We are going up in the pine woods to hunt for flowers, ferns, and moss.

It was the third day, and we were riding near a dry brook when my eye fell on a water snake. It was brown, with white rings around its body. I went up to the extreme peak of the Cucuyama, and a notice there said it was 6760 feet above the sea level. We saw an oak tree, and there were thirty feet around it, and some pine cones sixteen inches long. I got a stick three feet long, and entirely covered with beautiful light green moss. This had been always on the north side of the pine-trees. There are very pretty manzanitas here, and it is hard to get a branch straight enough for a cane.

We are now in an oak and pine forest, and can see San Diego, fifty miles away. A nice pair of cones we found which looked as though they had been furnished. There are mountain lions and coyotes, foxes, and raccoons here. One night when we were in our tent we heard a panther making a loud screaming noise, but we did not know it the time what it was, but were told afterward. The woodpeckers here make holes in the trees, and put acorns in them, and wait until they mould and decay and worms find in them, and then they eat them. The trees are full of holes. We saw just as full of holes as they can make them. We saw another rattlesnake, and tried to kill it, but it ran away into the bushes. We found a white bird's nest on the ground, with three little birds and one white egg in it. I found another nest in the bushes, but it had no eggs in it. We saw a big white snake, and I was very afraid of it. I saw a crow when we were riding to Stonewall Mine. There are squirrels here, and people made us a trap, a figure 4 box trap, but we did not catch any.

We went to Stonewall Mine, to see them crush gold ore. They have trunks or pans, with quicksilver spread on the bottom. Then there are fine pumps, but much or crush the ore as much as dirt, and then they run water through the fine ore, and it comes out like muddy water, and all the gold that is in the water sticks on to the quicksilver, and it is made into balls or bars—the gold and the quicksilver—and sent to San Francisco to be separated. I should like to go there some day and see them do it.

We had a pleasant trip, and I hope we will go again some time.

STRAITFORD, ONTARIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Do you think it is time for me to write you? This paper has come to the house since 1888, and I have never written yet. I am a girl—not a little one—fourteen years old. I have brown eyes and brown hair. My father is a doctor, and I have a lot of friends. I have five brothers, Willie, George, Harvey, Charlie, and Eddie, and two sisters, Addie and Freddie. I am the second youngest. Could you send me the number of the chapter of "The Household of Glen Holly" in it? I would like very much to have it. A friend of mine in Saratoga sent me this paper, and I would like to have my letter in print, so that she could see it and write to you. With love to you, I remain your reader,
MILLIE D.

You can get the number you wish by simply writing to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, not to the Postmistress. Send your full post office address, and your name also in full, and enclose a five-cent postage-stamp.

HEAVENLYTON, KENTUCKY.

My sister and I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it is very nice. We wrote to you once before, but our letter was not published, and so

we thought we would try again. Our teacher has two canary-birds; she calls one Aleo and the other Connie. We have read a good many of Miss Alcott's works, and think them very much. We have just finished reading *Rose Bloom*.
LIZZIE I. and MARY L. L.

TRUPE, ARIZONA TERRITORY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—In reading over the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I noticed a letter from Jean B. G., telling about a new pet they had received as a present from a gentleman in California, in the shape of a horned toad. I thought I would like to have a box with a horn, and some grass inside, and also a fly for his tea. Having seen a few of the horned toads here in their natural home, and watched them to find out how they live, I can tell you that they do not eat flies, but live on the large black ants entirely. But they will live for six months without any food whatever, as I know from experience. I have seen a box with plenty of flies, which he would not touch, though he finally died of starvation, I suppose. There are many other curious animals here in this valley, also many poisonous reptiles and insects. There is one poisonous lizard, commonly known as the Gila monster, said to be the only poisonous one known in the world, all other lizards being harmless. This Salt River Valley and the Gila Valley is where the ruined cities are which Lieutenant Frank Cushing explored last winter and spring. There was an immense quantity of relics shipped East from here, and if the records of his researches are published they would doubtless be interesting reading for any one interested in archeology.
LEO F.

EMORE, MINNESOTA.

I saw in one of the numbers that you said all the boys and girls who read your paper are indebted to you for a letter. I have three brothers and two sisters. We live in a small town in southern Minnesota. A Sunday school was organized here; it is called The Christian Endeavor, and we all attend, and go to Sunday school. On the farm we have plenty of horses, cows, calves, and chickens for pets, and the boys will sometimes catch an owl or rabbit, but they soon out their escape. We went nursing two or three days this fall, and got hazel-nuts and walnuts. My sister Laura and I would like to be long to the Little House-keepers. ANNA E. F.

LAURELTON, JEFFERSON COUNTY, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write to you now. I wrote once before, and it was not printed, and so I write again. I will be ten years old the 31st of October. I go to school, and study reading, geography, grammar, and arithmetic, and spelling. For pets, I have a cat named Nige; he is very black. I have got a white one named Tippy, and one old hen I can catch any time. I have a cow named Fannie, and I have a cow. I forgot about my lame colt named Francis. The cow's name is Johanna. I like the continued stories best. I wish Howard Pyle would write more stories. I like the stories don't you? I hope this letter may be printed as soon as possible—may it not, dear Postmistress? It seems so good to be able to write to your letters. It seems as though you were answering us. I write with the left hand. FLORA A. S.

You write very well indeed.

CANTON, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been reading over the letters that many little folks have written to you. My name is in the list. I like to write a little piece. I have got a cat named Flossie and one named Fisk. We have one old cow. I go to school to Mr. B. S.; he is a very good teacher. I like physiology, civil government, reading, arithmetic, history, geography, spelling, writing. I have a brother named Harry. He is twelve years old, and will be four years older than I am with the first of October. I go to Bradford and Wyoming to play ball. Wyoming was up here two weeks ago, and beat us, and we went down there the 8th and beat them.
W. E. S.

I am glad your side beat in one of the games.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 27TH.

(The Covenant Renewed—Joshua xxvii., 19-28.)
What does covenant mean? Do I hear somebody say agreement? That is right. How many parties are necessary to a covenant? Two, at least. In this case it was God on one side, and His people on the other, who entered into a covenant, God promising to take care of the people, and to be their friend, no matter what might happen. If either land, they would forsake all false gods and serve the Lord.

The lesson is entitled the covenant renewed. In fact, the covenant had been made several times at different periods. It was first made with Abraham, when God called him to leave home and friends and follow Himself, then with Isaac and with Jacob, with Moses, and over and

over with every son of that nation which God had chosen.

These people had a great many temptations to idolatry. It is always hard for any of us to escape the effect of a surrounding atmosphere. If we live with bad people, we are in great danger of ourselves becoming bad. Parents know this, and they are sure to protect their children from evil associations. Once Cousin Dorothy, with some companions, was riding on horseback along a beautiful road with tall pines on either side, and the atmosphere of silver firs was so close that it was almost as if by magic from the earth, a sentry barred the way. "Go back," he ordered, imperatively. "You must not advance a step farther on this road."

"Why not?" we asked.
"Fever hospital, just round the turn," was the reply.

A deadly fever had been raging in the neighborhood. We were only too glad to be warned. Sin of any kind is very much like such a fever. It is infectious. In the course of their wanderings, and in their living in the new land, the people of Israel came more or less into contact with the races who worshipped idols, and were in many ways and wicked. The Israelites were much more likely to receive bad impressions from these people than to impress them with their own pure life and religion.

So the good Lord was always throwing guards around them, and defending them by reminding them of his covenant.

The time had come when the brave Joshua, who had been their captain so long, was about to leave them. Joshua had grown old. He knew that before many days he would die; he was almost a hundred and ten years of age, and he felt very old and weak. He wanted to continue to serve God after he had left them. So he talked with them very earnestly and tenderly. You know how we treasure the last words of those we love.

A dear mother was on her death-bed. She was leaving a little daughter six years old. "Jessie," she said, "ask your father to put on your white dress, and then come to kiss mamma."

The prettiest white dress Jessie had was put on her to please the mother, whose eyes were fast growing dim.

"Now, my darling," she said, "whenever you wear a white dress, think of your mother, and say, 'Whiter than snow'; washed white in the blood of Jesus.'"

It was a covenant, and Jessie never forgot it. Mother's last words.

Joshua's last words were solemn words of warning, and the people remembered him. "The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey."

Then, that it might never pass out of their recollection, Joshua wrote it all down in a book, and took a great stone and set it up under a spreading oak, near the sanctuary of the Lord. The stone was a monument to all who passed by it, reminding them of the covenant renewed!

Cousin DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ACROSTIC.

Initials give the name of a modern hero:
1. A noted preacher and organizer. 2. A Queen who sold her jewels to help a great cause. 3. An unfortunate monarch. 4. A great reformer. 5. A city of the far east. 6. A Queen of England. 7. A Queen noted for beauty and misfortune. 8. A city that was long besieged. 9. A guile one swam by a lover. 10. The place of a conqueror's statue, and a desert. 11. A city of the sandal-wood and slaw. 12. A vast metropolis. 13. The cradle of arts and inventions. 15. A fertilizing river. 16. The last place visited by the Boy Travellers.

MOTHER BUNCH.

No. 2.

CHARADES.

My second, quite independently of my first, cries good-morrow to the world. My whole is a truth-teller, though variable in statements.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 499.

No. 1. D R I M L E N S
R I L E E V I L
M E A T S L E D

H A T
A P E
T E N

No. 2—LAWYER'S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Paul Jenner, Ellen Gray, Maria Dayton, Louis Gerow, Maggie Hopkins, Minnie Dunn, Emily Rogers, Edith Harney, Mary Ann, Evelyn Grennell, John Walker, Nelson Gordon, Leander Johnson, Ralph France, Thomas K. D. C. T., Emily J. Marsh, C. T. Wyckoff, and David McKay.

A LAWYER AS A DEBTOR.

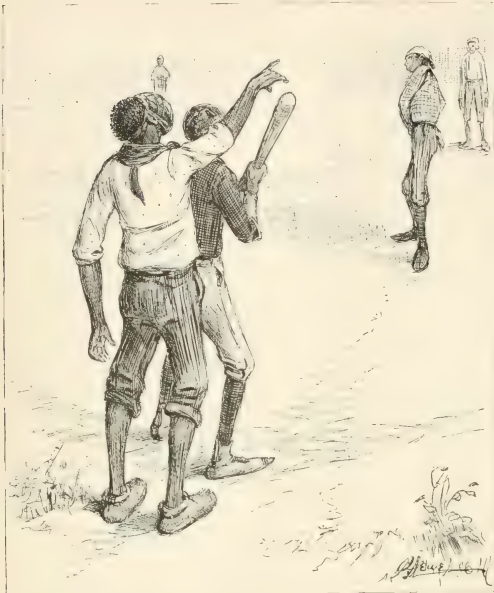
A CHINESE TALE.

A POOR man, who had a wholesome dread of litigation, lived near an influential lawyer. Though the peasant was at peace with his neighbors, he thought it well to secure an ally for time of war; so he took presents of fish, flesh, and fowl to the lawyer, thinking to thus gain his friendship, and engage his help in case of need.

The lawyer accepted every whit that the peasant brought to him, without putting any return gift in the trays or baskets in which the presents were brought, expressing thus his willingness to be under obligations to the donor. The peasant continued to send edibles, and the lawyer continued to receive them, until the lawyer's wife had her wonder aroused by her husband's readiness to take all the presents offered, while he made no return either in kind or in other kind. So one day, when some hampers arrived from the peasant, and her husband accepted all their contents without laying anything in the basket for the messenger to take back as a compensation, she ventured to inquire from her husband how he intended to repay the poor man for all the gifts.

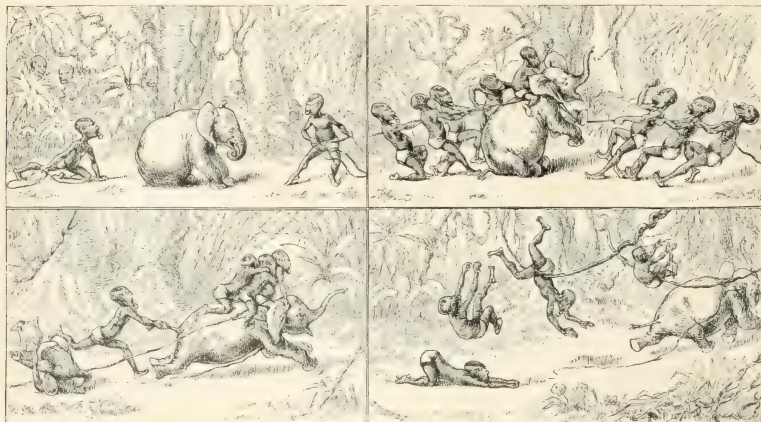
The lawyer replied that he should take all that the man brought, and had given orders for the retention of everything that might arrive when he was absent. In course of time he would get the donor involved in a lawsuit, and then would exonerate him as a payment for past favors. To act once as his advocate in a suit would cancel all his indebtedness.

As it happened, the peasant's messenger had not departed, and overheard through an open window this conversation between the lawyer and his wife. He hastened quietly away, and told the maker of presents what recompense he was to receive for his gifts, whereupon the client concluded that he might be better off if he had not a lawyer among his debtors.



DIFFICULTIES OF BASE-BALL AT CROWVILLE.

CATCHER OF THE CROWVILLE NINE TO PITCHER. "SAY, SKID! PICK DE BURRS OFF'N DE BALL 'FO' YO' PITCH 'ER UP."



SPORTS IN THE TROPICS—CAPTURING A BABY ELEPHANT.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

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A TRUMPETER'S BOY.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

"WILL I ever grow big enough to blow your trumpet, father?"

"I think so, when you be nine year old," said his father.

Gus's first remembrance was when his father had played a few short notes for him. Before any performance there always was a pantomime. His father would take the trumpet, knit his brows, then blow and blow, and the trumpet would be dumb. Next his father would pretend to hunt for a magic powder. Sometimes it was found in his father's uniform jacket, but as often in Gus's small fist. Then his father would make believe to take a pinch of this invisible powder, drop a little of it into the big end of the trumpet, and then at last came the merry sounds. Even when he was older, and Gus knew it was all fun, he always required the comic interlude before the actual playing of the trumpet.

Born and brought up among soldiers, Gus as a baby had some ideas of military rank, but to him his father was a far more important person than colonel, major, or captain, for it seemed to him that it was his father's trumpet the troopers obeyed. As a little boy he would lie awake of early mornings, and the first beams of the sun were joined to his father's trumpet calls. Of the still nights he would work into his dreams the trumpet's notes, and be doubtful whether the long-drawn-out sweetness of them were or were not actual sounds.

The soldiers would take the little fellow, and mounting him on their shoulders, go prancing round, pawing, kicking, and snorting, like real cavalry horses. Then Gus, clutching at the men's short hair or their collars with the one hand, would put the thumb of the other to his lips, and puffing his cheeks and pursing his mouth, would sing out, sweet and clear, "Ran-ta-tan-ta-ta!" just like the trumpet signal.

It took some time before Gus became intimate with the drums and the fifes. A corporal told him there was a mouse living in every fife, that it was always scampering up and down it, and putting its head out of the holes to squeak; and then, on the look-out for the mouse, Gus began to like its ear-splitting sounds. Having heard the beats of the Indian drum, Gus was positive that a wolf was shut up in it, and that the animal inside answered with a muffled roar.

Conrad Fink, Gus's father, was trumpeter in the cavalry, and a portion of his regiment had been stationed for some years at a distant post in the Indian country. The trumpeter was a Bavarian, who had been in service in his own country, and knew no other calling than that of a soldier. His English was fairly good, though there might be some few words which had still a German sound to them. Fink was a quiet man, but his comrades knew he possessed the truest courage. He had shown that in more than one fight. When in the thick of a battle an officer orders a trumpeter to sound a signal, and the shot and shell are tearing into the ranks, that is precisely the time when, if a trumpeter is not cool, the notes he makes are likely to be shaky and wanting in volume. Just then a man's breath does not come easily, because his heart is thumping in his throat. It requires nerve to keep the lips steady, to act like a machine, indifferent to the plunging of the horses. Fink had been in many a terrible struggle, but his trumpet signals had been then precisely as clear and steady as if he had been on dress parade. If at "Forward" he had dropped or slurred a single note he would have thought that he had disgraced himself.

Conrad had been married to a Swiss woman who had for many years been maid to Captain Flockton's wife. In military life there are ties between mistress and maid much stronger than in civil life, because many anxieties

are shared. When the Captain went off on an expedition at the head of his troop, the trumpeter followed. Mrs. Flockton and Mrs. Fink knew that both their husbands were brave, would do their whole duty, that the risks of life they ran were the same, and that bullets made no distinction between officer and enlisted man.

What Gus remembered of his mother—for she died when he was four years old—were her simple songs. The exact look of his mother's blue eyes was always blended with a certain lullaby. Gus often thought about these songs. Though he rarely gave them utterance, they were in his mind, so he sang them to himself, his own heart being the only listener, and then he felt as if his mother were still kissing him and pressing him to her bosom.

In government places, especially where soldiers are stationed, there is a great deal of what is called "etiquette." Officers' and soldiers' children do not play often together. Somehow or other—Gus did not know how it happened, for he never troubled himself about it—he broke through all these stiff rules.

In the first place, Gus was so good-natured—that implied, of course, politeness; secondly, he was so brave; thirdly, so entertaining—that meant that he was up to all kinds of games and could tell stories; and fourthly (I really do not know how much this fourthly was worth), he was so handsome that, take him all together, the officers' children never were contented unless Gus was with them. Mrs. Flockton had no children, but there was the Adjutant, who had two little girls. Once there was a great do-do about these girls, for they could not be found, and Gus went off to look them up. He found them outside the fort, and frightened half to death. A rascally half-breed boy had set an Indian dog on the girls. There is no meaner cur than an Indian dog, for he is wolfish, and snaps as he runs. Gus had seized a picket pin, had held the dog at bay, and so covered the retreat of the little girls, who showed themselves splendid runners. Gus had his wrist torn by the dog. Nobody would have known anything about it had it not been for the girls. Gus going about for a week with his arm in a sling, officers patted him on the head, called him a real soldier, and complimented him on his gallantry.

Knowing the boy's fondness for music, as a reward Mrs. Flockton let him try some of the notes on a piano, and for this instrument Gus had a kind of admiring awe, for it had a history. No one knew exactly when that piano had begun to travel. It had kept on moving for years, not, like a city piano, from one street to another, for it would take jaunts of a thousand miles or so in an army wagon. It had fought its way to the West with the light artillery; it had been snowed in, dug out, and thawed; it had been drowned more than once in a river, had been rescued, and hung up to dry in the plains. It was a veteran, and could show honorable scars. Its left fore-leg had a bullet-hole through it. There was a long furrow on its side, where a ball had ploughed it. The Cheyennes had swooped down on that piano, and kept up a running fight over it for three miles. It was reported at the time that the Indians believed that the piano was "big medicine," and that if they could wrest it from the white soldiers their hunting-grounds would never again be invaded. There was a queer old officer in the fort who always would insist that there was a renegade white among the Sioux, who had gone stark mad from having heard too much piano playing in the East, and that this man had explained to the Indians what a really bad thing a piano was; and the officer would add, "And the fellow was not so much out of his head, after all, for I have been so aggravated myself at times, from hearing the piano badly played, that I have wanted to turn Indian, put on war-paint, and smash every piano west of the Mississippi."

There was a post school at the fort, and Gus took to his lessons kindly, for his father had said to him, "Gus, if I

had only been able joust to read and write vell I might have done better—been somedings more as a trumpeter."

Living so much in the open air, following closely all the rules and regulations which govern military commands, Gus grew apace. He had a decided liking for music, and that was not so singular, because he was always listening to his father.

On his ninth birthday, Gus recalled his father's promise, and had his first trumpet lesson. Of course he had been permitted to try the trumpet before. At the start there were crackings and splutterings of the notes, and the trumpeter said: "Gus, you make quack, quack, joust like ducks; you will not play mit your cheeks so swelled up, as if you was eating puddings; then you make the sound choke. Gus, let me tell you. I ride once mit the Colonel on a march, and a storm was a-coming up, and the Colonel was in a hurry to get into quarters, and he say, 'Trumpeter, sound the trot.' The ground it was full of prairie-dog holes, but I blow, and my horse put his foot in a hole, and I joust go over his head; but I never stop blowing. I blow 'trot, trot,' when I turn over clear in the air, and when I sit on the ground I blow too; and the Colonel 'not much of a laughing gentleman—he laugh. I never smash nothings, though the boys, joust for fun, make believe to ride over me. I was agwaint mit a trumpeter that was in an Indian fight, and he got a ball joust through his trumpet, and he keep on blowing and blowing, and wondering why no sound come."

"He wanted the magic powder, father. I know the story. The sergeant told me all about it. You were the trumpeter."

"Zo! maybe it was. Well, I tell you somedings more. The trumpet it was knocked end-ways, and I think some tooths in my jaw they broke loose. A good trumpet joust spoiled. It was a guriosity. There—you get on pretty good. By the time you grow beards on your upper lip, that will hide the ugly face you make. Zo!"

Expeditions from the fort were frequent, and the trumpeter was often absent on duty, but Gus was too young to be anxious about his father.

It was late in the fall of a certain year when news came of Indian troubles. The Cheyennes and Sioux had committed many murders. Large bands of Indians were on the war-path. Men would come to the post to report on the disturbed state of the country, and scouts would go off at full gallop. One evening orders were issued for an early start next day. Gus busied himself with his father's outfit. He was a handy boy, and accustomed to help his father. The trumpet shone like gold.

"Take off the new cord mit the tassle, and put on the old one, Gus. I don't want to have the new one spoiled," his father had said.

Gus did as he was bid, and handed his father his buckskin gauntlets.

"Good-by, my little boy," cried the father, and off rode the trumpeter; and Gus listened as he heard his father give a glorious flourish: then the command was gone.

A train of emigrants arriving at the post had been ordered to move no further, as there was danger ahead. Gus paid a visit to the new-comers. They had fared badly; some of their stock had been stampeded by the Indians, and there was sickness in the pioneers' camp.

Next day at school, for all he tried, Gus could not follow the teacher. His head ached, and his arms and legs pained him. Mrs. Flockton met Gus on the parade-ground. She was a true soldier's wife; she never showed anxiety when her husband was about to leave her, but now that he was gone, and on what she believed to be a dangerous campaign, she was much troubled. She looked at the boy, and noticed how pale he was. She took his hand. "Why, Gus," she said, "you are burning up with fever. Hurry at once to your quarters, and

I will come and see you. I am afraid you are going to be ill. You may have caught the fever from the emigrant train."

Gus staggered to the barracks, and a dangerous illness set in. It was a time full of trouble. The body of troops, all told, on the expedition, barely numbered four hundred, and there were not fifty soldiers in the fort. No news was heard for days, and then came bad news. From what little could be gleaned, the Indians were in larger numbers than had been supposed, and had offered a strong resistance. Sifting it all down, it looked as if, in order to parry a heavy blow which was threatening, a detachment of one hundred men had gone off from the main body, and this detachment had Captain Flockton at its head. Many alarming stories were rife, brought in by frontiersmen: Captain Flockton and his men had been surrounded, had suffered heavy losses: that was what was said.

Gus's fever, which had been burning him up for ten days, now abated somewhat. One afternoon, when the Assistant-Surgeon was on one side of his bed, Mrs. Flockton on the other, Gus for the first time seemed inclined to talk.

"Doctor, any news of father?—when will he be back?" he asked.

"No news yet," replied the Surgeon, in a low tone of voice. "But you are not to talk; we cannot permit that."

But Gus repeated the question. This was unusual for him, for he was just one of those boys who, ill or well, obeyed orders.

"I said we had no news, boy," repeated the Surgeon, somewhat louder, and a little sharper.

"Oh! I did not hear you at first, sir," said Gus, and turning over on his pillow, seemed to go off in a doze.

Then the Surgeon looked grave, and said to Mrs. Flockton: "I was afraid it might happen. That poor boy is perhaps losing his hearing. Deafness often follows these terrible fevers."

"Oh, what a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Flockton, the tears in her eyes.

"He may get over it, but we are never certain;" and the Surgeon entered into fuller explanations. Then the Surgeon and the Captain's wife talked of the absent expedition. Presently there was a bustle outside, and the Surgeon, having given the Hospital Steward instructions, went out with Mrs. Flockton.

This time there was something like reliable news. It was brought by one of the troopers, who had ridden in advance and reported the coming of three wagons with sick and wounded, who were some miles distant, making their way to the post. There had been heavy fighting. It was true that Captain Flockton had left the main body, and had not been heard of. It was positive he had been engaged. Scouts had been sent out to find Captain Flockton's whereabouts, but the Indians had been too thick for them to learn where he was. The last the soldier had seen of the Captain was when he had heard Trumpeter Fink sounding the call.

There was a Lieutenant at the fort who had had a leg broken, and on that account had been unable to go out with the command. Mrs. Flockton went to him for information.

"They are certain to pull through, Mrs. Flockton. The Captain knows what he is about. He is too good a soldier to cut himself entirely loose from his main support. He will fight himself out of the mess. If it hadn't been for this game-leg, what a chance I should have had!"

There was but little consolation in all this. Gus's improvement was very slow. The Surgeon was still uncertain as to the boy's hearing. More than once Gus asked about his father. Mrs. Flockton was guarded in her replies. All she could say was, "Gus, he is with Captain Flockton, and we will pray God for their safe return." She shuddered when she thought that perhaps her hus-

band and the boy's father might both be lying dead on the plains.

The lady sat near the window of the hospital on a dreary evening. The first snow of winter was falling, and it was some weeks earlier than usual. The wind was rising, and swept across the plain with fitful moanings. What if her husband and his men should, in addition to other dangers, have to breast this cruel storm? Then slowly settled down the gloom. By the lights from the fort the lady could see the snow whirling in eddies on the parade-ground. Then the gale increased, until the tackle on the flag-staff lashed and snapped like a whip.

Mrs. Flockton turned toward the ill boy. Would he be fatherless, and she, would she ever see her husband again? No news—no news. Perhaps no news were better than bad news. Then she remembered that it was Thanksgiving. How many happy homes there were now all over the country, and joyous husbands and fathers, wives and mothers, and merry children! If Gus was awake she would try and tell him about a real New England Thanksgiving, and so amusing him forget her own troubles.

Gus moved, as if in his sleep. Then he leaned on his elbow, rubbed his eyes, and looked around him.

"Lie down, my poor little man," said Mrs. Flockton, speaking softly. "What disturbs you? See, I am here. I know. Those windows rattle so, and the wind is howling! No, you cannot hear it! I forgot that his hearing has been so dulled by the fever. Maybe it's all for the best."

Gus was seated on his bed, gazing as it were at vacancy. His eyes were wide open, fixed on something she could not see. He put his finger to his lips, as if imploring silence.

Mrs. Flockton was neither silly nor superstitious, for these two conditions are about the same, but she was anxious about Gus. Had there come a crisis in his disease? Was he going out of his mind? Should she call the hospital nurse? Was he asleep or awake?

"Listen!" said Gus, in a whisper. "There! there!"

"I hear nothing, Gus; only the screaming of the cruel wind and the pelting of the snow on the glass."

"But I hear. There it goes again—over there. It's ever so far."

"What?—what do you hear?"

"The trumpet. It's father's trumpet the rally."

"Gus, my poor, dear boy, you are dreaming."

"No, no. Nobody but my dear old father can blow like that. It's so far off, and now that storm gust has smothered it. But it comes again—the last note of it. Go, please, tell somebody."

Then out hurried Mrs. Flockton, found the Lieutenant on crutches, and she told him what Gus had said, and his response was, "My dear madam, it's a sick boy's fancy." But he was interested, though he pretended that he was not. Be it as it may, he ordered out a squad of willing men, and sent them off to face the blinding storm.

Mrs. Flockton hastened back to Gus. She had not the heart to chide him, for, wrapped up now in a coverlet, he was out of bed and near the window, and he said: "Father is blowing away. Don't you understand, Mrs. Flockton? He must blow to warm himself and keep the boys in heart."

"You can, then, hear him?" asked Mrs. Flockton, still doubting.

"I heard the squad of men just leave the fort. They were going the wrong way. It's on the other side my father and the Captain are coming!" cried Gus, with an air of conviction.

Gus was right, for in a quarter of an hour afterward that trumpet call, at first so faint, became more and more audible. You may depend upon it, the soldiers had a

warm welcome. There had been heavy fighting. Many a noble trooper was missing from the ranks, and two officers' graves were on the plains; but the Captain, save for a slight flesh-wound from an Indian arrow, was all right, and Trumpeter Fink had not been touched. The Indians had been badly beaten, and the whipping they got was in no small measure due to Captain Flockton, who, cutting his way right through the middle of the Sioux, broke them up.

"You hear me, Gus. I blow for Mrs. Flockton and for you—that good lady what nuss you. You deaf? Nonsense! But still it was funny you hear me four, five mile off. Maybe it was the winds that carry the sound. Anyvays, you make a thin note in a blizzard, and where be that note? Dere never was a Fink that had not good long ears—that runs in the familie. I tell you not to put on the trumpet new cord and tassell. That was an insbiration. A ball come and cut through the old cord, and the trumpet fell down; but I picked it up, and I think I settle the hash for that Indian. Want to steal one trumpet the broberoty of the United States? Zo!"

Gus's ears were quite as good as ever. When I saw him last he was a man of twenty-four, and was nothing less than the leader of a military band. His father, for long and meritorious service, was enjoying a pension; and this is about what Conrad Fink said to me:

"A good trumpeter, that is perhaps somedings; but to take a band and make it play good, that is somedings else, and they think once my Gus was deaf—ach! Well, I never believe Gus get furdher than me. Still he love that old trumpet mit the faded yellow cord and tassell, and we hang it around his mother's picture. That good lady Mrs. Colonel Flockton she have it painted, and give it to him. You see, his mother sing to him when Gus joust could open his eye. You never hear me play bugle? You dance mit a bugle, and you fights mit a trumpet. There was no more bugles in the army."



A HOLIDAY THOUGHT.

I HAVE sat here quite an hour, for I've nothing else to do: A holiday is much too long. I really think, don't you? A day at school has such a lot of things to be done in it, It never seems to last much more than half a minute.

UNCLE PETER'S TRUST.*

BY GEORGE B. PERRY.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTAIN MORRISON, still in charge of the faithful Harvey, retired from the room as the visitor entered. Dr. Trevelyan courteously invited his visitor to rest.

"Commander Prideaux, I presume?" he said, mechanically. Then glancing at the card, which he still held in his hand, his brow clouded, and his next words, uttered before his caller could speak, were very cold and distant.

"You are a commander in the coast-guard, sir?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes."

"Excuse me, sir," he said, stiffly. The Doctor was confused. The agitation of the interview with his patient had been too much for him. He pressed his hands to his forehead, and when he spoke again it was with trembling accents, which only faintly expressed the measure of his disbelief of his visitor's claim to the name on the card: "I knew of a gentleman of the your-name—once—sir, but—"

"Frank Trevelyan! don't you know me?"

"Know you?" almost shrieked the Doctor. "Stand off, man! Who are you? I knew one Prideaux. He is dead!—drowned! Off, sir! How dare you assume his name?"

"Frank, old boy, am I so changed?"

"I'm going mad myself, I think," muttered the Doctor. He walked up and down the room for a moment, then turned to his visitor and looked earnestly in his face, and then, with a glad cry of recognition, flung himself on his old friend's neck.

"Joe! Joe! Joe! I thought you were drowned!"

"So did every one, I believe. So did the friends of one of my men, who have almost devoured him by this time, and will scarcely believe that he has not risen from the dead."

"And you have not, dear Joe?"

"Almost," said Prideaux. "I've been to Valparaiso, and that is as near out of the world as I want to go."

"How did it happen?" said Trevelyan. He held his friend's hand in his own, and gazed earnestly in the weather-beaten face.

"Well, you know the first part of the story, how we were upset. Two were drowned out of the four."

"Their bodies were picked up," said the Doctor. "Bar-nard and I spent days and weeks watching for yours."

Prideaux continued: "We were driven helplessly out to sea. How the boat escaped foundering is a thing I cannot account for. We stripped off some of her sheathing, and managed to use it as a steering oar, but we were helpless to do anything else. We were three days and nights in the boat, and then we were picked up by an outward-bound vessel."

"Then all your troubles were ended?" said the Doctor.

"Then all our troubles began," said Prideaux, dryly.

"The skipper would not go out of his course for any inducement I could offer. The utmost he would do was to

promise to put us on board a homeward-bound ship if we met one. But we did not meet any, except at times when no sane man could think of making the attempt to board them. So we made the best of it. The ship was short-handed; she was a wretched old tub."

"There is a proverb about speaking well of the bridge that carries one over," said the Doctor.

"True; the *Betsy Jane*, of Shoreham, was our salvation, after all. But even that couldn't make her a credit to the builder, and the Captain had all he could do to move her along at a rate which would prevent her being a daily loss to the unfortunate owners. We turned to with the crew. Jack Marlinspike and myself were an



"KNOW YOU?" ALMOST SHRIEKED THE DOCTOR. "STAND OFF, MAN!"

agreeable addition, especially as we cost nothing but food and a change of clothing.

"When we did get to Valparaiso my trouble began. The consul was incredulous, and to make a long story short, I had to exist anyhow till the *Cygnnet*, on the South American station, put in there, and I almost had to beg for money to enable me to reach her in the harbor. Fortunately for me, the *Cygnnet* had an old shipmate of mine aboard, and I was all right. I came home in her."

"You did not write," said his friend, reproachfully.

"I did write. But to add to the chapter of accidents, the mail-boat was lost with all her mails. Perhaps you never knew how much you were interested in the loss of the *Severn*?"

"Never even heard of her."

"Very likely. The last place you might expect a letter from would be in her mail-bags. The *Cygnnet*, there-

fore, brought home the mails, and it was, of course, useless to write.

"Now, my dear Frank, I expect Barnard here soon. We are interested in making inquiries about one of your patients, who has been hopelessly insane for years. We hope—a faint hope, truly—that some glimmer of reason has come to the poor fellow, because much depends on it."

"Your old friend No. 23, I presume?" said Trevelyan.

"Yes; I had forgotten that I had often called on you about him before. How is he?"

"Are you much interested in him?"

"Very much indeed."

"Would it be asking too much if I sought to know why?"

"Not at all."

The Lieutenant proceeded to tell his friend as much of Joe's history as the reader is aware of, and Dr. Trevelyan listened with the greatest interest.

"Now don't believe that I am anxious to find out that any one but myself has a right to the little fellow, who is as headstrong a young whelp as was ever attached to a bachelor lieutenant. He took it in his head to go away from the place where I had placed him, and follow his own line. He is in India now; and of all things, a drummer, bugler, fifer, or some other nondescript animal, in the Sixth Regiment."

"His name?"

"Joe called after myself: Stetson—after the old cockswain of the life-boat who fished him out of the water."

The Doctor rose, and placed in his hands the daily paper which he had just glanced at. It contained a graphic story of the attack in which Bugler Stetson had distinguished himself. The Lieutenant read it eagerly. Then he laid down the paper.

"He's the lad I always took him to be! If only he had been a sailor!"

"Now," said Trevelyan, dryly, "as soon as you can be rational over the brave boy—you needn't devour that newspaper—we can talk, and, as the advertisements say, you may hear of something to your advantage."

"Proceed, Frank; I am all attention. But the boy is a brick. I can fancy the curly-headed young rascal standing, amid the crashing of the timbers around him, with the bugle, blowing its clear notes as coolly as if he were on the parade-ground—"

"Now listen, will you? You're a boy yourself, in spite of your years. Captain Morrison—"

"Who's he?"

"Your old acquaintance—No. 23."

"How did you learn his name?"

"From the best possible authority—himself."

"What! you don't mean to say—"

"I can't say if you won't let me," said Trevelyan, laughing, as he lightly shook off the excited Lieutenant's grasp on his arm. "The Captain, who has been insane for nearly fourteen years, is now restored to reason."

"Thank God!" said the Lieutenant.

"For what?" said Trevelyan, dryly. "Because your paragon of a boy will find his parents?"

The Lieutenant's face fell. He was silent for a moment.

"Well, yes; it will be better. But that any one in the world has a better right to him than I, I doubt very much."

Trevelyan then told the story of the recovery of Captain Morrison.

"Now," said he, "speaking as a physician, who is nothing if he is not that disagreeable individual known as a candid friend, I am going to put my professional foot down on any attempt to agitate Captain Morrison on this matter to-night; or to-morrow either," he added, "unless I find he is able to bear it."

"So I must wait?" said Prideaux.

"So you must wait. But if there is any chance of hearing it, you and Charlie Barnard may have the chance to-morrow. In the mean time my patient must not be further agitated." And having laid down the law in these terms, the autocrat of the asylum passed on to the discussion of less serious subjects.

The time thus passed pleasantly till the arrival of Captain Barnard added his share of the interest to the expected story of the Captain.

Trevelyan was by no means disposed to disturb his patient; but a favorable report from Harvey induced him to put the Captain to a test, and with a preliminary caution to the two eager inquirers, he introduced Captain Morrison to them, insisting that he (the Doctor) should be given full power to stop the conversation if it became too exciting for his patient.

The Captain, however, was found perfectly calm. He had, in the interval since his interview with the Doctor, gone over the events in which he had last consciously figured, and his memory was as fresh on the subject as if they had occurred only a few days ago. The three men soon understood each other. The Captain, learning that the child—the baby, for he could not fairly realize that the infant was now a youth—was alive, eagerly joined in the desire of the two friends to know of his origin.

"Where is the child?" he asked.

"In India," responded Prideaux.

"India? With his father?"

"Father!" exclaimed Prideaux and Barnard, simultaneously.

"Yes; his father is in India—was in India, I mean," corrected the patient.

"Tell us, if you can, without too much pain, all the incidents of the wreck and of the parentage of the child," said Barnard, gently.

CHAPTER XXII.

"LET me begin at the beginning," said Morrison, after a pause. "Bear with me, for I am yet weak, as I try to recall the scenes which brought me here.

"John Vidal and myself were old school-mates and friends. It is not necessary to go into particulars, save to say that we were both natives of Salem, Massachusetts, and that when we grew up we followed different pursuits. My thoughts were of the sea, his of business. I went to sea; he to the counting-house of a merchant whose ships I sailed. Both of us won promotion in our respective professions. John became partner in the firm; I rose to be Captain of the finest of the firm's vessels.

"The dealings of the house with India made it necessary that one of the firm should go to that country, and John was chosen for that office. He and his young wife sailed with me for Calcutta; and our long friendship, begun in school years, grew closer by the contact of the voyage.

"He staid in India for several years, and under his care a business was developed which kept the *Flying Scud* in motion between Calcutta and Salem. Everything was prosperous. John was amassing wealth, and I too had purchased a larger interest in the ship I commanded.

"Three years after I had taken John Vidal and his wife to India, the *Flying Scud* entered the Hooghly; and as soon as the necessary formalities of the ship's arrival had been complied with, I left her in charge of the chief officer, and at John's earnest request hastened to his house.

"Trouble had come upon them. Mrs. Vidal was gradually drooping, in spite of all that could be done for her, and their child was puny and weak. The climate was against both of them.

"It was too much of a price to pay even for rapidly

acquired wealth. John spoke of closing up the firm's interest in Calcutta and going back to the United States. This would have been a serious loss, and so he was easily persuaded to allow his wife and child to go to Europe, as the doctors earnestly advised.

"It was finally decided that she should seek the south of France; and thither, as soon as some one arrived from the States to take his place, John would sail also, hoping to find his beloved ones so restored that he could take them back to Salem once more.

"The *Flying Scud* was to take a cargo for Europe, and return thence to Salem or Boston. Better opportunity could not be had. Mrs. Vidal and her infant—also named John, after his father—came on board, and the *Flying Scud* cleared from Calcutta for Bordeaux.

"It seemed as if the elements conspired against us on that voyage. Before the Cape was reached, over two months had gone by, and we had to refit there before we could proceed farther.

"A letter sent to John Vidal from his wife told him all, but it contained one gleam of comfort. Rough as the voyage had been, the health of Mrs. Vidal had considerably improved. For that reason, and because of her renewed health, came high spirits and confidence. She refused to go to Europe by the Cape mail-steamer. It was the last John Vidal ever heard of his wife and child.

"We sailed from the Cape with every prospect of fine weather and favorable conditions; but they did not last long. Contrary winds, the thousand-and-one accidents that might occur to delay a ship, seemed to make us their mark. To add to our discomfort, the weather was as foul as the wind. Scurvy broke out among the crew; many of them died from its effects.

"Worse yet, they began to grow dissatisfied. Taking advantage of a time when I was so sick as to be unable to offer the least resistance, some of the crew, with the second mate, took the long-boat and abandoned the ship, which they felt was doomed, preferring to take their chances in the boat, even with the crime of mutiny and desertion added to their difficulties.

"Weeks ran into months, and we, the few that were left, worked hard, fared hard, and all to no purpose. We tried to fetch the Western Isles—we might as well have tried to fetch the North Pole; and in a fierce gale which the *Scud* encountered she lost everything from her deck, even the miserable remnants of her people, except Mrs. Vidal, the child, a lascar I had shipped at Cape Town, and myself.

"The end of our misfortunes seemed to have been reached. The two or three faithful sailors who had remained true to their duty despite the appeals of the mutineers had been drowned, and only one man, whom all had distrusted and feared—the lascar—was left. The crew had long since set him down as the Jonah of the vessel. It was only a wonder that he had not been thrown overboard. I saved him from such a fate once, and he was as grateful for it as lascars usually are.

"It seemed as if we had been cast off entirely from the world of the living. Only at rare intervals could we sight a vessel, and then she either did not or would not notice us, or the sea was so high that she could not help, and did not try to.

"My heart was heavy, not so much at my own loss—though, even if life were saved, that was heavy indeed—but for the suffering inflicted on the wife and child of my friend John Vidal. For the child's sake we starved ourselves, giving it the larger portion of the little food we had managed to secure before it was all spoiled.

"In this strait I had to watch the child especially, for the lascar's evident intention was to get it in his power. I saw him steal aft by the deck-house, and knowing his errand—well, that was the last of him.

"I knew we were near the Channel, but we were as far

removed from assistance, or even the sight of a ship, as if we were in the southern Pacific. In the fierce weather that continued we expected to founder every moment. In the afternoon of the last day we sighted the Scillies, and we began to hope that it might be possible to fall in with a pilot-boat, but no chance occurred.

"Night was closing around us when we caught sight of the Brissons. I saw the rock, recognized it, and tried to so direct the ship that we might run her ashore on the sandy beach between Cape Cornwall and the Land's End, but could do nothing. I had no boats—no power to manage them if I had. I did hope that a raft might be so managed as to reach the shore, and so out of a couple of spars I contrived such, and we managed to float off from the *Flying Scud*. I had lashed Mrs. Vidal to the spar, and believed I could get on myself.

"It was an awful failure. I saw the spars tossed about at the mercy of the pitiless sea as I felt myself flung against the side of the rock. From my own place of comparative safety I saw the horrible sight—the wife and babe of my best friend perishing before my eyes—perhaps by my fault—and I knew no more."

The unfortunate man buried his face in his hands, and sobbed like a child.

Prideaux then took up the story, and told how the rescue of Joe was effected, not forgetting words of warm praise for his old friend the cockswain.

The half-hour interview had grown into more than three hours' earnest conversation. Before it had ended the identity of Joe was satisfactorily established. It remained only for Morrison to visit Sennen and recognize the clothing worn by the child and the unfortunate lady, and add to the still blank tombstone the name of Mary Vidal, whose son even at that time was fighting side by side with his unknown father on the plains of central India.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

FEW boys ever started in life under more unfavorable circumstances, and with less prospect of fame and fortune, than Meyer Anselm, the founder of the great banking house of Rothschild, and the man of whom Wilhelm, Landgrave of Hesse, exclaimed in his enthusiasm, "Such honesty never has been known in this world!" Not only was Meyer Anselm poor, but he belonged to the then despised and persecuted race the Jews. Living in this later day, when much of the hatred and prejudice felt against the Jews has given way to more just and liberal sentiments, we can hardly understand with what extreme contempt and loathing they were treated in young Anselm's day. As a specimen of it, however, we read that in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, the city where he was born, the Jews were so detested by the other inhabitants that they were compelled to live in a certain quarter which was shut in by gates. During the day they might go about, but at night they must all retire to their own quarter, and there the gates were locked, so that they should not venture out again until morning. If by any chance a Jew was found outside the "Judengasse" after a certain hour he was put to death. Think what chance a poor little lad like this had of becoming one of the wealthiest and most distinguished personages of his age! Yet he did it, and that too by no other means than behaving with the utmost uprightness and honesty.

To add to his other misfortunes, young Anselm found himself at the age of eleven an orphan. Now his prospect was darker than ever, for the Jews are nearly always kind to their children, and do all that they can to give them a start in the world. In some way or other, how-



BENJAMIN HARRISON MCKEE, GRANDSON OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.—SEE PAGE 50.

ever, he secured some little education, and as a young man we find him employed in a banking house in the town of Hanover. He was in no hurry to go into business for himself, as so many young men are, so it is not until he is in his thirtieth year that we find him back in Hanover, established as a broker and a money-lender, with a red shield (Roth schild) as a sign hung over his shop. Here he did an excellent business, establishing the reputation for honesty that led to his good fortune. Yet all his dealings were not in prosaic stocks and bonds and other securities representing money; he found time to interest himself in what we now call "numismatics," and finally he became known as a dealer in and one of the best authorities upon rare and ancient coins. Among his customers for these was Landgrave William of Hesse.

American boys will remember this William, the Elector of Hesse, as he afterward became, as the ruler who hired his soldiers to the King of Great Britain, who sent them over here to help his red-coats fight against us in the war of Independence. Not all the soldiers of King George, I think, caused such dismay among the simple farming folk in our New England valleys as these bearded Hessians with their strange German speech. But a terrible calamity was in store for William of Hesse. Napoleon's armies invaded his land, he was driven from his high

place, and all his great wealth pronounced forfeit to the French crown. In his despair he placed all the money he could gather (it amounted to over a million dollars) in the hands of the honest banker Anselm for safe-keeping.

We all know the story of Napoleon's terrible downfall, how the allied armies crushed the great warrior, and Europe began to draw breath and hope for rest and peace and security after her terrible experiences. The Landgrave of Hesse returned to his home. What was his astonishment when, a few days later, the eldest son of Meyer Anselm presented himself before him and placed in the astonished ruler's hands more than a million and a half of dollars, this being the amount to which the original sum intrusted to his father had been increased through judicious care and profitable investment! Do you wonder that the astonished Landgrave uttered the exclamation quoted at the beginning of this sketch? In his delight he knighted the young man at once, and for a long time his principal subject of conversation was the honesty and integrity of the banker. Of course his fame grew. People having money to invest were one and all anxious to place it in his hands. Soon he became the accredited agent of governments having loans to place, and from a simple German

banking house the firm opened branches in several of the great cities of Europe. So enormous is the amount of business done and the influence exerted by the Rothschilds that it is currently said of them that on two or three occasions they have successfully exerted themselves to preserve the peace of Europe. Their house now has its establishments in London, Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, and its agencies in New York and other great cities in both hemispheres. Their name is now a synonym for wealth as in earlier days it stood and still stands for fair dealing.

What finer illustration could we have of the grand old adage that "honesty is the best policy"? What a very simple matter it would have been in that time of panic and confusion for Meyer Anselm to have retained, or at least made an unfair accounting of, the sum William had secretly placed in his care. Not so; he returned to his sovereign all he had given him, and all that had been won by its skilful management while in his hands. His reward was enduring fame and the largest fortune ever in the possession of a single family.

Surely this is not an unjust world, or one where integrity and patient well-doing are not rewarded, when simply through honesty and hard work young Meyer Anselm, of the Judengasse in Frankfort, may rise to the position occupied by the Baron Rothschild.



THEIR THANKSGIVING DINNER.—Drawn by ALICE BARBER.

HOME STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

PETS.

A FEW years ago I sent an artist friend of mine a collection of curious pictures that had been painted with home-made colors by a poor Tennessee mountain boy who had never seen a school-house in his life.

"It's a puzzle how he managed to get his poke-berry paint in so many different shades," wrote my friend; "but what would interest me still more is the question what tricks a genius of that sort would have accomplished with the outfit of a modern art school."

A similar reflection is often suggested by the docility of certain wild birds and animals. How tame, for instance, would crows become if they had been petted, like chickens and pigeons, for hundreds of generations! Barn-yard fowl were kept in Hindostan five thousand years ago, and their descendants have ever since remained under human protection; but on the most trifling occasion their natural shyness will get the better of their confidence. The opening of an umbrella, the fluttering of a shawl or a handkerchief, is enough to scatter them in shrieking flight, and on meeting a stranger in a narrow lane their alarm seems almost to drive them crazy. A pet crow under such circumstances would step quietly aside to let the traveller pass. I once had a tame mountain raven (just the shape and color of a crow, but a little larger) that always met visitors at the gate, and after pecking their shoes to make sure of attracting their attention, would strut along with all the gravity of a military adjutant. At the sight of a stick he would sometimes fly up with a loud croak, but come down again the next minute, and cocking his head, would face his opponent with an inquisitive stare. Dogs could not scare him at all. At the approach of a strange cur he would merely spread his wings or hop up and down, as if daring the intruder to begin the scrimmage.

Monkeys get even tamer. A young Chama baboon will cling to his owner like an affectionate baby, and after being put down in the middle of a public street is very apt to mount the next corner and clutch his coat like an orphan claiming the protection of a responsible relative. One evening a neighbor with a large dog entered our garden to sell me a string of trout, and by some mistake opened the door of a little summer-house where I kept a pet Rhesus monkey and a hutch of fox-squirrels. At sight of the dog the monkey and one of the squirrels dashed out, and after hunting about the shrubbery for nearly an hour I thought I had seen the last of them, especially of my little Rhesus, as strayed monkeys have not much talent for finding their way back home. But early the next morning, as I was going toward town, I saw our little deserter sitting in the middle of a cross-road, evidently waiting for something to turn up. The moment he saw me he started to meet me, but hearing a wagon approaching from the other side, he turned around, jumped up, and took a seat by the side of the astonished driver. He has learned to accompany my boy Willie on his pony rides, and always claims the front seat of the saddle, where he can survey the country in all directions. One Saturday afternoon, when the hill roads were swarming with mischievous boys, one of Willie's playmates ran up under pretext of handing the pony an ear of corn, and watching his chance, grabbed the monkey's tail, and flung him off with a sudden jerk. Master Rhesus fell over on his back, and for a moment lay still, almost speechless with rage; then, picking himself up, he raced after the pony with loud screams, and the moment Willie stopped he clambered up, and regained his seat with a reproachful mumble. Yet the parents of that persistent pet had reared him in the jungle woods of Cor-

omandel, and the hunters who captured him, and probably killed his mother, may have been the first human beings he ever saw.

Cats, on the other hand, have been petted since the days of the Pharaohs, yet not one in a thousand modern tabbies can be persuaded to accompany her master across the street. A Swiss clergyman of my acquaintance was reputed to have a Maltese she-cat that followed him all the way to a distant vineyard; but upon inquiry I ascertained that the vineyard hills swarmed with conies, and the proprietor frankly owned that his four-footed companion could not be coaxed to follow him anywhere else, and, moreover, always took her own time about coming home. In other words, she went her own way, with or without his company. If monkeys had been domesticated half as long as cats, they would follow us in-doors and out-doors, and could possibly be trained to catch squirrels, though it is rather doubtful if they could be trusted to gather tree fruit. The moment their master is out of sight the best-trained monkeys will proceed to help themselves to everything within reach of their long fingers, even after satisfying all the demands of a reasonable appetite.

In that respect, though, there is a considerable difference between various species of our tree-climbing relatives. "What is a monkey?" asked the teacher of the primer class. "A very small boy with a tail," replied a girl on the front bench; and some of my long-tailed pets were really not unlike that boy who "could not leave doughnuts alone, but was never known to steal a dictionary." They could not keep their hands off tidbits, but outside of the pantry could be trusted to behave well for hours together. The little South American Tamarin monkey (a creature about the size of a pug-dog, but maned and tassel-tailed like a little lion) handles its playthings more carefully than most children, and in a strange house seems almost afraid to stir without the owner's permission, while the baboons and the numerous varieties of African and Indian *macaques* (pronounced makaks) really appear to love mischief for its own sake, and have a distressing talent for doing the largest amount of actual damage in the shortest possible time. My pet bonnet-macaque twice managed to get his claws on my library, and on both occasions used his chance for tearing up the very best books he could reach: one an illustrated work on the Austrian Alps, and the other time a geographical handbook in a binding ornamented with two gilded hemispheres, that possibly reminded the little wretch of sliced apples. He never misses an opportunity to twist the tail of his companion, a chattering youngster of his own species, but at the approach of a puppy the two four-handers will at once combine against the new-comer, who may think himself lucky to get off with a sore ear, or with his jaws stuffed full of sand and sawdust.

Of all the creatures of our Northern woodlands, an old ground-hog ("woodchuck," as they call it in Pennsylvania) is about the surliest. A new-caught customer of that sort was once chained up in a box, and during my absence put out of the rain under a shed where our two macaques made their summer head-quarters. When I came home toward evening that shed was clattering in a way that at once attracted my attention. The macaques would steal up on tiptoe from behind a pile of old rugs, then suddenly push open the ground-hog's box, and jump out of reach of the wrathful tenant, who never failed to rush out hissing and snapping at the innocent rugs, for the perpetrators of the outrage had by that time retreated behind a big toad-chest, where they squatted down flat, and seemed to compare notes in a sort of solemn whisper. Curiosity could hardly explain their manœuvre, for the gardener told me that they had been at this for more than two hours, and the repetition of the trick seemed evidently prompted by a sheer passion for mischief.

In my Tennessee mountain house I have for years kept

a she-baboon that often attracts visitors from a distance of twenty miles. She certainly loves company, for she shakes hands with all comers, and on receipt of anything to eat her gratitude shows itself in extravagant jumps and demonstrations of personal affection. In winter-time she will often amuse herself and her audience by performing a sort of quadrille, leaping round and round, and slapping down her fore-hand with indefatigable energy, or sit up in front of a bench and look over a stack of illustrated newspapers, turning the leaves like a school-boy, and putting down her finger (and often her nose) whenever she comes across a specially attractive picture.

But the popularity of that pet undergoes a rapid decline whenever she manages to unfasten the strap of her hen chain. On one occasion Jenny crawled up into a hen-roost above the cow stable, and in less than five minutes had turned a dozen chickens into objects that would have fitted that Grecian philosopher's definition of a human being—"a two-legged creature without feathers and without the faculty of flight." Another time she got on top of a kitchen shelf, where she stuck her fist into jar after jar of sweet preserves, tasting the contents, and getting rid of an occasional surplus by smearing her hands over the whitewashed wall, while in the midst of her rapid performance she had found time for oil-painting the floor by flinging the kerosene lamp at the household cat. To lessen her opportunities for mischief, her long wire chain has been tied into several knots; but every now and then she contrives to lengthen her tether by loosening the hitch of those knots and crawling through the loops. If the change of circumstances is not instantly discovered, she climbs the fence and jumps down on the other side into a nursery of seed plants, which her lengthened chain at full stretch will just permit her to reach, and from a sheer love of havoc, rather than from a special fondness for pot seeds, she will tear up an armful of vegetables, and remount the fence with a grunt of satisfaction. Before the end of the day the garden boy is pretty sure to avenge the outrage with a hickory switch; but the certainty of that result does not prevent Jenny from repeating the experiment, though at the approach of the avenger she always clutches the fence post with a howl of abject terror.

The mischievousness of dogs is generally confined to the time of their puppyhood, but pet dealers often notice the curious fact that the perversity of certain wild animals increases with their age. A Georgia mountaineer, who every year sells dozens of fawns to the visitors at a neighboring health resort, once told me that most of his speckled pets had been captured by his little boy in the huckleberry season.

"Up in the Cobutta Ridge, six miles from here," he said, "is a berry patch, where my youngster once caught three fawns in one day."

"Six miles? How could he carry them that far?" I inquired.

"Why, they just follow you," he said. "After you carry one a few hundred yards, and his mother is out of sight, he will trot after you like a pet kid, and break out yelping [bleating] if you run too fast."

Full-grown deer, on the other hand, are extremely independent pets. They may hang about a farm-house, where they receive frequent tidbits, but at the slightest provocation will take to the woods, and often attack their own master. One in the country park of a New York gentleman flung down its owner, and would have killed him with its spiked horns if a wood-cutter had not rushed to the rescue in the nick of time.

The larger cats (panthers, lynxes, etc.) too are rather dangerous pets after they have passed the midway stage of their growth, though in their kitten weeks they may be as affectionate as lap-dogs. The naturalist Brehm, who was nearly killed by a pet leopard, had provoked the

life-and-death struggle by accidentally stepping upon the tail of his sensitive friend; and a Mexican store-keeper of my acquaintance wore out a bundle of cat-whips in the vain attempt to cure the mischievous tricks of a pet catamount (or "lion," as he persisted in calling it)—a fat old tom-puma, who was too good-natured to hurt a child, but never missed an opportunity to raid the provision stores of his master. The trader's good wife, who had taken the "lion" under her special protection, generally managed to patch up a peace; but one morning a general hue-and-cry seemed to indicate that matters had come to a crisis, and two minutes after, the old lady herself rushed into my office with a large basketful of broken egg-shells.

"Won't you please buy a he-lion, sir?" she gasped. "They say you like curiosities, and you shall have this one cheap. Won't you buy him, please?"

"Why, what's all this?" I inquired, with a look at the dripping basket.

"Eggs, señor," she wailed; "that is, they *were*. We left the store box open a moment, and the lion got in and ate them all."

"Never mind," I laughed; "you'll get over that by-and-by, and forgive him once more."

"No, never," she insisted. "We have to kill him this time if we can't sell him this very morning."

"Maybe he thought the box was left open on purpose," I suggested.

"No, that's no excuse at all," cried the old lady. "Eggs is thirty-five cents a dozen now, and he should know better than eat a whole basketful."

THE FLUTE-PLAYER AND THE SNAKES.

BY DAVID KER.

THERE was great rejoicing in the English garrison at Colombo (the capital of Ceylon) when Alfred Hunt, the junior Lieutenant of the regiment, was sent to take charge of a small out-of-the-way hill fort far up in the interior of the island. This was certainly rather hard on poor Lieutenant Hunt, who was not only an excellent officer, but a very pleasant, good-natured, easy-going fellow, a capital rider, a very fair shot, and an extremely amusing talker. In fact his worst enemy could only have found two faults in him, but unluckily these were of such a kind as to put all his good qualities out of sight. He was immensely fond of playing the flute, and he always played it most terribly out of tune.

"Wattepolowa is just the place for him to go to," said one of the other officers, with a grin. "There's no other white man there for him to worry, and the native soldiers won't care how much he blows that old flute of his. And then, if anybody should attack the fort, the noise that he'll make will be enough to frighten 'em all away without needing to fire a shot."

Hunt himself was quite as well pleased to be off to his distant post as his comrades were to see him go. He greatly preferred the fresh, breezy hills to the hot, sickly flats of the coast, and he was only too glad to get a chance of going to any place where he would be able to play his beloved flute as much as he liked, without any fear of finding that somebody had plugged up all the holes in it with beeswax, or had hidden under the table a dog which had been taught to begin howling with all its might the moment he began to play.

But mingled with the young Lieutenant's satisfaction at the thought of being sent to Wattepolowa there was one drop of bitterness, viz., that he had heard it spoken of by his brother officers as one of the worst places for snakes in the whole of Ceylon. Now it happened that snakes were just the one thing of which Hunt had an especial horror, and the thought of waking up some morning to

find a boa-constrictor dangling down over his bed like a bell-rope, or to see two or three yards of venomous cobra curling gracefully out of one of his boots just as he was going to put it on, was anything but a pleasant idea.

"But, to be sure," said he to himself, "I'm not obliged to believe all that. I dare say the fellows have made it up just on purpose to try and frighten me."

And he was even more inclined to think so when he got to Wattepolowa, for during the first two days not a single snake made his appearance, and the Lieutenant was more pleased than ever with his change of quarters.

Just at first he was much too busy to have any time for flute-playing, but on the third morning he thought he might begin practising again, and seating himself snugly in the shade of a few trees that overhung a tiny brook just outside the fort, he tootled away to his heart's content.

"It was a rare bit of luck for me to be sent up here," he chuckled, as he paused for a moment to take breath. "In this quiet place, with nothing to annoy me, and plenty of time for my music, I shall be as happy as a king."

Scarcely were the words spoken when this happy man chanced to cast his eyes upward, and saw, hanging like a green ribbon from the bough above him, a peculiarly deadly serpent swaying to and fro in time to his music, and seemingly just about to drop down upon his head.

But before the reptile could make a spring, the Lieutenant made another, which carried him at least six feet away, and the next moment he was running toward the fort as if for his life, at a pace compared with which his speed when he won the regimental "flat race" at Colombo was as nothing.

Hating the very sight of a snake as he did, it was no wonder that this startling adventure gave him a pretty severe shock, nor did he quite recover himself till he had had his afternoon nap and eaten a pretty substantial dinner. But when the cool of evening came, and the full moon rose in its brightness above the tall feathery palm-trees, our hero bethought himself of his flute again, and took it out on to the veranda to finish the practising which the serpent's intrusion had interrupted.

All at once there was a loud cry from the compound.

"What's the matter now?" called out Lieutenant Hunt.

"Hunt Sahib [master] make music," answered one of his servants; "two, three snake come for listen; want bite plenty much; man kill them."

The Lieutenant's face fell, as well it might; for if the music that he loved was to be always bringing about him the serpents that he hated, it would be a bad outlook for him in every way. He went to bed in a very troubled frame of mind, and dreamed that his flute turned into a boa-constrictor half a mile long, and swallowed him and his house at one mouthful.

The next day, however, he ventured to take out his flute again; but this time he took care to avoid the trees, and sat down in an open place, without noticing that there were several clumps of long grass at no great distance.

But hardly had he been playing for five minutes when a serpent came gliding up to him in front, and another behind, and a third on his right hand, and a fourth on his left, till it seemed as if all the snakes in the district were assembling to hold a meeting, with himself for its president. Up he started, and away he scampered at full speed, jumping nearly a yard into the air every time a pliant root quivered under his feet, thinking he had trodden upon a snake!

"When I took to flute-playing," he growled, as he re-entered the fort, "I didn't bargain for becoming a serpent-charmer as well. If this sort of thing's to go on, I shall have to leave off altogether."

In fact Hunt locked up his flute for several days after this adventure; but one hot afternoon, about a week later, when he had just finished reading his last book, and had nothing else to amuse him, he brought the flute out again,

and seating himself beside the open window, set to work. He had just got into the full swing of his performance, when a rank, sickening odor that he knew only too well made him look up to see before him, so close that he could almost have touched it, a huge cobra-di-capello (the deadliest serpent in all Ceylon) keeping time with the motion of its flat speckled head to the air that he was playing, while another was crawling in through the window.

Up sprang the Lieutenant with a bound like an acrobat, and roared for his native servants, who, guessing at once what was wrong, came rushing in, and despatched the two snakes with their heavy bamboo sticks.

"This won't do," growled Hunt, as the dead serpents were dragged away. "If all the snakes in Ceylon are coming to listen every time I play my flute, I won't touch it again while I'm at Wattepolowa."



LITTLE HONORA MULLALLY.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

POOR little Honora Mullally.

At the close of the Thanksgiving Day, Was standing in front of her alley.

A-watching some children at play,

Her gown was a wonderful garment,

All patches from shoulder to hem,

And her hat and her shoes—well, I beg you'll excuse

Any further remarks about them.

But poor little Honora Mullally

Had a face just as bright as could be,

And no flower in meadow or valley

Was ever as pretty as she.

And so thought an old woman, who, passing,

Stopped a moment to smilingly say,

"Why, bless your dear heart, I am sure you have had

A very good dinner to-day."

"Yis, indade," said Honora Mullally,

"I did; for my frind Mrs. Down

Had a hape of sweet-taters that Sallie,

Her sister, baked lovely and brown,

Wil—oh, ma'am, if you could but have seen it—

The fattest and finest of hins.

And they giv' me the gizzard and neck of that hin,


And all of the sweet-tater skins."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Words by MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Music by P. A. SCHNECKER.

Lively.



1. A mil - lion stars are in the sky, But nev - er one so shin - ing fair As that which lit its torch on high. When
2. At gar - ly dawn our feet shall seek The man - ger where the Ba - by lies, The ho - ly Child, all fair and meek. Be -
3. No gold is in our lit - tie hands, Nor an - y spice or balm have we; But let us come in joy - ful bands To
4. And wide and far our Christmas mirth Goes thrill - ing in its hap - py strain, Till dreams the wea - ry, wait - ing earth It

ritard. *f* REFRAIN.

an - gels sang in fields of air. O Star of Love! O Star of Home!... Still
neath a moth - er's brood - ing eyes.
bless the Babe on Ma - ry's knee.
beare the an - gels sing a - gain.

a tempo.
ritard. *f*

guide us on the pil - grim way, Still guide us on the pil - grim way; A - far pro - claim.... a

ff
Sav - our come,..... And ush - er in our Christ - mas Day, our Christ - mas Day.....
ff



MAKING THEIR TOILET.

BENJAMIN HARRISON MCKEE.

THE fine little fellow whose portrait adorns this number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the namesake and grandson of the President-elect, and it is expected that he will be the pet of the White House during the nineteenth administration. The little man is about two years old—not sufficiently advanced yet to appreciate the honor of calling a President "grandpapa." He is the only baby in the land just now who is in direct succession in the Presidential line, for his great-great-grandfather was President William Henry Harrison, inaugurated March 4, 1841, only to die one month later, April 4th of the same year. Happy times in Washington to pretty, bright-eyed Benjamin Harrison McKee!

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE Postmistress feels that she has reason to boast of her correspondents this week. Their letters do credit to our Post-office Box.

RAYMOND, PLANTATION, DEVEREUX PARISH, LOUISIANA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Four of us are going to compose this letter, and mamma will write it for us. Mamma and I have been writing in the paper before, so we hope you will publish it. We live on a sugar plantation two miles from Bayou Goula, near the Texas and Pacific Railroad. We begin planting cane in the latter part of February. We work it with ploughs until July. The last working is called "laying by," and then it is not touched until ripe. In October we begin to grind. They cut off the top with a cane-knife, then cut the cane down, and the people put it into carts and take it to the sugar-house. It is crushed between rollers, and then boiled in kettles until it is syrup, then boiled in a strike-pan until it is sugar, and then cooled in large boxes called coolers. When the sugar is hard they dig a hole in the centre and let the molasses drain into it from the surrounding sugar, and that it dipped up and put into barrels and called cooler molasses. They then take out the sugar and put into hogsheds, which drain into a cistern below. This is pumped into barrels and called cistern molasses. We have a great many pecan-trees in our yard, and when the pecans are ripe I (Fannie) pick them up, and mamma lets me have the money when they are sold. There is a large old live-oak right outside mamma's window, and March is its covering nearly to the top with Cherokee roses. In front of our house and on the side there are large Cape-myrtles which bear pink flowers. We have a great many fig-trees. The figs are ripe now. We have a large grape-vine on our gallery. The grapes are getting ripe now. We have peaches, pears, plums, Japanese persimmons, and a large plum, one of which measures seven inches in circumference. I (Genevieve) have a box of flowers in the gallery. It has bachelor's-buttons, petunias, coleus, Asiatie violets, and rose-geranium in it, and wild violets. We have the plants covered with boxes and pots of flowers, morning-glories running up the posts. We have two rabbits about six months old, one black and pink, and one white and a gray and white one. We had a black and white one, but Gladys petted it to death, so she killed it. We have two little fat puppies and two large dogs named Bertie and Pompey, and a young dog named Star-spangled Banner. There are seven of us, from thirteen years to a baby five months old. Our names are FANNIE, CORA, GENEVIEVE, LEO, LILLIE, JANIE, GLADYS, and MARGUERITE.

DEVEREUX PARISH, LOUISIANA.

There are four of us; Walter is fifteen, I am thirteen, Bessie eleven, Arthur seven. We do

not go to school, but study at home. We live on a farm in southeastern Kansas. There are a great many red birds here, some mocking-birds, scissor-tails, and a great many others. In the spring there are a great many wild flowers. The prettiest flowers in bloom now are golden-rod, purple aster, and pink verbena. For pets we have two cats, a dog, and two colts. The picture, "Chums," in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, reminded us of our pet mare who dies a short time ago. Her name was Belle. She had a colt three months old, named Gypsy. Bessie and I rode Belle a great deal. She stopped whenever we fell off, and she found a hard ground in the orchard, and Walter lassoed it and traded it for a gun. Walter shot two jack-birds. I have read *Under the Lilacs*, *The Love of Harkness*, and six of Scott's novels. Bessie and I would like to join the Little House-keepers. We can cut up a chicken and fry it, make pies and cake. Bessie is ill to-day, and I write this letter in place of studying my lessons. I put your picture in my scrap-book.

ALICE G. B.

WABATON, COLORADO, TEXAS.

I live in the southern part of Texas, four miles from the Colorado River. Our home is situated on the edge of the prairie. I have two brothers younger than myself, and a baby brother not quite a year old. There is a wide prairie in front of the house, over which we ride and chase the range-cared rabbits. My papa, plants corn and cotton and raises cattle. We used to spend every summer on the Gulf coast, but two years ago a storm came, and the big waves washed our house away and we could not go back again. This summer we spent in the mountains.

NANTIE D.

MANTO, TEXAS, OREGON.

I am writing from a little place in the mountains, where we stay every summer. I have two pets a dog named Rover and a donkey named Jack, and am taking care of a little water-spaniel named Zip, which belongs to my sister Lizzie. I saw a letter from my cousin, Bessie M., and thought I would like to write too. I have never written to you before. Good-bye from your little reader.

LOIS M. M.

P. S. I send you a puzzle

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA.

I am a little boy eight years old. I saw Willie S. O. said he did not like to go to school, and I am that way too, but I guess as all men have to go to school I will go too. I think I will be a farmer when I am big. I have a bird and a cat for pets; my cat is black, my bird is yellow. My cat tries to get my bird, so I have to watch him closely. Some time ago some more little boys and I went out for nuts. The place was near our home, so we were not afraid. When I was home I had a good many nuts my sack broke, so I did not get many. De Pauw University is in our town, and my big brother and sister go. There are many students here. I am expecting to have lots of fun this winter with my sled, and I want Santa Claus to bring me a pair of skates. I am writing this letter to keep the paper from getting anything about it. They have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us ever since it has been published.

DAN H. McA

FIT PLAINS, SASKATCHEWAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I cannot write very well. I will ask my mamma to write me to press autumn leaves, and you can print it for the little girl who wants to know how. I am learning to read, so that I can read *Harper's Young People*. This is the first letter I have ever written. I am almost eight years old.

CARL T. G.

Several friends have given suggestions similar to this of Mrs. G., but the Postmistress will insert this as Carl begged his mother to send it. Put it aside for next year's use.

Gather the leaves after the frost has been severe enough to make them brilliant. Take them immediately before they are dry, and prepare as follows: Take a piece of white wax and a medium hot flat-iron. Touch the toe or point of the iron to the wax and iron over the leaf upon the wax. Repeat this operation until the leaf is dry. They will be glossy, and the colors will be preserved in all their brilliancy, and will remain as long as the paper. The waxed leaves are the most brilliant of any which our American trees bear.

MRS. H. L. G.

GRASS FAIR, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I had never seen a letter from this village, and I thought it would be nice to write one. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four years. I like the stories and the pictures. I like Munroe, and I like Lillie very much indeed. I read a letter from Joe Woods, who said she was getting a collection of all kinds of leaves. I am getting a collection too. The way I press my leaves is to put them between two sheets of thick brown paper,

as that is thicker than newspapers. I have quite a collection of ferns. Do you think some one would like to see them? I have been for some years ago I had two kittens given me, and as we were Republicans papa said to name them James G. Blaine and John A. Logan. John ran away very soon, but I kept James. This year I had two more given me, and I named them Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton. As before, the Vice-President ran away and the President staid, but I kept every tiny bird I saw, and I have a little while ago. I hope you will print this.

LIZZIE McCHRON.

FLAT ROCK, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—If you heat an iron to a moderate warmth (not hot enough to singe the leaves), and then lay it with beeswax or spermaceti, and iron the leaves with it, they will keep a long time. We have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE long, but we receive it very much. We had a little pet lamb this summer; its mother was killed by some dogs. It used always to come into the house at prayer-time and lie down under the piano. It took to butting at last, and we had to send it away. I like to read the Post-office Box very much. I have two brothers and one sister, all younger than myself.

JULIA A.

GREENMAN, ILLINOIS.

Our school began the second week of September, and, of course, an orchestra. I am very fond of music, and am organist at school. We use the "Franklin Square Song Collection," and have recently bought the latest. I have them all, and think they are very nice. I have a collection I have seen. I spent a very pleasant vacation this year. In June I went to Springfield, the capital of the State, for a week. It is a very beautiful city; there are many nice houses and such pretty buildings, especially on Fifth and Sixth streets. The Lincoln Monument was a disappointment to me. I had expected to see it, but I had expected too much. Old Ridge Cemetery, which surrounds the monument is lovely. If we had been able to spend more time on it, it would have been a very interesting place. There are many things to look at, such as letters written by Lincoln, and the newspapers in which notices of his death and articles of his were printed. There are one hundred and thirty steps to the top of the monument, but the top is very small, and when our party of three and a young soldier, one of a regiment encamped near there, had arrived, there was no room for the party of four that followed, and they went down, leaving us the field. The trees were so tall that we could not see the monument from the field. I was in the Capitol. It is the most beautiful building that I have ever gone through. It is built of such beautiful stone, and has not been built long enough to show the color of the stone. The parts are still unfinished. It is lighted from the top, and the inner dome is of beautiful stained glass. There are three floors, and then a sort of balcony. This is the most interesting part, rather the lining of the dome, for between this and what is seen from the outside there is a very large space. Memorial Hall is grand! I would rather go again than to any other place. The battle-flags of a great many of the regiments are there, blood-stained and so torn and ragged that a few years ago they were fastened to gauge to keep them from falling to pieces. My cousin and I started to the top, but the post around which the spiral stairs twined shook, and she gave out; we went on alone. I stopped to rest some of the way. There are three sets, I think, of spiral stairs and then two flights of straight ones, and the last flight is so hard to climb, as it is spiral, and, as you look at it, seems utterly impossible, though except by the lining of the dome. Really, though, there are strong iron rods and bands holding it up. I finally arrived at the top all out of breath.

FANNIE H. C.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

We are celebrating the Ohio Centennial. The first week was the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, and it lasted for three hours passing our house. In the parade were carried the old battle-flags; there was one where the flag was torn away, and just the bare pole was carried. I saw the flag of the Union, and the benefit of the Fresh-air Fund, and cleared twenty-six dollars, which I think was pretty well for a little girl. I saw the flag of the Union, and I saw your picture. But I was not taking the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE then. My cousin gave it to me for Christmas. Please count me among your friends and readers.

BESSIE D.

PAIDERS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy just as old as HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and papa has taken it for me from the first number. I have seven bound volumes, and expect to have another soon. I like the stories and the pictures very well. I well soiled at the picture of Santa Claus in the December number. I am very fond of reading, and read in the paper every day. I have just finished reading "Kissing the Poet," and "The Blind." I like the stories "A New Robinson Crusoe."

see" and "Uncle Peter's Trust." I have a sweet little sister named Edna; she was two years old the 12th of November. I have a bull-terrier dog named Meg Merrilies, and a little black kitten. I have never seen a letter from this place, and I hope you will publish mine. The Delaware River runs on one side of Baltimore, and the Chesapeake and Pennsylvania Railroad runs through the town, and our new station has just been opened. I like to play base-ball and go to the woods for chestnuts.

But Horace did not, after all, tell me in which State Palmyra may be found.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl ten years old, and papa writes me every week. I like to write to my brother and me for about a year. I have a baby brother too; he is seventeen months old. My brother and I go to school. My brother is eight years old. We like the story of "Chrystal, Jack, & Co." very much indeed. We all went to Ocean Grove to spend the summer, and had a very nice time indeed playing in the sand.

FLORENCE E. C.

LA GRANGEVILLE, NEW YORK.

We have taken your nice paper ever since it has been published, and we like it very much. We send our papers out to Ohio, and from there it is sent to Kansas, so you see it goes quite a long way, and does some good. There are six kids in our family, three boys and three girls, so you see we are quite a host in ourselves. For pets, we have two cats and two birds. The dogs' names are Sam and Doc. We also have two horses, Bonny and Belle. Don't you think they are pretty names for horses? We have a nice time here in the winter, riding down-hill and sledging. We have a very nice story, and I send the greater part of our time on the hill.

KATIE H.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I was in New York a week ago, and papa took me to the Harpers Building to see you; but you were not there. I wanted to see you, because I had read so much about you. I have a dear little niece nearly two years old, her name is Daisie. She has big blue eyes and golden-brown hair, and a dear little mouth. She calls me Daisie. She is the only pet I have. We live on a hill, and from our house we can see the city and down the Potomac as far as Fort Washington. We also can see Alexandria. We can see the White and the Capitol, and the city very plainly. In the summer we go to the seashore, up in Maine. Papa, mamma, and I staid there until October. We had snow there the day we left, and saw a rose that I have just picked from our garden.

DAISY BLANCH E.

I am sorry I did not see you, Daisy. You must next time come to Brooklyn, where I live. The rose is very pretty still.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My chief object in writing this letter is to tell you a little incident which happened to my sister while travelling in Europe. She was in London and visited St. Paul's Cathedral. She paid her sixpence, and then went to explore the Whispering Gallery. After climbing a winding stair she came to an open door and saw that the gallery is built all around the dome, and has a seat close to the wall all around. She sat down to survey it, when a voice close to her ear whispered "I have to caution loving couples not to talk, as I can hear every word you say." The man who was talking was about forty feet away. After that startling introduction he gave us a wonderful account of the cathedral and the wall is so built that you can whisper and the wall will carry the sound.

LILL.

LEAMINGTON, ONTARIO.

For pets we have a parrot, two canaries, and a black spaniel dog. We had a rabbit, but it ran away. I go to school, am eleven years of age, and in the Fourth Reader. I study arithmetic, reading, spelling, literature, geography, grammar, history, drawing, and writing. I also take lessons on the piano. My father is the editor of the *Free Liberal*, and this paper goes there. We have a great many flowers, which I love.

GERTIE J.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. Mamma says it is a very instructive paper for young people. The only thing I do not like is the change of names. No one ever seems to want anything but stamps, tobacco tags, and printing-presses. I think it must be boys only making exchangings, for so many boys had prettier names than flowers, leaves, and flowers, also quite a variety of flower seeds, box plants, and shrubs, that I would like to exchange with the readers of this paper for

bulbs and other plants. I wish, dear Postmistress, that you could see our beautiful Marshall Niet and other roses that with us need no protection in winter. I hope you will publish my letter, so the little readers can see my offer. I send you in this letter a few cut flowers, which I hope will not lose their sweetness before reaching you.

CLARA AGNES CURRY,
Bainbridge, Georgia.

Thank you, dear.

BIRMINGHAM, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—If you were ever in this city you have heard of the beautiful park named Sea-side Park. It extends about two miles along the shore, and is most beautifully laid out. Part of it is a grove, and there are walks lined with trees and shrubs, winding in and out and giving you unexpected views, and a strong sea-wind follows the curves of the shore, with a wide, hard drive on top. There is also a large open space given to the boys and girls. The Soldiers' Monument stands in full view from the Sound. It has a square granite base about fifteen feet high, with a pillar at each corner supporting a canopy, on which stands a female figure of bronze, extending a wreath, representing the American Republic. Under the canopy is a wide marble statue of Liberty, contrasting strongly with the stalwart figure of a sailor and soldier of bronze, standing one on each side. The band plays on the Grand Stand every evening in summer. We are allowed to go on the grass as much as we wish, but it always looks as nice as those parks where they have signs up. Keep off the grass. I want to tell you how much I enjoy Frank's pictures and the verses accompanying them. His "Victoria" is my favorite, I think. Can you tell me how the poet wrote about four years ago, ever told about her "strange lady"? I have Emily's first two letters in reading my bound volumes, but I was not successful in finding a letter from her explaining about the lady.

MAMIE E. D.

Emily may perhaps write again and tell you about her niece. We will hope so, if she happens to see your letter.

JOLIE, ILLINOIS.

I know this is rather early to talk about Christmas presents, but I always begin early, because I have so little time after school to be going to tell you how to make a shoe-button bag. Cut two pieces of silk or satin, long and wide. Take a piece of card-board a trifle smaller, and cover it with cotton wadding. Sew up the corners of the silk and slip the card-board in. The silk should fit snugly. Then sew up the other end. Take another piece of silk, long and wide, and shir it at one end; fasten this on one end of the card-board so as to form a pocket. Fasten a couple of leaves made of flannel at the other end. Fasten the neck-book, and use it for the silk. Then fasten a spool of black linen thread just below the needle-book with ribbons. Fasten a ribbon on one end to hang it by, and cut some short buttons in the pocket with a stitching on the pocket and cover adds to their appearance. It takes about one yard of ribbon.

LOUISE E.

NEW BRITAIN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I enjoy the Post-office Box more than anything else, especially Wade Hampton R.'s letters. May I make a suggestion in regard to Fussy W.'s recipes? Instead of using mustard for the dressing, could we not use oil and stir it gently so as to give the effect of a nest. The eggs are also very pretty when colored chocolate or pink.

Whether I find any of your readers know how to make photograph frames? I know a very simple but pretty way. Take an old box, and cut your frame as large as you want it, two pieces just alike, and then cut your photograph on one of them and draw a pencil mark around it. Take the picture up and make another square or oval (as the case may be) inside of the larger one, and then cut by that. Next cover both the sides with the cloth plating, China silk, or chintz is pretty), leaving the place for the picture open (you understand, dear Postmistress, do you not?), and paste both together and near the edge as possible. Before putting the picture in, run a paper-cutter through so as to be sure it will not stick. Leave one end open for photographing. Hoping some of your girls will enjoy this pattern, I am, most sincerely, your little friend, JUDITH R.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 2d.

(Spoken and Judged. Judges, 11 to 13.)

"These old Israelites were a fearfully trying sort."

Do you think so, Johnnie? I am of the same opinion, but we must own that there was a good deal of human nature in them. Did you never hear of boys who behaved badly when the teacher was absent from the school-room; of children

who could not be trusted to obey when their father and mother were out of the house? Such boys are very much like the Israelites, for so long as Joshua lived, so long as the old men who had been with Joshua were alive, the people did very well, but as soon as all these good old men were dead, the poor, foolish Israelites forgot God and went down the wrong road.

They followed Baal and Ashtoroth, the idols which were worshipped by the heathen around them. This caused trouble for them in a great deal of trouble, for God would not be their nor be their leader when they were bowing down to false heathen deities, worshipping the sun, moon, and stars, and making everything which Moses and Joshua, and even angels from heaven, had taught them not to do. So nothing that they did prospered. Robbers came and seized their flocks and took away their land, and they went into battle they failed. The Lord was not with them, and so they were weak.

It is just the same with us, children. If one of us has desolved his mother, or cheated his teacher, or in any way violated what his conscience tells him is right, nothing all day will go right. I am sure you must remember hours of being untruthful, or being away in a naughty frame of mind, or felt rebellious, or perhaps disobeyed the dear mother. Then, dear, all was sorry in your life for the time. The Lord had departed from you.

God was very patient with these troublesome people of His. He raised up good and wise men, and they were not led away by the idolatry around them, and these men were called judges. They led the people into war. They listened to disputes, gave good advice, and settled quarrels of every kind. During a period of three hundred years the judges, one after another, took charge of the Israelites, and on the whole, as compared with other peoples who lived at the time, they preserved a pure religion and followed God.

They often sinned, but they repented, and God forgave them. So when we do wrong, as all of us sometimes do, let us be sorry, and ask God to pardon us. We can never again sin.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is a reptile, not in snake.
My second is in a hole, but not in lake.
My third is in barn, but not in house.
My fourth is in dog, but not in mouse.
My whole is a part of an island's name.
Very well known in history-land.
- 2.—My first is in cake, but not in pie.
My second is in sigh, but not in cry.
My third is in ocean, but not in sea.
My fourth is in fan, but not in fear.
My fifth is in fight, but not in fear.
My sixth is in wink, but not in leer.
My seventh is in sign, but not in sign.
My eighth is in sound, but not in rattle.
My ninth is in man, but not in boy.
My tenth is in fite, but not in toy.
My eleventh is in cup, but not in pond.
My whole is a plant that grows in the wood.

H. W. L.

No. 2.

CHARADE.

- My first is uttered in tones polite
When a time from morn till night.
My second sure is never done
Where flowers grow and birds are wooing.
My whole is a happy time, I ween,
As you, no doubt, ere this have seen.

I. M. L.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 470.

- No. 1.—Boulogne. Oporto. Sandusky. Telad.
Oppelu. Newport.
- No. 2 — M A S T S
A N N I E
S N O R E
T I R E D
S E E D S
- No. 3 — C
O C O A
L F I C E R N E
P O R G Y
A N Y
E
- No. 4.—Aftermath

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Fanny D. Jones, Dottie Topping, Bianca B., Mary N. R., Rob B., Sarah Van Nest, Blanche Chubbuck, Everett Labagh, May Stevens, Margaret Greene, Ella Larned, John James, J. S. Willie See, Paul Brett, David Wilson, J. D. L., Leander Lawrence, E. N. Benson, Jun., Mabel E. Fisk, and Coralie Hagadorn.



THE WRONG INTERPRETATION.

"Is Miss Hinkman's washin' done, Miss Shales?"
 "TAIN'T LIKELY, W'EN YO' ONLY BRING IT DIS MO'NIN'."
 "WAL, WOT YO' GOT DAT SIGN OUT FER DEN EF IT AIN'T DONE?"

QUIPS AND QUIRKS.

"WHO was Nora?" inquired a small boy of his Sunday-school teacher.

"Don't you mean Noah, who built the ark?"

"No, 'm; I mean *Nora*. It tells in the tenth commandment about Nora's ox and Nora's ass. Who was Nora, anyway?"

"Eat with your fork, dear," said mamma to little Lizzie.

"Fingers were made before forks, weren't they, Lizzie?" said Uncle Tom.

"Lizzie's fingers weren't," exclaimed Charlie, "for I had a fork before she was born."

Teachers should have full attention from their scholars.

"Please tell us a story, Miss Emily," begged the boys of their Sunday-school teacher.

"Very well, I'll tell you a Bible story."

"Oh no, Miss Emily; tell us about your great-grandmother, who killed Indians when she was a baby," cried Charlie.

"Pshaw, Charlie!" said Walter, "her great-grandmother didn't kill 'em. The Indians killed her when she was asleep in her cradle."

"She did kill the Indians; Miss Emily said so," maintained Charlie.

"See here, boys," said Miss Emily; "you don't listen to what I tell. I don't believe you *know* any more about Bible stories than you do about my great-grandmother."

"We do, Miss Emily—indeed we do," they exclaimed.

"Well, then," said she, slowly, "can any boy here tell me who swallowed the whale?"

"Oh, I know that," said Charlie; "it was Jonah."

"No," said Miss Emily. "Next."

The next boy thought it was Daniel, and the one next him said Joseph, while a fourth wildly suggested St. Paul.

"Now, boys," said Miss Emily, "I see that it is as I said. I only receive half attention. It was the whale that swallowed Jonah; and eight very crestfallen boys went home that afternoon. But they paid better attention after that."



THE JOLLY BEARS AND THE LITTLE PORKER.

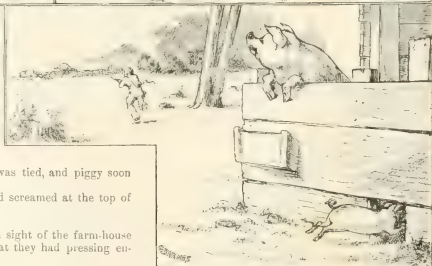
A FAMILY of bears once caught a young porker who had wandered away from the sty of his parents. Tying a string to his hind-leg, the bears attempted to drive piggy to their lair—with the usual result in such cases, namely, that piggy would go in any direction but the one they wanted him to.

At last their united efforts to turn his nose in the right direction proved too much for the cord by which his leg was tied, and piggy soon found himself free, and made tracks for home.

The bears gave chase, but piggy ran his very hardest, and screamed at the top of his voice,

"Johnny, get your gun; there's a bear in the pasture."

Johnny was the farmer's son. So, when the bears came in sight of the farm-house and saw Johnny and his gun, they suddenly remembered that they had pressing engagements in other places, and piggy dashed into his sty.



CHAPTERS ON CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY CANDACE WHEELER.

I.—A CHAPTER ON BAGS.

THE most successful of conveniences and the prettiest of trifles for Christmas presents are bags. Everybody, even the smallest child, can make some kind of a bag, and yet some bags are so beautiful that nobody would disdain, and everybody would like, to possess one.

There is nothing in a woman's life so universal in its application, or that has so wide a range of usefulness, and that being so, how many Christmas presents of bags can be made by small daughters and cousins and nieces and granddaughters, which will supply wants, and delight the hearts of mothers and sisters and aunts and grandmothers, not to speak of the chamois tobacco bags and spectacle bags and card bags and knife bags for fathers and brothers and uncles and grandfathers, every one of which will tell of the efforts of little fingers and the love of little souls.

I once went to a "bag fair," which was very successful and gained quite a sum of money, for everybody found something there he or she wanted. There were innumerable bags in it: flannel jelly bags, calico rag bags, cotton shoe bags, twine string bags, silk work bags, lace bonbon bags: it seemed as if the whole range of bags was exhausted, and yet I think there was not a single one exactly like some I am going to tell you about.

We will begin with the smallest bags that can be useful, and these must be made in little groups of three, in different colors, so that they shall look like little bouquets when they are finished and lying in the work-basket.

They can be made of soft thick silk or ribbon, or even of cashmere, and if you will bring all the pieces of pretty stuffs together which you can find, you may do something exceedingly nice without spending a penny of your Christmas money for this part of it. Suppose they are to be made of cashmere, you will want three colors; pale colors are prettiest: blue and rose and cream-color are charming, or rose and white and pale green. Each piece must be four and a half inches long and four inches wide.

Fold each length together once, and cut the end in a point. When it is folded together it will look like Fig. 1. The top is to be fringed out about half an inch, or very neatly hemmed, or the edge turned over and coarsely button-holed, like Fig. 2. The side and pointed end are to be carefully back-stitched together and turned, or, it may be, sewed together in an overhand seam, using



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

silk instead of cotton for sewing. If it is stitched and turned instead of overhanded, you must whip the seam to prevent its ravelling. The three side seams are to be caught together at the lower and upper ends, leaving about an inch at the top for opening and closing. A little fluffy tassel is to be sewed at the point of each, of the same color as the bag, and a short elastic band, such as is used for letters and papers, is wound around the top of each, and, if you like, another to hold all three bags together. Half fill one with pearl buttons, another with bone buttons, and the third with shoe buttons. Wind a bit of thread, suitable for sewing on each kind, over a piece of card-board, and put inside the bag with the buttons. Close them all, and comb out the tassels, and it will look very pretty and be very useful (Fig. 3).

If you have to buy material, it is best to buy cheap



FIG. 3.

more of your work. Suppose you have three pieces of ribbon which are of the same color, but different shades, like shades of gold and brown, or of dark and light lavender, or of pale and deep blue, you can make something which will be a constant pleasure, as well as a great convenience, to some one whom you wish to please.

You can make a glove bag for your mamma's or sister's drawer on the same plan, only in this case you use four pieces of silk, eight inches long and nine inches wide. You fold each piece together in the same way, but you do not point the bottom. When each piece is folded and sewed together at the side and across the bottom, and hemmed or fringed at the top, you lay two of them together and sew quite around them, except at the fringed tops, and you do the same thing with the other two. You will see by Fig. 4 how the first two should go together. If you lay these side by side, you have a square of silk eight inches long and eight and a half wide, with three pockets in each. Sprinkle orris powder in the two pockets which lie between the other two, and close them at the top, and you have four pockets, two in each bag, in which a folded pair of gloves will fit nicely, with an orris powder sachet between, which will keep the gloves perfumed and sweet, and carry that nameless fragrance with them which every dainty lady loves. These two packages are to be attached at the sides, and fold together like a pocket-book.

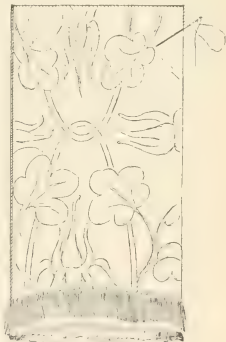


FIG. 4.

We are still not quite through with the groups of bags, because by carefully selecting the color we can make a group of bonbon bags which are a charming thing to hang upon a bell-pull, or lie on the library or sitting-room table. These had better be in graduated colors, or made of some rich stuff like damask, satin, or velvet. They must be faced, instead of hemmed, at the top, with some dainty color which contrasts well with the material of the bags. Each must be drawn together at the end, and finished with a tassel of floss silk with threads of gold. They must be fastened together at the top, and drawn with ribbons of the same color as the bag, so that

the three ribbons carry out the same effect of color as the bags. They should be made of pieces of material seven inches square, folded to make a bag seven inches long and three and a half wide.

A pretty present to make a young lady is a *châtelaine* bag and a shoulder knot of ribbons to match. These must be made of two colors of ribbon which are lovely in themselves, and which could go with a white or some light costume. We will suppose lavender and cream-color are to be used; the bag may be made of wide ribbon of the same tint of lavender used in the shoulder knot, or it may be made by sewing inch-wide ribbons of cream and lavender together in alternate stripes; the bag should be six inches long and five inches wide, finished, pointed at the bottom, and trimmed at the point and ends of the side seams with small loops of the two ribbons mixed. The top should be very slightly drawn in with a thin whalebone in the shirr, and faced with cream satin. It must be hung from the belt with a ribbon of each color, and these two ribbons can be sewed to a hook which slips over the band of the skirt at the waist. There must be a shoulder knot made of four loops of ribbon, two of each color; the loops must be half a yard deep, and have many smaller loops and a knot at the top, and it must be fastened to the left shoulder of the dress.

A very easy and useful gift is the opera bag. This is made of India or shadow, or any soft handsome silk, and should have two breadths a yard long. It is made like a large silk purse, the two breadths sewn together, then the remaining seam to be sewed a quarter of a yard at each end. Each end gathered together and fastened with a thick silk tassel or pompon of silk. The name or at least the address of the owner should be done in stem-stitchery along the opening. When the owner goes to the opera, or wherever she will, in evening dress, she drops her opera-glass, her fan, even her satin slippers if she does not wear them inside her fur boots, in one end of this long purse, and winds it around her arm. When she arrives at the scene of entertainment she withdraws them, and

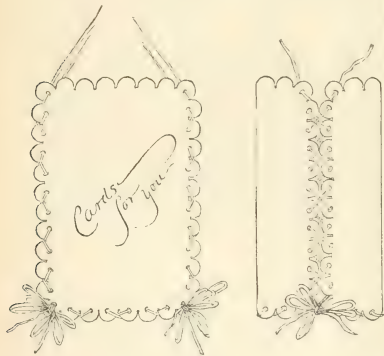


FIG. 5.

puts her folded opera cloak, fur boots, and lace scarf in the bag, and gives it to the attendant, knowing that her things will stay all together, and she will recognize her bag at once among the numerous parcels of cloaks, wraps, shoes, etc. This is a particularly easy and simple present to make, and a very welcome one to any lady who "goes out" in society.

We are still not quite through with bags, since there are very useful bags to be made of chamois-skin to hold packs of cards, which are easily made without sewing. As sizes of cards vary, it is better to buy such a pack as you mean to use. Cut two pieces of chamois-skin large enough to cover one side of the pack and a little more than half of the thickness. You can have the edges pinked by machine, or you can cut them into scallops or fine points with scissors. If they are scalloped there must be a small eyelet hole in the centre of each scallop, and the two pieces are to be laced together by a narrow ribbon, tying a small bow at the corners. The monogram of the person to whom you give the cards should be painted upon one side in gold and the same color that you use to lace the sides with (Fig. 5).

II.—A CHAPTER ON PHOTOGRAPH CASES AND FRAMES.

Photographs are so much a part of everybody's surroundings, and everybody likes so much to be surrounded with them, that it is quite worth while to think how they can be turned to the very best advantage, and how they can be most conveniently held, preserved, and seen. Some are so beautiful that one would like to have them on the wall like pictures, and yet they should be so arranged that they can be shut away from the light and dust for a portion at least of every year. Indeed it should always be possible to lay away a personal photograph in a drawer or pack it in a trunk, as you cannot very well do with a framed and glazed picture. It seems to me, then, that if one would like to hang the photograph or photographs of some one who is very beautiful or very dear over one's desk or bed, or anywhere on the wall, a glass should be dispensed with; it should be treated as the Japanese treat their most beautiful *Kakomonos*, or silk pictures. They hang one upon the wall for a time, and then roll it up and put it away, and hang another one in its place, and they love them all, whether they are laid away in safety or hung in daily sight.

If you want to give somebody one or two or three cabinet or imperial photographs, and arrange them for hanging or standing upon a chimney-piece, it is best to make a Japanese paper frame or *passepoutout* which will surround them with a colored margin, and add greatly to their importance. Suppose there are two, and they are twelve inches high and eight wide. A part of this, of course, will be margin, but the frame should be two inches larger all around, which would be sixteen inches high and twelve wide; the two would require a backing of coarse linen or burlap, sixteen inches wide and twenty-four long; this must have a margin of one inch all around, to turn over and paste down as a sort of hem. Next you must cut two pieces of cardboard sixteen inches high and twelve wide; cut from the centre of each exactly as much of the card-board as you wish to show of the photograph and margin. They will look like diagram Fig. 6.

Each one of these card-board frames is to be covered with Japanese gold paper of a small pattern or design. The proper way to do this is to cut a piece of the Japanese paper about eighteen inches long and fourteen inches wide; lay it upon a table, wrong side out, and brush it evenly with paste; now lay one of the card-board frames upon it exactly in the middle, cut out the centre at the opening in the frame, leaving a half-inch or so of the gold paper to turn back over the wrong side; the dotted lines in Fig. 6 show the paper left for turning. After press-

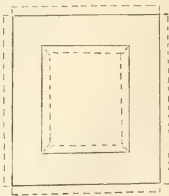


FIG. 6.

ing the frame down solidly, raise it, smooth the right side, and see that all edges are well fitted and turned over. Press it while it is drying, so that it will remain quite flat; sew three or four loops of gold-colored cigar ribbon or gold cord along the upper edge of the piece of linen or burlap, and when the two frames are dry, lay them over the burlap, and paste a strip of the Japanese gold paper behind the place where the two frames meet in the middle of it. Put the two photographs behind the openings just as you want them; then lift the frames and fasten the photographs to the cloth by passing through each corner one of the small patent fastenings called "McGill's fasteners," which open after going through, and are pressed flat and remain so.

When the photographs are in place, lay the frame over them, and use the same kind of fastenings to hold the frame, only in this case it must have a button front, and show like a metal button in each corner. This arrange-

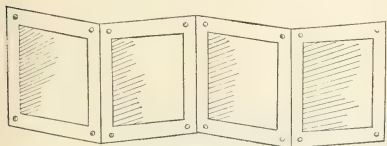


FIG. 7.

ment can be used for four or even eight cabinet photographs, and while it looks very picture-like hanging on the wall, it will fold easily, and takes small space when laid in a drawer. The finished case is shown in Fig. 7.

Nothing is more effective on a chimney-piece than a pair of large imperial photographs framed separately in silk, and placed at either end of the chimney-piece. The directions given for framing with Japanese paper can be followed, with one or two small changes; in the first place, you bind the linen used for backing with the same silk which covers the front of the frame; in the next, instead of pasting the entire back of the surface of the silk as you would if it were paper, you only paste the edges which are to be turned over. In the third place, you sew the edges of the silk frame and the silk binding of the linen back at the top and bottom and down one side, leaving the other side to slip the photographs into place. The photograph card is stiff, and large enough to hold its own place, and if you use a handsome silk damask or some Oriental gold and silk damask, you have a beautiful picture in a beautiful frame.

A very nice case for holding cabinet photographs can be made from a small flat cigar box. It must be lined with silk or cotton satteen, which must be fitted perfectly to the interior, and be cut large enough to line the cover

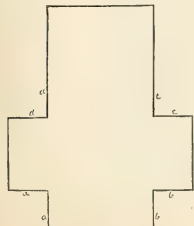


FIG. 8.

and to turn over the edge of the box and cover as well. It will cut into a shape like Fig. 8, and the only sewing will be at the four corners, marked respectively *a a, b b, c c, d d*. These four corners are to be sewed together, the whole inside of the box is to be brushed with paste, and the lining fitted in and turned over around the edges. The outside can be covered with Japanese silver paper, which looks like a silver cloth or canvas,

cut and fitted precisely as the lining was; but at the corners and edges, after the paper is carefully trimmed and pasted, you must touch them with silver bronze, so as not to show the cut edges.

When this is finished and dry, take some black paint and gold bronze, and put the word PHOTOGRAPHS, as it is given in Fig. 9, at one side of the cover, placed like the line from *a* to *a* in Fig. 10. The black is to be used for outlining the letters, and the gold for filling in.



FIG. 9.

For a folding pocket case get from a book-binder's or some shop where leather is sold a piece of bronze or brown morocco or kid. Cut a strip wide enough and long enough to take in as many cabinet or card photographs as you wish, which you can easily plan by laying the photographs on it, being



FIG. 10.

sure to leave space enough between them to allow of folding.

Take brown silk, and baste or paste it in it for a lining, and then bind it all around the edges with narrow lute-string ribbon. The binding can be stitched on a sewing-machine so that it will look very neat. This finishes the folding cover. Then cut as many pieces of leather as you have planned photographs for the case—they must be as wide as the cards and as long as the width of the cover; cut spaces in them large enough to show what you wish of the pictures. Bind the pieces all around the outside, and also the edges of the spaces inside; then lay them on the long cover, and overhand them neatly together at the top and bottom, and catch them down to the lining on one side, leaving the other side open to slip the photographs in. There must be space enough between the cards for folding. When folded, tie with a ribbon, or make a neat band of elastic to slip around it. This would be a very nice present for a friend who is travelling, and it is not difficult to make.

The simplest of all folding cases is made upon a piece of broad ribbon. It can be so arranged that it will stand upon the dressing-bureau or reading-table, and yet fold easily and compactly in a travelling-bag or trunk.

The case can be made of a piece of ribbon or silk between six and seven inches wide, the height of an ordinary cabinet photograph, and as long as the number of cards you wish to mount requires. It is better to have even numbers, four or six, as the case folds on itself better in that way. If silk is used, the edges are to be turned down and creased so that they will lie quite flat; then a ribbon half an inch in width is laid along both edges and very neatly overhanded. The same must be done across the two ends, and straps of inch-wide ribbon must be put across the width at regular intervals just where the edges of the photographs come. These straps should be creased down the middle and neatly sewed in the crease, and they must also be sewed fast to the hem at the top and bottom. Now you can slip a photograph into every such space, and it will show a half-inch frame of ribbon about it. It can be folded between the photographs, and a little elastic band slipped over, or it will stand like a small four or six leaved screen upon a table. Such a case, with a set of family photographs in it, is a pleasure to possess, and the affectionate little maker and giver will be held in loving remembrance. The same kind of case can be adapted for small photographs, and by putting two rows of ribbon, one on each side of the edges and across the middle, back

and front, will hold two rows of pictures, back to back, but the two end ones should be left single to use as covers when the case is folded.

III.—A CHAPTER ON VARIOUS GIFTS.

A pretty present to make a brother or sister, or friend of your own age, is a small book of poems which you like very much yourself, and in which you put a bunch of book-mark ribbons.

The bunch is made by selecting three or four of the colors you like best, and buying narrow ribbons of very good quality, a half-yard of each. These are stitched together in the middle, which leaves six or eight ribbons nine inches long, two of each color. If you are giving a

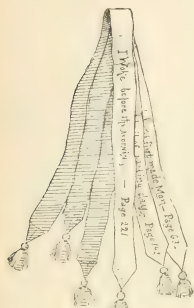


FIG. 11

large book, the ribbons must be longer, but for a book six inches in length nine-inch ribbons are long enough. Bind them together, when they are sewed, with several turns of gold thread or gold cord, and fasten the ends of the cord or thread neatly under the ribbons; make a small fluffy tassel for the loose end of each ribbon, turn the end into a point, and sew the tassel fast (Fig. 11).

Now comes the most important part of the book-mark. If you give a book of poems it is probably one that you like, and has in it some poems which you like very much better than others. If there are any

which you like in this way, print the first line of it in gold on one of the ribbons, put the number of the page on it, and leave the ribbon on that page, and so on with all of your favorite poems. But if there are only two or three which you have this special liking for, leave the rest of the ribbons all together on the front page. This book-mark is also very nice for a copy of the Psalms, marking favorite psalms in the same way.

You can use ordinary bronze powder to do the lettering, but it must not be mixed with the varnish which usually is sold with it, because that would spread on the silk and spoil it. It should be mixed with ordinary mucilage, which comes in bottles with little brushes for pasting, or with gum-arabic dissolved in water. Put a few drops of the mucilage on a saucer, and work into it enough of the bronze powder to make it about the consistency of thin cream; if it is worked with a thin-bladed knife on a palette, it becomes very smooth, so that one can almost write with it. For lettering, however, a camel's-hair brush with a good point is better. This way of using the bronze powders has other advantages: if any of it is left on the saucer or palette, one can always work it over with a little water and the palette-knife. But if one uses the varnish which is generally sold with it, all that is left from one mixing is lost, because it hardens, and must be scraped off and thrown away.

A prayer-book cover is a very nice present to make, and if you buy a thoroughly well-printed prayer-book to go with it, of course it makes a very handsome present. It often happens, however, that some one you love has a prayer-book which is very dear to him or her for its association, or which has real intrinsic value. In this case you have only to get the measure of the book, which can be done by laying it on a piece of paper and making an outline of it as it lies: after this measure the thickness of

the book, and that is all the measurement required. The next thing is to cut four pieces of rather flexible cardboard an eighth of an inch larger all round than the outline you have drawn of the book; then cut one long strip of card-board as wide as the book is thick, and an eighth of an inch wider. It must be as long as the two ends and one side of the book; that is, suppose the book to be six inches long and four wide, the strip of card-board must be fourteen inches long, and an inch more to allow for making. The four pieces of card-board for the sides must have a half-circle cut exactly in the middle of one side, like Fig. 12, and it is needless to say that each piece must exactly fit over the other.

The next thing is to decide upon the material for both outside and inside of the cover. The outside should certainly be of black velvet, because such a prayer-book cover should be rich and inconspicuous and lasting. The lining may be of changeable silk or soft satin in any color. Silk is better, because satin frays when turned and slashed, as around the thumb-hole, and silk of good quality will not. Two of the sides are to have silk pasted over them, and one side of the back strip must also be covered with silk. A thick flour paste should be used, with a drop of carbolic acid stirred in, so that the pretty cover may never tempt the small teeth of mice. A bristle brush should be used in applying it—a small flat brush such as artists use in painting—and the paste should be brushed thinly and evenly over the card-board. The silk can then be laid lightly and smoothly over, and will not stain or spot if it is thick and of good quality. Turn the edges over and paste them down at the back, but do not allow any paste to get upon the edges of the card-board where the silk crosses it, as that would prevent your sewing it.

The other two sides of card-board are to be covered with the velvet in the same way. It may be necessary to slash—that is, to make short cuts—in the edge of both silk and velvet where it goes around the thumb-hole, so that it will stretch to its place, as in the dotted line in Fig. 12. Each velvet cover is now to be neatly sewed all around, and the two sides are ready. The strip for the back must have a long narrow piece of velvet basted or pasted down the middle, and the two edges turned in and over-sewed to the silk. This long strip must now be sewed by slip stitches to the two sides. Slip stitches are long stitches made with strong sewing-silk which show a very

short stitch on the outside, but between the short stitches the needle is slipped for an eighth of an inch under the velvet, making a strong seam.

When the cover is sewed together in this way, and the two ends of the long strip nicely fitted and finished, it leaves a sort

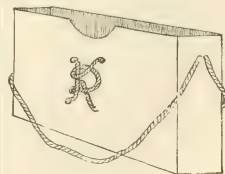


FIG. 13.

of silk-lined and velvet box, open on one side, with, if you please, a nicely embroidered monogram upon one side. When the book is put into the box it shows the back only, and a small space at the thumb-holes for one to take hold of in drawing it out. There must be two strong silk cords of black going around it and leaving loops to hang over the arm, and this is one of the uses of the cover apart from the fact that it preserves the book and adds to its value (Fig. 13).



FIG. 12

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THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

HOW MISS ROXY SPENT THANKSGIVING EVE.

BY ADA M. TROTTER.

"WAAL, now, it's goin' to be a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving to-morrow," said Miss Roxy, as she swept the snow off her door-step.

She walked a few steps into the yard, looked up at the sky, then strained her eyes to see if anything was going on in the houses which were built in straggling fashion toward the village in the valley.

The sun had set in a lowering sky. A few straight bars of red remained above the horizon, sole proof that there had been any sun to-day. A heavy black cloud seemed settling over the hills, while a sudden rush of wind across the heights pointed to a further fall of snow ere night.

Miss Roxy shivered as she returned to her cheery kitchen, where her old mother sat in a rocking-chair, watching the bright fire which danced on the hearth. Miss Roxy kept a fire going, winter and summer too, for the old lady's benefit, and a stove in the hallway for her own. The cottage was small but cozy, and an air of Vermont thrift pervaded the interior.

"It's kind of curious now, ain't it, Roxany?" said the old woman, in a shrill tone, "we ain't got no one to eat a Thanksgiving dinner with—no relative, I mean. All dead and gone—all gone, I say, Roxy."

"Well, so they be," said the daughter, cheerily; "but we don't want for friends. There's Miss Hobbs; says she to me, 'You and your mother come an' eat dinner down to our house'; but I says I guessed you'd sooner not. You was always one for people's own folks getting together them times, warn't you?"

"Waal, I be. Yes, I be. Land sakes, Roxany! what a lot of us there used to be—and all gone—all gone!"

Miss Roxy bustled round. Some of those whom her mother mourned were responsible for the thick sprinkling of gray in Miss Roxy's dark hair. Perhaps she felt they were not altogether to be regretted. Anyhow, she added nothing to her mother's sighs, but presently broke into a little chirpy song which pleased the old lady, who kept time to it with a clatter of her wooden needles.

Sudden darkness came on as the storm broke over the hills. The wild wind beat the soft snow-flakes with cruel force against the frosted windows.

Miss Roxy stirred the logs, so that the bright flames made the shadows dance away to the corners of the room. As she straightened herself again, a knock came on the door, and a voice begged admittance.

"Some one's at the door, Roxany. Go and let 'em in."

"Let 'em in! Ten to one it's a tramp as knows there's no man about the place. They're allays to the fore when there's good eatin' 'round."

Thus speaking, Miss Roxy opened the door, and looked out. Covering in a corner of the porch, half dead with exhaustion, was a lad about fourteen years of age, whose small frame and worn face Miss Roxy was sure belonged to no Vermont lad. Something huddled up in his arms coughed painfully, almost drowning the weary voice that pitifully implored shelter.

"What have you got there, coughing so hard?" asked Miss Roxy, suspiciously, as she shut the porch door, and stood over the boy with a stern look, an inheritance from Puritan forefathers for which she was not responsible.

A small weird face peeped out of the jacket, with eyes that rolled with pathetic appeal to the stranger's face.

"It's only Jacko, my monkey, ma'am," said the boy, tenderly. "He's so sick I'm afraid he is going to die."

"Land sakes, boy! Do you expect to bring a monkey into a decent house?" screamed Miss Roxy. "Take the critter, and be off with you!"

Without a word, but with a hopeless look of despair, the boy wrapped the monkey in his breast, and opening

the porch door, stumbled out into the storm. Before he got many steps in the snow, however, Miss Roxy caught him by the collar. He was so unexpectedly light, and she so strong, that her grasp almost sent him backward into the snow.

"Here, boy, 'tain't weather for a dog to be roamin' 'round to-night. If you want to, I'd as lief you took that critter into the barn as not. It's clean, and there's plenty of hay lying 'round, an' I'll give you both your suppers."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," said the boy, choking back a sob, as his poor monkey nearly choked with coughing under his thin jacket.

Miss Roxy opened a side door, marched through an outer kitchen, and, still under cover, opened the barn door, and motioned the boy to enter.

"Coughs just like a human, that critter do. Got inflammation of the lungs, or my name ain't Roxany," she muttered, as, after seeing that there was plenty of hay on the floor, she left the barn and returned to the warm kitchen. "An' the boy's wet through too. Got a look of our Tom 'fore he died, just so pitiful like."

The old lady was dozing by the fire. Miss Roxana moved briskly about the kitchen, set the supper on the table, made the tea, and drew the curtains. Then she stood by the fire, eager for her mother to wake, that she might take some food to her guests in the barn.

"Land sakes, how that critter *do* cough!" she ejaculated aloud, her quick ears catching the incessant "hack, hack," from the barn. Her warm heart, cloaked under that stern expression—in fact, all her instincts as the best nurse in the country—warred with her horror of "wild beasts," as she designated the monkey.

"I don't know but I'd as lief have a tiger 'round," she went on, "as a monkey tearin' and jabberin' over my house-place."

"What's that you be sayin' about tigers, Roxany?" said the old woman, rousing herself. "Be there another circus comin'?"

"Circus 'nough for one day," answered Miss Roxy, snappishly. "Ain't you 'bout ready for your cup of tea?"

Without reply the old lady tottered to her place at table. She then enjoyed her supper with a deliberation which made her daughter nearly frantic.

"Why, you b ain't eatin' nothin' 'far ez I see," said the mother, presently. "Be you sick, Roxany?"

"No, I b ain't sick, but I ain't much for supper to-night. Goodness! how that critter's a-coughin'!"

"What critter?" cried the old lady, in dismay. "I don't see no critters."

At this Miss Roxy rose impatiently, and darted out of the kitchen. She lit a lantern, and made her way to the barn. The wind howled so furiously that the boy did not hear the door open, and Miss Roxy was standing for some minutes watching him before he found out she was there.

"Oh, Jacko, poor, dear Jacko!" he was sobbing, as he bent over his pet, and held him tenderly to his breast. The poor animal struggled for breath, hardly able to exist in the low temperature of the barn with his lungs in such an inflamed condition. Yet he seemed to understand his master's loving words, and made some small effort to respond, though every movement made his breathing more labored.

"Looky here, I can't stand this," said Miss Roxy, seizing the boy by the collar, and lifting him to his feet. "You've got to come out of this right away."

The boy, thinking he was to be turned out into the storm, began to plead for permission to remain in the barn until daylight, but Miss Roxy's hand was on his collar, so he wrapped his monkey despairingly in his ragged coat, holding him tenderly to his own benumbed breast. Again, as they crossed the threshold of the barn,

he uplifted his pitiful face to Miss Roxy, imploring her for pity's sake not to turn his poor Jacko out-of-doors. At this Miss Roxy's stern face worked oddly; she gave him an impatient but not unkindly shake.

"Land sakes, boy! be I a heathen, to turn you out into wuss than this cold barn? Cover up your monkey, and get along as fast as you can. If you'd rather have the barn, why, here 'tis, and 'twon't fly away 'fore morning."

Thus speaking she hustled him through the dark out-houses to the kitchen.

"My, how it storms!" she said, as the snow and wind beat against the windows.

The boy, fearing that he was about to be thrust out into that very storm by the strong hand that held his collar, shuddered with horror.

"Why! You're 'bout as cold as death yourself," continued Miss Roxy. "Here! come along to the fire."

She pushed him into the cheery kitchen, right up to the chimney-corner. Up popped the monkey's weird little face, as between coughing and jabbering he tried to explain his appreciation of the warm atmosphere. Oh, how the old lady screamed!

"Waal, now," said Miss Roxy, reproachfully, "I never thought as you'd be shriekin' at a sick monkey. Can't you hear the critter a-coughin'? It's all we shall do to get him over the next two hours."

At this the old lady grew more calm, and soon was as much interested in the welfare of the suffering creature as was Miss Roxy herself.

The weary boy sank on the floor, and cuddled the monkey in his arms. He had no thought for himself; his whole soul was absorbed in his beloved pet, for which he had denied himself the necessities of life, so that he might provide the dainty creature with the fruits and sweets it loved.

Miss Roxy brought a wide, low basket to the fireside, and a soft old blanket, which she held to the fire until it was "piping" hot. This she laid in the basket.

"Now," she said, in her most authoritative tone, "you put the critter here, where it can be dry; you're all steamin' wet."

Then, when the suffering animal was wrapped up to her satisfaction, she called the boy into a side room. A dry suit lay on the bed.

"There's warm water, an' you can wash if you're a-mind to, an' there's dry clothes. They was our Tom's," she said, curtly. "He wur a little one, like you be. Well! well! he've been dead this twenty year and more." She went back to the kitchen, thence to the larder. Then she began to cook a good supper for the famished lad.

"Now you come and eat," she said, as he came out of the bedroom clean and dry. "There's plenty for both of ye."

But the boy would not look at the food until he had coaxed his pet to eat. It was well that the monkey was guided by his instinct, for Miss Roxy was so anxious to see him comfortable that she offered him every dainty at hand. The old lady looked on with breathless interest, almost tearful at the convulsive breathing and incessant cough of the poor creature.

At length Miss Roxy insisted that the boy should take some supper, but when she saw the ravenous way in which he devoured the food before him she was afraid she would have two patients on her hands instead of one. He turned his grateful eyes to her face, as if wondering at her goodness to him. The wild storm howled round the house, but the little fellow was not disturbed by it; the kind hand that had warmed and fed him would not turn him out into the night.

Miss Roxy cleared away the supper, and then turned her whole attention to the suffering creature coughing so pitifully in the basket.

What would Miss Roxy have said had any one told her that she would spend the eve of Thanksgiving sitting up till daylight to tend a sick monkey? This is what happened, however, and at dawn the good woman rose with a thanksgiving on her lips.

"Waal, thank the Lord, I believe we've saved him this time."

The weary boy had long since wept himself to sleep before the fire, heart-broken at his pet's cruel suffering. Miss Roxy tenderly lifted him in her arms, shaking her head over her light burden, and laid him to rest in the bed that had been Tom's, long, long ago.

She and the monkey were left alone to fight the battle with disease. The good woman could not have been more tender with an infant than she was with poor Jacko. The intelligent creature soon discovered that her ministrations tended to relieve his sufferings; so, as soon as he felt better, he frightened her almost into a fit by leaping suddenly into her lap and nestling to her breast.

"Sakes alive!" ejaculated Miss Roxy. But she was equal to the occasion, and very tenderly laid the grateful monkey back in his warm blanket, whence he grinned and jabbered to her until she gave him a soothing draught, which sent him, like a weak child, to sleep.

Well, there was no end of gossip in the village about Miss Roxy and her guests. Folks trooped up the hill-side to see for themselves, "Just as though we was a circus!" said the old mother. They disapproved of the vagrant boy and monkey. "Encouraging tramps," they said, severely. But, for all that, the strangely assorted quartette lived on together in the small cottage in perfect harmony.

"The monkey kept things kind of lively," Miss Roxy declared. And as for the boy, "Waal, she s'posed he warn't the only one in the world as the Lord's dealings had come pretty hard on. What if he *do* set store by his monkey? He ain't got no folks to set store by, for his parents was dead, and his relations had turned the cold shoulder on him. Turn the monkey out!" Miss Roxy blazed with righteous indignation at the cruel suggestion.

Master Jacko had the warmest quarters in the house, while Miss Roxy catered to his appetite as if he had been really a "human" thrown on her hospitality. But oh! how he and the old lady quarrelled! A dozen times a day would he steal her glasses, tweak off her cap, hide her knitting, and when she scolded him, mimic her wrath. Certainly Miss Roxy's remark was true. Jacko *did* keep things kind of lively. She herself made him warm jackets and trousers, insisting that a creature so like a "human" should be decently clothed.

Thus the winter months wore on. The boy, comfortably fed and clothed, grew apace, and after lending his benefactress every aid in his power, was seen daily trudging away to school. Here his diligence made him a favorite, and Miss Roxy became as proud as she had reason to be of him. When June came, boy and monkey were gone. All the village then climbed the hill-side to have the pleasure of saying to Miss Roxy, "I told you so." But they were disappointed.

"I told him he was free to go," said Miss Roxy, loyally. "He's kind of anxious to make some money with his critter, and he'll be back again come fall. Me an' mother's made up our minds as he's to have our Tom's room whenever he wants it; an' as for Jacko—waal, he's the cheerfulest company I ever see of a winter's day."

Fall set in early, with a sudden chill of snow-clouds, after a week of very warm weather. One evening, as Miss Roxy set supper on the table, the porch door opened, and the gentle knock she awaited came upon the kitchen door.

"Come in," she cried, cheerily, as she stirred the fire. "Mother and me was just speakin' of you. Come in, boy."



"THE BOY SANK ON THE FLOOR, AND CUDDLED THE MONKEY IN HIS ARMS."

He staggered rather than walked in, and the eyes that encountered Miss Roxy's were dumb with misery.

"Why, what's the matter, lad," said she, shaking him gently by the collar. "'Tain't nothing wrong with Jacko, eh?"

Not a word in reply, but still keeping his eyes on his friend, the boy opened his coat and drew forth, clad in the scarlet clothes and military cap Miss Roxy had made for him, poor Jacko—dead.

Miss Roxy sat down, with the dead monkey on her lap, and cried as she had not done for anything or anybody since the death of her little brother Tom, twenty years ago. Her tears fell like balm on the boy's sore heart, and his own came at length, as he knelt beside Miss Roxy, who had covered the dead face with her apron.

"We were on our way here," sobbed he, "when Jacko caught cold. I did all I knew how—but he died so quick! We couldn't get here to you, or you might have saved him. Seemed as though he wur a-looking round for you all the time he wur suffering so."

Well! well! The villagers never knew that the bond of union between the middle-aged woman and the youth who grew up to be like a devoted son to her was a dead monkey. Yet it was so.

HOW THE BOYS FOUND A MASTODON.

BY SARAH COOPER.

AUTHOR OF "ANIMAL LIFE IN THE SEA AND ON THE LAND."

TWO boys who had already become interested in geology, and who had learned the delight of wandering through the country in search of fossils and other curiosities, met with rare success during a summer holiday. Coleman Saltar and Emlen McConnell discovered in a

tributary of Rancocas Creek, not far from the village of Pemberton, New Jersey, a curious-looking bone, and fortunately the boys knew enough to recognize it as the tooth of an animal belonging to the elephant family.

Instead of spreading the news, the boys very wisely kept their own secret, and wrote at once to Professor Angelo Heilprin, who soon came to their assistance, and by his aid they succeeded in obtaining from the bank of an ordinary meadow the quarter part of a very fine skeleton of a mastodon. A mastodon, as you may know, is a large extinct animal of the elephant tribe.

Projecting beyond the bank some distance into the stream was the huge skull, from which a tooth extended above the surface of the water. And this was the telltale tooth which led to the discovery. The tusks and some of the molars had fallen out of their sockets and been washed down the creek, but these were found secreted in the mud at the bottom of the stream. While feeling about in the water,

the eager and enthusiastic naturalists came upon a large round mass, which proved to be the head of the enormous femur, or thigh-bone, sticking out from the bank where the main body of the bone was imbedded.

By carefully digging away the earth they obtained many other parts of the great monster, which had evidently perished on this spot, and close beside the mastodon's remains were also found other large bones, some of which belonged to the deer family.

The mastodon which was thus taken from its quiet resting-place in the New Jersey meadow was generously donated by the young fossil hunters to the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, where it will, no doubt, occupy a prominent position in the museum.

This skeleton, when mounted, will not be the largest one in existence, but it is especially interesting because the bones have all been found very near together, and there is therefore reason to believe that they belonged to the same animal, whereas most of the other skeletons now exhibited in museums have been made up from several mastodons by putting together bones which have been found in different localities.

The celebrated and nearly related mammoth of the St. Petersburg museum, however, is complete in itself, with the exception of tusks, the skeleton having been obtained from an animal which was found perfectly preserved in the frozen gravel of Siberia. This mammoth was covered with long woolly hair, and its discoverer, not knowing the great interest and value of the specimen, cut off the fine pair of tusks and sold them, consequently the skeleton is deprived of what would otherwise have been a handsome ornament.

Mastodons and mammoths are no longer living upon our earth, but these giants were evidently quite numerous in olden times. Their fossil remains in Europe and Asia, as well as in America, are found at the bottom of old

swamps, where the heavy beasts seem to have mired, as this Pemberton monster apparently did. Our elephants are the only modern representatives of these huge creatures of by-gone times. These animals live in herds in the forests of tropical Asia and Africa, where they feed upon grass and foliage. They seem to prefer the shade of the forests to the glaring sunlight, as they generally stroll out toward night.

The great size of the elephant and the remarkable trunk which it uses so nimbly are sure to awaken our interest whenever we see these curious animals. Did you ever suspect that this wonderful trunk is merely the nose of the elephant prodigiously lengthened out? For that is just what it is—a very long nose, which, oddly enough, serves also for an upper lip. The nostrils extend down through the whole length of the trunk, and above the openings into them there is a finger-like tip, which is used as a hand in picking up small objects.

This trunk is well supplied with muscles, which allow it to bend freely in every imaginable direction, and it is a most useful implement to the elephant whose short neck and large tusks interfere with its obtaining food and drink in the usual manner. Elephants cannot reach the ground with their heads to bite off their food or to satisfy their thirst at the brooks and streams, consequently all their food is lifted to the mouth by the finger-like tip of the trunk, and in drinking, water is sucked up into its hollow tubes. The end of the trunk is afterward doubled up and placed in the mouth, and the supply of water it contains is emptied down the throat. Besides these important uses the trunk is also the organ of smell, of touch, and of defence.

If, like the above-named boys, you should have an opportunity to examine the skull of an elephant, you will find it to contain many hollow spaces which are filled with air, and which greatly reduce the weight of the large, clumsy-looking head. Its size and strength, however, are sufficient to support the huge tusks, which often weigh from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds. The tusks are the incisor teeth of the upper jaw, which continue to grow during the lifetime of the elephant, and sometimes reach a great length.

The African elephant has large, flapping ears, and it is much more fierce than the Indian elephant. It is hunted chiefly for its tusks, which yield fine ivory, and are therefore very valuable. The demand for tusks is so great that there is reason to fear these elephants will be entirely destroyed in order to supply ivory to the trade.

Although Indian elephants have mild dispositions, yet if they are irritated they become furious and revengeful. It is stated that they can be easily tamed and trained, no matter what their age or size

may be, and in India they are used for many kinds of labor which require intelligence and skill. Strangest of all these employments is that of catching wild elephants.

To assist in capturing their fellows, after having been deprived of their own liberty, seems more than could be expected of these powerful animals; yet they enter into the labor with spirit, as if they understood the object to be accomplished, and the best means to attain it. They urge on the reluctant ones among the wild animals which they are pursuing, pushing them forward if necessary, and if any are thrown down, they kneel upon them and keep them upon the ground by their immense weight until they can be secured by ropes. It is claimed that these are not tricks taught to a few individuals, but that all working elephants in India are expected to possess such intelligence and sagacity.

A BOY'S HAT.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

"I HUNTED all over the house for my hat, and where do you suppose it was all the while? On my head." And Bob threw himself on the rug at my feet, and laughed merrily at his absence of mind. "Why don't you laugh, Aunt Marjorie?" he asked. "Don't you think it was queer that I didn't feel it, and aren't you afraid I'm going to be like grandpapa, who goes hunting for his spectacles when they are on his forehead in plain sight?"

"Your hair is so thick and curly, Bob dear," was my reply, after a moment's gaze into the bright blue eyes,



L. L. ROUSH.
1888.

"and your hat is such a light affair, that I'm not surprised at your not feeling it on your head. But the reason I didn't laugh was this: I was shocked at your keeping your hat on your head in the house—at your habit of doing this. Why, my dear, you could do few things more ungentlemanly. A man's hat, Bob, should come off the instant he sets foot within his own door."

"Don't you think, aunty," said the boy, roguishly, "that you attach a good deal of importance to trifles?"

"Maybe so," said I; "but you must remember that in etiquette there are no trifles. Every little thing is really important. The uncovering of the head when in-doors is a sign of deference to the mistress of the house, and to the ladies and girls who live in it—a sign that a boy respects his mother and sisters."

"Mamma is very much mortified," said Bob, "if I keep my hat on in the parlor when she has company. But a fellow forgets once in a while, Aunt Marjorie."

"A fellow never forgets," I said, "if he is in the habit of always doing the right thing. Once establish the habit, Bob, and you could no more lounge into the parlor with a hat on than you could keep your hat on in the school-room after the professor had called the classes to order."

Bob gave a low, amused whistle. "I think I see myself doing that!" he chuckled. "Wouldn't old Feverfew growl, though! I should find myself with a hundred lines to write after school. But, Aunt Marjorie, to whom should a boy lift his hat in the street?"

"To his father, of course, and to his mother and his mother's friends; to the girls he knows; to a lady, even a stranger, if she asks him to tell her the way, or if he performs any service for her."

"It's an awful bother," remarked Bob, plaintively.

"There is your mistake, my dear. It is no bother, but in fact is done so naturally by a gentleman or a gentlemanly boy that he never thinks of the thing as a trouble. He lifts his hat automatically whenever there is any reason to do so."

"Automatically? Isn't that a tre-men-dous word, Aunt Marjorie? What does it mean?"

"It means this, Bob: When one does a thing one's self so well and so easily that one has not to think about it in the doing, it is said to be done automatically. When you began to learn the banjo you picked the notes out slowly, and thought about every one, but you can play a dozen tunes to-day and think of something else while you are playing. You breathe automatically, unless you take cold and every breath causes you pain. You read automatically. Doesn't it seem like a dream that you once had to spell your words over slowly?"

"I see," said Bob.

"While we're talking on this subject let me remind you of something else. A gentleman—and a boy, if well-bred, is as much a gentleman at ten as at twenty—always rises when a lady comes into the room, and waits until she has taken a seat before he resumes his own. He gives his mother the most comfortable chair, and is at pains to place a hassock for her feet, and to set the lamp where its light will fall pleasantly on her book. A boy who thinks of these little things is always a favorite wherever he goes."

MAPLE LEAVES.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

NOVEMBER whines across the wold,
And sobs in grief and pain,
And blows the maple's flakes of gold
Across the faded plain.

The boughs are naked, cold, and gray,
And moaning they complain,
But soon the rosy wind of May
Will blow them green again.

UNCLE PETER'S TRUST.*

BY GEORGE B. PERRY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE great mutiny was nearing its end. While Tantia Topee was flying with all speed to the frontier, apparently a hopeless fugitive, hotly pursued by his foes, the whole of the revolted districts had again become secure under British control.

Here and there throughout the disturbed districts scattered bodies of outlawed mutineers created terror, but there was nowhere a rebel camp worthy of the name. The Governor-General's amnesty proclamation left no excuse for armed resistance, save by the murderers, whom its provisions exempted, and these were shot when captured.

It was a time for congratulations. The great rebellion which at first seemed destined to shake the power of England in India to its centre, had been met and suppressed in a manner which clearly demonstrated the immense reserve power of the British, and impressed the most ignorant or fanatical native with the hopelessness of any attempt to shake off the rule of the "invincible Sahibs," as they now called them.

It had also taught the necessity of moderation and respect for the reasonable native habits and traditions, but it broke down the principle of caste in the army, and made it possible for the more healthy individuality of the Western method to find its way therein. With the apparent close of their labors came the period of congratulation to the little army of central India, which had done its work so quickly and so well.

Sir Hugh Rose, in his general order to the army on taking farewell, praised his troops in language which but faintly outlined their gallant deeds in the campaign, but was a conspicuous tribute to their humanity. Severity had been exercised where it was necessary; but the General was able to say with truth "that they had fought against the strong and protected the weak," and he congratulated them on the "discipline of Christian soldiers, which had brought them triumphant from the banks of the Jumna to the frontier of India."

But now that the war was over, the reaction had a depressing effect on the troops. Broken down in health, Sir Hugh Rose yielded up his command to the next in rank, and hastened to the sea for the rest he so much needed.

What was true of the commander was equally true of his soldiers. Men who had borne uncomplainingly the stress of the summer campaign drooped, and fell easy victims to the depression which was almost worse than actual disease.

Yet the necessity of guarding the frontier against the remnants of the rebel armies, or the formidable native bandits who had no other purpose than robbery, and the yet more important duty of hunting down the wily Tantia Topee, devolved upon the central Indian force. Those who knew the "weaver artilleryman" best knew that there was no security for British supremacy in the district while he was at large.

That portion of the Sixth to which Joe's company was attached had suffered from sickness as greatly as any of the force, and there was no hope of relief for those so stricken while they remained in that sickly spot. Colonel Vandeleur felt himself compelled to weaken his little force by sending his sick and prisoners to a cantonment, where the conditions were better adapted to the recovery of one class and the safe-keeping of the other.

* Begun in No. 457 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"I do declare," said Frank Morrill, who had sought out his friend Joe, on learning that the latter's company was the one chosen for the duty, "if there is anything to be done where fun is to be had, or relief from this business to be found, you are sure to be in it. Here am I, dead-beat, worn out, and we have to stay, while you and your fellows are going off to comfortable quarters. Joe," he continued, in a whisper, as if he were half ashamed of his request, "don't you think Captain Vidal could make a point of asking the Colonel to let me go?"

"Is the Captain going?" said Joe, forgetting his friend's request in his delight at the thought of that officer's company.

"I got that information straight from the Colonel's orderly. Yes, he is going, and I want to go too. You will ask the Captain, Joe?"

"I don't know," said Joe, musingly. "If our company had not been assigned to the duty, I should have borne the disappointment. 'Grin and bear it' is a good motto, Frank."

"I'm ready to grin," replied Frank, readily—"I'll do grinning enough for the entire battalion, but I don't want to bear it. Can't you ask the Captain for me?"

"I don't know, Frank. I believe if I did that he could easily arrange it with the Colonel. But it wouldn't be right. Captain Vidal is very kind, but he might not like the asking of such favors. You forget he is our superior officer, and not even of our regiment."

"One might easily forget that, Joe," said Frank, striving to conceal his disappointment at Joe's implied refusal. "He treats you more like an equal, or as a father might treat a son. Is he not always seeking your company, and talking of you, even in the midst of other officers? But, Joe"—Frank repeated his request once more with an earnestness that told how near it lay to his heart—"will you ask Captain Vidal?"

"Why don't you ask Captain Vidal yourself?" said a voice near them.

The two lads started up, blushing, and saluted the cavalry officer.

"If you want a thing done, do it yourself," said Vidal. "Now out with it; what do you want to ask Captain Vidal?"

"To beg Colonel Vandeleur to let me go with the detachment," said Frank, putting his request as briefly as possible.

"Why? Do you feel that your services are necessary to the successful conduct of that affair?"

Frank did not answer. The Captain's manner was not reassuring. He did not know him as well as Joe, who felt that the request had been granted, and was glad that the boy had preferred it himself.

"Or is it only that you want a change, and wish to go with your old friend Joe?"

"That's it, sir."

"Well, I don't blame you. I want to go with your old friend Joe, and I want a change too. I have resigned my command. I never had a commission."

The boys stared.

"So I'm a mere civilian now, dear boys, and the rules of the service bother me no longer."

"They never did much," said Joe, laughing.

"Right, my lad; I wasn't born for pipe-clay and regulations. I'll make it a point to ask the Colonel this evening. I believe, Curly," said Vidal, addressing himself to Joe, "that the old man is so glad to get rid of me that he will refuse me nothing reasonable. I'll get him to send Goliath also. He would stay here, and not even growl, except to himself, though it is having a serious effect on him. It would be better if the whole command

were out of this place. There is no earthly use in keeping these brave fellows cooped up here merely to do police work."

The boys looked up attentively in the Captain's face. He did not seem to see them, but went on in his own impetuous way, as if glad to relieve himself of the thoughts that filled his mind.

"I'd like to take the whole lot away," he repeated, emphatically. "Your dandy General—"

Joe's eyes flashed, and the Captain laughed heartily.

"I'm not abusing him—he's the finest fellow in the Queen's army; but he thinks the game is up. It's a mistake. While we are fooling here, watching a few thousand dacoits who can't harm us, and can steal nothing worth having from a country swept by war, there is trouble brewing elsewhere. If that ugly, one-eyed poltroon, Tantia Topee, does not raise mischief, call me a Dutchman; and the Ranees is with him in the matter. Between the two, Sir Hugh will find he has been fooled."

"Then why not tell him so?" said Frank, half to himself.

"You insubordinate young rascal!" said Vidal. "Don't you know that you have just violated article something of the Rules and Regulations in thus interjecting your impudent remark? 'Why don't I tell him so?' Why, because I shall violate article something else of the Rules by volunteering my advice before I am asked for it, in accordance with another article. And so article this and regulation that will result in catching your sweet-scented General asleep."

Joe looked up quickly. His face was flushed, and his eager eyes showed the interest he felt. "I should like to ask you a question, sir?"

"Fire away, then, Curly!" said Captain Vidal, affectionately.

"Will the trouble fall on those we leave behind?"

"Not a bit," said Vidal, decisively. "My dear boy, you surely cannot think I would make haste to leave this spot if it were? The greatest trouble to our friend Vandeleur will be that he is out of it altogether. He has his orders to stay, and will stay till he receives others. I tried to give him a hint, so that he might communicate it to Sir Robert Napier. He did not know how easily my troop of brigands collect information. Their friends with Tantia talk freely of a big movement. If we can reach Jhansi, we can hold that place with the troops there, and stay the trouble, perhaps hold them till Brigadier Benton brings up the Fifty-second and Seventy-sixth—"

"Colonel Benton?"

"Yes; a fine officer, I'm told. Did you ever hear of him?"

"Yes, sir. I never felt more anxious to go than I do now, that I might see him. He was very good to me, and I have not done as I should by him."

"How, my dear boy?"

Joe related the story of the offer made by the Colonel, to which Vidal listened attentively.

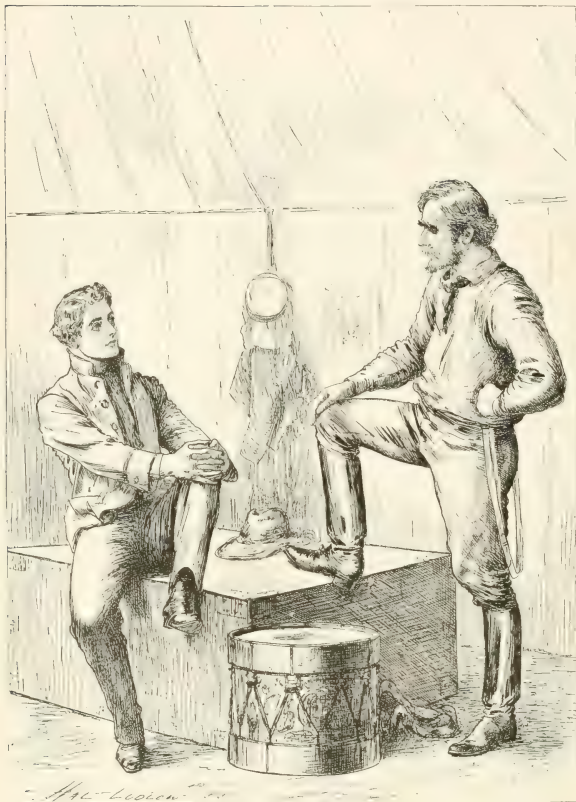
"Joe," said he, solemnly, "don't you think you are a little fool?"

"Perhaps," said Joe, humbly. "At any rate, I have appeared ungrateful. But I did want to make my own way in the world."

"It's always our own way that seems the sweetest," said Vidal. "I too might make a similar confession. But why did the Colonel so interest himself in you?"

Joe blushed, and told the story of the wreck and the rescue of the little girl.

"My brave lad!" said Vidal, as he took the proud boy's hand in his. "It must be Colonel Benton's disappointment that he could not show his gratitude to you. I'd give all that I possess in the world to have such a son as you," he broke out, impulsively. "I had a wife and child



"TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF," HE SAID."

once. They went to Europe, for this climate was killing them. I heard from them at the Cape. From there the vessel sailed sixteen years ago. I have never heard of them since, nor shall I till the sea gives up its dead. God help me!"

He covered his face with his hands, and a tear found its way unchecked down the war-worn and weather-beaten face.

"Sometimes the sea does give up those who have been counted dead," said Joe, gravely. "I've heard Uncle Peter say that if the Captain of the ship from which I was saved ever recovered his reason, I should be received as one risen from the dead."

The Captain started. "Tell me what you know about yourself," he said, hoarsely. "My dear boy, tell me *all* you know—all you have heard—all your friends have guessed—everything, everything. Who knows but that

God, in His infinite mercy—"

He was trembling violently, and looking into the young Sergeant's eyes as if he were trying to read the secret of his own son's disappearance.

The Captain's arms were over and around him. The older man's face wore a pitiful expression of anxiety as Joe simply recited the story of the Brissons. Vidal listened eagerly and questioned closely.

It was but to be disappointed. Joe had nothing in his recollection to identify the ship, the lady, or the master of the vessel. It did not seem possible to Vidal that the ship could have reached the English coast so long after her departure from the Cape. The dates were too far apart to admit of reasonable connection.

Vidal's face expressed his terrible disappointment. He still retained his hold on the young Sergeant, however, smoothing back the clustering curls on the lad's forehead, and scanning his features closely.

"I never see you, Joe," he said, "but I fancy I see in your face the lineaments of the mother of my own little son. It is not possible that it is anything but an accidental resemblance, or perhaps only a weak imagination; but it gives rise to wild hopes which your story cannot corroborate. But, my dear boy, I love you for yourself. Trust me

fully, Joe, and believe me, I am well able to be to you as the father you have never known."

The boy's arms were around him now, and they fondly embraced each other. The great void in John Vidal's heart was partly filled.

Frank Morrill, who had delicately retired, reappeared at this point. The Colonel's orderly was approaching the group.

"Colonel Vandeleur wishes to see you, sir," he said.

The Captain followed the messenger.

In half an hour he reappeared. "The Colonel's a trump. He is not only willing I should go—which he could not well help—but gives me the offer of a few of my own brave rascals. You're going, you young growler!" he added, to Frank. "And the son of Anak is ordered to Jhansi to get fat once more. We start at dusk."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DOLLS' THANKSGIVING DINNER.—Drawn by C. S. REINHART.



THE RED OAK TREE.

BY H. S. EDWARDS.

PHILIP gave his hoop a parting blow, cast his stick after it, and lazily watched its lessening energy as it rolled to the far side of the yard. There it staggered and settled down comfortably on the grass. In its last lying-down motions there was something so suggestive and inviting, so cow-like and restful, that the boy, unconscious of his imitation, sank down also, rolled over on his back, and slowly stretched out his legs.

The grass was soft and cool, and a little breeze came across the lawn and pressed against his flushed face. It reminded him of his mother's touch, so soothing and gentle it was. Far overhead the white clouds drifted slowly in the blue, their edges gathering a little tinge of gold from the horizontal sun-rays that forced themselves through the heavier clouds along the western hills. The single great oak, whose limbs almost overspread him, seemed to be languidly fanning himself with his broad branches, and Philip wondered dreamily if the arms of the tree had started the breeze, or whether it was the breeze that had set the arms in motion. The problem was too deep for the tired boy, and so he neither studied it out nor exactly gave it up, but just lay and let the old oak's picture fall into his placid eyes. The thought came to him that there must be two breezes, for the one that pressed against his cheek was voiceless, and only strong enough to stir his hair, while that in the tree kept the leaves twinkling like so many great stars, and seemed to be whispering and murmuring about something.

As thus he lay, the tree's profile began to shape itself against the sky; a great kind old face it was, and gazing down thoughtfully upon him. It was a thousand times larger than any that Philip had ever seen, but it did not frighten him, it was so gentle and loving. It reminded him vaguely of his grandfather's, whom he remembered well, for he used to carry him his pipe in the other days when the old gentleman was wont to settle back in the big arm-chair on the front porch, and hold the lighted wisp of paper over the tobacco while he puffed away. When the smoke began to curl lazily out from the pipe his grandfather's eyes would rest upon him in silence, and it was thus that Philip best remembered him. Something like the familiar expression dwelt upon the face of the old tree, and so he was not startled. He vaguely imagined that the faces were alike, and that the white cloud drifting off away up above was the same smoke that had always been such a mystery to him.

"What is your name?" asked the boy, after a little while of meditation. The face softened even more, and the answer floated down, clear and distinct, but very gentle:

"I am called Red Oak, my son."

It did not seem strange to Philip that he should be holding converse with a tree; indeed, on the contrary, it seemed the most natural thing in the world. Philip's conversation, as Red Oak probably understood, consisted mostly of questions.

"And are you very old?"

"In spirit, very. I am but eighty years old as a tree. I was quite a stout young fellow when your grandfather was born; and many are the times he has climbed up into my arms to get his kite back, for when the Wind tried to steal it I used to snatch it away and hold it until the owner came. His children and their children have come here at my feet to play full many a year; and not only children, but older folks, have come. Your father, my little man, sat on the grass down there and told your mother, when she was a girl, that he loved her; and he kissed her too. He kissed her so loud and so many times that I began to hum a tune to keep others from hearing."

Philip distinctly saw the smile on the old face deepen

and the head nod, as his grandfather's used to do when he laughed to himself. Red Oak was in a communicative mood, and Philip full of questions, so the conversation did not lag.

"How long have you lived as a spirit?"

"Thousands of years; so many years that I cannot remember all."

"Won't you tell me about it?" whispered the boy, charmed at the idea of hearing a story from some one thousands of years old.

The breeze stirred the old fellow's great beard and started his long hair dancing.

"Yes," he said, after a moment, "I will tell you. I am a spirit, but I do not know whence I came. I found myself first dwelling in a little red oak sapling. I had but two friends then, the Sun, my father, I have been told (it is a wise tree that knows its own father, little boy), and the Earth, my mother. One gave me warmth, and the other filled my veins with blood and gave me food; and so I grew to be a giant much larger than you see me now. But I had two enemies also, one they called Lightning and the other Wind. Wind fought me generation after generation. Some time, if you will watch a great storm, you will see something trying to tear me limb from limb, even in these days, and scattering my leaves all over the lawn. That is my ancient enemy at his favorite work. Lightning is not so persistent, but far more dangerous. A hundred times has my dwelling-place been struck by his fiery bolts, and some of them have torn it wide open."

"Why do they hate you so?"

"Because I invade their province, they say. Wind likes to have a perfectly clear romping-ground, and Lightning is in reality striking at my mother through me. When his aim is good, sometimes the Earth below me is torn asunder also. I did not dread Wind in my youth, but in my old age it is hard to resist him, and I am plunged then headlong to the ground." Philip was staring at him, his mouth wide open.

"But how do you get up again?"

"The Creator is greater than the Destroyer," said Red Oak, softly. "Before I grow too old and feeble I prepare for my new life. I leave the tree and curl myself up in a hard little shell, and drop down softly some day into my mother's arms. Few notice the trick. The limbs of the tree I leave grow hard and dry, and the leaves never come out again upon them. The spirit is gone. Wind sees the change, and gathering all his forces, some night he bursts in upon the feeble skeleton. Lightning comes too, and together they seize it in their grasp; there is a mighty crash, and the next morning the tree is lying dead upon the grass. Little birds, whose nests it has held year after year, rocking their babies in feathery cradles for them while they sang, or searched for worms in the grass down there, come and mourn over the wreck, and people passing say, 'What a pity! It was once a magnificent tree.' But, curled up in my little shell, and held close in my mother's arms, I laugh at the mistake my old enemies make when they flash and thunder and howl away over the hills, boasting that they have slain Red Oak at last. In a little while, when all is forgotten, I hear the voice of my father, and splitting my shell, peep out into his face again. My mother opens her arms and bids me fear not, and so day by day I grow in strength and daring. When Wind at last sees me coming again, he tries to trample me out, but I lash his face with my strong young arms, and beat him off. Some of the battles, my lad, have been fearful to behold, and many's the time I have had a limb torn off; but I cannot be conquered while my father is above me and the Earth gives me strength and food."

Philip was silent, studying the splendid face glorified above him by the evening sun, whose rays seemed to

linger upon it lovingly, longingly. Then the voice spoke again, this time so softly that the words seemed to come from afar off, but yet as clear as the stroke of the town bell at night, when the air was quiet and the window in his room was raised. "Oh, my little man, you too have a mighty Father far above the clouds up yonder. Learn to trust Him, as I do mine, through all the storms and changes and trials of life. The tempests may beat upon you, disasters come, and sometimes you may seem to have been deserted, but if you will trust on, He will lift you up again."

"Philip! Philip! Philip! Philip! Philip!" The boy sprang to his feet. It is his mother's voice, and behind her in the dining-room he hears the supper-bell ringing merrily. He rubs his eyes and gazes up into the oak. The old face is gone, but he remembers it well. It was like the face of his grandfather, who used to sit over there in the porch, in his big chair, and tell him of boyhood romps under the old red oak, of the battles between the winds and trees, of the loving Providence that watches over all so carefully that not a little sparrow can fall from the spreading branches but that He knows it. The breeze has set the big chair on the porch to rocking, but from there too the kind old face is gone.

BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

BY DAVID KER.

A LITTLE HISTORIAN.

"WHY, Susan, what's the matter? Nothing wrong, I hope?" "If you please, sir, it's Master Tommy," answered the rosy-cheeked house-maid, whose red eyes showed that she had been crying bitterly.

"Has he been misbehaving, then? I'm sorry for that," said the visitor.

"Not he, sir; he's as good as gold, bless his little heart! But such stories as he tells, all out of his own head, just like a print book! Why, they'd make a fire-shovel ery almost. Only this very afternoon he began telling me a tale all about India—for he's wonderful fond of India somehow."

"If he had seen as much of it as I have, perhaps he wouldn't like it quite so well," muttered one of the two visitors, a tall, handsome young man with a trim brown mustache, whose right arm was in a sling.

"—and how some wicked king or other," went on Susan, "took away a poor woman's baby from her—more shame for him, the old Turk!—and wouldn't never let her see it again; and so she begged for one tiny lock of hair from the little one's head, just for a remembrance, and then—" Here the tender-hearted Susan broke down altogether.

"But I hope all his stories are not so sad as that," said the young officer, who had been listening with undisguised amazement.

"Oh dear no, sir; he tells such funny ones sometimes, about little men living down at the bottom of the sea, and playing hide-and-seek with the fish in and out of the sea-weeds, you'd be ready to die with laughing."

"I say, F—, let's go up and look at this prodigy," cried Lieutenant C— to his companion, a much older and graver man than himself, who looked like what he was—a college professor. "I wish we had had him at our mess up-country in India, to tell us stories when we had nothing to amuse us, which happened about seven days in a week."

"You may well call him a prodigy," answered the Professor. "Such a memory I never knew in my life. He can repeat whole chapters of the Bible by heart quite easily, and I really believe he could do the same with any book that he has ever read. What do you think he did only last week? He had just come down to the dining-room after dinner, when I happened to quote a saying of one of Walter Scott's heroes, which I said came out of *Old Mortality*. Quick as lightning little Tommy struck in: 'I beg your pardon, Mr. F—; it's from *Quantin Durward*, chapter so-and-so, page so-and-so.' And then he repeated the whole passage as pat as if he'd been reading it out of the book. See, this is his room; let's look in quietly and see what he's about."

Pushing open the door as noiselessly as possible, they saw a small figure lying full length on the hearth-rug in front of the fire, with an open book before it. One hand held a slice of bread and butter, but it was evidently untouched, and the cup of milk on the table beside him was still brimful. Busied with his reading, the boy had quite forgotten his food.

The two men stole softly up behind him, and bent down to peep at the book, expecting to see Grimm's *Fairy Tales* or *Robinson Crusoe*. But both started and exchanged looks of blank astonishment as they saw that this boy student was deep in *The Mogul Emperors of India*, a work which few men would care to read for amusement, and which in the hands of a child not yet eight years old was a startling sight indeed.

"Well, Tom," said the Professor's cheery voice, "as busy as ever, I see. Here's a gentleman from India come to pay you a visit."

"From India?" cried the boy, jumping up eagerly. "Oh, I'm very glad of that! I'm just reading about India now, and he'll be able to tell me all about Baber and Hoomayoon and Akbar and Jehangir and all the rest of them. I've just got to Jehangir now."

"Well," said Lieutenant C—, with a rather embarrassed laugh, "I'm afraid that before I could tell you much about them I should have to begin by finding out who they were."

"What? don't you know them?" said Tom, opening his eyes. "And yet you've been in India?"

"But when I was in India I thought more of shooting tigers and spearing wild boars than of reading history. Are you very fond of history?"

"Oh yes; I read every history I can get hold of, and I'm just writing one myself. Look here." And he dragged down from the shelf overhead a huge pile of scribbled paper, on the uppermost sheet of which was written, "A Compendium of Universal History, being a View of the World from the Creation to the Year 1500."

"Well, you've taken a pretty big contract there," said the Lieutenant, with a grin. "But there seems to be some more manuscript up yonder. Hello! what's this? 'The Battle of Cheviot; an Epic Poem, in Three Cantos.' 'Fingal; a Poem, in Twelve Books.' Why, I say, if you go on at this rate, you'll stock a whole library before you're out of short jackets."

But at that moment a call of "Tom!" was heard from below, and the young historian ran off to answer the summons.

"Will he really wade all through that great dry book?" asked Lieutenant C—, in amazement.

"Indeed he will; and he'll do it in half the time that you or I would take to it. He reads so fast that you'd think he took it in through his skin."

More than forty years after that day a tall, gray-haired, thoughtful-looking man with a high forehead and strongly marked face sat reading upon one of the benches on the promenade of an English watering-place, quite unconscious that all the passers-by were turning their heads to look at him, and pointing him out to each other as if he had been an African chief or Hindoo Rajah.

Just then a stout, broad-chested old gentleman with a long white mustache, whose scarred face showed that he had been a soldier in his time, came sauntering slowly past. Catching sight of the man on the bench, he gave a slight start, and then stepping up to him, laid his hand upon the book. "History again?" cried he, laughing. "Well, no one can say that you don't stick to your work, for, if I remember right, you began it before you were eight years old."

"General C—, I declare!" cried the reader, springing up. "How are you, my dear fellow? Why, you look hardly a day older, although it must be five years since we met last."

"Well, I dare say planting and gardening (which is what I've been doing in the mean time) are easier work than writing the history of England."

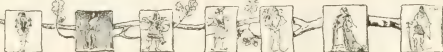
"I shouldn't grudge the labor, C—, if I were only sure of living till my work's finished; but there's a great deal to be done yet."

"Well, you're just the man to do it, anyhow," said the old soldier, heartily. "Do you remember our first meeting, when you were lying on the floor reading *The Mogul Emperors of India*? I thought even then that you'd be a great man some day, but I certainly didn't foresee that 'little Tom' would grow into Lord Macaulay."

* A part of this extraordinary production is said to be still in existence.—D. K.



THE CASTLE ON THE RHINE



THIS is the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle !)

THIS is the long ancestral line,
Who dwell in the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle !)

THIS is the Princess Goldimine,
Who came of the long ancestral line,
Who dwell in the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle !)

THESE are the goblins of base incline—
(Oh, sing of the wicked goblins !)—
Who imprisoned the Princess Goldimine,
Who came of the long ancestral line,
Who dwell in the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle !)

THIS is the bower of twisted pine,
That was woven by goblins of base incline—
(Oh, sing of the wicked goblins !)—
Who imprisoned the Princess Goldimine,
Who came of the long ancestral line,
Who dwell in the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle !)

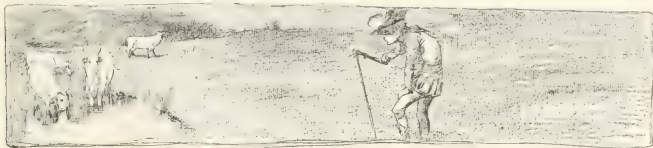
THIS is the hatchet of strange design,
That destroyed the bower of twisted pine,
That was woven by goblins of base incline—
(Oh, sing of the wicked goblins !)—
Who imprisoned the Princess Goldimine,
Who came of the long ancestral line,
Who dwell in the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle !)

THIS is the Hermit of Opalshrine—
(Oh, sing of the wise old Hermit !)—
Who wrought the hatchet of strange design,
That destroyed the bower of twisted pine,
That was woven by goblins of base incline—
(Oh, sing of the wicked goblins !)—
Who imprisoned the Princess Goldimine,
Who came of the long ancestral line,
Who dwell in the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle !)

THIS is the herd of rose-white kine,
That served the Hermit of Opalshrine—
(Oh, sing of the wise old Hermit !)—
Who wrought the hatchet of strange design,
That destroyed the bower of twisted pine,
That was woven by goblins of base incline—
(Oh, sing of the wicked goblins !)—
Who imprisoned the Princess Goldimine,
Who came of the long ancestral line,
Who dwell in the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle !)

THIS is the man with the crooked spine,
Who tended the herd of rose-white kine,
That served the Hermit of Opalshrine—
(Oh, sing of the wise old Hermit !)—
Who wrought the hatchet of strange design,
That destroyed the bower of twisted pine,
That was woven by goblins of base incline—
(Oh, sing of the wicked goblins !)—
Who imprisoned the Princess Goldimine





Who came of the long ancestral line,
Who dwelt in the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle!)

This is the good Prince Silverwine—
(Oh, sing of the Prince so noble!)—
Who befriended the man with the crooked spine,
Who tended the herd of rose-white kine,
That served the Hermit of Opalshrine—
(Oh, sing of the wise old Hermit!)



Who wrought the hatchet of strange design,
That destroyed the bower of twisted pine,
That was woven by goblins of base incline—
(Oh, sing of the wicked goblins!)—
Who imprisoned the Princess Goldimine,
Who came of the long ancestral line,
Who dwelt in the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle!)

This is the marriage, so grand and fine,
Of the Princess to good Prince Silverwine—
(Oh, sing of the Prince so noble!)
Who befriended the man with the crooked spine,
Who tended the herd of rose-white kine,
That served the Hermit of Opalshrine—
(Oh, sing of the wise old Hermit!)—
Who wrought the hatchet of strange design,
That destroyed the bower of twisted pine,
That was woven by goblins of base incline—
(Oh, sing of the wicked goblins!)—
Who imprisoned the Princess Goldimine,
Who came of the long ancestral line,
Who dwelt in the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle!)

This is the bishop, aged ninety-and-nine,
Who blessed the marriage, so grand and fine,
Of the Princess to good Prince Silverwine—
(Oh, sing of the Prince so noble!)



Who befriended the man with the crooked spine,
Who tended the herd of rose-white kine,
That served the Hermit of Opalshrine—
(Oh, sing of the wise old Hermit!)
Who wrought the hatchet of strange design,
That destroyed the bower of twisted pine,
That was woven by goblins of base incline—
(Oh, sing of the wicked goblins!)—
Who imprisoned the Princess Goldimine,
Who came of the long ancestral line,
Who dwelt in the castle on the Rhine—
(Oh, sing of the quaint old castle!)





TOMMY DOES HIS BEST TO AMUSE THE GIRLS.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE next number, issued December 4th, will be our Christmas Number. This year it will be larger than ever, for it will consist of twenty-four pages. Its contents will comprise "A Captured Santa Claus," by THOMAS NELSON PAGE, with three illustrations by W. A. ROGERS; "The Three Wishes," by BRANDER MATTHEWS and F. ANSTAY (author of *Vice Versa*, etc.), with four illustrations by C. DANA GIBSON; "Widow Morgan's Interest," by JOHN ROSSSELL CORLE, with two illustrations by W. T. SUNDLER; "How Christmas Came to Tommy's Cove," by SOPHIE SWERT, illustrated by JESSIE McDERMOTT; a front-page illustration by JESSIE McDERMOTT, with a poem by MARGARET E. SANISTER; and a comic page by the well-known French artist MARS.

It will be necessary to submit the Post-office Box from the Christmas Number, but it will be resumed in the following issue.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MONTERREY, MEXICO.

Monterrey is a large city, almost surrounded by the Sierra Madre Mountains, two of which are historical. One is the point where the French attacked this city, but were defeated by the Mexicans. They left a great many cannon; one is up on the hill where their fort was and their old breast-works are there yet. And it was on the other that General Zachary Taylor began the siege, known as the battle of Monterrey, in 1845. On his way down to the main plaza he passed down the street in front of the house in which we now live. There is also a celebrated mountain near the city, called La Silla, the Saddle, because its shape is exactly that of a saddle. It is a very beautiful mountain, and very high and difficult to climb, and only two persons have been known to reach its summit, one of them a sergeant in Taylor's army, who planted there a Stars and Stripes. Just outside of the city, up on a little hill, is the Bishop's Palace, over two hundred years old. It was built in this way: There was a great famine in this country, and the people were starving, and a bishop employed many people to build this palace so as to give them money which they might earn. Up there, among a great many other names, is said U. S. Grant carved his during the Mexican war, in 1845. This city has about fifty thousand inhabitants, and is dotted all over with parks of trees, walks, fountains, and flowers. It is built in the old Aztec fashion, narrow cobble stone streets, rock houses, and iron barred windows. This city is over a thousand feet high, and the climate cool and delightful. We have a debating society and a very good public library, where I often go to study and read. My father has been a missionary to Mexico for nearly fifteen years, but we have only lived here one year. I have two brothers and two sisters. I am twelve years old.

Think you for writing so interesting a letter.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I did not get many chestnuts this year, but I gathered quite a good many walnuts. I wrote to you once before, about a year ago, and told you about my cats, so now I will tell you about my rabbits. I have two, Fanny and Maudie. I have a little cousin, about two years old, named Alec; he has two rag dolls, named Titania and Daisy, but he likes my Arzella Kooledge best, and calls her Zeeny. A friend of ours wrote a play for us, and I and my five cousins had a stage put up in the big ballroom, where we acted it. As there were seven characters in the play, one of us had to play two parts, a maid and a lady. Two of the boys took the

parts of little dandies, and the smallest of us was a fairy. I took the part of a very little girl, and the oldest one in the play was my mother. It was more of an opera than a play, as there was a good deal of singing in it. F. G.

Where do you live, dear? You forgot to tell me.

BRIDGEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

The more letters I read in the Post-office Box the more I want to write one. I am not a subscriber, but my brother gives me the bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have seven volumes, all but the one for 1880. It was out of print when my brother tried to get it for me. They are a great deal of use to me out here in the "piney woods," out of sight of any other house. We have been here three years, but I have not seen a live alligator here yet. I have seen only a little dead one, and I have seen alligator eggs. Have you ever tasted alligator steak, Mr. Tom? I have, and think it very good. The meat is white, and does not taste too fishy. Uncle Tom lives near us, and I think he must be very much like Mrs. Beecher's "Uncle Tom," for he is so honest. The name of one of his children is Benjamin Magnolia, and she is about the thinnest-looking little dandy I ever saw. Another queer name I have heard is Bleak House Verner, a colored child, but I don't know whether it is a boy or girl. We live on one of Uncle Sam's farms, and when some of the ground was being broken up a large flint-stone arrow-head was found and given to me. I am, of course, very proud of it. The weather here is very pleasant, but I do want to see snow again. ESTHER W.

I have never tasted cooked alligator, but have carried an alligator-skin bag with much satisfaction. The names you speak of are very droll, particularly the latter.

THE BRIDGE, HOLLAND.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—This is the first letter I write, so I hope to see it in print. The Donck is grandmamma's country-place, and we spend six months of the year there. The house is big and square, and is one hundred and fifty years old. It stands quite near to a big river, the Maas. The land on which the house and park stand is enclosed between the Old and New Maas, and it is found and given to me. I am, of course, very proud of it. The weather here is very pleasant, but I do want to see snow again. ESTHER W.

DOLLY S. L.

GREENSBURG, STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy ten and a half years old. I go to the Grammar-School at Wolsingham, and get a prize at midsummer for the most marks in my class. I study Latin, Greek, French, Scripture, arithmetic, algebra, geography, history, Euclid, parsing, analysis, and music. The Head Master is the Rev. F. H. E., and the second master is Mr. T. We play cricket in summer and foot-ball in winter, besides other games. I have a cat, a pony, a horse, and a mare for pets. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have all the numbers from the beginning. I hope my letter will be published.

TOM L.

READING, PENNSYLVANIA.

I wrote to you more than a year ago, but I thought I would write again. I do not have much leisure now, as I am in the High-School graduating class, and have very few lessons. My studies are botany, literature, Latin (Virgil), and psychology. I take violin lessons, and I am learning some very new songs. I have had a very pretty collection of botanical specimens, but gave them to the school that I attend. I am now gathering autumn leaves for an herbarium.

ESTELLE (14 years old).

THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I have never written to you before, so I hope you will print this one. We take several magazines for the boys to read. We have now taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years. I used to live in a very small town, but we came here. I like Herford a great deal better than here; besides, all the places round are so smoky. My favorite author is Sir Walter Scott, and I am very fond of *Robinson Crusoe*. I am now reading *The Last of the Barons*, by Lord Lytton. I find it very interesting indeed. For pets, I have a cat called Tom, and a dog called Sam. When we went to Scarborough this year we left

Tib at home with one of the servants. When I came home I found that Tib had been poisoned, and was so ill that they got a pair of water to give him. However, he got better, and I think she isn't as pretty as she used to be. I have a tricycle too, and so has father. We took them with us to Hounsea, and we rode about a good deal. When we got there we went to a restaurant and had some dinner, after which we wandered about the town. We went up the people, which is a very nice and fat place, and I am more tired than all the tricycling in the world.

EDITH MARGARET H.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year, and I am a subscriber for it another year. I am very much interested in the story of "Uncle Peter's Trust," and I am anxious for the next number. I am a little girl nine years old. I have often thought I would write a letter to the Post-office Box, but I have never done it. I go to school, and am in the A Class, in the Fourth Grade. NELLIE S. J.

WEST PORT ARIZONA.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I thought I would write a letter and tell you how much we have all enjoyed HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. By "we," I mean papa and mamma, two brothers, and three sisters. I am the oldest, and my letter will not be a very interesting one, as I have not travelled very much. I hope to some day, but I have read a great deal. We take the *Century*, HARPER'S MONTHLY, *Scrub-o's Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, *St. Andrew*, and *Democrat's Monthly*. My favorite authors are Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Thackeray, Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Mrs. Annals, Hawthorne, Miss Alcott, yourself, and Howard Pyle, because he uses such quaint language. My oldest brother, who is twelve years old, likes to read anything published under David D. Wood, the blind organist, youngest brother, fifteen years, is an amateur editor, who works very hard at his little paper. I send my letters to you, and I hope you will let it know. My only pet is a tomcat, named Simon Pedoli. And now, dear Postmaster, I will close with much love and gratitude to you for the happiness the beautiful Post-office Box has given us all.

MARGUERITE R.

The Bee is certainly growing amazingly, and appears to be a very busy Bee indeed.

CROCHET-WORK.

I wonder how many readers of the Post-office Box know how to crochet. For the benefit of those who have not yet learned that delightful branch of fancy-work, I will give the following directions for making a chain, and then you can make all of the articles here described:

D. c., or double crochet.—Put wool over hook, put hook in a stitch, draw wool through, wool over and draw through, and then draw out and make a draw through two loops again. S. c., or single crochet.—Put hook in stitch, draw wool through, and then draw out and make a draw through two loops and the needle. Ch., or chain.—Make a loop and with the hook draw the wool through it. T. c., or treble crochet.—Same as d. c., except that the wool is put over twice and then drawn through over, and draw through two loops at a time, three times.

The first directions will be for a pair of

WORSTED SLIPPERS.

Materials.—One skein Scotch yarn, any shade desired; bone hook, medium size; a pair of ladies' wool socks.

Make a chain of thirteen stitches.

1st row.—One d. c. in every stitch, always taking back part of stitch, turn.

2d row.—Now begin the edge of first six stitches: in the next, or centre stitch, work three d. c. all in one stitch, one d. c. in each of the six loops. Turn and repeat 2d row until you have thirty ridges or sixty rows, counting two rows to a ridge.

3rd row.—Now begin the side of slipper. Work eighteen d. c. back and forth without any increase. Work fifteen rows, or until long enough to reach to back of heel. Break off and crochet the other side to match.

Now work the heel and finish with a row of holes and shells around the top. Place a bow of ribbon on the instep, after running a piece of elastic through the holes.

Something that would be very suitable for mamma or auntie would be a

GORED SHOULDER CAPES.

Materials.—About three hanks of Germantown wool. Ribbons, one to run between the gores.

Make a chain of eighty stitches.

1st row.—Into first two stitches put a d. c.; into the third put three d. c.; put one stitch (d. c.) in the next two stitches, and so on, and then two, three into one, two again, skip two, and repeat till you reach end of chain.

2d row.—Row, two stitches, then five into next loop, then two, skip two, repeat.

FUNNY FELLOWS.



EXTERNAL EVIDENCE.

"MA, MAKE TOMMY GIVE ME SOME OF HIS GUM."

"HOW D'YOU KNOW I'M CHEWING GUM?"

"CAN'T I SEE YOUR EARS WIGGLING?"

LITTLE Mary, otherwise Big Eyes, three years old, had never been a traveller, her longest trips being to Aunt Susan's, five miles distant. When her father's business necessitated his moving from Georgia to Alabama, the older children talked to Mary a great deal during the packing about the "new country" they were going to, until the little mind was prepared to accept any conditions, however novel, in that strange land. Finally the day of moving came, and the Georgia Pacific Railroad bore them across the State line. "Now, Mary," said Papa, "we are in Alabama." Big Eyes said nothing, but looked out eagerly for something strange and new. However, she could not see that Alabama was different at all from Georgia. Disappointed, she still reserved the expression of her opinion, and gazed more earnestly out, when suddenly the train shot into a tunnel. The little tot caught desperately at her father's hand as he held it to her, but she did not cry out. When daylight shone brightly on them again, Big Eyes shook her head disdainfully. "Don't yike dis tuntry; it dets night in spots!"

Seven-year-old Geoffrey was very naughty, and mamma took him on her lap to try a little moral suasion before resorting to extreme measures, so she talked to him somewhat in this way: "I want to see my good boy—this naughty boy isn't my boy—the real boy."

Here the naughty boy interrupted. "I'm not *two* boys; I'm only one, and I'm all bad."

"No, dear," said patient mamma, "*you* are all good; this naughty boy is only the shadow; you know what shadow is, don't you?"

"Oh yes," replied blue eyes; "once last week, when I was riding on the pony, I watched my shadow following along the road."

"Very well," said mamma, "that's all this naughty boy is; it's a shadow."

"Well," said the small boy, meditatively, "if you really have to slap anybody, I just hope *you'll slap the shadow!*"



A WISE BIRD.

"WHY DON'T YOU EAT, MR. GOBBER?"

"BECAUSE I DON'T WISH TO BE EATEN MY FRIEND. ARE YOU NOT AWARE THAT CHRISTMAS IS COMING?"

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
Christmas Number.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

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"LORD, I HAVE NOTHING TO OFFER."—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 74.

LORD, I HAVE NOTHING TO OFFER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LORD, I have nothing to offer—
 No gold to be laid at Thy feet,
 No myrrh than the gold more precious,
 Nor spice with its wafting sweet.
 Lord, in the arms of Thy mother,
 Fair Babe who art come to be King,
 In the dearth of my penny kneeling,
 'Tis simply my all that I bring.

Behold, little Child of the Virgin,
 This dear little head on my breast!
 See, though I have nothing to offer,
 Ungrudging I offer my best.
 This darling, yet pure as the lilies.
 I pledge, Heaven's Babe, to be Thine.
 Oh, smile from the glory immortal,
 And give him a blessing divine!

As of old to the gate of the temple
 They came who a trophy had won,
 So I to the crib in the manger
 Made haste ere the day had begun,
 And the innocent life I had cradled
 I bore to Thy shrine with the joy
 That halos the brow of the mother
 Whose heart is enfolding her boy.

Lord, I have nothing to offer;
 Yet I, the unworthy, am bold,
 Nor weep that I bring as my present
 Nor myrrh nor frankincense nor gold.
 Little Face that hath slept on her bosom,
 See this that is pillowed on mine.
 Oh, beautiful Child of the Virgin,
 Lo, I and my baby are Thine.

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO TUKEY'S COVE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.



T was queer, but nothing ever seemed to come to Tukey's Cove, or, if it did, it was belated. You would never know there when it was the Fourth of July unless the wind happened to be in such a quarter that you could hear the Fleetwell bells ringing, or some uncommonly fortunate boy had one or at most two bunches of crackers,

which he would fire off under a tin pan to get all the noise possible out of them, with all the boys and dogs in town to assist: that was the most of a celebration they ever had. Thanksgiving Day never came either—and it was New England too. The Tukey's Cove turkeys quaked with dread of a far worse fate than being comfortably and fragrantly browned in their own homestead ovens, and eaten where their plumpness and tenderness would call forth home praises and lasting memories; they were ignobly "turned" in the nearest market for flour and tea and other necessities. Birthdays could scarcely be said to come there, since no one could remember ever having had a good time or a present because it was his birthday. Even spring kept away long after she had come all along the Cape; the east winds blew and blew so that the leaves and buds dared not come out, and the sand choked the springing grass. As it was directly on the sea-shore, winter was long in coming too, sometimes keeping back his frost and snow until Christmas; that is, until it was Christmas in the almanacs: it never seemed to be Christmas at Tukey's Cove.

"Of course they couldn't expect that," Nahum Nicker-son said, patiently.

It was when Emeretta went out, with her shawl over her head, to the wood-pile where he was chopping, and said that she wished they could have a little bit of a Christmas for little Mary Jane's sake. She went out there to say it because they didn't like to have their mother know that they thought much about the things they couldn't have. Mother was an invalid, and lay on the old hair-cloth sofa almost all the time, and little Mary Jane was delicate, and could never go out to play like other children, and Nahum and Emeretta had to work in the stocking factory, and leave them alone all day. And the days were long and monotonous, especially to little Mary Jane, who knew all the stories in her one picture-book by heart, and could read them upside down, and could see the pictures with her eyes shut, and whose one doll was constantly coming unsewed and unpinned, and turning again into the old shawl from which it was evolved, which was very perplexing and distressing to maternal feelings, and had now, moreover, lost one of its black button eyes into a crack in the floor, from whence it could not be recovered. To have life look dark to little Mary Jane was, to all the others, the hardest thing they had to bear.

Nahum thought that perhaps Emeretta meant that he ought to take the four dollars and fifty-nine cents that he had saved up, and make a Christmas for little Mary Jane; but how could he do that when at any time the drummer who came from Boston to buy goods at the stocking factory might say he had found for him the situation he had promised to seek? for if he had not money enough to pay his fare he could not go. His mother had given her consent to his going to Boston—anywhere, indeed—if he would not wish to go to sea. The reason why Tukey's Cove was so sad a place, where so few pleasant things came, was that the fathers and husbands and brothers were all fishermen or "coasters," and many and many of them had been drowned in the sea, so now it seemed to all the women in Tukey's Cove a cruel, treacherous monster, and they shivered when they heard it calling and calling to their sons with that voice that is so apt to be persuasive to a boy's ears. Nahum meant to be somebody in the world, if he couldn't be a sailor. Long, long thoughts and plans that no one would have imagined went on inside that round, tow-thatched head of his.

His mother was to grow strong and happy, and wear a silk dress, Emeretta was to have a new hair ribbon each day (it must be acknowledged that Emeretta would have liked that), and go to a high-school, and little Mary Jane—what was not little Mary Jane to have?—a strong back, and the reddest of cheeks, and whole toyshops and menageries at her command. There were to be carpets on the floors, and pictures on the walls, and always plum-cake for supper. He was somewhat undecided whether he should be the editor of a great newspaper which should take the right side on every question and be honored and approved of by every one, or a great merchant who never made a bad bargain, or the president of a bank in which every one trusted. There had been times when he had seriously contemplated shooting buffaloes, or being President, or inventing a new kind of a balloon; but he said to himself that he had grown wise and practical since then. But however his views as to his own career changed, in one determination he never wavered—he meant to have a good gun. Perhaps much of Nahum's planning was foolish and visionary, and yet what may not a boy do with a strong arm and a stout heart and that armor of courage that wards off all the blows of fortune? At all events, if you had prophesied to Nahum that he would never succeed, he wouldn't have believed you—no indeed!

Emeretta was going into the house, looking disappointed, in spite of the fact that she had not really expected

that Nahum would spend his four dollars and fifty-nine cents, and would scarcely have wished him to, for Nahum's precious plans were occasionally divulged to her, and she had implicit faith in them, and Nahum was wondering whether he had not better call her back and tell her that he would spend the fifty-nine cents for something to put into little Mary Jane's stocking, when Nim Baker, one of their neighbors, who had been over to Fleetwell with a load of clams, stopped at the door.

"Here's a box for Emeretta that I fetched over from the express office," called Nim. "Guess she's got a Christmas present!"

"For me?" cried Emeretta, running out to the wagon. "It must be a mistake! Who would send me a box?"

"Well, as long as there isn't any other Emeretta Ellen Nickerson in these parts, I calculate you'll have to take it. Mebbe Santa Claus has sent by express, bein' he never seems to have time to get round here with his reindeer," said Nim, facetiously.

"Oh, oh, Emeretta! did Santa Claus send it?" cried little Mary Jane, dancing around the box in wide-eyed excitement and delight.

Emeretta stood, with clasped hands, at a respectful distance, and looked it all over, although there was nothing to be seen but the four wooden sides, and the address, in very large black letters, "Miss Emeretta Ellen Nickerson, Tukey's Cove." But Nahum, who was a boy of action, was already prying off the top with the hatchet.

"Here's a letter; that will tell you all about it," he said.

Emeretta turned the letter over and over in her hands, looking at it with a kind of awe, and afraid to open it.

But little Mary Jane had already thrust her small hand into the box, and found a package, from which she had torn the wrappings and disclosed a most beautiful waxen doll. It had "truly" hair as yellow as gold, and a complexion like strawberries and cream; she had ear-rings in her ears, and a very stylish dress on, not to mention the whole Saratoga trunk full of clothes that was in the package with her; and, greatest wonder and delight of all, when little Mary Jane pressed her to her heart in a transport of joy the waxen lips opened and the doll said, "Mamma!"

Little Mary Jane turned pale, and I am not sure that Emeretta and Nahum didn't, for not only had no talking doll ever opened its lips in Tukey's Cove before, but they had never even heard that such a marvel existed. Little Mary Jane, who believed in fairies, and so found nothing very startling, except for the moment, was the first to recover herself.

"Of course Santa Claus or a good fairy sent it to me, or else it wouldn't have called me mamma," she declared.

Being a boy, Nahum immediately upset this theory by discovering the spring which governed the doll's powers of speech, and making her say "Papa" or "Mamma" at his pleasure. But this discovery seemed to increase rather than diminish little Mary Jane's satisfaction, especially after she found that she could do it herself.

Meanwhile Emeretta was reading the letter.

"Oh, mother! oh, Nahum! it is from that lovely Miss Enderton who was boarding at Fleetwell last summer, and came over to visit the factory. Don't you remember that I told you Mr. Barker let me show her round? And she asked me questions, and made me talk so much, that before I knew it I had told her all about us, little Mary Jane and all, and about Luella Tukey, who was working next to me, and her little lame sister Nancy. She seemed interested in everybody who had trouble. I heard people say that she was very rich and very odd. She didn't say much herself, but she made me talk, and she wrote my name down. I wondered why, but I didn't suppose she would ever think of me again."

Nahum had drawn the box to his mother's sofa, and she, with a brighter look than she had worn for many a

long day, was taking out the gifts—a soft warm shawl and a pretty hat; a pair of blankets so soft and thick that it warmed one just to look at them; a pair of boy's rubber boots, into which Nahum thrust his feet, and found, with great satisfaction, that they were just a fit; some books and games; and some delicate fruits and jellies; and a great box of candy.

"Is that all?" said Emeretta, peering into the box and turning everything over and over.

"All? Surely it is enough! My dear, you are not ungrateful?" said her mother, reproachfully.

Emeretta looked from her letter, which she had read over and over, to little Mary Jane, who sat in her small chair, with the doll hugged tightly in her arms, talking and singing to it, and her face was troubled.

"I suppose it's foolish, but it does seem as if little Mary Jane's doll were the best of all," said her mother, with tears of joy running down her face.

Emeretta crushed her letter all into a little ball, and thrust it into the depths of her pocket.

"See! she can do more than talk—she can walk!" cried Nahum, who had discovered another mechanical arrangement in the doll. He set her upon her feet, and with a little swish of her pink silk train she walked gracefully off half-way across the room, while little Mary Jane was almost hysterical with delight.

"It's better than medicine to the child," said her mother.

Emeretta took the letter from her pocket and tossed it into the very heart of the fire; she was afraid that her mother or Nahum might wish to read it. As it blazed up she felt as if the words, which kept repeating themselves in her ears, must show themselves in the flames: "The blue-eyed doll is for Luella Tukey's little lame sister."

If she had only read the letter before little Mary Jane had found the doll and thought it hers! How could she take it away from her now? She hoped she was not ungrateful for all those useful presents, but if there only had been a doll for little Mary Jane! She remembered that Miss Enderton had led her on to tell her that the Tukeys were not so poor as they; that was the reason why there were warm clothes for them and the beautiful doll was for Nancy Tukey. Poor little Mary Jane! She might have liked the games, although they were somewhat too old for her, if she had not seen the doll. They discussed the naming of the doll, and their mother favored Emily, because Emily Enderton was the name signed to the letter, and little Mary Jane wanted to name her Goldilocks, after the Princess in her book.

How merry they were—all but Emeretta. Their mother sat up on the sofa and made Emeretta try on the pretty hat; Nahum, still wearing the rubber boots, lay flat on the floor, in boy fashion, and tried each of the games, with the gay cards spread around him; and little Mary Jane had exchanged the doll's pink silk trained dress for a Paris night-gown all laces and ribbons, and was singing her to sleep, which was comfortable for her dollship, who must have been hoarse and stiff after so prolonged a display of her accomplishments.

A knock at the door made Emeretta start. Nahum, who had looked out of the window, said it was only Luella Tukey. Emeretta called to him, as he was going to the door, not to invite Luella into the sitting-room; it might make her feel badly to see all their beautiful presents, when she never had any. But of course a boy wouldn't think of that, and Nahum didn't hear, and in came Luella, and went into raptures over all the things. She tried on the pretty hat and shawl, and was not in the least envious, for she was a very good girl, and Emily Goldilocks was ruthlessly aroused, and made to talk and walk until Nahum said she would certainly get out of order. Luella wasn't envious, but she did say, as she was



"EMERETTA WENT OUT, WITH HER SHAWL OVER HER HEAD, TO THE WOOD-PILE."

going away: "Oh, Emeretta, what *wouldn't* I give if little Nancy only had a doll like that! I think it would almost make her walk."

Emeretta was in such haste to get rid of her that she almost shut the door in her face, and then she was cross to Nahum, and when she tried to get supper ready she poured the hot water into the tea-canister and put the tea into the dried-apple sauce. And her heart was as heavy as lead, and she almost wished that Christmas had never come to Tukey's Cove.

"If Luella hadn't come, perhaps I might have carried the doll over to Nancy," she said to herself. "Now of course I never can."

Her sleep that night was troubled, and she had a very bad dream, in which Emily Goldilocks, changed into a giantess, was walking and walking over her, and trying to strangle her with her long hair, because she had shut little Nancy Tukey up in the Christmas-box which Miss Enderton had sent. She awoke from this dream with a great start.

"I can't bear it; I am a thief," she said to herself. "I will try to take the doll away from Mary Jane in her sleep, and perhaps I can console her in some way in the morning."

But little Mary Jane clung to the doll, even in her sleep, with all her small strength, and frowned and moaned when Emeretta tried to loosen her grasp. Moreover, little Mary Jane, who had a bad habit of sucking her thumb, had taken into her mouth to-night, instead of

her own thumb, the waxen hand of Emily Goldilocks, and in that warm retreat, lo and behold! the fingers of the hand had melted and run together, and Emily Goldilocks's once beautiful hand was but a lump of wax!

"Little Mary Jane will like her just as well; but of course I couldn't carry her to Nancy now," said Emeretta. "Oh! what *shall* I do?"

Early the next morning—so early that the Christmas stars were still twinkling—she was down in the cow-shed, where Nahum was milking Brown Betty, telling him all about it, and asking him what she should do.

Nahum was very good to her; Emeretta will never forget how good he was. He did not even say, as she had expected he would, "I wouldn't have believed it of you," or "You see it is always better to do right, no matter how hard it is or who suffers." He only said: "There's my four dollars and fifty-nine cents; perhaps we can buy a doll just like it. I'll walk over to Fleetwell this morning and see Mr. Ferris, who keeps the variety store. He won't have a doll like that, but perhaps he will send to Boston for it."

It cut Emeretta to the heart that Nahum should be obliged to sacrifice his precious savings, upon which so much depended, but it was a relief to think that Nancy would soon have her doll. But alas! Nahum came back from Fleetwell with a very downcast face.

"What do you think a doll like that costs—a walking and talking doll?" he said to Emeretta, who ran out to meet him. "Mr. Ferris says thirty or forty dollars at the least!"

"Thirty or forty dollars for a doll! Oh, Nahum, what shall we do?"

"I've thought it all over," said Nahum. "If the doll's hand were not spoiled I suppose we should have to take it away from Mary Jane, although I am afraid it would make her sick. As it is, we *must* buy one for Nancy Tukey. We might sell Brown Betty; old Mr. Meserve would buy her; but I don't know how mother and little Mary Jane could get along without the milk."

"Oh, they couldn't—they couldn't! We mustn't sell Brown Betty!" cried Emeretta.

"There's one other way. Mr. Barker at the factory will give me a dollar more a week if I will bind myself to stay a year, and I think he would advance me enough money to pay for the doll."

"And then you'd have to stay, even if you got a chance to go to Boston. What made you put your hand into your pocket then, Nahum? Is that a letter? Oh, Nahum, *have* you got a chance?"

"I didn't mean to tell you, but I don't know that it will make you feel any worse. It's queer how things happen! The postmaster called me, when I was going by this morning, and gave me this letter. That drummer is an awful good fellow! I suppose he thought it would be all the better to me coming Christmas. It's a pretty good place, I think; it's a large firm; they want a boy they can trust" (Nahum said this a little proudly), "and there's a chance to work up. But don't feel so badly, Emeretta; maybe there'll be another chance some time."

"There won't. And you can never earn anything here, and you'll go off to sea and break mother's heart," cried Emeretta, in despair. "Oh! isn't there some other way to get the money?"

"They wouldn't advance it to me in a new place; I couldn't ask them, you know," said Nahum, who had turned over possibilities in his mind all the way from Fleetwell.

"Then we'll carry the doll to Nancy Tukey, if the hand is spoiled!" said Emeretta, desperately.

"Even if the hand were not spoiled I couldn't bear to take it away from little Mary Jane now. She's so sensitive, I'm afraid it would kill her. And mother keeps saying she thinks it may cure her, she's so happy with it. You needn't feel so badly, Em; it was awful hard," added Nahum, generously. "I might have done just the same myself. I am going to see Mr. Barker this afternoon; he'll have time to talk to me to-day. And if he won't advance the money, I shall have to tell Mr. Meserve that he can have Brown Betty."

"I will go with you as far as Luella Tukey's; I am going to tell her all about it," said Emeretta, firmly. "It will be something of a Christmas to them to know that Nancy is going to have a doll, and I sha'n't feel quite so much like a thief."

"Better wait till we get the doll," counselled Nahum, sagely. "She might insist upon taking that one, with its spoiled hand, and then what would Mary Jane do? Besides, it's no good to confess," added Nahum, being a boy. "If you've wronged a fellow, or a girl, or anybody, it's the way to make up for it just as quick as you can; then he knows how you feel, without your making a great fuss."

But this advice, which I think myself was not to be despised, did not impress Emeretta favorably. She felt that she must relieve her overburdened feelings, and also that Luella ought not to be left to think that they were quite forgotten by Santa Claus—a condition of which she knew the unhappiness. So they set out together, with perhaps about as heavily burdened hearts, for young ones, as the Christmas skies looked down upon; for Nahum could not reconcile himself to the loss of his long-hoped-for opportunity, and Emeretta was doubly miserable in being the cause of his trouble. Luella Tukey came running out of her house when she saw them coming. Nahum, who had already a well-developed masculine objection to "scenes," was preparing to climb over the fence and pretend that he was in such a hurry that he was obliged to go "across lots"; but Luella called to him. Her face was radiant, and she was almost breathless with eagerness.

"Oh, Nahum, you must come and see it too!—and a shawl and a hat for me—just like yours, only its eyes are bluer; they're just as blue as—*as* china! And she forgot to put it into your box, as she meant to, and she marked 'Immediate' on the bundle, so they sent it right over from the express office, and it's just come, and you ought to see Nancy; we're afraid she'll hug the talk and the walk right out of it! And I don't know as Miss Enderton meant to send me anything, for she only said she forgot to put the doll into your box, so I suppose, because she forgot, she thought

she would. So I'm glad she did forget. Why, Emeretta Nickerson, what are you crying for? The idea of crying over such beautiful things! What is the matter with her, Nahum?"

But Nahum had turned about, and was hurrying toward home. His voice threatened to fail him, and he thought of explaining to Luella that he had a very bad cold. He decided that it was allowable for a boy to run away when there was danger of his making a girl of himself if he staid. He called back that he was going to pack his clothes, and write to that drummer that he was coming at once.

"If Luella Tukey knew that he had got a place to work in Boston, she couldn't expect him to be interested in dolls and things," he said to himself.

Did Emeretta confess to Luella? I know, but I never shall tell. Whether she did or not, they were just as good friends as ever, or even better; and little Mary Jane and Nancy had a tea-party, at which both the dolls "received," and there was a great deal of discussion as to whether Mary Jane's doll's eyes looked blue at all, Nancy's doll's were so much bluer. And Luella's brother Leander milks Brown Betty now and chops the drift-



"LITTLE MARY JANE CLUNG TO THE DOLL EVEN IN HER SLEEP."

wood, for Nahum is in Boston. He is not earning very much money at present, and the room he is living in does not have much carpet to boast of, and he does not have plum-cake for supper any oftener than he did at home, but he is showing his employers that they can trust him, and bidding fair to make his dreams come true. He is the sort of boy that is not content to stop at dreaming. And I shouldn't wonder if all kinds of good times yet found their way to Tukey's Cove.

WIDOW MORGAN'S INTEREST.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORELL.

THE gray dusk of Christmas Eve, and the keen wind which had been rollicking so blithely through the bustling streets of Oldburg, nipping the cheeks and noses of the jolly folks there, turned dismal the instant it mounted the hill and came upon the old Thorndike place. It hushed its shrill joyous Christmas whistle, and with an angry, hopeless wail swept down on the gloomy old mansion, and shook it well for being so out of tune with the cheery Christmas-tide.

But little did the grim old house care how the wind wailed or the casements rattled. Still less did the grimmer owner care as he sat brooding in his library, staring with cold defiance of memory at the blazing hearth fire, and letting the darkness settle around him. A gayly whistled tune falling on his ear brought a frown to his forehead and roused him. He reached out and tapped a bell. The door of the room was quickly opened, and a very precise-looking little old man stood on the threshold, and said in a low, respectful tone,

"Yes, sir?"

"Lights, David; and send Henry here."

The lamps were brought at once, and a few minutes later a lad of about sixteen years of age entered the room. In a way he was handsome, for he had a well-knit figure and regular features; but he was not pleasant to look upon, for there was a disagreeable, almost evil sneer habitually on his face. The old man's hard face grew harder when the boy entered the room and said,

"You wanted me?"

"You were whistling that tune again," said the old man, abruptly and harshly; and then, as the boy merely looked at him with curling lip, but silent, he added, "It was a tune of your father's, and I do not wish to hear it."

"I did not whistle the tune."

"I heard you."

"I may be like my father"—and though a slight flush passed over the boy's face, the most noticeable thing was his ugly sneer—"I may even be like my mother, and yet I am not a liar. I did not whistle the tune."

"Never answer me like that" (the old man's voice was shaking with repressed anger)—"never again. Mail these letters in the morning." He indicated several sealed and directed letters on the table.

"I'd better mail them to-night; the Post-office will close early in the morning."

"Why?"

"Christmas."

"Christmas! Bah! Mail them to-night, then."

The old man scowled angrily at the fire, and the lad, with gratified malice on his face, as if he knew the thought of Christmas gave pain to his grandfather, took up the letters and left the house.

Snow had begun to fall, and was coming down in great flakes; but he paid no attention to it, for his heart was full of bitter, unboyish thoughts of the old man he had just left, and he strode rapidly down the hill into the town. He posted the letters, and then, with head bent in thought, turned up the main street. Not with any intention, however, of participating in the least in the pleasures of the Christmas spectacle, for not once in all the sixteen years of his life had he known what Christmas was, and he had come to scorn it even as his grandfather did. But as he walked he made a gesture of satisfaction, and exclaimed:

"I'll do it. It'll pay him for calling me a liar. He'll go crazy."

He walked into a store where he was evidently well known, for he asked for and received permission to use their type-writer. To that he sat down, and wrote the following, which seemed to greatly delight him:

"Mr. Ralph Thorndike presents his compliments to

Mrs. Kate Morgan, and wishing her a merry Christmas, begs to say that in consideration of his friendship for her father, and as a reminder of this happy season, he wishes to present to her the amount of her interest, \$50, on the mortgage held by him. He would also say that he will have a Christmas tree at his house on this Christmas Eve, and will esteem it a favor if Mrs. Morgan will forget past unkindnesses, and be present with all her children at eight o'clock."

"There!" chuckled Henry, "that ought to fetch them; and won't the old man be crazy when the widow and all of her six brats go trooping in with their Merry Christmases! Well, it'll pay off this score, anyhow."

He directed an envelope with the type-writer, for he did not wish to do anything that would bring the trick home to him in case of an investigation, and then hurried over to the other side of town. He stole cautiously up to the door of a neat little cottage, and first thrusting the letter under the door, rang the bell, and ran away to find shelter behind a tree. He saw the door opened and the letter found, and then hastened home.

Supper that night at the Thorndike mansion was a gloomy, silent meal. But that was nothing unusual: all the meals were that, and always had been during the fourteen years that Henry had lived with his grandfather. If any love had been given him during the first two years of his life, he had forgotten it, and could only recall the fourteen years of unsympathetic companionship, of cold, silent repression, or of bitter, contemptuous words. It was little wonder that he had grown up as unlovely as he was unloved, that he had learned to repel contempt with a sneer, and to meet reproof with defiance.

When supper was over, the old man retired to the library, and Henry remained in the dining-room to wait for the result of his practical joke. Presently the pitifully unyouthful curl of his lip grew more pronounced as he murmured:

"Here they are, on time and in high spirits! Of course they'd be on time and in high spirits, since they think they're to get something. Won't the old man rave!"

The old man had already turned his head with a start of indignant surprise, and a few seconds later he swung his chair about, and angrily stared toward the hall. He had heard such a stamping of feet and such a chorus of shrill, joyous voices in his vestibule as had not sounded there these many long years. Perhaps there had never sounded such a noise there: perhaps it was only a trick of his brain that caused those dim pictures of happy childish faces to float through his memory. Perhaps. Well, they might float there: they should not affect him.

The bell was pulled, but it did not ring out in quite the hearty, free, Christmas way the sturdy puller had evidently intended, but rather in a jangling fashion, as if it would if it could, but was really too much out of practice in jolly ways to do the thing right.

The old man could hear David open the door, could hear his hushed protest, could hear a gay mingling of "Merry Christmas," "It's all right," "He sent for us," "Merry Christmas," "Where is he?" And then there was a trooping across the great hall, and the library door was thrown open by David.

The room was swarming with children in a moment. There were only six of them, but they were very healthy, and were so in the habit of filling up the rooms they were in that they accommodated themselves with great ease to the spacious library. They were shy enough, too, in the presence of the hard, unsmiling old man, but their chubby cheeks were red, and their eyes were snapping bright, and their hearts were full of joy, so they hailed him with a hearty "Merry Christmas."

Quiet, subdued, and careworn, but full of happiness and gratitude, the little widow followed her boisterous

brood into the library. Then only did the hard old man speak. He uttered one harsh word,

"Well?"

It chilled the little woman, and a startled look sprang to her eyes. She turned a trifle pale, and faltered as she stepped forward. Thinking it only his way, however, she advanced nearer to him, and said, with a grateful tremor in her voice,

"How can we ever thank you, sir?"

"For what?" he demanded, with abrupt harshness.

"For your kind gift," faltered the widow.

"What gift?"

"The amount of the interest on the mortgage."

"I don't understand you, madam. If a jest, it is a foolish one; if a pretence, it is an idle one."

"But your letter," said the widow, faintly.

"What letter?"

The little woman, struggling at once to smile, as if she fain would believe he was joking, and to keep back the tears that her fears urged to flow, fumbled in her pocket for the letter.

"There, sir," she said, finally, as she handed it to him.

He took it and read it, and a bitter, contemptuous scowl distorted his face.

"And," he exclaimed, with biting scorn, "you were fool enough to believe that I sent this drivel?"

The poor little woman glanced pitifully at the staring children, and faintly bowed her head.

"You in your senses," he went on, cuttingly, "and believed that Ralph Thorndike would have a Christmas tree and—and"—he swept the group of children with his cold eyes, and in a tone almost of hatred added—"these things in his house. I did not write the letter. It is what is called a practical joke, I suppose."

He wheeled his chair around, as if to intimate that the interview was at an end. The widow stared wildly at him for a moment, started to speak, but changing her mind, choked back a cry of despair that rose to her lips, and with blinded eyes turned toward the door, stretching her arms out as if she would so protect her dear ones. Half-way across the room she stopped and turned back—the loving mother had conquered the insulted woman.

"But the interest, sir," she said to him in a low voice.

"Well, what of it?"

"You will give me a little time, will you not?"

"And why?"

"I had the money ready, but I believed the letter was genuine and—and we needed many things, and I bought them. I would like a little time, sir."

"I have nothing to do with your beliefs or your needs.

On the second day of January the money will be due, and I shall expect it."

The tone was so hard, so flinty, that the widow made no further effort, but pressing her hands on her breast, turned silently away, and rejoined the children, who were huddled near the door. She took the smallest by the hand, and was leading her away, when the little thing suddenly drew back and exclaimed,

"I fordot somefin."

There was no time to stop her, and she had run to the old man's side before they could even call her back. Even her childish confidence was shaken, and she spoke but timidly, as she drew a little woolly lamb from under her cloak and laid it on his knee.

"I bought it for you," she said, gently.

He started up as if a serpent had stung him, and angrily thrust the baby away, crying hoarsely: "Off, you brat! Begone, all of you!"

The little woolly lamb fell at his feet, and the frightened child staggered, and would have fallen too had not the mother's arms caught her up and passionately hugged her close to her.

"You are not human," she said.

The door closed on them, and the old man, after staring a moment, commenced a fierce pacing of the room, muttering as he walked. His eye fell at last on the little woolly lamb, and he strode up to it and crushed it under his heel. Then he walked more, sometimes going out of his way to kick aside the lamb, and sometimes standing still and burying his face in his hands.

What was it that had so shaken the harsh old man? Why should he so angrily crush and spurn the poor little toy? What had it done? Ah! it had taken him off his guard, and thrown wide open the door of memory, so that the troubling shadows of long ago might come trooping forth and plead with him. They were all the gentle memories of a happy boyhood, and he scorned them. He defied them too, and that is why he put his cruel heel on the little lamb and crushed it. Then the shadows seemed sorrowful, and drooped. One in particular, a sweet-faced little girl, holding in her hands just such a little lamb, seemed to gaze at him in grieved surprise.

He knew the lamb. He remembered it. He had himself given it to that sweet-faced little girl. There! he could see himself now with the toy in his hand that long-ago Christmas night stealing with boyish glee through the silent darkness of the old house to put the lamb where the sleeping child would surely see it the first thing when she awoke in the morning. Then he could see the sweet face growing pale and thin; he could see the tired, weary look in the eyes which still had only love for him. He could see her in the little bed waiting so patiently for the longed-for relief; and always, always there was the little woolly lamb nestling on the pillow by the pale cheek or clungingly held in the transparent hands.

Ah! little wonder that he buried his face in his hands and groaned; little wonder that he paced the floor and muttered incoherent words; little wonder that in fighting the memory that would make the greater part of his life a wretched mistake he should so wrathfully spurn the poor little toy lying maimed on the floor. But still less wonder that he should at last stoop down and tenderly take up the little woolly lamb, and then sink, all trembling and broken, into his big chair, and give himself up to remorse—give himself up to thoughts of that other life which from its cradle almost he had robbed of all tenderness and joy. Ah, well, there might yet be time to save Harry. At least he could try to compensate him for his lost boyhood. But first he must hasten to undo this night's cruel work. And the old man, with strange tenderness, began to stroke the little woolly lamb, muttering, brokenly, the while: "Not human! Right, right; and haven't been these years and years. Struck her, too. Poor little thing! But she's a child; she'll forgive me."

He touched the bell on the table, and David quickly answered the summons.

"Davie," said the old man, gently; and then, seeing him start, added, "I haven't called you so these many years, have I, Davie?"

"No, sir," answered the faithful old servant, looking anxiously at his master.

"Oh, it's not sickness, Davie," said the old man, interpreting the look; "I'm quite well, Davie; a merry Christmas to you, Davie."

"A merry Christmas, sir," stammered David.

"And where's Harry? where's the boy?"

"Master Harry, sir—"

"Harry, after this, Davie. There's more love in it, Davie; and—and, Davie, we'll have a bit of love here after this if we can—if it isn't too late. Where is Harry?"

"Gone out, sir."

"Ah! Gone out. Nothing here to keep him even on Christmas Eve, is there, Davie? Nothing here! But there will be, Davie—there will be. Get me my hat and coat, Davie, lad."



"'ES, SIR. DID YOU PIT UP DE LAMB WHERE IT FAILED DOWN?"

"But surely, sir, you'll not go out to-night? It's snowing hard and cold and—"

"Davie, I'd not stay in to-night if I knew it'd freeze me. Nay, Davie, lad, but I've found Christmas once again, and I'm afraid I'll lose it if I don't go out."

"At least, sir, let me go with you."

"What! and run the risk of Harry coming home and waiting outside! No, no, Davie; stay here, stay here."

The old man would be obeyed; and leaving the anxious Davie to wonder at the marvellous change in him, he hurried out into the snow with a childish eagerness. He hurried through the streets of Oldburg, and crossed to the other side of town, where the widow Morgan lived. He went straight up to her door and rang the bell. The widow herself opened the door. She started back with a frightened look on her face when she saw who it was.

"Oh! oh! You, Mr. Thorndike!" she cried, in an unnecessarily loud voice, as if she wished those inside to hear who it was.

"Yes, ma'am; yes, I. I've come to ask your pardon, widow, for my—my brutality to you, and—and, please, Mrs. Morgan, be good to me, and let me into your house. I—I want to make my peace with that baby."

"Yes, sir; yes, but—"

The little widow was singularly agitated.

"But you must let me in, widow; indeed you must. There, the door is shut. Now take me to where they are. Oh, I know they hate me, but they'll like me by-and-by, maybe. I don't deserve it, but I hope they will."

He was so different from the hard, cold man of an hour ago that the widow was quite bewildered, and did not oppose his progress into the sitting-room. He opened the door and looked in. "Oh! hello!" he cried.

Henry, defiant of bearing and scornful of lip, stood confronting him, with the children huddled behind him.

"You here, Harry!" cried the old man. "Now I'm glad of that, but don't look so at me. I've come here, Harry, to ask Mrs. Morgan to forgive me, and to beg the children's pardon. And I want you to try to forgive, Harry, boy." The old man's voice was broken, but he went right on. "I've led you a cold, hard life, Harry. I thought, because your father displeased me, I had a right to treat you so. I was wrong, Harry. There's my hand, Harry; surely you can take an old man's hand. Why, there, I'm crying. Harry, boy, your hand, please."

The defiance and the scorn melted out of the young face, and pity and wonderment came in their stead. He took the outstretched hand in both of his, and sobbed out:

"Oh, sir, forgive me! I sent that letter."

"You! Oh, Harry!"

"It was to hurt you, sir, not them. Oh, sir, when I saw them in their distress I could have eaten my heart out in my shame and remorse, and I came here to make it all right with them."

"Harry, boy, call me grandfather."

"Yes, grandfather."

"Mrs. Morgan, do you forgive a wicked old man who is heartily sorry?"

"With all my heart."

"And you, little one, will you? And will you kiss me?"

"'Es, sir. Did you pit up de lamb where it failed down?"

"I did, and it shall be buried with me when I die."

There *was* a Christmas tree that year at the Thorndike house.



"SHE TURNED A TRIFLE PALE, AND FALTERED AS SHE STEPPED FORWARD."—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.
SEE PAGE 79.

A CAPTURED SANTA CLAUS.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

AUTHOR OF "MARSE CHAN," "TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES," ETC.

I.

HOLLY HILL was the place for Christmas! From Bob down to brown-eyed Evelyn, with her golden hair floating all around her, every one hung up a stocking, and the visit of Santa Claus was the event of the year.

They went to sleep on the night before Christmas—or rather they went to bed, for sleep was far from their eyes—with little squeakings and gurglings, like so many little white mice, and if Santa Claus had not always been so very punctual in disappearing up the chimney before daybreak he must certainly have been caught, for by the time the chickens were crowing in the morning there would be an answering twitter through the house, and with a patter of little feet and subdued laughter small white-clad figures would steal through the dim light of dusky rooms and passages, opening doors with sudden bursts, and shouting "Christmas gift!" into darkened chambers at still sleeping elders, then scurrying away in the gray light to rake open the hickory embers and revel in the exploration of their crowded stockings.

Such was Christmas morning at Holly Hill in the old times before the war. Thus it was that at Christmas, 1863, when there were no new toys to be had for love or money, there was much disappointment and some murmurs at Holly Hill. The children had never really felt the war until then, though their father, Major Stafford, had been off, first with his company and then with his regiment, since April, 1861. Now, from Mrs. Stafford down to little tot Evelyn, there was an absence of the merriment which Christmas always brought with it. Their mother had done all she could to collect such presents as were within her reach, but the youngsters were much too sharp not to know that the presents were "just fixed up"; and when they were all gathered around the fire in their mother's chamber, Christmas morning, looking over their presents, their little faces wore an expression of pathetic disappointment.

"I don't think much of *this* Christmas," announced Ran, with characteristic gravity, looking down on his presents with an air of contempt. "A hatchet, a ball of string, and a hare trap isn't much."

Mrs. Stafford smiled, but the smile soon died away into an expression of sadness.

"I too have to do without my Christmas gift," she said. "Your father wrote me that he hoped to spend Christmas with us, and he has not come."

"Never mind; he may come yet," said Bob, encouragingly. Bob always was encouraging. That was why he was "old Bob." "An axe was just the thing I wanted, mamma," said he, shoudering his new possession proudly.

Mrs. Stafford's face lit up again.

"And a hatchet was what I wanted," admitted Ran; "now I can make my own hare traps."

"An' I like a broken knife," asserted Charlie, stoutly, falling valiantly into the general movement, whilst Evelyn pushed her long hair out of her eyes, and hugged her baby, declaring,

"I love my dolly, and I love Santa Claus, an' I love my papa," at which her mother took the little midget to her bosom, doll and all, and hid her face in her tangled curls.

II.

The holiday was scarcely over when one evening Major Stafford galloped up to the gate, his black horse Ajax splashed with mud to his ear-tips.

The Major soon heard all about the little ones' disappointment at not receiving any new presents.

"Santa Claus didn't tum this Trismas, but he's tummin' next Trismas," said Evelyn, looking wisely up at him, that evening, from the rug where she was vainly trying to make her doll's head stick on her broken shoulders.

"And why did he not come this Christmas, Miss Wisdom?" laughed her father, touching her with the toe of his boot.

"Tause the Yankees wouldn't let him," said she, gravely, holding her doll up and looking at it pensively, her head on one side.

"And why, then, should he come next year?"

"Tause God's goin' to make him." She turned the mutilated baby around and examined it gravely, with her shining head set on the other side.

"There's faith for you," said Mrs. Stafford, as her husband asked, "How do you know this?"

"Tause God told me," answered Evelyn, still busy with her inspection.

"He did? What is Santa Claus going to bring you?"

The little mite sprang to her feet. "He's goin' to bring me a great big dolly with real sure nough hair, and blue eyes that will go to sleep." Her face was aglow, and she stretched her hands wide apart to give the size.

"She has dreamt it," said the Major, in an undertone, to her mother. "There is not such a doll as that in the Southern Confederacy," he continued.

The child caught his meaning. "Yes, he is," she insisted, "cause I asked him, an' he said he would, and Charlie—"

Just then that youngster himself burst into the room, a small whirlwind in petticoats. As soon as his cyclonic tendencies could be curbed, his father asked him,

"Well, what did you ask Santa Claus for, young man?"

"For a pair of breeches and a sword," answered the boy, promptly, striking an attitude.

"Well, upon my word!" laughed his father, eying the erect little figure and the steady, clear eyes which loomed proudly up at him. "I had no idea what a young Achilles we had here. You shall have them."

The boy nodded gravely. "All right. When I get to be a man I won't let anybody make my mamma cry." He advanced a step, with head up, the very picture of spirit.

"Ah! you won't?" said his father, with a gesture to prevent his wife interrupting.

"Nor my little sister," said the young warrior, patronizingly, swelling with infantile importance.

"No; he won't let anybody make *me* cry," chimed in Evelyn, promptly accepting the proffered protection.

"On my word, Ellen, the fellow has some of the old blood in him," said Major Stafford, much pleased. "Come here, my young knight." He drew the boy up to him.

"I had rather have heard you say that than have won a Brigadier's wreath. You shall have your breeches and your sword next Christmas. Were I the King I should give you your spurs. Remember, never let any one make your mother or sister cry."

Charlie nodded in token of his acceptance of the condition. "All right," he said.

III.

When Major Stafford galloped away, on his return to his command, the little group at the lawn gate shouted many messages after him. The last thing he heard was Charlie's treble, as he seated himself on the gate post, calling to him not to forget to make Santa Claus bring him a pair of breeches and a sword, and Evelyn's little voice reminding him of her "dolly that can go to sleep."

Many times during the ensuing year, amid the hardships of the campaign, the privations of the march, and the dangers of battle, the Major heard those little voices calling to him. In the autumn he won the three stars of a Colonel for gallantry in leading a desperate charge on a town in a perilous raid into the heart of the enemy's

country, and holding the place; but none knew, when he dashed into the town at the head of his regiment under a hail of bullets, that his mind was full of toyshops and clothing stores, and that when he was so stoutly holding his position he was guarding a little boy's suit, a small sword with a gilded scabbard, and a large doll with flowing ringlets and eyes that could "go to sleep." Some of his friends during that year had charged the Major with growing miserly, and rallied him on hoarding up his pay and carrying large rolls of Confederate money about his person; and when, just before the raid, he invested his entire year's pay in four or five ten-dollar gold pieces, they vowed he was mad.

The Major, however, always met these charges with a smile. And as soon as his position was assured in the captured town he proved his sanity.

The owner of a handsome store on the principal street, over which was a large sign of "Men's and Boys' Clothes," peeping out, saw a Confederate Major ride up to the door, which had been hastily fastened when the fight began, and rap on it with the handle of his sword. There was something in the rap that was imperative, and fearing violence if he failed to respond, he hastily opened the door. The officer entered, and quickly selected a little uniform suit of blue cloth with brass buttons.

"What is the price of this?"

"Ten dollars," stammered the shopkeeper.

To his astonishment the Confederate officer put his hand in his pocket and laid a ten-dollar gold piece on the counter.

"Now show me where there is a toyshop."

There was one only a few doors off, and there the Major selected a handsomely ornamented child's sword, and the most beautiful doll, over whose eyes stole the whitest of rose-leaf eyelids, and which could talk and do other wonderful things. He astonished this shopkeeper also by laying down another gold piece. This left him but two or three more of the proceeds of his year's pay, and these he soon handed over a counter to a jeweller, who gave him a small package in exchange.

All during the remainder of the campaign Colonel Stafford carried a package carefully sealed, and strapped on behind his saddle. His care of it and his secrecy about it were the subjects of many jests among his friends in the brigade, and when in an engagement his horse was shot, and the Colonel, under a hot fire, stopped and calmly unbuckled his bundle, and during the rest of the fight carried it in his hand, there was a clamor that he should disclose the contents. Even an offer to sing them a song would not appease them.

The brigade officers were gathered around a camp fire that night on the edge of the bloody field. A Federal officer, Colonel Denby, who had been slightly wounded and captured in the fight, and who now sat somewhat grim and moody before the fire, was their guest.

"Now, Stafford, open the bundle and let us into the secret," they all said. The Colonel without a word rose and brought the parcel up to the fire. Kneeling down, he took out his knife and carefully ripped open the outer cover. Many a jest was levelled at him across the blazing logs as he did so.

One said the Colonel had turned peddler, and was trying to eke out a living by running the blockade on Lilliputian principles; another wagged that he had it full of Confederate bills; a third, that it was a talisman against bullets; and so on. Within the outer covering were several others; but at length the last was reached. As the Colonel ripped carefully, the group gathered around and bent breathlessly over him, the light from the blazing camp fire shining ruddily on their eager weather-tanned faces. When the Colonel put in his hand and drew out a toy sword there was a general exclamation, followed by a dead silence; but when he took the doll from her soft

wrapping, and then unrolled and held up a pair of little trousers not much longer than a man's hand, and just the size for a five-year-old boy, the men turned away their faces from the fire, and more than one put his hand up to his eyes.

One of them, a bronzed and weather-beaten officer, who had charged the Colonel with being a miser, stretched himself out on the ground flat on his face and sobbed aloud as Colonel Stafford gently told his story of Charlie and Evelyn. Even the grim face of Colonel Denby looked somewhat changed in the light of the fire, and he charged over for the doll and gazed at it steadily for some time.

IV.

During the whole year the children had been looking forward to the coming of Christmas. Charlie's outbursts of petulance and not rare fits of anger were invariably checked if any mention was made of his father's injunction, and at length he became accustomed to curb himself by the recollection of the charge he had received. If he fell and hurt himself in his constant attempt to climb up impossible places, he would simply rub himself and say, proudly, "I don't cry now, I am a knight, and next Christmas I am going to be a man, 'cause my papa's goin' to tell Santa Claus to bring me a pair of breeches and a sword." Evelyn couldn't help crying when she was hurt, for she was only a little girl, but she added to her prayer of "God bless and keep my papa, and bring him safe home," the petition, "Please, God, bless and keep Santa Claus, and let him come here Trismas."

Old Bob and Ran too, as well as the younger ones, looked forward eagerly to Christmas.

But some time before Christmas the steady advance of the Union armies brought Holly Hill and the Holly Hill children far within the Federal lines, and shut out all chance of their being reached by any message or thing from their father. The only Confederates the children ever saw now were the prisoners who were being passed back on their way to prison. The only news they ever received were the rumors which reached them from Federal sources. Mrs. Stafford's heart was heavy within her, and when, a day or two before Christmas, she heard Charlie and Evelyn, as they sat before the fire, gravely talking to each other of the long-expected presents which their father had promised that Santa Claus should bring them, she could stand it no longer. She took Bob and Ran into her room, and there told them that now it was impossible for their father to come, and that they must help her entertain "the children" and console them for their disappointment. The two boys responded heartily, as true boys always will when thrown on their manliness.

For the next two days Mrs. Stafford and both the boys were busy. Mrs. Stafford, when Charlie was not present, gave her time to cutting out and making a little gray uniform suit from an old coat which her husband had worn when he first entered the army, whilst the boys employed themselves, Bob in making a pretty little sword and scabbard out of an old piece of gutter, and Ran, who had a wonderful turn, in carving a doll from a piece of hard seasoned wood.

The day before Christmas they lost a little time in following and pitying a small lot of prisoners who passed along the road by the gate. The boys were always pitying the prisoners and planning means to rescue them, for they had an idea that they suffered a terrible fate. Only one case had come to their knowledge. A young man had one day been carried by the Holly Hill gate on his way to the head-quarters of the officer in command of that portion of the lines, General Denby. He was in citizen's clothes, and was charged with being a spy. The next morning Ran, who had risen early to visit his hare traps, rushed into his mother's room white-faced and wide-eyed.



"DURING THE FIGHT HE CARRIED THE BUNDLE IN HIS HAND."

"Oh, mamma!" he gasped, "they have hung him, just because he had on those clothes!"

Mrs. Stafford, though she was much moved herself, endeavored to explain to the boy that this was one of the laws of war; but Ran's mind was not able to comprehend the principles which imposed so cruel a sentence for what he deemed so harmless a fault.

This act and some other measures of severity gave General Denby a reputation of much harshness among the few old residents who yet remained at their homes in the lines, and the children used to gaze at him furtively as he would ride by, grim and stern, followed by his staff. Yet there were those who said that General Denby's rigor was simply the result of a high standard of duty, and that at bottom he had a soft heart.

V.

The approach of Christmas was recognized even in the Federal camps, and many a song and ringing laugh were heard around the camp fires, and in the tents and little cabins used as winter quarters, over the boxes which were pouring in from home. The troops in the camps near General Denby's head-quarters on Christmas Eve had been larking and frolicking all day like so many children, preparing for the festivities of the evening, when they proposed to have a Christmas tree and other entertainments, and the General, as he sat in the front room in the house used as his head-quarters, writing official papers, had more than once during the afternoon frowned at the noise outside which had disturbed him. At length, however, late in the afternoon, he finished his work, and having dismissed his Adjutant, he locked the door, and pushing aside all his business papers, took from his pocket a little letter and began to read. As he read, the stern lines of this grim soldier's face relaxed, and more than once a smile stole into his eyes and stirred the corners of his grizzled mustache.

The letter was scrawled in a large childish hand. It ran:

"MY DEAREST GRANDPAPA.—I want to see you very much. I send you a Christmas gift. I made it myself. I hope to get a whole lot of dolls and other presents. I love you. I send you all these kisses

You must kiss them.

"Your loving little granddaughter

LILY."

When he had finished reading the letter the old veteran gravely lifted it to his lips and pressed a kiss on each of the little spaces so carefully drawn by the childish hand.

When he had done he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose violently as he walked up and down the room. He even muttered something about the fire smoking. Then he sat down once more at his table, and placing the little letter before him, began to write. As he wrote, the fire smoked more than ever, and the sounds of revelry outside reached him in a perfect uproar; but he no longer frowned, and when the strains of "Dixie" came in at the window, sung in a clear, rich, mellow solo, he sat back in his chair and listened:

"I wish I were in Dixie, away, away;
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
To live and die for Dixie-land,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!"

sang the beautiful voice, full and sonorous.

When the song ended, there was an outburst of applause, and shouts apparently demanding some other song which was refused, for the noise grew to a tumult. The General rose and walked to the window. Suddenly the uproar hushed, for the voice began again, but this time it was a hymn:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

Verse after verse was sung, the men pouring out of their tents and huts to listen to the music.

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

sang the singer to the end. When the strain died away there was dead silence.

The General finished his letter and sealed it. Carefully folding up the little one which lay before him, he replaced it in his pocket, and going to the door, summoned the orderly who was just without.

"Mail that at once," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"By-the-way," as the soldier turned to leave, "who was that singing out there just now? I mean that last one, who sang 'Dixie,' and the hymn?"

"Only a peddler, sir, I believe."

The General's eyes fixed themselves on the soldier.

"Where did he come from?"

"I don't know, sir. Some of the boys had him singing."

"Tell Major Day to come here immediately," said the General, frowning.

In a moment the officer summoned entered.

He appeared somewhat embarrassed.

"Who was this peddler?" asked the commander, sternly.

"I—I don't know—" began the other.

"You don't know! Where did he come from?"

"From Colonel Watchly's camp directly," said he, relieved to shift a part of the responsibility.

"How was he dressed?"

"In citizen's clothes."

"What did he have?"

"A few toys and trinkets."

"What was his name?"

"I did not hear it."

"And you let him go!" The General stamped his foot.

"Yes, sir; I don't think—" he began.

"No, I know you don't," said the General. "He was a spy. Where has he gone?"

"I—I don't know. He cannot have gone far."

"Report yourself under arrest," said the commander, sternly. Walking to the door, he said to the sentinel,

"Call the Corporal, and tell him to request Captain Albert to come here immediately."

In a few hours the party sent out reported that they had traced the spy to a place just over the creek, where he was believed to be harbored.

"Take a detail and arrest him, or burn the house," ordered the General, angrily. "It is a perfect nest of treason," he said to himself as he walked up and down, as though in justification of his savage order.

"Or wait," he called to the Captain, who was just withdrawing. "I will go there myself, and take it for my head-quarters. It is a better place than this. I cannot stand this smoke any longer. That will break up their treasonable work."

VI.

All that day the tongues of the little ones at Holly Hill had been chattering unceasingly of the expected visit of Santa Claus that night. Mrs. Stafford had tried to explain to Charlie and Evelyn that it would be impossible for him to bring them their presents this year; but she was met with the undeniable and unanswerable statement that their father had promised them. Before going to bed they had hung their stockings on the mantel-piece right in front of the chimney, so that Santa Claus would be sure to see them.

The mother had broken down over Evelyn's prayer, "not to forget my papa, and not to forget my dolly," and her tears fell silently after the little ones were asleep, as she put the finishing touches to the tiny gray uniform for Charlie. She was thinking not only of the children's

disappointment, but of the absence of him on whose promise they had so securely relied. He had been away now for a year, and she had had no word of him for many weeks. Where was he? Was he dead or alive? Mrs. Stafford sank on her knees by the bedside.

"O God, give me faith like this little child!" she prayed again and again. She was startled by hearing a step on the front portico and a knock at the door. Bob, who was working in front of the hall fire, went to the door. His mother heard him answer doubtfully some question. She opened the door and went out. A stranger with a large bundle or pack stood on the threshold. His hat, which was still on his head, was pulled down over his eyes, and he wore a beard.

"An', leddy, wad ye bay so koind as to shelter a poor stranger for a noight at this blissid toim of pace and good-will?" he said, in a strong Irish brogue.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Stafford, with her eyes fixed on him. She moved slowly up to him. Then, by an instinct, quickly lifting her hand, she pushed his hat back from his eyes. Her husband clasped her in his arms.

"My darling!"

When the pack was opened, such a treasure-house of toys and things was displayed as surely never greeted any other eyes. The smaller children, including Ran, were not awaked, at their father's request, though Mrs. Stafford wished to wake them to see him; but Bob was let into the secrets, except that he was not permitted to see a small package which bore his name. Mrs. Stafford and the Colonel were like two children themselves as they tipped about stuffing the long stockings with candy and toys of all kinds. The beautiful doll with flaxen



"HE TOOK THE DOLL FROM HER SOFT WRAPPING."

hair, all arrayed in silk and lace, was seated, last of all, securely on top of Evelyn's stocking, with her wardrobe just below her, where she would greet her young mistress when she should first open her eyes, and Charlie's little blue uniform was pinned beside the gray one his mother had made, with his sword buckled around the waist.

Bob was at last dismissed to his room, and the Colonel and Mrs. Stafford settled themselves before the fire, hand in hand, to talk over all the past. They had hardly started, when Bob rushed down the stairs and dashed into their room.

"Papa! papa! the yard's full of Yankees!"

Both the Colonel and Mrs. Stafford sprang to their feet.

"Through the back door!" cried Mrs. Stafford, seizing her husband.

"He cannot get out that way—they are everywhere; I saw them from my window," gasped Bob, just as the sound of trampling without became audible.

"Oh, what will you do? Those clothes! If they catch you in those clothes!" began Mrs. Stafford, and then stopped, her face growing ashy pale. Bob also turned even whiter than he had been before. He remembered the young man who was found in citizen's clothes in the autumn, and knew his dreadful fate. He burst out crying. "Oh, papa! will they hang you?" he sobbed.

"I hope not, my son," said the Colonel, gravely. "Certainly not, if I can prevent it." A gleam of amusement stole into his eyes. "It's an awkward fix, certainly," he added.

"You must conceal yourself," cried Mrs. Stafford, as a number of footsteps sounded on the porch, and a thundering knock shook the door. "Come here." She pulled him almost by main force into a closet or entry, and locked the door, just as the knocking was renewed. As the door was apparently about to be broken down, she went out into the hall. Her face was deadly white, and her lips were moving.

"Who's there?" she called, tremblingly, trying to gain time.

"Open the door immediately, or it will be broken down," replied a stern voice.

She turned the great iron key in the heavy old brass lock, and a dozen men rushed into the hall. They all waited for one, a tall elderly man in a General's fatigue uniform, and with a stern face and a grizzled beard. He addressed her.

"Madam, I have come to take possession of this house as my head-quarters."

Mrs. Stafford bowed, unable to speak. She was sensible of a feeling of relief; there was a gleam of hope. If they did not know of her husband's presence— But the next word destroyed it.

"We have not interfered with you up to the present time, but you have been harboring a spy here, and he is here now."

"There is no spy here, and has never been," said Mrs. Stafford, with dignity; "but if there were, you should not know it from me." She spoke with much spirit. "It is not the custom of our people to deliver up those who have sought their protection."

The officer removed his hat. His keen eye was fixed on her white face. "We shall search the premises," he said, sternly, but more respectfully than he had yet spoken. "Major, have the house thoroughly searched."

The men went striding off, opening doors and looking through the rooms. The General took a turn up and down the hall. He walked up to a door.

"That is my chamber," said Mrs. Stafford, quickly.

The officer fell back. "It must be searched," he said.

"My little children are asleep in there," said Mrs. Stafford, her face quite white.

"It must be searched," repeated the General. "Either they must do it, or I. You can take your choice."

Mrs. Stafford made a gesture of assent. He opened the door and stepped across the threshold. There he stopped. His eye took in the scene. Charlie was lying in the little trundle-bed in the corner, calm and peaceful, and by his side was Evelyn, her little face looking like a flower lying in the tangle of golden hair which fell over her pillow. The noise disturbed her slightly, for she smiled suddenly, and muttered something about "Santa Claus" and a "dolly." The officer's gaze swept the room, and fell on the overcrowded stockings hanging from the mantel. He advanced to the fireplace and examined the doll and trousers closely. With a curious expression on his face, he turned and walked out of the room, closing the door softly behind him.

"Major," he said to the officer in charge of the searching party, who descended the steps just then, "take the men back to camp, except the sentinels. There is no spy here." In a moment Mrs. Stafford came out of her chamber. The old officer was walking up and down in deep thought. Suddenly he turned to her: "Madam, be so kind as to go and tell Colonel Stafford that General Denby desires him to surrender himself." Mrs. Stafford was struck dumb. She was unable to move or to articulate. "I shall wait for him," said the General, quietly, throwing himself into an arm-chair, and looking steadily into the fire.

VII.

As his father concealed himself, Bob had left the chamber. He was in a perfect agony of mind. He knew that his father could not escape, and if he were found dressed in citizen's clothes he felt that he could have but one fate. All sorts of schemes entered his boy's head to save him. Suddenly he thought of the small group of prisoners he had seen pass by about dark. He would save him! Putting on his hat, he opened the front door and walked out. A sentinel accosted him surlily to know where he was going. Bob invited him in to get warm, and soon had him engaged in conversation.

"What do you do with your prisoners when you catch them?" inquired Bob.

"Send some on to prison—and hang some."

"I mean when you first catch them."

"Oh, they stay in camp. We don't treat 'em bad, without they be spies. There's a batch at camp now, got in this evening—sort o' Christmas gift." The soldier laughed as he stamped his feet to keep warm.

"Where's your camp?" Bob asked.

"About a mile from here, right on the road, or rather right on the hill at the edge of the pines 'yond the crick."

The boy left his companion, and sauntered in and out among the other men in the yard. Presently he moved on to the edge of the lawn beyond them. No one took further notice of him. In a second he had slipped through the gate, and was flying across the field. He knew every foot of ground as well as a hare, for he had been hunting and setting traps over it since he was as big as little Charlie. He had to make a detour at the creek to avoid the picket, and the dense briers were very bad and painful. However, he worked his way through, though his face was severely scratched. Into the creek he plunged. "Ouch!" He had stepped into a hole, and the water was as cold as ice. However, he was through, and at the top of the hill he could see the glow of the camp fires lighting up the sky.

He crept cautiously up, and saw the dark forms of the sentinels pacing backward and forward wrapped in their overcoats, now lit up by the fire, then growing black against his blazing embers, then lit up again, and passing away into the shadow. How could he ever get by them? His heart began to beat and his teeth to chatter, but he walked boldly up.

"Halt! who goes there?" cried the sentry, bringing his gun down and advancing on him.

Bob kept on, and the sentinel, finding that it was only a boy, looked rather sheepish.

"Don't let him capture you, Jim," called one of them; "Call the Corporal of the Guard," another; "Order up the reserves," a third; and so on. Bob had to undergo something of an examination.

"I know the little Johnny," said one of them.

They made him draw up to the fire, and made quite a fuss over him. Bob had his wits about him, and soon learned that a batch of prisoners were at a fire a hundred yards further back. He therefore worked his way over there, although he was advised to stay where he was and get dry, and had many offers of a bunk from his new friends, some of whom followed him over to where the prisoners were.

Most of them were quartered for the night in a hut before which a guard was stationed. One or two, however, sat around the camp fire, chatting with their guards. Among them was a Major in full uniform. Bob singled him out; he was just about his father's size. He was instantly the centre of attraction. Again he told them he was from Holly Hill; again he was recognized by one of the men.

"Run away to join the army?" asked one.

"No," said Bob, his eyes flashing at the suggestion.

"Lost?"

"No."

"Mother whipped you?"

"No."

As soon as their curiosity had somewhat subsided, Bob, who had hardly been able to contain himself, said to the Confederate Major, in a low undertone, "My father, Colonel Stafford, is at home, concealed, and the Yankees have taken possession of the house."

"Well?" said the Major, looking down at him as if casually.

"He cannot escape, and he has on citizen's clothes, and—" Bob's voice choked suddenly as he gazed at the Major's uniform.

"Well?" The prisoner for a second looked sharply down at the boy's earnest face. Then he put his hand under his chin, and lifting it, looked into his eyes. Bob shivered and a sob escaped him.

The Major placed his hand firmly on his knee. "Why, you are wringing wet," he said, aloud. "I wonder you are not frozen to death." He rose and stripped off his coat. "Here, get into this;" and before the boy knew it the Major had bundled him into his coat, and rolled up the sleeves so that Bob could use his hands. The action attracted the attention of the rest of the group, and several of the Yankees offered to take the boy and give him dry clothes.

"No, sir," laughed the Major; "this boy is a rebel. Do you think he will wear one of your Yankee suits? He's a little Major, and I'm going to give him a Major's uniform."

In a minute he had stripped off his trousers, and was helping Bob into them, standing himself in his underclothes in the icy air. The legs were three times too long for the boy, and the waist came up to his armpits.

"Now go home to your mother," said the Major, laughing at his appearance; "and some of you fellows get me some clothes or a blanket. I'll wear your Yankee uniform out of sheer necessity."

Bob trotted around, keeping as far away from the light of the camp fires as possible. He soon found himself unobserved, and reached the shadow of a line of huts, and keeping well in it, he came to the edge of the camp. He watched his opportunity, and when the sentry's back was turned slipped out into the darkness. In an instant he was flying down the hill. The heavy clothes impeded him, and he stopped only long enough to snatch them off and roll them into a bundle, and sped on his way again. He struck the main road, and was running down

the hill as fast as his legs could carry him, when he suddenly found himself almost at the bridge which spanned the little creek. A group of dark objects were standing in the road just in front of him. One of them moved. It was the picket. Bob suddenly stopped. His heart was in his throat.

"Who goes there?" said a stern voice. Bob's heart beat as if it would spring out of his body. "Come in; we have you," said the man, advancing.

Bob sprang across the ditch beside the road, and putting his hand on the top rail of the fence, flung himself over it, bundle and all, flat on the other side, just as a blaze of light burst from the picket, and the report of a carbine startled the silent night. The bullet grazed the boy's arm, and crashed through the rail. In a second Bob was on his feet. The picket was almost on him. Seizing his bundle, he dived into the thicket as a half-dozen shots were sent ringing after him, the bullets hissing and whistling over his head. Several men dashed into the woods after him in hot pursuit, and a couple more galloped up the road to intercept him; but Bob's feet were winged, and he slipped through briars and brush like a scared hare. They scratched his face and threw him down, but he was up again. Now and then a shot crashed behind him, but he did not care for that; he only thought of being caught.

A few hundred yards up, he plunged into the stream, and wading across, was soon safe from his pursuers. Breathless, he climbed the hill, made his way through the woods, and emerged into the open fields. Across these he sped like a deer. He had almost given out. What if they should have caught his father, and he should be too late! A sob escaped him at the bare thought, and he broke again into a run, wiping off the tears that would come, with his sleeve. The wind cut him like a knife, but he did not mind that.

As he neared the house he feared that he might be intercepted again and the clothes taken from him, so he stopped for a moment, and slipped them on once more, rolling up the sleeves and legs as well as he could. He crossed the yard undisturbed. He went around to the same door by which he had come out, for he thought this his best chance. The same sentinel was there, walking up and down blowing his cold hands. Had his father been arrested? Bob's teeth chattered, but it was with suppressed excitement.

"Pretty cold," said the sentry.

"Ye-es," gasped Bob.

"Your mother's been out here, looking for you, I guess," said the soldier, with much friendliness.

"I rec—reckon so," panted Bob, moving toward the door. Did that mean that his father was caught? He opened the door, and slipped quietly into the corridor.

General Denby still sat silent before the hall fire. Bob listened at the chamber door. His mother was weeping; his father stood calm and resolute before the fire. He had determined to give himself up.

"If you only did not have on those clothes!" sobbed Mrs. Stafford. "If I only had not cut up the old uniform for the children!"

"Mother! mother! I have one!" gasped Bob, bursting into the room and tearing off the unknown Major's uniform.

VIII.

Ten minutes later Colonel Stafford, with a steady step and a proud carriage, and with his hand resting on Bob's shoulder, walked out into the hall. He was dressed in the uniform of a Confederate Major, which fitted admirably his tall, erect figure.

"General Denby, I believe," he said, as the Union officer rose and faced him. "We have met before under somewhat different circumstances," he said, with a bow. "for I now find myself your prisoner."

"I have the honor to request your parole," said the General, with great politeness, "and to express the hope that I may be able in some way to return the courtesy which I formerly received at your hands." He extended his hand, and Colonel Stafford took it.

"You have my parole," said he.

"I was not aware," said the General, with a bow toward Mrs. Stafford, "until I entered the room where your children were sleeping, that I had the honor of your husband's acquaintance. I will now take my leave and return to camp, that I may not by my presence interfere with the joy of this season."

"I desire to introduce to you my oldest boy," said Colonel Stafford, proudly presenting Bob. "He is a hero."

The General bowed as he shook hands with him. Perhaps he had some suspicion how true a hero he was, for he rested his hand kindly on the boy's head, but he said nothing.

Both Colonel and Mrs. Stafford invited the old soldier to spend the night there, but he declined. He, however, accepted an invitation to dine with them next day.

Before leaving, he requested permission to take one more look at the sleeping children. Over Evelyn he bent silently. Suddenly stooping, he kissed her little pink cheek, and with a scarcely audible "good-night," passed out of the room and left the house.

The next morning, by light, there was great rejoicing. Charlie and Evelyn were up betimes, and were laughing and chattering over their presents like two little magpies.

"Here's my sword and here's my breeches," cried Charlie—"two pair; but I'm goin' to put on my gray ones. I ain't goin' to wear a blue uniform."

"Here's my dolly!" screamed Evelyn, in an ecstasy over her beautiful present. And presently Bob and Ran burst in, their eyes fairly dancing.

"Christmas gift! It's a real one—real gold!" cried Bob, holding up a small gold watch, whilst Ran was shouting over a silver one of the same size.

That evening, after dinner, General Denby was sitting by the fire in the Holly Hill parlor, with Evelyn nestled in his lap, her dolly clasped close to her bosom, and in the absence of Colonel Stafford, told Mrs. Stafford the story of the opening of the package by the camp fire. The tears welled up into Mrs. Stafford's eyes and ran down her cheeks.

Charlie suddenly entered, in all the majesty of his new breeches and sword buckled on hip. He saw his mother's tears. His little face flushed. In a second his sword was out, and he struck a hostile attitude.

"You shan't make my mamma cry!" he shouted.

"Charlie! Charlie!" cried Mrs. Stafford, hastening to stop him.

"My papa said I was not to let any one make you cry," insisted the boy, stepping before his mother, and still keeping his angry eyes on the General.

"Oh, Charlie!" Mrs. Stafford took hold of him. "I am ashamed of you!—to be so rude!"

"Let him alone, madam," said the General. "It is not rudeness; it is spirit—the spirit of your race, which has made a splendid fight, whatever their cause. He has the soldier's blood, and some day he will be a soldier himself, and a brave one. I shall count on him for the Union," he said, with a smile.

Mrs. Stafford shook her head.

A few days later, Colonel Stafford, in accordance with an understanding, came over to General Denby's camp, and reported to be sent on to Washington as a prisoner of war. The General was absent on the lines at the time, but was expected soon, and the Colonel waited for him at his head-quarters. There had been many tears shed when his wife bade him good-by.

About an hour after the Colonel arrived, the General and his staff were riding back to camp along the road which

ran by the Holly Hill gate. Just before they reached it, two little figures came out of the gate and started down the road. One was a boy of five, who carried a toy sword, drawn, in one hand, whilst with the other he led his companion, a little girl of three, who clasped a large yellow-haired doll to her breast.

The soldiers cantered forward and overtook them.

"Where are you going, my little people?" inquired the General, gazing down at them affectionately.

"I'm goin' to get my papa," said the tiny swordsman, turning a sturdy and determined little face up to him.



"I'M GOING TO GET MY PAPA," SAID THE TINY SWORDSMAN."

"My mamma's cryin', an' I'm goin' to take my papa home. I ain't goin' to let the Yankees have him."

The officers all broke into a murmur of mingled admiration and amusement.

"No, we ain't goin' to let the Yankees have our papa," chimed in Evelyn, pushing her tangled hair out of her eyes, and keeping fast hold of Charlie's hand for fear of the horses which were around her.

The General dismounted.

"How are you going to help, my little Semiramis?" he asked, stooping over her with smiling eyes.

"I'm goin' to give my dolly if they will give me my papa," she said, gravely, as if she understood the equality of the exchange.

"Suppose you give a kiss instead?" She put up her little face, and the old General dropped on one knee in the road and lifted her in his arms, doll and all.

"Gentlemen," he said to his staff, "you behold the future defenders of the Union."

The little ones were coaxed home, and that afternoon, as Colonel Stafford was expecting to leave the camp for Washington with a lot of prisoners, a despatch was brought in to General Denby, who read it.

"Colonel," he said, addressing him, "I think I shall have to continue your parole a few days longer. I have just received information that, by a special cartel which I have arranged, you are to be exchanged for Colonel Kane as soon as he can reach the lines at this point from Richmond; and meantime, as we have but indifferent accommodations here, I shall have to request you to consider Holly Hill as your place of confinement. Will you be so kind as to convey my respects to Mrs. Stafford, and to your young hero Bob, and make good my word to those two little commissioners of exchange, to whom I feel somewhat committed? I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year."

THE THREE WISHES.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS AND F. ANSTEY.



I.



the south coast of England, where a white headland juts into the Channel, stands the High-School of Witherington, a new and handsome group of buildings, with a garden before the Master's door, and a large play-ground spreading away to the woods which mask the brow of the hill. When the summer sun shines on this play-ground, noisy with boys, it is as pleasant a sight as one could wish to see; but on a dark January after-

noon, toward the end of the Christmas vacation, when there are only two lads loitering across its empty expanse, its appearance is less cheerful.

A chill wind was blowing up from the Channel across the Downs, and one of the two boys, a little taller and sligher than his companion, shivered, and buttoned his overcoat.

"This is just the meanest climate I ever saw," he said. "It isn't real winter, with snow and ice so that a fellow can skate—it's only damp and disagreeable all the time."

"It does snow here sometimes," returned his companion, a sturdy, thick-set lad of about twelve. "Wait till you've been here a whole winter and you'll see."

"It doesn't snow enough to coast, does it?" asked the taller youth, apparently of about the same age. "In America a winter is no good unless we coast."

"What is coasting?" the English boy asked.

"Coasting is sliding down-hill," the American answered, with a glow of enthusiasm. "It's just fine, I tell you!"

"It sounds rather fun," said Jack Ainsley, the English boy.

"I wish my folks hadn't had to go to Rome, and then I shouldn't have had

to come here right in the middle of vacation, when there isn't anybody here but you."

"You'll like it better when the boys get back," Jack replied; "and I'm really worse off than you, for my people are out in India, and I may not see them for years yet."

"That is rough on you, I allow," admitted the American, whose name was Heywood H. Brevort.

"I had a letter from the mater the day before Christmas, and she said it might be two years before she came home. She said that Colonel Kavanagh, an old friend of hers, was coming up here to see me; but he hasn't been yet."

"But you've friends here and I don't know anybody at all," Heywood responded. "You've been here for a year now, and you know all the other boys when they come back; and you're going to a party this evening."

"I wish you were coming too," said Jack.

"I wish I was, but I don't know the Gowers," replied Heywood. "What I do wish is to be back in America. I'd go coasting all night."

"There isn't any good wishing; you know that won't help you," said the English boy.

"Wishing's lots of fun, anyhow," returned the American. "I like to wish for things, and sometimes I half think I've got 'em, I wish so hard."

"I've longed for a magic lantern," commented Jack, "but it wasn't the same as getting it."

"Those old magicians in the *Arabian Nights*, you know," Heywood went on, "they had the thing down fine. They had a lamp or a ring or something, and whenever they wanted anything, they just rubbed their old lamp, and a big black spook came, and they ordered him 'round, and they had what they wanted in no time."

"Is 'spook' what you call the 'Slave of the lamp'?" asked Jack.

"He's one kind of a spook," replied Heywood.

"I wish we had a lamp of that sort now."

"It would be loads of fun, would it not? I'd keep



"THE DARK FIGURE TOOK A STEP FORWARD AND BOWED."

that black spook on the trot, I tell you! I wonder if I could make him learn lessons for me?" said Heywood.

"What would be the use of that?" said Jack; "you'd have to say them, you know."

"I hadn't thought of that," Heywood admitted, ruefully.

"I shouldn't care so much for the lessons," returned Jack; "but there's ever so many things I'd like. I'd send him for a magic lantern, for one thing, and for a bicycle, and for the best stamp collection in the world, and for a telescope you could tell the time with on a church clock a hundred miles away."

"Generally one only has three wishes, you know," Heywood remarked in turn. "I'd begin by wishing to be taken over to America, to coast all this evening, and to go skating to-morrow. I suppose a Djinn can make it freeze if you order him?"

"I dare say," Jack answered. "I don't know much about Djinn myself."

"I've read enough to know pretty much what they're like," said Heywood. "I guess I'd recognize one if I happened on him."

"Well, I suppose I should too. But what bosh! As if we were likely to!"

"Well, I don't know about that. I never heard any reason why there shouldn't be Djinn now just as much as there were in the *Arabian Nights*. It all depends on your having the right sort of lamp or ring or something or other." And here Heywood sank his voice to a mysterious whisper. "Have you ever tried rubbing a lamp or a ring to see what would happen?"

"No. Have you?"

"Lots of times," was the prompt reply.

"And what happened?"

"Nothing."

"Then what's the good of trying?" was Jack's natural inquiry.

"Well, I don't give up the idea," answered the American boy. "You can't tell when the right ring or the right lamp may turn up. There isn't any sign by which you can pick 'em out without trying, and if you don't try, you may miss the very lamp which the black spook has to obey. I don't believe in throwing away chances. I've taken a rub on 'most every lamp I ever laid my hands on, and most rings too. You see, even in the *Arabian Nights* the people didn't generally know that they had the Djinn's lamp. More'n half the time they rubbed it by accident, and then they were surprised when the slave of the ring appeared and bowed to the ground, and asked them what they wanted. Oh, I tell you I've been studying this thing up ever since I first got at the *Arabian Nights*, and sooner or later I may get hold of the right ring."

The English boy listened to this American outburst somewhat doubtfully.

"Have you tried it on your own ring?" he asked at last.

"Pshaw!" answered Heywood, "that ring of mine isn't metal."

"And must it be metal?"

"I think so, leastways I never read about one working satisfactorily that wasn't; generally they are old iron."

"And what is your ring made of?"

"It's an Indian ring—not your Indian, you know, but our Indians, Pawnees or Sioux or Chippewa. I got it at Niagara. It's made of porcupine quills dyed and twisted together, and—"

Here Master Heywood's description of the peculiarities of his ring was suddenly cut short by the sound of carriage wheels approaching the Master's entrance.

"There's the Gowers' carriage come for me," cried Jack. "I must be off."

The boys ran together to the front door. As the carriage drove off, Jack thrust his head out of the window and bade his comrade good-by.

"I don't know why a porcupine quill ring shouldn't work just as well as any other, for all it isn't down in the books," thought the American boy, as he lingered in the shrubbery of the Master's garden. The twilight was beginning to fade away. "I suppose the Djinn of an Indian ring would be a chief of some sort, Red Jacket or Osceola, now. I'd like to see either of 'em, and if they were spooks, and had to obey the ring, I don't see but what they'd be just as useful as the other kind."

As these thoughts ran through his mind rapidly, his fingers had closed about the barbarically colored circlet which adorned his right hand. He was in the middle of the strip of garden which stretched beside the play-ground when he took a resolution, and he began to rub the ring on his little finger violently with the palm of his left hand.

"It never did any good before," he said to himself, "and I don't know as it'll do any good now, but I might as well try it on. What should I ask for if he came? I'd better settle that

now. It wouldn't do to have no commands ready for him; he'd think I was a fool. I can't make up my mind what's best here without Ainsley. It wouldn't be a bad idea if I said in a careless kind of way I wanted three wishes to start with. That would give me time to look around and save me the bother of calling him up. You have to get used to the look of these fellows."

Suddenly the boy stopped short in fright. As though the ground had opened to give him passage, there stood before the lad a strange dark figure of a man in Oriental garb. The boy stared in silent astonishment at the mysterious person who towered above him in the deepening darkness.

After a moment of tension, while Heywood could hear his heart beating violently, and while his brain whirled at the sudden fulfilment of his summons, the dark figure took a step forward and bowed, and said, "Sahib."

As the weird messenger advanced toward him the boy started back, and in the constraint of his movement the ring was jerked from his finger and rolled away in the grass. For the moment he did not dare to stoop to recover it.

At last the lad summoned his courage.

"Are you the slave of the ring?" he asked, in a voice which trembled in spite of his utmost endeavor.

"Sahib?" repeated the figure.

"Are you come to do my bidding?" cried the boy, gaining confidence. "Can I have my three wishes?"

The dark figure bowed again, and replied, "The young Sahib shall have what he wishes to-morrow."

"Oh," said the boy, "I can have them to-morrow—sure?"

"Yes, Sahib," was the respectful answer. "I come again to-morrow."

"I'd like Jack to have a show in this thing," thought Heywood. So he spoke again: "Look here; I have a friend here. I suppose it will be the same thing if I let him use one of the wishes?"

"The Sahib's friend can use it, too," was the reply.

"All right," Heywood felt his spirits returning. "I'm to have my three wishes to-morrow, and you'll see that I get 'em—three, you know?"

"There are three—yes, Sahib."

"I am very much obliged—No, I mean that will do for the present. You can go back to wherever you came from."

Again the sable figure bowed; then it turned, and to Heywood's startled eyes it seemed to fade into the darkness, to melt into thin air.

When he was alone, Heywood looked about him curiously. Then he drew a long breath. Then he gave a whistle of surprise.

"I'm not asleep, am I?" he queried of himself; whereupon he pinched his arm and convinced himself that he was not dreaming.

"He's a useful kind of thing to have about; but he makes me awful creepy at first. I suppose I'll get over jumping after a time. It would be fun to rub the ring in class-time, and see him come up through the floor. Oh, I mean to be a popular boy in this school—don't I, just?" Here he hugged himself with anticipatory delight.

"And to think I've had that ring all this time and never tried it before—and it was the right kind, after all. I wonder where it's gone to?"

And with this he stooped and began to search in the grass; but the ring was nowhere to be found. The lad looked for it long and diligently, yet in vain. At last he gave over the quest, resolved to resume it in the morning.

He walked from the garden to the play-ground, and began to pace to and fro, going over all the incidents of his meeting with the mysterious unknown, and recalling every word of their brief conversation. He doubted whether he had really heard and seen what he had heard and seen. With all his imagination and power of make-believe, he was startled and staggered by this seemingly supernatural response to his summons. He thought the matter over until he did not know what to think.

When he was called, he went in to his supper with his head in a whirl; and a companion, had he had one, could not but have remarked the wandering of his mind.

In time he went up to bed in the huge empty dormitory, which he alone now shared with Jack Ainsley. Although he undressed, he found it impossible to sleep until the return of his friend should permit him to give vent to his emotions, and to impart to another the marvel under which his head was still reeling.

At length Jack Ainsley returned from his tardy Christmas party. It was with difficulty that Heywood restrained himself

while he listened to Jack's account of the various delights of the evening's entertainment. That which had most impressed him was the beautiful new tricycle which young Gower had received as a Christmas-box from his father.

"That's the kind of present I should like," Jack cried, as he described this machine with glowing enthusiasm, undressing the while and making ready for bed. "If we could only have three wishes—you remember what we were talking about this afternoon? Well, I'd choose a tricycle like Gower's for my first wish."

This was the effective opening for which Heywood had been waiting.

"Perhaps I will give you your wish," he said, with dignity. "You can when your Djinn comes, you know," returned Jack, laughing, as he got into bed; "not before."

"Then I can do it now," Heywood replied, solemnly and with an unequalled self-satisfaction. "The Djinn has come!"

"Oh, hosh!" said Jack, stretching himself out in bed.

"Honest Indian!" cried Heywood, a little taken aback at his friend's stolid reception of his startling news. "I mean it! I rubbed the ring, as you said, and the Djinn came."

"What?" almost shouted Jack, sitting bolt-upright in bed.

"I was in the garden just after you went off, and I rubbed the ring and the slave of the ring appeared."

"What was he like?"

"He was dressed just as they are in the *Arabian Nights*, and he had on a turban, and—"

"What was he like himself?" interrupted Jack.

"Like? Oh, like the ones in the book! He was dark and very tall—incomparably tall; he must have been most ten feet high, not counting his turban. And his eyes flashed like—like fireworks."

"Did he come out of a column of smoke or with a clap like thunder?" asked Jack.

"There was some smoke," said Heywood; "I won't be certain about the thunder."

"Was he jolly to you?" inquired the English boy.

"I made him know his place pretty soon, I tell you," the American answered. "He salaamed three times, bowing down until his head touched the ground, and then he said, 'I am thy slave and the slave of those who have the ring. Command, and I obey.' I was so surprised that I rubbed the ring off my finger, and it fell on the grass, and rolled away, and I haven't been able to find it. We must look in the morning."

"H'm!" said Jack, doubtfully. "Why don't you make the Djinn find it?"

"How can I?" Heywood answered. "I can't call him without the ring; and even if I should meet him, I'd never dare tell him I'd lost the ring, because then I shouldn't have any power over him."

"Have you got any power over him now?" asked Jack.

"Not over him exactly. You see it was like this: I didn't want to be hurried, so my first command was that he should grant me my next three wishes. And I arranged so you could have one of them."

"Not really?" cried Jack. "Thanks, awfully, Brevoort! You're a trump!"

"We won't hurry over this," said Heywood, who perhaps had some reluctance to face the spook again just yet. "I believe in treating your slaves like human beings. I'll match you who has the first wish."

"All right," returned Jack, to whom the American boy had explained the mysteries of "matching." Each had reached across the bed to his pockets and secured a coin, which he tossed in the air and covered with his left hand as it fell on his right palm.

"I'll match you," said Heywood.

"All right," answered Jack, looking at his coin. "Mine's a head."

"And mine's a tail," Heywood returned; "the first wish is yours."

"I say, Brevoort, do you really believe in this Djinn?" asked Jack, doubtfully.

"Of course I do," cried Heywood, indignantly. "Didn't I see him, and didn't he give me three wishes, and haven't I let you have the first one?"

"Do you think I'll get it?" was the English boy's next doubtful question.

"Just you wait till to-morrow and see if you don't get it; and if you don't it'll be your own fault for not wishing hard enough."

"All right," said Jack again, with a little more confidence,

kindled from his friend's. "I'll wish hard enough if wishing will do it."

"What are you going to wish for?" asked Heywood.

"I'll stick to what I said first—I'll wish for a tricycle like young Gower's. I never saw one I liked better."

"I don't know that I shouldn't go higher than a tricycle," said Heywood, doubtfully. "Those *Arabian Nights* fellows chose more expensive things than that. But come to think of it, we'd better begin gradually, perhaps. When we find the ring we can spread ourselves. Now you must wish hard—real hard."

"I'll wish hard enough, never fear," the English lad replied.

There was silence for a minute or two. It was far later than either of the boys was wont to sit up, and they were both of them getting sleepy despite their unusual experiences.

"Are you wishing?" was Heywood's yawning inquiry.

"Yes," Jack answered, drowsily.

"Hard?" queried the American.

"Hard as I can," replied the English lad.

In a few seconds more they were both fast asleep.

II.

The slumber of school-boys is always heavy and hearty, and never more so than in vacation, when there are no sudden bells to arouse them. So it was that both Jack Ainsley and Heywood Brevoort overslept themselves on the morning after the former had been to the Gowers' party and the latter had rubbed his Indian ring. When they were awakened, it was Heywood who managed to dress first. He descended from the dormitory as speedily as he could. After a good night's sleep he did not know what to think of his adventure of the preceding evening. In the chill morning he felt doubts which he would have denied the night before while talking to Ainsley. Whom had he seen? And what was it that this strange messenger had really said to him? These were questions to which he could return no satisfactory answer. If the wish had been fulfilled in any way, Heywood's confidence would have been amply restored; and when first he waked he had cast a doubtful glance about the dormitory, half hoping that he might see the tricycle by the side of his friend's bed.

As he drew near to the house-keeper's room, where he and Jack took their meals in lonely state during the holidays, the parlor-maid met him and said: "Isn't Master Ainsley down yet? There's something come for him."

"Where? What is it?" cried the American boy, with a sudden revulsion of hope.

"It's in the hall by the door," she answered; "it's a wheel thing."

"Jack, come and see!" he cried, as he caught sight of his friend at the foot of the stairs. "There's something for you!"

"What is it?" shouted Jack, springing along after him.

As they came to the end of the hall, there stood a brand-new tricycle.

"Didn't I tell you?" cried Heywood. "Now what do you say? Look at your name on the label. Do you think I'm selling you now?"

"I never did think that exactly," Ainsley answered; "only—it all seems so queer, don't it? To have my wish granted so soon!"

Then, examining the tricycle more particularly, he added, "I say, this isn't just like Gower's, you know?"

"Isn't it?" asked the American, a little annoyed at this caviling.

"That's your own fault, then. You should have wished harder and plainer. How's a Djinn to know one tricycle from another? Some Djinn's would have brought a perambulator."

The parlor-maid came down the hall to tell them that breakfast was ready.

"I say, Mary," cried Jack, still doubting, despite the tangible evidence before him, "where did this tricycle come from?"

"It was brought here this morning by a black man," was the answer.

Jack and Heywood looked at each other, and whatever of suspicion they may have retained now faded away.

"Was he a very tall man, Mary?" asked Heywood.

"Uncommon tall, and very dark," she replied.

"And did he wear a turban?" the American inquired again.

"Yes," she returned; "but your breakfast will be cold if you don't come now."

As she left them, Heywood looked across to Ainsley with a smile of triumph. "That's him!" he said.

After breakfast the two boys sought diligently for the Indian ring. Heywood was not able to identify with certainty the exact spot where he had stood when the black man appeared before

him; and this was perhaps the reason why their search was unavailing. It seemed to them that they had examined every inch of the strip of garden; but they failed to discover the missing ring.

They spent nearly an hour in the search, the tricycle standing the while by the steps.

"I say, Brevoort," said Ainsley at last, straightening up with an effort, "let's give up the ring for this morning; we can look again to-morrow. It must be somewhere, you know, and we are bound to find it."

"I don't see where the pesky thing can have got to!" Heywood remarked, in disgust.

"My back is nearly broke stooping over, and I'm going to rest it by a turn on the tricycle. Come along."

They took the machine out into the road, and Ainsley mounted and started it gently. A hundred yards from the gate the road dropped away abruptly, and there was a sharp descent. At the top of this the English boy drew up.

"We'd better not try the hill, I think," he said, "until we can work this thing. You ride it back."

Heywood took Jack's place, and rode the tricycle up to the gate and beyond, his friend following on foot. When they were abreast of the house, the parlor-maid came out and called the English boy.

"Master Ainsley, there's a gentleman to see you."

"It's Colonel Kavanagh, I'm sure," cried Jack. "I say, Brevoort, come right up to the house; I want to show him my tricycle!"

On the steps of the school stood a handsome, soldierly man, with a pleasant smile and laughing eyes.

"And this is Jack Ainsley?" he said, as the boy came up. "I should have known you any where—you have your mother's eyes. I am Colonel Kavanagh, and I'm an old friend of your mother's. I saw her in India not two months ago, and I promised her to give her boy a look up."

"I had a letter from the mater last week," Jack replied, "and she told me you were coming down to see me."

"She's well, I trust?" Colonel Kavanagh inquired.

"The mater? Oh, she's well," the boy answered, with his eyes fixed on the movements of Heywood Brevoort, who was manoeuvring the tricycle. The officer followed the direction of the boy's glance.

"I see you've got your tricycle," he said.

"I got it only this morning," Jack replied. Then, lowering his voice, he pursued, "Do you believe in magic?"

"In what?" queried the Colonel, with a faint smile.

"In magic?—in Djinns, like in the *Arabian Nights*, you know?"

"I don't know," the Colonel answered; "I never met a Djinn; have you?"

"I haven't, but Brevoort has."

"Oh," said Colonel Kavanagh, gravely. "Brevoort has seen a Djinn? And who is Brevoort?"

"That's Brevoort there, on the tricycle. He's an American boy, and he has an Indian ring; at least he had, but he's lost it; and he rubbed it and the slave of the ring appeared, and said he could have three wishes, and we tossed who should have the first, and I won, and I wished for a tricycle, and this morning here it was."

"So that's the way you got it, is it?" asked Colonel Kavanagh. "It must be very convenient to be able to get things by wishing for them. And Brevoort really saw a Djinn, eh? I'd like to hear all about it."

"I'll call him over—he won't mind," said Jack. "Here, Brevoort, I say!"

The American boy dismounted from the machine and came toward them.

"This is my friend Brevoort, Colonel Kavanagh," said Jack, by way of introduction.

"Glad to see you, sir," said Heywood, holding out his hand. "My father was a colonel in the war. He was wounded at Seven Pines."

"Ainsley tells me that you have seen a Djinn," the Colonel began, frankly. "I'm interested in Djinns, and I'd like to hear all about it."

Heywood blushed suddenly, and his cheeks tingled while he was telling his tale.

"I don't know much about Djinn except what I've read; and I've only seen one, and him only once, so far, and it was getting dark, too."

"I've never seen even one," said Colonel Kavanagh. "Where did you meet him?"

"Out there in the bit of garden by the play-ground. You

see, I've got an Indian ring made of porcupine quills, and I'd tried rubbing all sorts of rings to call up a Djinn, and they never came, and Jack here said, why didn't I try this Indian ring, and so I did, last evening, out there, and I rubbed, and rubbed, and suddenly a great tall black man rose up before me and bowed—"

"Ah," remarked the Colonel, with interest, "I see—it was there that you met the Djinn. And what time was this?"

"About five o'clock last evening."

"And he was a tall, black man, with dark clothes and a high turban—"

"Have you seen him too?" interrupted Brevoort.

"I regret to say that I have not yet met a Djinn face to face," replied the Colonel, smiling.

"Then how did you know how he looked?" asked the American boy.

"How did I know?" repeated Colonel Kavanagh; "why, I know how a respectable Djinn ought to be clothed. Did I describe the dress of the one you saw?"

"Exactly," Heywood answered.

"That is a little curious, isn't it?" said the Colonel. "And he gave you three wishes?"

"Well, I asked him if I could have three wishes, and he said I could, in the morning. So Jack and I matched to see who should have the first wish, and he won, and he wished for a tricycle. I don't think he quite believed in my Djinn, but when he came down-stairs this morning and found that tricycle, and heard Mary say it had been brought by a big black man, why, naturally, that just staggered him."

"Yes," said Colonel Kavanagh, "I can see that it would stagger him. I confess that it staggers me. I can hardly help believing that your Djinn had something to do with it."

"I believe it now, of course. I didn't at first," said Jack.

"Still it is rather extraordinary, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Colonel Kavanagh again. "It is extraordinary. In fact, I don't mind telling you that it is one of the most extraordinary things I ever heard of." He paused and then looked at Heywood. "It's a pity you lost that ring. If you had it I should ask you to call up that Djinn again. I'm very anxious to get a good look at him."

"I don't think he'd like to be called just to be made a show of," said Heywood, not quite ingenuously. "But I'll see how he feels about it when we find the ring. We're going to look for it again and again till we do."

"They tell me that the Doctor has gone up to London and will not return until to-morrow afternoon, so I shall come back then to see him," the Colonel remarked. "If you have found the ring by that time I wish you would kindly let me know. In the mean while I suppose you will be riding about on the tricycle. Are you not afraid to trust yourself on so ghostly a gift?"

"The tricycle is all right," Jack spoke up, promptly. "I've looked to that. It's come from a first-rate maker. It's one of the best I ever saw."

"Ah," said the Colonel, meditatively; "and how do you suppose the Djinn got it?"

"Bought and paid for it, I should say," was Jack's answer.

"You don't think the Djinn stole it, sir, do you?" asked Heywood.

"No," said Colonel Kavanagh, as he began to walk to the gate—"no, I shouldn't like to believe that the Djinn was dishonest, but I confess I'd like to know just how he came to pick out that particular tricycle."

"He knew a good one, I'm sure," cried Jack.

"It seems to have been selected with care," the Colonel remarked. "But if I were you, I don't think I'd risk running down this hill with it—you might lose control. I'll see you to-morrow." And with this he nodded to them and passed through the gate.

"Jolly sort of chap, the Colonel," commented Jack.

"I wish he wouldn't look as though he wanted to laugh all the time," was Master Brevoort's criticism.

III.

After this interview the boys went out again with the tricycle, which afforded many joys not to be exhausted speedily. They rode it in turn at first, and finally together, one working the wheels and the other standing up behind on the rear axle.

For a while they were content to go to and fro on the more or less level road before the gates of the school, avoiding the declivity against which Colonel Kavanagh had warned them.

But at last, as the muscles of their legs began to tire a little

with the unwonted exercise, it struck them that they could ride down the hill without any exertion, and that they could come up again on foot, which would fatigue them less than did the tricycle.

So Jack carefully steered the tricycle into the middle of the road, Brevoort supporting himself on the rear axle as best he could. When they came to the brow of the hill, and began to descend toward the town, Ainsley tightened his grip on the brake.

"This is fun!" cried Heywood. "It's almost as good as coasting!"

"For coasting is any better fun than this, I'd like to have a go at it," Ainsley returned.

The brow of the hill sloped away gently, but the road soon descended sharply. When the two boys reached this point, the tricycle was going very swiftly.

"I say," cried Jack; "we're going too fast, aren't we?"

"I've coasted down a bigger hill than this lots faster than we are going now," answered the American.

Just here the road dropped away again, and there was again an increase of rapidity.

"But you can pull up if you like," Heywood added, hastily, conscious that their speed was in excess of safety.

"That's all very well," the English boy responded; "but I can't stop now. I've got the brake on, but it won't stop."

"Look out for the old boy in front there!" shouted Brevoort, suddenly.

Ainsley had been giving his attention to the brake, but now he looked up. Right in front of them was an elderly man, rather portly in person.

"Hi, there!" yelled Jack.

"Clear the track!" Heywood cried.

But it was too late. The old gentleman was startled as he heard the cry. Turning, he saw two boys on a tricycle madly descending on him. He lost his head for a moment, and hesitated. First he went to the right, and then he went to the left; and then he stepped back and said, "Take care, take care; you'll run over me!"

"Steer to the right!" screamed Brevoort.

The old gentleman's hesitancy had confused Ainsley, who steered to the left, and then to the right. Fortunately his steady pressure on the brake had begun to affect

their speed, and when at last they came into collision with the old gentleman, the shock was not as violent as it might have been. But it sufficed to upset the tricycle, to spill off Ainsley and Brevoort, and to throw their victim on his back.

"You are not hurt, are you?" asked Heywood, who was the first to get on his feet, and who went at once to the assistance of the stranger.

"If I've no bones broken, it's no thanks to you," responded the old gentleman, angrily.

"We are very sorry," began Ainsley.

"We didn't mean to," were Heywood's first words, when the old gentleman interrupted them both.

"Of course you didn't mean to," he cried. "If you had meant it, I'd have you locked up in jail! Of course you are sorry; but that wouldn't mend my bones if I'd broken 'em!"

"But you haven't broken any, have you?" Ainsley asked, as he picked up the tricycle.

"What's that to you?" shouted the elderly and irascible person.

"That's so," replied Heywood. "You are all right there. We don't care whether you break in two!"

"No impudence, you young monkey!" said the old gentleman, with increasing wrath.

"Gorilla yourself!" was Heywood's retort.

"What?" shouted the stranger. "Do you mean to bandy words with me?" And here he shook his fist angrily at the indignant boys.

"Oh, come off!" answered the American boy; "you began it—you called us monkeys!"

"Things have come to a pretty pass in this country if a man cannot go out of town for a day on business without being exposed to assault and insult from a band of young ruffians."

"Oh, I say now," interrupted Ainsley; "we are not young ruffians."

"I suppose you two young rascals belong to that school on the hill there?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Yes, we do," answered Ainsley.

"And what of it?" was Brevoort's question.



"RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM WAS AN ELDERLY MAN, RATHER PORTLY IN PERSON."

"I'll make it my business to call on the Master and ask him why he doesn't teach you young cubs better manners."

"I'd sooner be a young cub than an old bear, any day!" responded Brevoort, promptly.

"Now mark my words," said the old gentleman, mastering his anger, and speaking with much force; "mark my words! I believe that you two boys took a wanton pleasure in running into me. I believe that you did this on purpose. As you have seen fit to add insult to injury, I shall state my belief to your Master. I had intended to return to town by the five-o'clock train, and I may be forced to do so; but if it is possible, I shall present myself at the school this afternoon, on my way back to the station. Then we shall see what your Master has to say to your impudence and your brutality. Now, no more words. You may save your breath to defend yourself to the Master."

And so saying, the old gentleman turned away from them and resumed his descent of the hill.

Heywood was about to throw a few words of defiance after the departing enemy when Jack checked him.

"Let him go," he said; "we needn't make things any worse than they are."

And with that he began to push the tricycle slowly up the hill.

Warmed with the combat, Heywood was full of fight, and it was a few minutes before he saw the gravity of their situation.

They returned in silence, crest-fallen and conscious of their wrong-doing. Perhaps it was this which made them not a little irritable with themselves and with each other.

When they came to the brow of the hill and the more level road lay before them, Heywood mounted the tricycle and Jack walked by his side, still deep in thought.

"I knew something would come of getting a machine through a Djinn!" said Jack at last, mournfully.

"The machine's well enough!" retorted Brevoort, promptly defending his Djinn. "Don't blame the Djinn because you can't steer. If you had turned the handles the way I told you, we shouldn't have run over him!"

"Well, it's no good talking about that now—it's done, and there's an end of it!"

"Do you think he meant what he said about coming up to the school and complaining?"

"I dare say. He'd have been all right if you hadn't checked him like that."

"Make out it's my fault! I wasn't going to stand there as calm as a clam, while he was calling names. I guess he knew my opinion of him by the time I was through."

"You made it ten times worse by going and slanging him like that."

"I didn't, so now?"

"You did, so there! You think yourself so jolly sharp."

"Well, I'd be sorry if I wasn't sharper than some folks," said the American, sulkily.

"All right," retorted Jack; "if that's the way you're going to talk, I'll trouble you to get off that tricycle—it's mine!"

"That's pretty mean—considering. If it wasn't for me, you wouldn't have had a tricycle to order me off. Here, take your old tricycle. I'm sorry I gave you one of my wishes now, if this is all the gratitude I get!"

Jack was ashamed and penitent in a moment.

"No, I say, Brevoort; I wasn't in earnest then," he said; "don't get off. It's all nonsense or quarrelling like this. We're both in the same mess. Do you think he was only pretending to be in a bait?"

"We ran over his toes and took him full in the waistcoat—he looked as though he was pretty mad," replied Heywood, pensively. "And he knows we belong to the school here. He'll come—if he has to drop everything to do it. There's only one chance for us."

"What's that?"

"Why, you heard him say he had come down here for the day, and he thought it hard he couldn't be safe in a place like this."

"But he said he'd come as soon as he had finished his business here—on his way back to the station. He's got lots of time between this and evening."

"Let him come!" said Brevoort; "he'll only find the house-keeper—the Doctor doesn't come back till to-morrow."

"No more he does—hooray!" cried Jack; "then we're all right. Mrs. Cossett won't sneak, I know."

So they reached the school in an easier state of mind.

However, after the mid-day dinner, Jack, who had been prowling about alone, came with a long face into the school-room, where Brevoort was sitting.

"I say," he began, "I just found Mary lighting the Doctor's fire, and I got out of her that he's sent a telegram to say he'll be here by the three-o'clock train this afternoon."

"Then we're freed!" was Heywood's comment; "for that old chap will turn up sure as fate, and now, if he does come, the Doctor will be in. Is he strict?"

"Rather, in some things."

"But, after all, it was an accident," Heywood urged.

"That old buffer will swear we did it on purpose; and then," said Jack, "you—we did, rather, rag him. Yes, the Doctor's sure to be awfully shirty. He'll keep us in the play-ground till the fellows come back, and stop the tricycling—if he doesn't take it away altogether."

"Then there's an end to our fun!" said Heywood, disconsolately. "Perhaps the Doctor won't come after all; something may happen to stop him. I wish it would!"

"I say, Brevoort!" exclaimed Jack.

"Where's the harm in that?"

"Nothing; only he won't come now—that's all."

"Why not?"

"Don't you remember the Djinn? You said you wished."

"Oh, but that don't count. I wasn't really wishing, and the Djinn didn't mean that sort of wish," remarked the American boy.

"I don't think that matters. It *was* a wish, and he's bound to grant it. You've used up your second wish."

"That's so," said Heywood, thoughtfully. "I don't know, come to think of it, that the case was bad enough to fool away another wish on; but I've done it. The Doctor won't come now. That's something, and we can make it up when we find that ring."

"Let's have another hunt for it before it gets too dark," suggested Jack. "If we can get it before the old gentleman comes, you might set your Djinn at him."

"That would be splendid," agreed Heywood; "he'd make the old boy sit up, wouldn't he?"

"You'd have to tell him he mustn't hurt him really, you know," said Jack, "or we should only get into a worse row."

"I'll drop him a hint about that," said the American, easily. He was by this time hunting about on the gravel. "But I'm beginning to think we never shall get that ring now."

"Look here, Brevoort, you—you haven't been selling me all this time? It's all right about this Djinn?"

"If it wasn't, how do you account for that tricycle?" demanded Heywood, triumphantly.

"I forgot that; but I wish you hadn't lost that ring. Or do you think the Djinn bagged it when you let it drop?"

"If he has, he'll stick to it," said Heywood, gloomily; "he's cute enough for that. Then I've lost my Djinn. It's rough having him and losing him like that, all at once."

"You've got one more wish—that's always something," suggested Jack.

"So I have. I'll be real careful about this one. I might wish to have the Djinn back again."

"That wouldn't do," interposed Jack, quickly; "because, you see, when he came you wouldn't have the ring, and he wouldn't be your slave."

"No more he would. No, I won't risk that, but I might wish to find the ring."

"Not if the Djinn's got it."

"Well, I'll study up what to wish by-and-by. Now we've got to try if the ring isn't here, after all."

But they searched in vain until the darkness began to gather, and Mrs. Cossett appeared at the school steps.

"Master Ainsley," she called, "will you come here a minute?"

Jack went, and after a short colloquy rejoined his friend.

"We've got to go to the station," he announced, shortly; "the Doctor hasn't come, and Mother Cossett thinks the train has been delayed somehow; she seems in a funk about something the milkman has told her, and she wants us to go and find out what's up."

"You go," said Heywood; "I feel like finding that ring."

"No, come with me; I'd rather," urged Jack, who did not seem to care about his own company just then. Brevoort yielded, seeing that it was really too dark to admit of any prospect of finding the ring till daylight.

There was a larger crowd than usual at the station; the men lounging about the station yard seemed to be discussing something with an excitement very different from their customary lassitude; on the platform, groups still more excited were collected; and all officials, from the station-master down to the paper-boy, were being eagerly applied to for information. Jack and Heywood, being endeavoring to discover the reason of this unwonted stir; but for a while, beyond the fact that the London train was an hour or two behind its time, they could learn nothing. At last, through a by-stander, they gathered that there had been an accident on the line—he thought a collision, but was not sure, as it was next to impossible to get any precise details out of the railway staff. The two boys hung about, hearing ominous words now and then in disjointed scraps of conversation which increased their alarm.

"I can't stay here," said Jack at last; "let's go home."

They walked back in almost unbroken silence, for neither liked to betray to the other what was in his mind.

"Why didn't we ask a porter or somebody?" queried Brevoort.

"We're not much the wiser for going now."

"They wouldn't have told us. They said the same thing to everybody—that the line was blocked, and that was all

they knew themselves," answered Jack, who had dreaded to ask lest he should have his fears confirmed by some terrible tidings.

"Well, likely we shall find the Doctor back when we get in," said Heywood. "I only hope the old fellow we ran over won't turn up too, that's all!"

"Don't!" said Jack, uncomfortably.

"Don't what?"

"Talk as if it was sure to be all right."

They were at the school gates by this time, and went round to the back entrance.

"Brevoort," said Jack, in a shaky whisper, "don't you think it would be better to get rid of that tricycle?"

"Not much!" said Brevoort. "Why on earth—"

"Because it was given to me by that beastly Djinn of yours; and—and—I don't want to have anything more to do with it," answered Ainsley, as he entered the school-room.

"Why, what do you mean? You don't think—"

"Yes, I do—and so do you. You *know* he's done this!"

"How do you make that out?" asked the American.

"You wished something would happen to stop the Doctor from coming to-night; something *has*—this collision and—I call it beastly caddish of the Djinn," declared Jack, on the verge of tears.

Brevoort's sense of importance was ministered to by this suggestion, even though he was horrified, to do him justice, by the literal fidelity with which his wish had been granted.

"I guess it wasn't the Djinn's fault; he had to keep his promise, and he didn't see any other way just then; mistakes will happen at first, and after all, he'd only cause just enough collision to keep the Doctor from coming to-night."

"How do you know? Suppose he never comes at all—not *alive*. Oh, Heywood, it's awful! You don't know how jolly the poor Doctor was—you've hardly seen him. And now—perhaps he's—why couldn't you look out what you were saying?"

"I never meant it," said Brevoort, sulkily. "I wasn't thinking of the wishes then. It's no use bullying me. And after all, we don't *know* that the Doctor's hurt at all."

"We know people do get hurt in collisions, and there's been one. Brevoort, don't look as if you didn't care. You would, if you knew what the Doctor was. He took me to see the pantomime here, the week before you came, and he was always trying to think of things to make the holidays less dull for us here—you know he was, yourself! What if he *was* strict now and then? I'd rather have a master like him than an easy-going duffer. And now he's hurt—killed, perhaps—and it's all your fault and you stand there doing nothing?"

"Why, what am I to do?" demanded the American.

"You can do something; and there's your other wish; use it, and wish that the Doctor isn't the least bit hurt; you must!"

The two boys stood opposite each other in the firelit school-room. Jack was desperately in earnest; he was a tender-hearted boy, and the idea that his head-master would never return alive drove him almost frantic. Many an act of consideration and kindness came back to him now, as he reproached himself for all the mutinous and ungrateful expressions he had used. At bottom he had always liked the Master; and he had spoken against the Doctor only because the other fellows did and he didn't want to be thought a muf. And now he thought that he might never see the Doctor's kind face again, might never hear the well-known voice commending him in work or games, unless Brevoort would act at once. And Brevoort stood there with exasperating coolness.

"If you don't," said Jack, "you'll be a murderer, and I'll tell everything."

"Hold on," returned Brevoort; "let's work out this thing a bit. I want to be dead sure of my facts. I'm anxious not to give myself away, don't you see? If the Djinn's gone and made such an ass of himself, will *any* wishing put it right? That's my difficulty."

"Oh, don't argue and jaw about it!" Jack burst out, impatiently. "Try it."

"Supposing there's been no collision, and the Doctor's as well as anybody all this time, I shall have had my last wish and nothing to show for it."

"What does it matter, Brevoort? I'll never speak to you again if you don't wish."

"You talk as if it was so easy to make your mind up. Look what I might do with a wish like that! I could be the brightest or the richest or the strongest boy in the universe. I could wish to fly, if I chose! There's nothing I couldn't do—or be! And here you expect me to give up all that, and wish a perfectly

ordinary wish, without ever knowing how far there's any occasion for it."

"There *is* occasion! What fun would it be to be ever so rich or powerful, and know that you might have saved the Doctor if you liked and wouldn't?"

"Well," said Heywood, reluctantly, "supposing I wish him safe back in town again—how'll that do?"

"No," said Jack. "You wished for something to stop him from coming back; and something always will, unless you prevent it. I want to be sure it's all right. Wish him back here safe and sound at once, then we shall know the Djinn hasn't muddled it this time."

"And supposing the Doctor comes back now, and then that old chap calls, where shall we be then?" inquired Heywood.

"I don't care," replied Jack, "so long as nothing happens to the Doctor. Nothing's as bad as that! Brevoort, you feel that as much as I do. You won't be such a brute as not to wish while there's still time! You can't!"

"There, then," said Heywood, after a struggle; "I think it's all foolishness, but sooner than hear you take on like that, here goes. I wish the Doctor to come back safe and sound instantly!"

Both boys waited a little apprehensively, not quite sure whether their respected principal might not come bouncing in through the window or down the chimney or through the floor, propelled by the too literal Djinn, but nothing happened for two or three minutes.

"He's fetching him," said Heywood, under his breath.

"I hope he'll do it gently—without messing him about!" exclaimed Jack.

There came a ring at the bell, and a well-known voice was heard in the hall a moment or two later.

"The Doctor!" shouted Jack, and broke down in hysterical laughter.

The Doctor's voice was heard again, saying: "Walk in there, Kavanagh. I'll join you in a minute. You'll find a fire there."

And in walked Colonel Kavanagh.

"Ah," said the Colonel, when he saw the two boys, "and have you found your ring yet?"

"Not yet," answered Heywood.

"Then I suppose you haven't seen your Djinn again?"

"No," cried Jack, "and we don't want to see him! He's—he's a brute! That's what he is."

"What has the Djinn been up to now?" inquired Colonel Kavanagh.

"You won't tell anybody if we tell you?" Heywood asked.

"I can keep a secret, I think," answered the Colonel. "You may trust me with it."

"Well," began Jack, "that Djinn has been— Oh, you tell him, Brevoort! I hate to talk about it."

Colonel Kavanagh turned gravely to the American boy.

"Well," began Heywood, "we were riding that tricycle downhill, and it got a-going so that we couldn't stop it, and we ran into an old gentleman, and he didn't like it—"

"I should not have liked it myself," commented the Colonel, as the American boy paused for breath.

"We told him we were sorry, and he said we were young ruffians; and then I sassed him, and he said he'd come and tell the Doctor; and we didn't care, because we thought the Doctor wouldn't be home till to-morrow—"

"But what has the Djinn to do with this?" asked the Colonel.

"I'm coming to that," replied Heywood.

"You'll see soon enough," added Jack.

"Go on," said Colonel Kavanagh. "I'm all attention."

"Well," began Heywood again, "after we got back here we heard that the Doctor would be home this afternoon, and we were afraid that the old boy would complain, because, you know, we oughtn't to have run into him, and I did sass him considerably—"

"I fear that your conduct has been reprehensible," said the Colonel, with a grave face, although there was a twinkle in his eye.

"And then—then I wished the Doctor wouldn't come back this afternoon. And that was my second wish."

"Oh!" said Colonel Kavanagh. "And did the Djinn grant it?"

"Didn't he, just?" cried Jack. "The beast!"

"The Doctor didn't come when he was expected," Heywood went on, "and when we went to the station we heard that there

had been an accident, and we knew that the Djinn had been up to mischief."

Colonel Kavanagh looked hard at the speaker for a moment; then he turned his gaze on the other boy for as long. The boys returned his glance frankly and unhesitatingly. It was evident enough that they did not suspect the doubt which had arisen in the Colonel's mind.

"I see," said the Colonel at last, a smile breaking over his sad face. "You think that the Djinn caused the accident in order to carry out your wish that the Doctor shouldn't come home?"

"That's just what he did," cried Jack.

"And what did you do?" asked Colonel Kavanagh.

"First off, we felt pretty mean about it; and then Jack begged me to use up my third wish, and bring the Doctor back; and at last I did, and I hadn't wished it more'n three minutes before we heard his voice coming in the front door."

"Ah," said the Colonel, "I think this is more extraordinary than your getting the tricycle; don't you?"

But before the boys could answer, the parlor-maid came in

joke like this," answered Colonel Kavanagh. "And I can't tell you what this one is. I'm sworn to secrecy. You can tell me something, though. How is it that you are here now, although there has been a collision on the railway and the line is blocked?"

"That's simple enough," replied the Doctor. "I came down by the other line, which takes one to Storchester, about ten miles from here on the coast. I had to see a man there on business. And I was walking over here when you met me and gave me a lift in your trap. It was rather cruel of me to accept your offer, too, since I took the only seat, and forced your black servant to get down and walk in my stead."

"He won't mind the exercise," said the Colonel; "he's a Sepoy, and he's used to long walks. I sent him here last night to ask if I might give the Ainsley boy—you know, I've known his mother a long time—"

"Yes. I know," assented the Doctor.

"I sent to ask if I might give the boy a tricycle. I told his mother I'd look him up, and she had let out that a tricycle was what he wanted. As you were not at home, I took the liberty of sending the man over again this morning with the tricycle."



"YOU WON'T TELL ANYBODY IF WE TELL YOU?" HEYWOOD ASKED."

and said that the Doctor was ready to receive Colonel Kavanagh in his study.

The Colonel arose from the chair in which he had been sitting before the fire. He drew himself up in erect soldierly fashion, and looked down kindly on the two boys.

"I think you have had an exciting day," he said; and he turned to leave them.

"You won't tell?" cried Jack, as the Colonel was going.

"No," Colonel Kavanagh answered; "I will keep my promise. Your secret is safe."

The Colonel's face was grave enough while he said this, but as he left the room a smile spread over his features again. This smile still lingered around the corners of his mouth when he entered the Doctor's study, and the Master of the school noticed it.

"What is the joke, Kavanagh?" he asked. "You were always fond of a laugh in the old days when we were school-boys together."

"But when we were school-boys together there never was a

"I allow tricycles," said the Doctor.

"Then that's all right," the Colonel went on. "Now there's another favor I want to ask you. Don't tell the boy I sent him the tricycle."

"Doesn't he know?" asked the Doctor.

"No."

"But where does he suppose it came from?" inquired the Doctor. "He knows it doesn't rain tricycles."

"Perhaps he thinks it does—sometimes," said the Colonel. "At all events, I want you not to inquire too curiously."

"As you please," the Doctor answered.

"Then that is all settled satisfactorily," said Colonel Kavanagh, and he settled down to a cozy chat with his old friend the Doctor.

Later in the evening, as the Colonel was going away, he saw the tricycle in the hall, and he said to himself, "I wonder what will happen when that Yankee boy finds the ring?"

But nothing ever happened, for the ring was never found.

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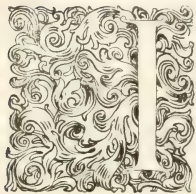
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THE PURSUIT OF THE "MARGARETTA."—SEE PAGE 98.

THE LEXINGTON OF THE SEA.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.



It was in the ever-memorable year 1775. The battle of Lexington had occurred; the air was full of rumors and expectations of war. Matters between the mother-country and the colonies were approaching a crisis. Everywhere, all over the colonies, from the Carolinas to Maine, the people were in a fever of anxiety and suspense.

It was in May of that year that the Sabbath opened calm and fair in the small fishing port of Machias, Maine. The people of Machias were God-fearing and church-going, and the church bell was tolling for morning services; the sweet sound floated softly over land and sea. The people wended their way to the church, some on foot, some in odd, old-fashioned chaises, others on pillions. In the distance the white-sailed coasters could be seen idly resting on the tranquil bay, or seeking to catch the whiffing airs which showed that a breeze was coming.

Never did disorder and war appear to be farther off. Every care seemed laid aside, and as the sound of the psalm tunes floated through the open windows, blending with the droning hum of the bees hovering among the lilacs, the listener might easily dream that the quietude and peace might last forever, symbol of the purer life beyond. At that very hour, however, events were occurring that betokened the storm gathering over the quiet village. It appears that some feeling had been aroused by the presence in those waters of the English armed schooner *Margaretta*, commanded by Captain Moore, which had two sloops in convoy, loading with lumber. Probably some depredations on the farms of Machias had served to arouse the slumbering indignation of the people, for it is difficult otherwise to understand the sudden outburst of fury which led to a plot for seizing Captain Moore and his officers. The conspirators decided that this could be most easily accomplished while he was at church.

The services had proceeded for half an hour, when a tumultuous noise of voices was heard approaching. So unusual an occurrence naturally aroused the curiosity and anxiety of the audience to a degree which seriously interfered with the services. At that moment trampling feet were heard in the vestibule, and a number of armed men entered the church and proceeded toward the pew where the British officers were seated. A glance at the mob was sufficient for Captain Moore. In a twinkling he and his officers, laying aside all dignity, and entirely regardless of how many hoops and farthingales they disturbed, made for the windows, through which they leaped with most unusual agility. Immediately on touching ground they took to their heels, reached port, and put off from shore in the schooner's boat before their pursuers could overtake them.

The *Margaretta* was a vessel carrying a sufficient crew, and mounting four cannon and fourteen swivels, and might easily have retaliated on the town to the great damage of the latter. But Captain Moore, although a brave man, was anxious to avoid a conflict which would only tend to hasten a war which many still hoped might be avoided. Therefore he caused the *Margaretta* to drop down the bay a league, after a few scattering shots had been exchanged with the armed men on shore.

On the following day, being Monday, four of the spirited young men of Machias seized one of the lumber sloops, and gave three cheers as a call for volunteers. Thirty-five patriots responded, armed with axes, pitchforks,

guns, and rusty pistols, including a wall-piece—a large musket or blunderbuss requiring a rest. The wind was northwest, and light, but showing a tendency to freshen. Shaking out the canvas of the sloop, the Yankees, commanded by Jeremiah O'Brien, a bold fellow-townsmen who had been chosen Captain, stood down the bay with the intention of capturing the *Margaretta*. This was in reality almost a foolhardy adventure, and could only succeed on the supposition that the schooner would run, instead of waiting to fight. This actually happened; for when he discovered the sloop coming, Captain Moore, still anxious to avert bloodshed, got under way and stood to the southward. A sloop will generally out sail a schooner of similar size, and as the breeze freshened, it was soon found that the sloop outsailed the schooner. In the stiff wind then blowing the *Margaretta* carried away her main-boom, and was obliged to put into Holmes's Bay, where she took another spar from a vessel lying there. This gave the sloop a great advantage, and Captain Moore now ordered the boats to be cut away, crowding on all sail in the mean time.

But still the sloop gained apace, although very gradually, for the chase continued through the day. Toward night the vessels were so near that shots were exchanged, although with no more effect than to riddle the sails and pepper the sides of the ships. In any case it seemed madness for an unarmed vessel like the sloop to place herself alongside of a man-of-war carrying broadside batteries and swarming with trained combatants. It seemed as if the sloop would be sent to the bottom before she could even grapple with the enemy. It was not a case in which valor alone could suffice to turn the scale. Some lucky incident was essential to win the victory, such as occurs in most desperate adventures which prove successful.

This lucky incident in the present instance proved to be in the shape of a ball from the wall-piece of the sloop. A discharge of grape from one of the schooner's stern-chasers killed one of the pursuers on the sloop, the first blood of the conflict. This so aroused the crew of the sloop that they planted the wall-piece on the lee knight-heads just abaft the bowsprit, and, taking careful aim, they took advantage of a "smooth" in the sea to fire at the man at the helm of the *Margaretta*. The ball went through his heart, and he fell to the deck like a stone. Deprived of a guiding hand, the schooner broached to, that is, came up into the wind, and lost headway, while the sails and rigging flapped in a confused and bewildering manner. The next moment the two ships came foul of each other, the bow of the sloop against the stern of the schooner, and her bowsprit reaching over the latter's quarter.

The Yankees swarmed over the bowsprit, but were met by Captain Moore throwing hand-grenades and calling on his men to hurl back the boarders. But the brave man was immediately slain by a shot, and the impetuosity of the sloop's men, aided by the cruel thrusts of their pitchforks, carried all before them, and, sooner than it takes to write it, all resistance was overcome, and the *Margaretta* became a prize to a handful of fishermen and farmers. The combined loss of the two vessels in killed and wounded numbered twenty. This combat has not inappropriately been called the "Lexington of the Sea."

Flushed by the success of his first naval exploit, Captain O'Brien transferred the armament of the *Margaretta* to the sloop, thus turning a lumber droger into a privateer, and proceeded on a cruise down the coast. He captured two prizes, and was promoted to an official position as Captain of the colonial marine. It is probably descendants of this plucky Irishman who at Thomaston, Maine, established a ship-yard, and during the present century constructed some of the finest merchant ships which have carried the flag of the United States in every sea.

SANTA CLAUS'S PETITION.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMAN.

See Colored Plate, "Christmas Mornings: A Hundred Fathoms Deep." By F. S. CHURCH, N. Y.

HOLIDAY COUNTRY, December, 1888.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I write in great haste just to say I've met with an accident coming this way. As Christmas is near, and I've so much to do, I really must beg a slight favor of you; And, unless I mistake, the small folks of this nation Will spare poor old Santa great mortification By setting about with their might and their main To see that the accident's righted again. You know, I suppose, that the distance is great I travel each year; and for fear I'll be late, I whip up my reindeer, and make each good steed Go prancing along at the top of his speed. This year my big sleigh was as full as 't could hold; I wrapped me up warm—for the weather was cold— And started once more on my gay Christmas tour With lightest of hearts, you may be very sure. Hi! how the bells jingled and mingled in tune! I bowed to the stars and I winked at the moon. I found myself crossing the great open sea, With dolphins and merchildren gazing at me; I bent a bit over the side of my sleigh To wave them a hand, when—ah, me! lackaday!— A stocking crammed full to the very small toe Fell over the back to the sea down below, And there the merchildren made merry ado With toys I had meant for some dear one of you. So this is my accident, and I would ask— I know you won't deem it a troublesome task— That if you should see some poor child with no toys Upon Christmas morning, dear girls and dear boys, You'll know the fat stocking he was to have had Is deep in the sea, and poor Santa is sad, And see that the accident's righted, because 'Twill be a great favor to

Yours, SANTA CLAUS.

TWO PRETTY GIFTS.

A ROLLED pen-wiper can be made by a very small child, if he or she will. Take a piece of chamois-skin four inches wide and twelve long; cut a fringe about an inch deep on each side for eight inches, leaving the other four inches plain. Roll a piece of thin card-board two inches square around a lead-pencil. Then roll the chamois around that, commencing with the plain end, until it is all rolled up; tie with a pretty colored ribbon, and pull the pencil out, which leaves a space in the centre where

a stylographic pen can be inserted, or any pretty pen-holder.

This is easily made, and is very useful. The pen-holder must be smooth, or it will not slip out and in easily. (Fig. 1.)

A hearth brush can be made from a little broom with a handle about two feet long, which you can buy at any house-furnishing store; it is like a clothes-broom, only with a long handle. Cut a piece of chamois-



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

skin to fit the upper part of it closely, leaving about three inches of the straw showing at the bottom. Draw the chamois smoothly over it, and sew it together neatly on one side, leaving the other without a seam, so that you can paint something on it—some small decorative design, or initials, or anything that pleases your fancy. Paint a band of dark color at the bottom of the chamois cover, and cut a fringe an inch deep for a finish. Then take some pretty colored dark moiré or satin ribbon an inch wide, and wind the handle so as to cover the wood completely, finishing with a bow and loop to hang it by at the top, and a bow at the bottom.

It is a pretty and dainty thing to hang at the side of the mantel, and useful as well. (Fig. 2.)

CANDACE WHEELER.

FOOT-BALL, OLD AND NEW.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

FIFTEEN years ago college men would have been much surprised if any one had prophesied that to-day their foot-ball games would arouse greater interest than their contests in base-ball. We were playing the old American game then, and it was a much more scientific game in its way than persons unacquainted with it would imagine. Harvard was playing a species of Rugby foot-ball, which was as prolific in black eyes and other marks of honor as the present game, if the writer of "Fair Harvard" has given a faithful picture of it. I had the unspeakable pleasure of being on the rush line in the first Rugby game of foot-ball played on the Princeton grounds. The match was between the university twenty—that was the number then—and a picked thirty. I played on the thirty, and was conspicuous by my absence from lectures for several days afterward. So were most of the other fellows. None of us knew anything about the game, though we thought we did, and in our desperate attempts at tackling we hurt ourselves quite as much as we did our opponents. We learned something about the game, however, when we met Yale and were disgracefully thrashed, as Princeton never had been thrashed at the American game. The sons of Nassau have picked up a few points since my day, and the triangular war of the giants, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, which breaks out with the departure of the out-curve and the Freshman's young veridancy, provokes more heated discussion in the university world than the questions of alumni representation in governmental boards or of the existence of Greek-letter fraternities.

Harvard has not turned out as strong a team this year as she was expected to show. She has been weak in the important matter of weight. In the old American game, in which skill in kicking and batting the ball with the hand (the latter is not allowed now) were the chief requirements of a good player, with speed in running and activity in dodging as secondary qualifications, weight was not in such great demand. The players were not permitted to take hold of one another, though they might butt with the shoulders. It is obvious that if a light man, who was smart at dodging, saw a heavy man making for him, he could get out of the way. But tackling has changed all that. It is not so easy to get out of a man's way when he may reach out and clasp you in a close but not loving embrace. It is therefore necessary in the Rugby game to have good substantial men on the rush line. Occasionally you will see a small man of exceptional speed and activity who plays a remarkably fine game. Harry Beecher, late quarter-back of the Yale team, is an example of that sort of player. But it must be remembered that Beecher played just as much with his head as with his legs and arms. Foot-ball is splendid training for the wits. A man who wants to excel at it



TRYING FOR A TOUCH-DOWN.

has to think all the time. He must see every part of the field at once, and be prepared to decide in a fraction of a second just what he will do with the ball when he unexpectedly finds it coming his way. Beecher was never at a loss. It was a very rare spectacle to see him make a mistake, and it was owing to his judgment more than to his activity that he was probably the cleverest foot-ball player ever seen in America.

But, as I have intimated, he was not a typical Rugby player. The ideal Rugby team would be composed of men like Harry Johnson, the professional sprinter, who can step on the track weighing one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and run one hundred yards in ten seconds. Weight, speed, and strength combined are what a good foot-ball player wants. If he cannot have all three, he can best spare the speed, for, skill being equal, weight and strength tell decisively in rush-line struggles after a dribble. In the game between Harvard and Princeton this year the latter had the advantage in weight and strength, and successfully played the game of sheer force which Yale has at times used so well against her. This is a simple style of play, and is not to be commended as an exhibition of skill. The centre rush dribbles the ball to the quarter-back, and while he is either trying to make a run with it himself or passing it to a half-back who makes a run, the heavy rushers check the opposing rush line by sheer strength, and then dashing forward, endeavor to press the enemy backward a few yards. The half-back follows the rush line up, and is satisfied if he advances the ball only as far as the opposing rush line is driven back. A few yards are gained thus at each dribble. It is an ugly game, and always leads to a great deal of "slugging" along the rush lines.

Yale has not depended lately so much on that sort of play as she used to. Indeed, no one of the colleges does unless she finds herself in the presence of a foe whose lightness invites it. Forcing back a line of heavy rushers is about as good

fun as butting a stone wall. Passing and tackling, when well done, yield better and quicker results. Passing is especially important, and in this department of play Yale's team this year has been excellent. Of course there has been the usual amount of talk about the Yale team being crippled. It is very curious, but every year the Yale eleven is reported as being literally "all broken up"; but when they meet Princeton they manage to make a pretty good showing, as they did this year, beating the New Jersey collegians by ten points to nothing.

The weakest point of Princeton's play this year, to my mind, has been her kicking for goal. Mr. Ames missed the goal no less than three times in the game with Harvard, making Princeton's score eighteen, instead of twenty-four, as it should have been. Of course a touch-down is the most important point in the game, and the entire science of an eleven is directed to securing this valuable advantage. Two or three men learn to make the kick for goal. But it can easily happen that the side making the least number of touch-downs would win the game by not missing any kicks for goal. The Amateur Athletic

Union, at its games in Madison Square Garden on November 21st, gave a prize for accuracy in foot-ball kicking. The colleges ought to follow this example. There is so little kicking in the Rugby game, except by the half-backs and full-backs, that most of the rushers do not know how to do it. That is one reason, though not the only reason, why we do not see goals kicked from the field more frequently. I often think that if "Doc" Moffat, of Princeton, '75, could turn up on the foot-ball field to-day with his old-time certainty of aim in "punting," he would win by field goals some games that have been lost.

Princeton used to be good at all athletics. But since the college has acquired celebrity in foot ball its energies seem concentrated on that one sport. The team this year has been an exceptionally strong one, as all the so-called "small" colleges have learned to their cost, and as Harvard discovered to its sorrow. Yale, however, has more real science than any of her competitors, and she has shown that in her games this season. It makes a Princeton man proud and happy to see a son of Nassau seize a wearer of the blue, impart to him a gyratory motion of



A TRY FOR GOAL.



A TACKLE OUT OF BOUNDS.

such rapidity that his body seems in danger of flying apart from sheer centrifugal force, and then, inverting him, plant him on his head in one of the hard-frozen ruts of the Polo Grounds. But it detracts sadly from the joy and pride of the Princeton man if he discovers that even in the act of having his perpendicular reduced to an infinite negative, the Yale man forgets not his cunning, but passes the ball to another boy in blue, who speeds away with it toward the goal posts of Nassau and undying glory. This year's struggle has been one of science against weight and strength, and as usual science has not been altogether left out in the cold.

YOUNG LUCRETIA.

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES."

"WHO'S that little gal goin' by?" said old Mrs. Emmons.

"That—why, that's young Lucretia, mother," replied her daughter Ann, peering out of the window over her mother's shoulder. There was a fringe of flowering geraniums in the window; the two women had to stretch their heads over them.

"Poor little soul!" old Mrs. Emmons remarked further. "I pity that child."

"I don't see much to pity her for," Ann returned, in a voice high-pitched and sharply sweet: she was the soprano singer in the village choir. "I don't see why she isn't taken care of as well as most children."

"Well, I don't know but she's took care of, but I guess she don't get much coddlin'." Lucretia an' Maria ain't that kind—never was. I heard the other day they was goin' to have a Christmas tree down to the school-house. Now I'd be willin' to ventur' consider'ble that child don't have a thing on't."

"Well, if she's kept clean an' whole, an' made to behave, it amounts to a good deal more'n Christmas presents, I suppose." Ann sat down and turned a hem with vigor: she was a dress-maker.

"Well, I s'pose it does, but it kinder seems as if that little gal ought to have somethin'. Do you remember them little rag babies I used to make for you, Ann? I s'pose she'd be terrible tickled with one. Some of that blue thibet would be jest the thing to make it a dress of."

"Now, mother, you ain't going to fussing. She won't think anything of it."

"Yes, she would, too. You used to take sights of comfort with 'em." Old Mrs. Emmons, tall and tremulous, rose up and went out of the room.

"She's gone after the linen pieces," thought her daughter Ann. "She is dreadful silly." Ann began smoothing out some remnants of blue thibet on her lap. She selected one piece that she thought would do for the dress.

Meanwhile young Lucretia went to school. It was quite a cold day, but she was warmly dressed. She wore her aunt Lucretia's red and green plaid shawl, which Aunt Lucretia had worn to meeting when she was herself a little girl, over her aunt Maria's black ladies' cloth coat. The coat was very large and roomy—indeed it had not been altered at all—but the cloth was thick and good. Young Lucretia wore also her aunt Maria's black alpaca dress, which had been somewhat decreased in size to fit her, and her aunt Lucretia's purple hood with a nubia tied over it. She had mittens, a black quilted

petticoat, and her aunt Maria's old drab stockings drawn over her shoes to keep the snow from her ankles. If young Lucretia caught cold, it would not be her aunts' fault. She went along rather clumsily, but quite merrily, holding her tin dinner pail very steady. Her aunts had charged her not to swing it, and "get the dinner in a mess."

Young Lucretia's face, with very pink cheeks, and smooth lines of red hair over the temples, looked gayly and honestly out of the hood and nubia. Here and there along the road were sprigs of evergreen and ground-pine and hemlock. Lucretia glanced a trifle soberly at them. She was nearly in sight of the school-house, when she reached Alma Ford's house, and Alma came out and joined her. Alma was trim and pretty in her fur-bordered winter coat and her scarlet hood.

"Hullo, Lucretia!" said Alma.

"Hullo!" responded Lucretia. Then the two little girls trotted on together: the evergreen sprigs were growing thicker. "Did you go?" asked Lucretia, looking down at them.

"Yes; we went way up to the cross-roads. They wouldn't let you go, would they?"

"No," said Lucretia, smiling broadly.

"I think it was *mean*," said Alma.

"They said they didn't approve of it," said Lucretia in a serious voice, which seemed like an echo of some one else's.

When they got to the school-house it took her a long time to unroll herself from her many wrappings. When at last she emerged there was not another child there who was dressed quite after her fashion. Seen from behind, she looked like a small, tightly built old lady. Her little basque, cut after her aunt's own pattern, rigorously whaleboned, with long straight seams, opened in front; she wore a dimity ruffle, a square blue bow to fasten it, and a brown gingham apron. Her sandy hair was parted rigorously in the middle, brought over her temples in two smooth streaky scallops, and braided behind in two tight tails, fastened by a green bow. Young Lucretia was a homely little girl, although her face was always radiantly good-humored. She was a good scholar too, and could spell and add sums as fast as anybody in the school.

In the entry, where she took off her things, there was a great litter of evergreen and hemlock; in the farthest corner, lopped pitifully over on its side, was a fine hem-

lock-tree. Lucretia looked at it, and her smiling face grew a little serious.

"That the Christmas tree out there?" she said to the other girls when she went into the school-room. The teacher had not come, and there was such an uproar and jubilation that she could hardly make herself heard. She had to poke one of the girls two or three times before she could get her question answered.

"What did you say, Lucretia Raymond," she asked.

"That the Christmas tree out there?"

"Course 'tis. Say, Lucretia, can't you come this evening and help trim? the boys are agoing to set up the tree, and we're going to trim. Say, can't you come?"

Then the other girls joined in: "Can't you come, Lucretia?—say, can't you?"

Lucretia looked at them all, with her honest smile. "I don't believe I can," said she.

"Won't they let you?—won't your aunts let you?"

"Don't believe they will."

Alma Ford stood back on her heels and threw back her chin. "Well, I don't care," said she. "I think your aunts are *awful mean*—so there!"

Lucretia's face got pinker, and the laugh died out of it. She opened her lips, but before she had a chance to speak, Lois Green, who was one of the older girls, and an authority in the school, added her testimony. "They are two mean, stingy old maids," she proclaimed; "that's what they are."

"They're not neither," said Lucretia, unexpectedly. "You sha'n't say such things about my aunts, Lois Green."

"Oh, you can stick up for 'em if you want to," returned Lois, with cool aggravation. "If you want to be such a little gump, you can, an' nobody'll pity you. You know you won't get a single thing on this Christmas tree."

"I will, too," cried Lucretia, who was fiery, with all her sweetness.

"You won't."

"You see if I don't, Lois Green."

"You won't."

All through the day it seemed to her, the more she thought of it, that she must go with the others to trim the school-house, and she must have something on the Christmas tree. A keen sense of shame for her aunts and herself was over her; she felt as if she must keep up the family credit.

"I wish I could go to trim this evening," she said to Alma, as they were going home after school.

"Don't you believe they'll let you?"

"I don't believe they'll 'prove of it,'" Lucretia answered, with dignity.

"Say, Lucretia, do you s'pose it would make any difference if my mother should go up to your house an' ask your aunts?"

Lucretia gave her a startled look: a vision of her aunts' indignation at such interference shot before her eyes. "Oh, I don't believe it would do a mite of good," said she, fervently. "But I tell you what 'tis, Alma, you might come home with me while I ask."

"I will," said Alma, eagerly. "Just wait a minute till I ask mother if I can."

But it was all useless. Alma's pretty, pleading little face as a supplement to Lucretia's, and her timorous, "Please let Lucretia go," had no effect whatever.

"I don't approve of children being out nights," said Aunt Lucretia, and Aunt Maria supported her. "There's no use talking," said she; "you can't go, Lucretia. Not another word. Take your things off, and sit down and sew your square of patchwork before supper. Almy, you'd better run right home; I guess your mother 'll be wanting you to help her." And Alma went.

"What made you bring that Ford girl in here to ask me?" Aunt Lucretia, who had seen straight through her namesake's artifice, asked of young Lucretia.

"I don't know," stammered Lucretia, over her patchwork.

"You'll never go anywhere any quicker for taking such means as that," said Aunt Lucretia.

"It would serve you right if we didn't let you go to the Christmas tree," declared Aunt Maria, severely, and young Lucretia quaked. She had had the promise of going to the Christmas tree for a long time. It would be awful if she should lose that. She sewed very diligently on her patchwork. A square a day was her stent, and she had held up before her the rapture and glory of a whole quilt made all by herself before she was ten years old.

Half an hour after tea she had the square all done. "I've got it done," said she, and she carried it over to her aunt Lucretia that it might be inspected.

Aunt Lucretia put on her spectacles and looked closely at it. "You've sewed it very well," she said, finally, in a tone of severe commendation. "You can sew well enough if you put your mind to it."

"That's what I've always told her," chimed in Aunt Maria. "There's no sense in her slighting her work so, and taking the kind of stitches she does sometimes. Now, Lucretia, it's time for you to go to bed."

Lucretia went lingeringly across the wide old sitting-room, then across the old wide dining-room, into the kitchen. It was quite a time before she got her candle lighted and came back, and then she stood about hesitatingly.

"What are you waiting for?" Aunt Lucretia asked, sharply. "Take care; you're tipping your candle over; you'll get the grease on the carpet."

"Why don't you mind what you're doing?" said Aunt Maria.

Young Lucretia had scant encouragement to open upon the subject in her mind, but she did. "They're going to have lots of presents on the Christmas tree," she remarked, tipping her candle again.

"Are you going to hold that candle straight or not?" cried Aunt Lucretia. "Who is going to have lots of presents?"

"All the other girls."

When the aunts got very much in earnest about anything they spoke with such vehement unison that it had the effect of a duet; it was difficult to tell which was uppermost. "Well, the other girls can have lots of presents; if their folks want to get presents for 'em they can," said they. "There's one thing about it, you won't get anything, and you needn't expect anything. I never approved of this giving presents Christmas anyway. It's an awful tax an' a foolish piece of business."

Young Lucretia's lips quivered so she could hardly speak. "They'll think it's—so—funny if I—don't have—anything," she said.

"Let 'em think it's funny if they want to. You take your candle an' go to bed, an' don't say any more about it. Mind you hold that candle straight."

Young Lucretia tried to hold the candle straight as she went upstairs, but it was hard work, her eyes were so misty with tears. Her little face was all puckered up with her silent crying as she trudged wearily up the stairs. It was a long time before she got to sleep that night. She cried first, then she meditated. Young Lucretia was too small and innocent to be artful, but she had a keen imagination, and was fertile of resources in emergencies. In the midst of her grief and disappointment she devolved a plan for keeping up the family honor, hers and her aunts', before the eyes of the school.

The next day everything favored the plan. School did not keep; in the afternoon both the aunts went to the sewing society. They had been gone about an hour when young Lucretia trudged down the road with her arms full of parcels. She stole so quietly and softly into the school-house, where they were arranging the tree, that no one

thought about it. She laid the parcels on a settee with some others, and stole out and flew home.

The festivities at the school-house began at seven o'clock. There were to be some exercises, some recitations and singing, then the distribution of the presents. Directly after tea young Lucretia went up to her own little chamber to get ready. She came down in a surprisingly short time all dressed.

"Are you all ready?" said Aunt Lucretia.

"Yes, ma'am," replied young Lucretia. She had her hand on the door latch.

"I don't believe you are half dressed," said Aunt Maria. "Did you get your bow on straight?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I think she'd better take her things off, an' let us be sure," said Aunt Lucretia. "I'm not goin' to have her down there with her clothes on any which way, an' everybody making remarks. Take your saccue off, Lucretia."

"Oh, I got the bow on straight; it's real straight, it is, honest," pleaded young Lucretia, piteously. She clutched the plaid shawl tightly together, but it was of no use—the things had to come. And young Lucretia had put on the prim whaleboned basque of her best dress wrong side before; she had buttoned it in the back. There she stood, very much askew and uncomfortable about the shoulder seams and sleeves, and hung her head before her aunts.

"Lucretia Raymond, what *do* you mean, putting your dress on this way?"

"All—the other—girls—wear—theirs buttoned in the back."

"All the other girls! Well, you're not going to have yours buttoned in the back, and wear holes through that nice ladies' cloth coat every time you lean back against a chair. I should think you were crazy. I've a good mind not to let you go out at all. Stand round here!"

Young Lucretia's basque was sharply unbuttoned, she was jerked out of it, and it was turned around and fastened as it was meant to be. When she was finally started, with her aunts' parting admonition echoing after her, she felt sad and doubtful, but soon her merry disposition asserted itself.

There was no jollier and more radiant little soul than she all through the opening exercises. She listened to the speaking and the singing with the greatest appreciation and delight. She sat up perfectly straight in her prim and stiff basque; she folded her small red hands before her; her two tight braids inclined stiffly toward her ears, and her face was all aglow with smiles.

When the distribution of presents began her name was among the first called. She arose with alacrity, and went with a gay little prance down the aisle. She took the parcel that the teacher handed to her; she commenced her journey back, when she suddenly encountered the eyes of her aunt Lucretia and her aunt Maria. Then her terror and remorse began. She had never dreamed of such a thing as her aunts coming—indeed they had not themselves. A neighbor had come in and persuaded them, and they had taken a sudden start against their resolutions and their principles.

Young Lucretia's name was called again and again. Every time she slunk more reluctantly and fearfully down to the tree; she knew that her aunts' eyes were sur veying her with more and more amazement.

After the presents were all distributed she sat perfectly still with hers around her. They lay on her desk, and the last one was in her lap. She had not taken off a single wrapping. They were done up neatly in brown paper, and Lucretia's name was written on them.

Lucretia sat there. The other girls were in a hubbub of delight all around her, comparing their presents, but she sat perfectly still and watched her aunts coming. They came slowly; they stopped to speak to the teacher. Aunt Lucretia reached young Lucretia first.

"What have you got there?" she asked. She did not look cross, but a good deal surprised. Young Lucretia just gazed miserably up at her. "Why don't you undo them?" asked Aunt Lucretia. Young Lucretia shook her head helplessly. "Why, what makes you act so, child?" cried Aunt Lucretia, getting alarmed. Then Aunt Maria came up, and there was quite a little group around young Lucretia. She began to cry. "What on earth ails the child?" said Aunt Lucretia. She caught up one of the parcels and opened it; it was a book bound in red and gold. She held it close to her eyes; she turned it this way and that; she examined the fly-leaf. "Why," said she, "it's the old gift-book Aunt Susan gave me when I was eighteen years old! What in the world!"

Aunt Maria had undone another. "This is the *Floral Album*," she said, tremulously; "we always keep it in the north parlor on the table. Here's my name in it. I don't see—"

Aunt Lucretia speechlessly unbuttoned a clove apple and a nautilus shell that had graced the parlor shelf; then a little daintily dressed rag doll with cheeks stained pink with cranberry juice appeared. When young Lucretia spied this last she made a little grab at it.

"Oh," she sobbed, "somebody did hang this on for me! They did—they did! It's mine!"

It never seemed to young Lucretia that she walked going home that night; she had a feeling that only her tip-toes occasionally brushed the earth; she went on rapidly, with a tall aunt on either side. Not much was said. Once in a lonely place in the road there was a volley of severe questions from her aunts, and young Lucretia burst out in a desperate wail. "Oh!" she cried, "I was going to put 'em right back again, I was! I've not hurt 'em any. I was real careful. I didn't s'pose you'd know it. Oh, they said you were cross an' stingy, an' wouldn't hang me anything on the tree, an' I didn't want 'em to think you were. I wanted to make 'em think I had things, I did."

"What made you think of such a thing?"

"I don't know."

"I shouldn't think you would know. I never heard of such doings in my life!"

After they got home not much was said to young Lucretia; the aunts were still too much bewildered for many words. Lucretia was bidden to light her candle and go to bed, and then came a new grief, which was the last drop in the bucket for her. They confiscated her rag doll, and put it away in the parlor with the clove apple, the nautilus shell, and the gift-book. Then the little girl's heart failed her, remorse for she hardly knew what, terror, and the loss of the sole comfort that had come to her on this pitiful Christmas Eve were too much.

"Oh," she wailed, "my rag baby! my rag baby! I want my—rag baby. Oh! oh! oh! I want her, I want her."

Scolding had no effect. Young Lucretia sobbed out her complaint all the way upstairs, and her aunts could distinguish the pitiless little wail of my "rag baby, I want my rag baby," after she was in her chamber.

The two women looked at each other. They had sat uneasily down by the sitting-room fire.

"I must say that I think you're rather hard on her, Lucretia," said Maria, finally.

"I don't know as I've been any harder on her than you have," returned Lucretia. "I shouldn't have said to take away that rag baby if I'd said just what I thought."

"I think you'd better take it up to her, then, and stop that crying," said Maria.

Lucretia hastened into the north parlor without another word. She carried the rag baby upstairs to young Lucretia; then she came down to the pantry and got a seed cake for her. "I thought the child had better have a little bite of something; she didn't eat scarcely a mite of supper," she explained to Maria. She had given young Lucretia's head a hard pat when she bestowed the seed



"LUCRETIA RAYMOND. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PUTTING YOUR DRESS ON THIS WAY?"

cake, and bade her eat it and go right to sleep. The little girl hugged her rag baby and ate her cookie in bliss.

The aunts sat awhile longer by the sitting-room fire. Just before they left it for the night Lucretia looked hesitatingly at Maria, and said,

"I s'pose you have noticed that wax doll down to White's store, ain't you?"

"That big wax one with the pink dress?" asked Maria, faintly and consciously.

"Yes. There was a doll's bedstead there too. I don't know as you noticed."

"Yes, I think I did, now you speak of it. I noticed it the day I went in for the calico. There was a doll baby's carriage there too."

The aunts looked at each other. "I s'pose it would be dreadful foolish," said Lucretia.

"She'd be 'most too tickled to live," remarked Maria.

"Well, we can't buy 'em to-night anyway," said Lucretia. "I must light the candles an' lock up."

The next day was Christmas. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when old Mrs. Emmons went up

the road to the Raymond house. She had a little parcel. When she came into the sitting-room there was young Lucretia in a corner, so that the room should not get in a mess, with her wealth around her. She looked forth, a radiant little mother of dolls, from the midst of her pretty miniature house-keeping.

"My sakes!" cried old Mrs. Emmons, "isn't that complete? She's got a big wax doll, an' a bedstead, an' a baby-carriage, an' a table an' bureau. I declare! Well, I don't know what I should have thought when I was a little gal. An' I've brought some pieces for you to make some more dresses for the rag baby, if you want to."

Young Lucretia's eyes shone.

"You were real kind to think of it," said Aunt Lucretia. "an' she'll take real comfort making the dresses. I'm real glad you came in, Mis' Emmons. I've been going down to see you for a long time. I want to see Ann too; I thought I'd see if she hadn't got a pattern of a dress that buttons up in the back for Lucretia."

Young Lucretia's eyes shone more than ever, and she smiled out of her corner like a little star.



"THAT'S A BEAUTY!"—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.

ROBIN.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

IF I were Robin, I just know
I'd not stand there and shiver so.
I'd spread my wings and soar on high,
And southward would I swiftly fly;
For in the happy south, I'm told,
There's neither snow nor bitter cold.

There would I find a spreading tree,
And, oh, how merry I would be!
What cheery songs I would repeat,
And what delicious fruits I'd eat!
See! Robin's off. Perhaps he heard.
How nice it is to be a bird!

CHRISTMAS SURPRISES.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

THE charming custom of gift-giving at Christmas is almost universal, but I wonder how many realize the increased pleasure there will be if these presents are presented in some curious and unthought-of manner. I know of one family where the fun is prolonged by hiding the articles in out-of-the-way places, and the children indulge in a grand and exciting game of "seek-and-find" every Christmas morning. Another way is to bury them deep in a Christmas pie made of sawdust in a large tub, into which the little ones can dive and draw out the precious plums.

In Norway they have a fashion of sending gifts, such as small toys and bits of jewelry, to one another concealed in a truss of hay, when the recipient has the pleasure of illustrating the old saying of "looking for a needle in a bundle of hay."

Young folks will find it great sport to prepare a treasure-loaf, and conceal in it the present designed for the mother of the family. To do this select a loaf of bread that has been pretty well browned, and with a sharp knife make a deep incision, and work the knife round until you can lift off the lower portion entire. The soft part within must then be scraped out, leaving only the crust. Wrap the crust in tissue-paper, lay it in the hollow, and replace the removed piece, which can be secured in position with flour paste. Set the loaf in a hot oven just long enough to brown the underside, and when taken out rub it with sand-paper. If well done, no one can suspect from the appearance that the loaf has been tampered with; and on Christmas morning the mother must be induced to cut the bread for breakfast, and thus discover the curious contents.

The Santa Claus snowball is another surprise that will cause uproarious mirth, and which the wee little ones can be made to believe came straight from the ice palace near the north pole where the good holiday saint is supposed to live the greater part of the year with his jovial wife Bell Snickels. To make this a framework must be constructed of whalebones, in two halves, at least a yard and a half in circumference. There should be four or five bones in each half, joined together at the ends, and bulging in the centre, to give a circular shape. Cover these with paper, and gum on well a plentiful supply of wool or cotton to represent snow. Fill the ball with the smaller gifts, and fasten it together lightly, so that it can readily fall apart. Then on Christmas morning send this Santa Claus ball bounding in at the door, when it will open and reveal such a "treasure-trove" as to make bright eyes sparkle more brightly, and grow big with wonder at this white messenger from Santa Claus Land.

Other devices will occur to keen young wits by which the time-honored custom of making Christmas gifts will be made more joyful than ever, if that be possible.

UNCLE PETER'S TRUST.*

BY GEORGE B. PERRY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE was such a general opinion that the company selected as escort was about to have an enjoyable change that the rest of the battalion of the Sixth left half inclined to sulk over the departure of their fortunate comrades. Jealous tongues were not wanting to whisper many suggestions as to the motive which led to their selection.

The duty falling on those left behind was made doubly irksome by the departure of Captain Challoner's company. The country was believed to be too peaceable to justify the sending of such a large guard; and even Colonel Vandeleur felt half sorry, as he bade the detachment farewell, that he had yielded to the hints which the late "irregular" Captain had succeeded in giving him. However, there was no drawing back now. Slowly the train left the camp and started on its journey.

The marches were made at night, and care had been taken that the halts should be at places best affording the means of defence against attack. Everywhere the country showed signs of returning prosperity. Fields were cultivated, the ryots were busy with their tasks of husbandry, and the placid life of the communities seemed to bear the strongest protest against the war spirit.

Challoner pointed this out to Vidal. The head-man of a village, accompanied by scores of submissive natives, with women and children, eagerly brought refreshments to the troops and to the sick under their charge. There was more than mere submission in this; it expressed confidence and content in the restored British supremacy.

The late Captain of irregulars shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear sir, I cannot deny the evidence of my senses. The trouble is that these people are likely to be more sadly endangered than we are. We can take care of our selves against all the Pandies we are likely to meet. None the less it is true that there is another outbreak imminent. It is the last gasp of the rebellion, but it will be a vigorous one."

The English Captain listened. He was not disposed to contradict. But although he dismissed the idea the next instant as unjust and absurd, he could not help his face expressing the feeling that Captain Vidal was unnecessarily timid. "My dear Captain Vidal, will you tell me on what you base your suspicions?"

"With pleasure," said the cavalryman. "The natives in my command are faithful to their salt. As long as their engagement holds, their fidelity is assured. They are dusky mercenaries, pure and simple, and will cheerfully cut their kinsmen's throats for pay or as a matter of soldierly duty. There are many such kinsmen with the Pandies, and they give us the most trouble. They meet my fellows occasionally, and talk freely. From them comes the boast of a movement that will utterly destroy the British power in India." Challoner laughed.

"I laugh with you," said Vidal. "We appreciate the absurdity of the idea; but, my dear sir, consider the importance of the fact. The trouble is that the people here will believe it. The Maharajah Scindia."

"Has been, and is, loyal to us," said Challoner.

"And means to remain so, I doubt not. But that is precisely the reason why every fanatic is engaged in undermining his authority. When the crisis comes the Maharajah will be discovered to be a weakling. Compared with Tantia Topce and that brave woman the Rane, Holkar is a mere man of straw, and will be driven out of Gwalior."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Challoner.

* Begun in No. 457 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"I mean what I say. The explosion may take place at any moment, and the first to feel the effect of the rising will be the little garrison at Jhansi. United with our force we can hold the place; may even checkmate the whole scheme, and certainly occupy the Pandies' time till Rose can come up and administer one of his gentle drubbings."

"Then you advise—"

"I advise nothing," said Vidal, a little stiffly, "unless you especially desire it, and, what is more, request it."

Captain Challoner paused. He felt that the information, if not accurate, was at least very probable. He also felt that he had done the Captain of horse an injustice; and when he came to this conclusion, even though he had not expressed his doubts, he apologized, and his frankness met a ready response from the American.

It was high noon on the fourth day of the march, and the detachment had halted under the shade of a massive rock which formed the spur of a range of sterile hills on which the sun beat fiercely down. Far as the eye could reach, the scene was peaceful, the air shimmering in the fierce sun, and the lazy stream at the foot of the cliffs scarcely moving in its shallow course. Here and there in the sky an occasional kite or vulture soared, like a little black cloud skimming across the sky, and the myriad insect life of the jungle near by gave the only other feature of life to the scene. It was a spot well chosen for a halt, because from no quarter could an attack come without being perceived long before.

The Captain, our Captain had naturally sought out his "boy." Joe and Frank were comfortably ensconced in the shelter of the huge cliff, and the Captain, removing his turban, bathed his head in the little stream and sat by their side. "I was thinking," said Joe, in answer to Vidal's remark upon his serious air, "that I was just beginning to understand something of what Uncle Peter used to read from the Bible."

"What especially do you refer to?" asked the Captain.

"I think I know now the meaning of the expression, 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' One must have a long march over these sultry plains to fully comprehend the meaning."

"There was another idea about rocks in my mind," said the Captain, thoughtfully, "and it also comes from the same book: 'His place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks.' Against this cliff, with all the Pandies in front of us, a fight would be child's play. The only thing we should have to fear would be artillery, and I imagine there is not much left in the Pandies' hands."

He had dropped into his old habit of "loud thinking." "No spot could be better chosen for the position of a small force. An open space of miles before us, except a small piece of broken ground immediately in our front, giving shelter to our marksmen; the dry bed of the stream, in whose depths the wagons can almost be hid from danger. The place is made for the purpose."

"Joe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have we plenty of ammunition?"

"Yes, sir; more rifles than men."

Captain Challoner, impressed by Vidal's reasoning, had determined to push on with all speed, at whatever risk, to reach the little garrison. "Haste was the truest caution," he observed to Vidal; and the latter, half ashamed of the idea he had harbored of waiting the attack at the point of their halting-place, eagerly concurred in the forward movement.

The sun was yet high when the bugles sounded the route, and the detachment resumed the march. They were traversing an open plain, the Pathan scouts far in advance. All was quiet and peaceful, and the long train, with its varied features of wagons, white-robed native attendants, and patient oxen, gave little sign of war, save for the occasional gleam of a bayonet in the sun's rays.

Far to the north a low line of vapor seemed to join the horizon. Men looking toward it for a moment dismissed it as a gathering cloud, or as the miasma from some pool or lake, or the mere effect of distance. Yet it presented such a regular outline that Challoner called Vidal's attention to it.

Another moment, and the two officers, setting spurs to their horses, were tearing for their lives to the front. The ground seemed to fly under their horses' feet, and they drew rein only when far in advance of their own scouts. It was Challoner who, after a long, earnest search through his field-glass, remarked to his companion, "You are right; they are on our road, and in great force."

CHAPTER XXV.

EVEN as he spoke, the cloud had broken into shape. Against the clear sky the glitter from thousands of weapons was reflected. There was no longer any doubt. The enemy's numbers were very large. The detachment was on an open plain, with no apparent chance of reaching a suitable defensive position.

Fast as the wearied beasts could be urged the train retraced its steps. The scouts were recalled, and with every available man covering it, the retreat was urged.

Spite of all that could be done, the attack took place in the open. A large number of the rebel horse swept down upon the train, delighted at the prospect of the easy victory and the sure booty that awaited them.

But the men of the Sixth were too much accustomed to the enemy to be disconcerted by their numbers. Every rifle was held by a steady hand, and no bullets were wasted. Step by step as they retreated a line of fire blazed from their rifles. The attempt to surround the convoy was a failure, as from every face the fire was equally severe, while the oxen were urged with goad and whip to the utmost speed they were capable of.

Fast as they moved, they could not distance the enemy. Their cavalry had clearly had enough of the fight; but the masses of infantry had come up, thousands in number, armed with all the varied implements of East Indian warfare, and many with Enfield rifles. The sharp crack of these told Vidal that his fears were correct. Gwalior had fallen into Tautia's hands, and with it the arsenal supplied by the British to their ally the Maharajah.

High before the little band rose the huge cliff whose shade had been so grateful to Joe. Wearied men, knowing that their lives depended on reaching its friendly shelter, took fresh heart, and faced the advancing enemy with renewed determination.

Now began the casualties of the British. With their Enfields outraging the old muskets of their antagonists, they could drop them without loss. The sharp "ping" of the Sepoys' bullets began to make anything but merry music, and many a shot told on the small numbers of the escort.

One of the first to fall was Captain Challoner, shot through the heart. His body was hastily placed in a bullock-wagon and covered over, so that his loss might not be known. Vidal took his place at the request of the young Lieutenant, who, though brave as his fallen Captain, felt unequal to the responsibility. It mattered little to either, for the change had scarcely been effected before the Lieutenant had fallen, and the gallant Vidal, pierced through the body by a rebel bullet, was lying on the sands.

Joe rushed to his assistance. There was no time to waste in words of sympathy. "Keep for the rock, Joe," whispered the cavalrman, and then sank back dead. None knew; no one had time to examine. They placed him in the wagon by the side of the dead Captain.

Meantime the desperate nature of the conflict had had an exhilarating effect on the invalids. Men who had been unable to move rose from their wagons, seized their arms, and seemed to gather fresh life. Others, too se-



"LOOK!" SAID JOE, AS HE RAISED THE WOUNDED OFFICER SLOWLY "

verely hurt to move from their positions, kept with loaded rifles a sharp eye on their prisoners.

"What will you do with the prisoners, sir?" whispered Anak, as he crept to the side. "They are our greatest danger."

"You command here, sir," said the lad, respectfully. "Captain Vidal is badly wounded; Captain Challoner is killed, so is Lieutenant Creswell."

"You command here, sir," said the Sergeant-Major, quickly. "I am but under your charge. And you can best do it, my dear boy," he added, dropping his formal tone of respect. "I am under your orders."

"What do you think, Sergeant?"

"They are our greatest danger," replied the giant. "I don't like to say it, but if they turn against us we are lost."

Joe hung his head for a moment. The thought of such a butchery was too horrible. "Perhaps," he said, "they may not be a source of weakness."

"Drop that, you scoundrel!" shouted Goliath, as he seized one of the prisoners, who had just reached forward to pick up a rifle. "Drop it, I say!" The revolver in the giant's hands was about to emphasize his words, when the native brought the rifle to his shoulder. It was fired at the enemy, and brought down a leader who was especially forward in urging on the rebels.

"Trust me, sahib," said the native, humbly. "I am yours."

"It's lucky he speaks English," said the giant; "but his rifle speaks good language."

"We must trust them," said Joe, in a hurried whisper. "We are lost else. Tell Pettee and Brown to give rifles to those whom this fellow points out."

It was almost unnecessary to give the order. Many of them had followed the example already, and their weapons were a welcome re-enforcement. Fortunately there was a good supply, and as fast as a man dropped, his weapon fell into good hands. Joe had more than doubled his force.

With these numbers added to the company of the Sixth, each native using his rifle with a desire to do the greatest execution, and demonstrate his new fidelity to the white "sahibs," it became an almost easy task to hold the enemy in check.

The friendly cliff was reached, with no man missing. As fast as they had been wounded or killed they were placed in the carts, and the drivers and attendants vied with the former prisoners in their gallantry under the ordeal.

Now the full value of Vidal's advice began to be apparent. The little band could not be taken in the rear. The almost dry bed of the stream afforded a covered resting place for the wagons, water was at their feet, and the scattered rocks and shrubs covered effectually the deadly rifles, whose muzzles blazed out certain death to the enemy in the open.

The attack continued, but, as far as the British were concerned, Vidal's remark was correct. It was child's play to hold such a position against an enemy unprovided with artillery. The enemy realized this, and long ere the sun had sunk low in the heavens retired to a safe distance, as if determined to convert the attack into a siege.

This was indeed the most to be feared, but every one felt that they were safe against a night attack; and after seeing that sentinels were properly posted, Joe had time to see to those who had suffered. The experience of the men themselves was a great help to the solitary surgeon, himself an invalid, who was now too busy to remember that he was sick. Vidal was his first care. Joe found the Captain weak but sensible. "I am badly hurt, dear boy," he said, "but not dangerously. I am almost thankful for it, as it gives you the command. You have done well, Joe. Be careful of your ammunition. Don't let there be any foolish firing. Every bullet must tell. We may be here for several days. What is the amount of our losses?"

"Fifteen killed, twenty-three wounded."

"Not so bad as it might have been, dear lad; and every one of them has ten of the enemy to bear him company."

"Look!" said Joe, as he raised the wounded officer slowly.

Far as the eye could reach, the yellow plain was dotted with the bodies of the native army. The easy victory they had anticipated had been a disastrous defeat.

"That 'll do, Joe," said the Captain, faintly. "You may rest to-morrow, for they will not have the courage to face another attack till they have buried their dead and hidden the traces of their defeat."

The Captain was right. The night passed quietly. Morning showed the natives gathering their dead together, not at first daring to come within the range of the British rifles, till experience taught them that they could do so.

Joe would not allow a shot to be fired at these parties. Occasionally some wild fanatic would come within range, eager to seek revenge on the hated Europeans, and a well-directed bullet at these gentry was a useful intimation to the main body of their friends that it was not weakness that kept the besieged from firing on the burial parties.

Frank had escaped without a scratch. Joe used to say that Goliath was too sick to take the command, but recovered instantly when his services were needed under Joe's orders.

The thirty-six hours' rest was a grateful one. Under Vidal's advice everything that could be done to strengthen their position had been effected. The result of the previous fight had increased the confidence of the troops, and they looked forward to the coming attack with the joy of prospective victory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BARN-YARD TALK.

BY R. K. MCKENITTRICK.

"WHAT I think," said the pig, as he settled back on his haunches, as though he was his own easy-chair, "is that there are altogether too many holidays in the year. If labor is so noble I don't see why men should ever pause for a holiday. I should think the sudden stop would endanger their lives. Men talk about me being a glutton, and use me as a simile to illustrate every excess, but when they have a holiday they do nothing but eat, eat, eat. There is one thing I am thankful for, though."

"What is that?" asked the gander.

"That I am not fit to eat in midsummer, and am therefore safe on the Fourth of July."

"Although I am not entirely ripe at that period," continued the gander, "I am billed as green-goose, and am considered quite a delicacy. But my chief fear is Christmas. If my mortal coil only continues unshuffled until the 26th, that is the day my Christmas cheer goes up. But even if I am not butchered to make a United States holiday, I have to take my chance of being plucked. Sometimes I have handfuls of down pulled up by the roots, and then I am full of holes, and look like a porous-plaster, and would do first rate for a cribbage-board. Until I am reduced to goose-grease I shall know no such thing as a merry Christmas."

"Thanksgiving is about the dreariest holiday in all the year," remarked the gobbler, as he waved his wattles like a red flag, and flapped the peacock feathers donned to disguise him as a member of that flock. "I am now being fed on English walnuts—that is, they are being put before me—but I am dieting in order to reduce my weight, and be too thin when the awful day arrives to be selected as a victim for the block. Every night, when the other turkeys are sleeping on the topmost limb unconscious of the fact that they are putting on flesh, I am standing in yonder brook with the water right up to my wish-bone to secure malaria and an emaciated appearance that may save me."

"This holiday business is terrible," grunted the pig.

"It is," all the others replied in chorus.

"I fare worse than any of you," clucked the hen, "for before I know it I am a spring chicken—a broiler—and if I escape through broilerhood, I am a roaster, and after I have been a roaster, and am waxing old and weary, I am still young enough to make soup, and when I am too old for soup, I mingle with the sere and yellow leaflets of the lettuce, and become chicken salad. I think the best chicken salad is made of veal. But then I am not strictly a holiday fowl; I am a Sunday fowl, and may be killed for the table any Saturday. If I only had to worry about a few holidays per annum, I should be comparatively happy. Why, it was only the other day that I read about a little girl who collected the wish-bones in order to make photograph holders, and tried to persuade her parents to live on chicken. Think how many of us must have been sacrificed to satisfy a little girl's artistic ambition!"

"I am very glad I am a duck," said a member of that tribe, with a self-satisfying quack, "because I am not so easily found as the rest of you. I can keep out in the swamp for weeks at a time. Last year I tried to become a wild duck and migrate with a flock that was resting on

its journey in yonder swamp. But some one shot and bagged every one of them before they could continue their southward journey, and I only escaped by keeping under cover until nightfall. I don't like the idea of being filled with mashed potatoes, onions, and sage, and roasted for hours with my legs tied together. I am very thankful that I am not eaten much in summer, that my down is worthless, and that my wings are not big enough to be utilized as ash brooms."



"THIS HOLIDAY BUSINESS IS TERRIBLE," GRUNTED THE PIG."

Just then they were disturbed by a call to supper, and the poor amphibian that didn't like the idea of being sewed up full of onions, began singing with the rest:

"When falls the snow, when falls the snow,
Into the pot we've got to go.
We'll make the toothsome fricassee,
And royal roast—ah me! ah me!
And oh, it is not very sweet
To think of being sausage-meat;
It just destruction with us plays,
These holidays, these holidays."

THE LEARNED SAILORMAN.

WHEN the scientists bled them to Ballygooloo To explore the great river of Wing-chin-aru, They landed in France and they landed in Spain, And they touched at ports of the Mediterranean; They hired interpreters by the score, And purchased books by the ton or more; But when they had anchored off Ballygooloo They were stopped at the mouth of the Wing-chin-aru; And in spite of all their 'Varsity knowledge, And grammars, and languages learned at college, And interpreters hired in France and Spain And the various ports of the Mediterranean, They had to fall back upon one of the crew To converse in the language of Ballygooloo.

there are five smelters in the suburbs of the city. Six railroads cross here; they come in from all directions. There are also large beautiful Public-School buildings and five large colleges, among which the principal ones are Wolfe Hall, a seminary for young ladies, and Jarvis Hall, a military school for young men. There are many beautiful parts around, and in the city many beautiful residences and public buildings of all sorts. There are also a great many churches, the principal of which are St. John's Cathedral and Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, both large stone buildings. Denver is termed the "Queen City of the Plains." Colorado is a Republican state, and of course we feel very proud of it. We were neither of us born here, one being born in New York and the other in Montreal, Canada.

HARREY and BIRBE.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.
TO JENNIE McD.,—While reading the Post-office Box in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE one day I saw your letter inquiring of the Postmistress what a marsh-mallow roast was, and the Postmistress's time is so taken up with other things that I knew she probably would not have the time to answer your question. I thought perhaps I could answer as well, for I read the article myself, and since we have had much snow around here. In the first place a number of sticks have to be whittled out. You want just as many sticks as persons, and the sticks should be about two feet long and one-quarter inch around, and whittled out slender to a point at one end. Long pieces of slender wire about the same length will do as well. A pound of marsh-mallow drops, which, by asking, you will be able to obtain at a confectionery store, will go a good way. In order to roast the marsh-mallow drops you must have a coal fire, and to make them much easier to do a fire in a grate is still better. After the marsh-mallow drops are obtained and the sticks prepared, and last of all your fire in the right condition, take one of the marsh-mallow drops and poke the stick into it till it begins to protrude on the other side, and then hold it over the fire for a couple of minutes or so, and then keep twirling it round till it begins to turn brown, and then it will begin to puff out, growing larger as it gets browner, and finally when, according to your taste, it is brown, turn it with a stick and last but not least swallow it. The only difficult thing is to be able to roast them without burning them, for when once they are burned of course they are spoiled. In case you succeed in a marsh-mallow roast this winter, I remain most sincerely

EDITH BARTON V., (aged 13 years).

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY EDITH BARTON VENTIL.

"Oh, Christmas Eve is coming!"
The children cry in glee,
Old Santa Claus will be here
With presents for us three.

The children form a circle,
And round the fire they prance;
Then all hang up their stockings
And away to bed they dance.

I sit by the firelight thinking
Of my Christmas morning;
How happy on Christmas morning
To see them I shall be.

I sit and look at the stockings,
One large, and two quite small;
I think how fast they are growing—
Soon I'll lose my babies all.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My brother and I have taken your delightful paper ever since it was first issued. We have four volumes bound. I like the continued stories very much. I am very fond of reading and never get tired of it. I am out of school for a year, on account of my health, but I go to the Art Institute here and enjoy it very much. I had a dear little bird that would perch on my hand and eat seed from my mouth, but one day our old cat killed it. I was very sorry, you may be sure.

ALICE E. K.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy ten years old. I had the measles three times in succession in school, I am in the Eighth Grade of the Grammar School. When I was in the country this year we had all the musk-melons, and a great deal of them. We would go into the fields and have a little picnic. We would have musk-melons, tomatoes, and peaches, and we would enjoy them very much. I have one pet; it is a bird named deery. He was bald-headed for two years, but now his feathers have come out again. Your little friend,

STANLEY H. M.

NEW YORK CITY.

There are five of us, four boys and one girl, and such fun we do have! We have a bicycle, tricycle, goat-wagon, and did have one of the finest

billy-goats ever seen when in harness, but he died last week after a great deal of suffering. We had him sent to put an end to his pain as he had been dying for some time notwithstanding medical aid. We now have only three pets—a canary, a lovely Maltese kitten (Frankie), and a large very large Newfoundland dog (Major). We go to school, and enjoy it. We now long for coasting and skating. We would like to have a canoe, we could, for city children don't have that. My big brother writes compositions, and as soon as I can I shall write one on my goat and send it to you.

MASON.

PINE BLOOMING, STATES ISLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy. My name is Harold. I am six years old. I have a brother Arthur, aged sixteen, and a brother Charlie, aged eleven. For my Christmas I have a setter dog named Don and a little Maltese kitten named Nicholas Frisk, and an Indian bird named Beauty. I had a canary named Doris (pronounced Dory), but it died. Please print this as it is my first letter. I can think of no more, so I will close. Good-by.

HAROLD E. F.

ANDERSON, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write to you, as it is Saturday and I am out of school. I have two brothers but no sister. I am nine years old. My brothers are younger than I am. My house is called The Cedars; it is in the country. There is a big cedar tree on the lawn, where I often play with my little brothers. For pets, we have two white rabbits and a parrot. I go to the Cottage Home School, in the town of Alderson. I study writing, spelling, reading, geography, grammar, arithmetic, history, dictionary, dictation, and music. I love to go to school and study. I have many teachers. I also study calligraphy. I have been in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and have been a subscriber for a long time. My favorite stories are "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Story of the Boy Who Found Peril at Black Run," and "Derrick Sterling." Your loving reader,

IRENE M.

FOURBROOK, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy eight years old. I have been in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since I can tell you how sugar is made, because my papa has a sugar plantation, and he has made it made. This will interest all the little boys and girls that like candy. The sugar-cane looks very thick like corn, but it is not. It is a cane, and it is ripe has very pretty plumes upon it. Then gangs of Chinamen and negroes, with broad knives, begin cutting it. It is funny to see how they cut it. First they strike the cane with an axe, it close to the ground, then another blow takes off the top leaves, and as they pitch it up in the air they cut it into three pieces with two strokes. Then they put the cane in a press, and then they take it to the mill, where the juice is pressed out and then boiled to a syrup. From the open boilers it goes into a vat to cool a vacuum pan, and which it comes out looking like black mud. This is put into centrifugal machines, which throw out the molasses and leave the sugar in crystals. It is a beautiful sight to see the sugar in crystals, and the sugar is put into big hogsheads, and is ready for the market. Some other time I may tell you more about Cuba. For pets I have two Angora cats, and enclose a picture of one of them.

LUCIE B.

Well done for an eight-year-old boy. Thank you for a picture of Foxy. I never saw a more imposing cat.

ALFRED CENTER, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I live at Leonardville in the central part of New York State, and am now at Alfred University going to school. We have a very nice school here, and quite a good many students. I study geometry, German, arithmetic, history, and English. I have a cat, and I have taken your paper since the second year it was started, and like it very much.

J. ROB. B.

HARBA, CALIF.

I must tell you how I first heard of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Papa and mamma took me one day to visit some friends. The husband of the lady is a Spaniard, and he speaks Spanish and English languages. While we were there, he spoke of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE—in the sign language, of course, and his son interpreted for us. He has five children, the eldest of whom is a girl, and none are mute. He reads HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week to his family in Spanish, as none of them can read English. He has a great fondness for this friend we are indebted for our acquaintance with that which has proved a source of real pleasure, and is looked forward to every week by my brother and myself. We have a great many dogs, cats, pigeons, rabbits. The latter we are rather unfortunate with; they will die. On Sunday the mother of one set died, leaving six little ones. We have tried every means to save them live, but to no purpose. In the spring we are going to Spain to reside, and I shall have the paper



LITTLE MASTER CHRISTMAS.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MISSOURI, MISSOURI.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—In some Post-office Boxes you have said that every one should send you at least one letter, so I am sending this one. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much lately, and some of the books I have read. I enjoyed you do not get many letters from India, for in the numbers I have read I have seen none. India is a nice place, but I do not think it compares with England. I live up the Himalayas north of Dehra Doon, a valley which, in beauty, is second only to the valley of Cashmere—that is, in India, of course. Some of the birds here sing very sweetly, and some of them are very beautiful, but there are no humming-birds, as they are peculiar to the New World. There are a great many wild animals here, among them are tigers, hyenas, bears, leopards, baboons, and monkeys. During the monsoons a deer that barks like a dog is sometimes seen; they have branching horns, and their color is white on the under parts, light brown on the sides, and a darker brown on the back. The leopards do not often kill men, but one killed a horse one night pretty near the school. The bears are sometimes very inquisitive, for one put his head through the window of our bedroom one night. There are plenty of oak-trees up here, but the leaves are quite different from the leaves of the English oak. Mango-trees do not grow up here, but they grow at the foot of the hills, so we get plenty of the fruit. Are mangoes delicious? Have you ever tasted one? From a place near Moussorie we can see the mountains, which are covered with perpetual snow, and they do look beautiful. We can see the Ganges from a place near the school. I wish some boy from some part of the world would write to me. My address is W. L. Jones, care of I. M. Carter, Esq., Fair Lawn, Missouri, India. I think the best part of your paper is the Post-office Box. I should like to see you so much, as I am sure you must be nice. May I write again?

WILLIAM L. J.

Certainly, your letter is the sort of letter that is very welcome.

CLINTON, NEW YORK.

This is the first letter I ever wrote in my paper. I want to tell you about a cannon that my uncle gave me. Papa thinks it is about twenty-five years old. My brother and I are going to fire it with the next full moon of July. It is a large one. We have another one, and we fired it off for President Harrison. For pets, I have a kitten and some chickens. We have a chicken that we call Pug; he is the fattest chicken in the world, and is the last one to go to roost at night. We used to keep doves—the common doves and the fan-tail doves. We had one that was pure white, with pink eyes, which was very beautiful. I live in Clinton, New York, and am eleven years old.

FRANK H. O.

DENVER, COLORADO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We have written to you once before, and now we are going to do so again and tell you something about Denver. It is a beautiful city, built in a little valley surrounded by mountains, the Rockies by name. We have a lovely view of Pike's Peak from all parts of the city. There are about eighty-five thousand inhabitants. It is lighted by electric-lights, and

sent to me there, and if you like I will write to you from Madrid. CARMEN CASTRO DE LEON.
We all will be glad to hear from you again.

DEAR POST-MISTRESS.—I HAVE TAKEN HARPER'S Young People for four years. I like it better than any other youth's paper. I have never written to you before, so I hope I may see this letter in print. I am fourteen years old. I like music very much. I have taken music lessons for two years, and play on the cornet. I own a nickel-plated cornet. My favorite stories are "A New Year's Truce" by Benson and "The Story of Augustine" is very ancient city. There are some very old buildings here. I have been all through the Old Fort, which Oglethorpe stormed a long time ago. I go to the beach every Sunday, and about once a week. It is very warm here. I am learning to ride on a bicycle.

FRANCIS F. F.

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS.
I am a little girl seven years old my last birthday. Papa gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a birthday present. I have a little sister named Margaret. She takes *Boobyland*, and likes it very much. I have no pets except a cat, that is a black cat, and it wears a yellow ribbon. We play with it. My little sister likes to play with the cat; she is three years old. I have a baby sister too, named Deborah, nine months old; she is real cunning, and she tries to talk. I have short clothes on today and to walk too. I cannot write any more to-day.

ELSIE K.

SNARON, CALIFORNIA, NORWAY.
DEAR POST-MISTRESS.—I enjoy living out in the country very much, especially bathing and rowing. I have learned to swim, and last month I did first I had a rope around my waist, but now I can swim very well without anything, and I am not at all afraid. As for rowing, we have a nice little boat, and are out in it nearly every day. Last week my brother and another boy, who was here on a visit, rowed from this to Christiana; they took only an hour, and the steamer takes half an hour. On their way back they met a whale; it made big waves. Fortunately it was only a small one, but even a small one might have overturned the boat. Enclosed I send you some flowers that I have gathered and pressed myself. There was such a quantity of wild flowers here this summer, and still are, though not in the prettiest ones there have been. I once counted thirty different kinds, and last summer I have seen thirty more since then. I do not know how to press them properly, else I should have sent you prettier ones. I told you last year how we amused ourselves in the country; now I shall tell you what sort of school I have, and what I learn there. It is not a boarding school; it is an ordinary day-school. There are ten boys in it, and I shall go in the ninth. For languages, I read Norwegian, German, and French, and I shall begin English very soon. Then I have drawing and sewing (both of which I find very interesting), arithmetic, grammar, reading, dictation, geography, history, etc. There are a little more than a hundred girls in our school, but there are only a few in my class, and we like to be with us, as one of them is going to be in Sweden this winter. Mamma, my sister, and I sometimes take our work, and one of us reads aloud. Last summer we read *The Laughingstock* and *The Wide, Wide World*. Besides these I have read *Queechy* by myself. I like *The Wide, Wide World* the best, and I am now how many times I have read it over and over again. I am thirteen years old now, but I suppose I will be fourteen before I see this letter in print, as my birthday is the 11th of December. My mother and my young brother keeps give me a good recipe for cake that could be baked in a pan instead of in an oven. Ovens in the country are so often bad that many a time we have had to bake the cake in the hearth return to town. With much love from your little friend,
EDITH MACK.

THE ANEMONES

Once there was a clump of white anemones on a small moss-covered hill, with ferns and bushes all around, so that it was all sheltered except one little hole, where the bushes did not grow so thick. The sun streamed in all day, and made it nice and warm for the flowers. Altogether it was the warmest, coziest, and sunniest corner of the wood, and the flowers were the happiest that ever lived, and no wonder, for nothing ever came to bother them, so all they had to do was just to play about in the sun and to snuggle down under the ferns at night to sleep. One day a very pretty little girl came by, with a basket and spade in her hand. She had a white net of dress with a pink sash, and a ribbon in it. She was so pretty that the flowers were not afraid of her. As soon as she saw them she dug them up, and put them in her basket with some other flowers, and then she went home to her garden. She watered and took great care of them, but for all that they were not as happy as they were in their old home, for they were too hot

in summer, and at last they died. The little girl was very sorry. CONSTANCE G. (12 years old).

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 16TH.

(The Death of Samson—Judges, xvi 21-31.)

The story of Samson ought to interest the boys, especially those of whom I have an ambition to be strong, for in one way Samson was the strongest man who ever lived. His story, as we read it in the book of Judges, reminds us of Hercules, about whom you have studied in mythology. I am so very anxious that my class should read the whole Bible story through for themselves, but I do not propose to save any one of you from trouble by writing the history of Samson here. But I will give you some of the thoughts which have come to me as I have read it over for myself.

In the first place, those poor old Hebrews were in a great deal of trouble at the time of Samson's birth, because their enemies, the Philistines, who were very strong and warlike, had gained the victory over them, made inroads into their territory, and compelled them to pay heavy tribute. All this came about because the Hebrews forgot to serve God. Had they kept themselves pure and obeyed the commandments of God, the Philistines could not have defeated them nor done them any harm.

The skies above their heads were very dark when Samson came to their help. Like Moses and Samuel in the Old Testament and John the Baptist and Jesus in the New, Samson had the great advantage of having a good father and mother. It is an excellent thing to be well started in life, and to come of good people. The special blessing which was given to Samson was that by an angel, forbade the boy ever to taste strong drink, and also he was never to have a razor or knife touch his hair or beard. The growth of his hair was to be as good as he was set apart for a sacred work, and should be ever cut or allowed it to be cut, his great strength would vanish.

Do not fancy, children, that the long hair made him strong. Not at all. The strength lay back of that—in his carrying a Divine commission. His long hair was his soldier's uniform. Should he suffer his hair to be cut, he would, for he was in much the condition of the disgraced officer, whose stripes are cut off and who is degraded to the rank of a private. No longer a leader if he disobeyed God's command.

You see how that word obey, obey, is written over and over on God's book. There never was a great man in the world who did not gain his greatness by learning obedience. The prohibition of intoxicating drink, the lesson in that was of self-restraint, self-mastery, and no man was ever strong who did not practice these.

The astonishing things which Samson did are told very fully in the book of Judges. They make us hold our breath. What surprises they gave those old Philistines, who never knew what they went to bed at night what Samson would do before morning to upset their schemes!

Alas, for Samson! he came under the influence of a false friend, a woman named Delilah. She was precisely such a woman as Tennyson has described in "A Vision," one of the *Idylls of the King*—a fair, soft-speaking, deceitful woman, who could cheat a hero of his honor. After a great deal of persuasion, Delilah induced Samson, foolish, weak-hearted Samson, notwithstanding his power, to confide to her "wherein his great strength lay."

The moment she found it out she sent for the lords of the Philistines, and triumphantly told it to them. "I have him here at last!" cried the wicked creatures, "let him die!"

"Then the lords of the Philistines came up, and brought money in their hand." And Delilah, leading him down, gave him a chair, and a man, who had the seven locks of his head, watched as a cat watches her prey. When they were lying at her feet, she woke him roughly, saying, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" "And he wist not," says the narrative, "that the Lord was departed from him."

Alas, poor, poor Samson! "No longer strong!" The Philistines then blindfolded him, put out his eyes, bound him with brazen fetters, and made him to grind in the prison-house.

That is always the order, my boys. Suppose you substitute "sin" for the Philistines. The person who willingly, or unwillingly yields to sin, does not resist temptation, is treated in just this fashion. Sin first blinds its victim, so that he gropes along and cannot see the straight path. Then it binds him in brazen chains of habit. Then it sells him into slavery. Beware of the Philistines when you are tempted, to do anything of which conscience disapproves.

But the death of Samson was a grand dramatic act of vengeance on his cruel foes. In the prison where they made him grind he grew again, and he prayed to God to help him and forgive him, and give him his lost gift once more. And it came to pass, on a certain day, that the Philistines were holding the feast of the straight path. And Samson's temple was full of worshippers, and they said, "Call for Samson, that he may make us sport."

A great shout went up, I fancy, as the poor blind man, led by a lad, was brought into the laughing, riotous crowd. "Here he is! The man who lifted up the gates of the city, and beat them up with his eyes!" See him now! See him now! And the crowd shouted till the roof of Dagon's temple rung with their glee.

"And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once. O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes!"

And Samson took hold of the two pillars of the house, and bowed himself with all his might. And the pillars fell through the height of it trembled, it fell. "Let me die with the Philistines," said Samson, and God granted his prayer, and the temple reeled and down it came. The lords of the Philistines and the great multitude, and the old champion all perished together.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

One day two boys went to fish in a gulf in the southern part of the United States. The names were at city in the northern part of Iowa and at city in Australia. (A city in Australia fell from the sky while he was fishing for crabs.) The boy from Massachusetts. A city in the northern part of Iowa called for help, and a man named (the capital of Nebraska) came running to see what was the matter. They both helped him, and (the capital of Nebraska) went to his home. (The city in the northern part of Iowa) and (the city in Australia) went to their home in Texas, and told their mother, Mrs. (a village in the western part of Utah), their experience.

BRUCE MCLEAN FALCONER (8 years old).

No. 2.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

1. A song in a snare. 2. A musical instrument in marks of respect. 3. A rude child in ready action. 4. Distance in sweetmeats. 5. An occurrence in three score and ten. 6. Affection in a blossom. 7. A noise in going through shallow water. 8. A card in running games. 9. To speak in a pantry. 10. High spirits in kindred. PA.

No. 3.

FRAMED SQUARE WORD.

Fill the blanks with words that make sense, in the order given. For the frame, top bar, lower bar, right, and left. Square word, in order of definitions.

—The — of our — hilarity on that Christmas Day was the — number of friends assembled and the groaning table above the —.

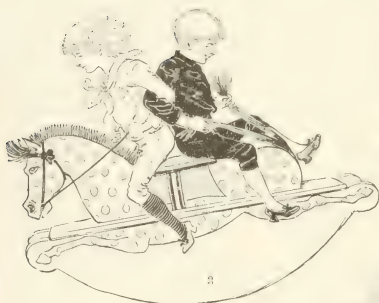
Square Word.

We placed a large — log — (the Christmas tree, the largest from the last — drawn from the forest) and only with its smouldering ashes, — our holiday. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 422.

No. 1. —	Wesley
	I sabella.
	I ous VI.
	L outer.
	I spanish.
	A me.
	Mary Queen of Scots.
	T roy.
	H espelout.
	E ibel.
	S abarra.
	I totia.
	I. ondon.
	E ypt.
	T asmania.

No. 2. Weather.com.
Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Conrad Hagendorf, Joseph Rappaport, Emma, Sarah L. Varnum, Ada Raine, Grace Rose, Eloise T., Mary Elizabeth Reynolds, S. R. K., Arthur E. Greene, Gracie A. Beard, Blanca B., Mabel King, Mary M. White, A. H. MacA., B. Donzel, Cyrus, La-la De Puy, and Mattie Tallan.



CHRISTMAS SKETCHES.

1. "NOW, CHARLIE, KISS ME!" 2. "NURSE HAS GONE OUT; LET'S BREAK A BIT OFF." 3. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.
4. TOO LIVELY. 5. "MINE IS PRETTIER." "BUT MINE IS SWEETER."

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A CHRISTMAS SNOW-FLAKE.—DRAWN BY CULMER BARNES.

HEROES AND MARTYRS OF INVENTION.

BY GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

ELI WHITNEY AND THE COTTON-GIN.

ELI WHITNEY was one of those bright, precocious Yankee boys who in early years reveal a great fondness for making things, and who show ingenuity in doing whatever they turn their hands to. His father was a plain Massachusetts farmer, who tilled his acres near Westborough, in that State. Eli, from the first, disliked farming. He avoided farm-work whenever he could, and instead spent much of his time in his father's workshop. The good farmer was in the habit of repairing his own wheels and chairs and mending his fences, so that he had a small collection of tools. These tools were Eli's delight. Whenever he had the chance he would slip away into the workshop and try to fashion some article which his already ingenious mind had designed.

On one occasion, when Eli was twelve years old, his father, on his return from a journey, asked what his boys had been doing during his absence. The reply was that the other boys had been steadily at work in the fields, but that Eli had spent his time in the workshop.

"And what has he been doing there?"

"He has been making a fiddle."

"Ah," sighed the worthy farmer, "I fear Eli will have to take his portion in fiddles!"

Nevertheless, the fiddle proved to be a very good one, and served its purpose quite well at the country-dances in the neighborhood.

Another time the farmer, on going to church one Sunday morning, chanced to leave his watch—a big, old-fashioned silver "turnip"—at home. As soon as his father was out of the house Eli seized the watch, and eagerly took it to pieces, bit by bit. When he saw what he had done he was horrified, for his father was a very strict man, and would be sure to punish him severely for spoiling the watch. So Eli set to work, and by dint of his skill succeeded in putting the watch together again just as the farmer got back from church. So neatly did he do this that his father never discovered how his watch had been treated, until, years after, Eli told him what he had done.

There are many other stories of Eli's youthful ingenuity, which there is not space to repeat here. He was always trying his hand at something, and he usually succeeded in whatever he attempted. His step-mother found him useful in a hundred ways in the household, repairing old utensils and making new ones. When the Revolutionary war broke out Eli began to make nails, which were greatly needed by the patriots. Then he turned his hand to making the long pins which the women of that day used for fastening their bonnets; and he also for a while drove a thriving trade in walking-sticks, in which he invented many striking and graceful devices.

As Eli approached manhood he began to feel sorely the need of a better education than the country schools afforded. He had studied much by himself in the intervals between work, and knew more about mathematics and mechanics than most lads of his age. But he was not satisfied with this. He wanted to go to college. His father was resolutely opposed to this, and refused to give him the means. So Eli set hard to work, and managed, by working on various articles and teaching school, to save enough money to enter college. He went to Yale when he was twenty-three years old, and graduated four years later. While in college young Whitney gave many proofs of his mechanical ingenuity. On one occasion he repaired the apparatus of one of the professors, who was about to send it to Europe for the purpose, as he supposed that no one in this country had the skill to do it.

Eli Whitney at first intended to adopt teaching as his profession. His heart was wrapt up in mechanics, but he was poor, and could see no way in which he could follow his natural bent. Not long after graduating, therefore, he accepted an engagement as a tutor in the family of a gentleman who lived in Georgia. It was a fortunate accident that, while on his way to the South, young Whitney made the acquaintance of the widow of the famous Revolutionary hero General Nathaniel Greene. This lady, who lived near Savannah, at once took a liking to him, and on their arrival in Georgia invited him to stay for a while at her home. This was all the more agreeable as Whitney found, to his disappointment, that the gentleman who had engaged him had selected another tutor. Mrs. Greene kindly cheered him, and told him to make her house his home.

Thus left without the employment which had been promised him, Whitney again turned his attention to his first love, mechanics. It happened that an occasion soon arose when he was able to show his generous hostess and friend how skilful he was in mechanical devices. The good lady was fond of embroidery, but found that the tambour, or frame upon which she did her delicate work, was not well fitted for that purpose. Whitney eagerly assured her that he could make a frame which would serve her much better. He set cheerfully to work, and had soon completed a frame far superior to the old one.

This proof of his inventive talent greatly impressed Mrs. Greene, and soon opened to the young man the grand opportunity of his life. It was not long after that Mrs. Greene entertained a number of her husband's old army friends at Mulberry Grove, her home. One day the conversation happened to turn upon the cotton production of the Southern States. One of the officers remarked that cotton could be easily raised all through the South, but that so long as it required so much labor to separate the cotton from its seed the cotton crop could not be made a profitable one. If any device could be found, he added, by which the cotton could be easily cleaned, the production of cotton would become an enormously paying industry. "Gentlemen," said Mrs. Greene, who was intently listening to the talk, "tell this to my young friend Mr. Whitney. I verily believe he can make anything."

Now Whitney had never seen a piece of cotton in his life; none the less he promptly made up his mind that he would devote his every energy to solving the problem thus put to him. He first examined some cotton, and saw at once what the task was he had to perform. He had no tools with which to begin his work, but he sturdily set about making some.

In less than ten days he had completed his first model of a cotton-cleaning machine. He was delighted with its success, and went on improving it by every device he could think of. In two or three months he had perfected a perfectly practicable working *cotton-gin*. It was speedily proved that this machine, which could be worked by a single man or woman, could clean more cotton in a single day than could be done by a man or woman, in the old manual method, in several months. The immense utility of the cotton-gin was at once recognized throughout the South; and now Whitney suffered, as so many inventors had suffered before him, from the dishonesty of greedy money-makers. The building in which his cotton-gin was kept was broken into, and the cotton-gin taken away. It was at once copied, and put into use in various places before he could get his patent.

The fruits of his great invention were thus stolen from him. Although he got several patents, he never grew rich, as so many Southern planters did by the use of his machine. In vain he petitioned Congress for redress and compensation. The inventor of the cotton-gin, by which

he undoubtedly created the wealth and power of nearly every Southern State, lived and died almost in a state of poverty. But his was a patient and heroic spirit. He bore the injustice of men and the ingratitude of his country with cheerful serenity, and died assured at least of a deathless fame, with his name enrolled high up on the list of America's greatest inventors.

GLIMPSES OF CHILD LIFE FROM DICKENS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE CHILD OF THE MARSHALSEA.

IN turning over the pages of my dearly loved Dickens I have come upon so many glimpses of child life, some bright, some shadowy, that the desire has grown strong to show the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the pictures drawn by that master-hand. I have been the more anxious to do this that I observe in the boys and girls around me an indifference with regard to the wonderful stories, the fun, humor, and pathos, of Charles Dickens. If I can induce the children, led by my hand, to make excursions with me to the Dickens country, they will later read the beautiful books all through by themselves. Now I beg nobody's pardon for introducing to notice first that winsome darling Little Dorrit.

The thousands of young people who have lingered over *Piccola* in their study of French will know what I mean in calling Little Dorrit a prison flower. If we had been born, several generations ago, in merry England, and if now and then we had gone journeying to London, we might possibly have seen, choking the restless tide in a busy part of the town, a gloomy pile of stone, with barred windows and iron doors, dreaded by many an unfortunate person as the Marshalsea, a place of detention for debt. Thieves, murderers, and criminals of other kinds were not sent to the Marshalsea, which was reserved for prisoners by civil process—people who had gotten into debt and could not get out.

This was the case with a poor gentleman brought to the Marshalsea when he was young, and expecting to be detained only a few days or weeks, who lived in it a prisoner until he was so old that he was called by everybody "the Father of the Marshalsea." Strange to say, the old gentleman grew proud of the title, used to hold a little court in his dingy room, receiving flattery and homage from other debtors who came and went while he remained from year to year, and actually lost his self-respect so entirely that he came to the point of accepting alms willingly from his fellow-prisoners.

When new debtors arrived at the prison, which was unlike common jails in having a certain freedom within its walls and a certain social life, they were brought to the old gentleman's room and presented formally to him.

"Yes," he would say, "he was the Father of the place. So the world was kind enough to call him." It gradually came about that when the debtors who had managed in some way at last to pay their debts were set free they would leave a present, a few shillings, a half-crown or two, once in a while a half-sovereign, wrapped up in paper and slipped under his door at night, for the debtor who owed so much that there never seemed to be any chance for him to get away at all. By-and-by the Father of the Marshalsea, who had at first ignored this kind custom, took it as a right, and, standing at the door which swung outward for a departing debtor, he would there take leave of the more fortunate "collegian." Often, after shaking hands, the departing one would come back again, calling "Hi!"

The Father would look round surprised. "Me?" he

would say, with a smile. "What have you forgotten? What can I do for you?"

"I forgot to leave this," would be the answer, "for the Father of the Marshalsea."

This old gentleman's name was William Dorrit. He had once possessed a fortune, but had lost it through the injustice of stronger-willed and wicked people, of whom I do not need to tell you. When he came to the prison his family were allowed to come too, and it was in the prison that the baby Amy was born.

"By rights," remarked the turnkey, when she was first shown to him, "I ought to be her godfather."

"Perhaps," said the father, hesitatingly, "you wouldn't object to really being her godfather."

Thus it came to pass that one Sunday afternoon, when the turnkey was relieved from duty, he went up to the font of St. George's Church and stood sponsor, he said, "like a good un," for the tiny bundle of humanity, which, though prison-born, was as sweet as all babies are, God bless them! wherever they live in this queer old world. Naturally, after this, the turnkey grew very fond of the little thing, especially after she had begun to walk and talk. Then he "bought a little arm-chair, and stood it by the high fender of the lodge fireplace," while she at all hours of the day came climbing up the lodge steps to see her friend the turnkey. She would sit there by the hour dressing and undressing her doll, and the turnkey and "collegians," as the prisoners were called by courtesy, soon began to point her out as the Child of the Marshalsea.

She was a very tiny thing when she first began to notice that all the world did not live behind high walls studded at the top with spikes, and that though her little feet might stray freely outside the great iron gates, her father always had to let go her hand there, and stay himself inside. The door which the great key opened—a plaintive look crept into the baby eyes as she watched it day by day.

Wistful and wondering, she would sit in summer weather by the high fender in the lodge, looking up at the sky through the barred window, until bars of light would arise, when she turned her eyes away, between her and her friend, and she would see him through a grating too.

"Thinking of the fields," the turnkey said once, after watching her, "ain't you?"

"Where are they?" she inquired.

"Why, they're over there, my dear," said the turnkey, with a vague flourish of his key. "Just about there."

"Does anybody open them and sluit them? Are they locked?"

"Well," said the turnkey, discomfited, "not in general."

"Are they very pretty, Bob?" She called him Bob by his own particular request and instruction.

"Lovely. Full of flowers. There's buttercups and there's daisies and there's dandelions, and all manner of games."

"Is it very pleasant to be there, Bob?"

"Prime," said the turnkey.

"Was father ever there?"

"Hein!" coughed the turnkey. "Oh yes; he was there sometimes."

"Is he sorry not to be there now?"

"X—not particular," said the turnkey.

"Nor any of the people?" she asked, glancing at the listless crowd within.

"Oh, are you quite sure and certain, Bob?"

And then the turnkey would change the subject, and as soon as he could get an hour to himself would carry the little girl off to green fields.

The two would roam about in the beautiful green country which skirts the town, and the turnkey was never happier than when the baby trotted beside him, filled her wee hands with grass and daisies, and came happily home to the prison at night fast asleep on his shoulder.

When Amy was eight years old her poor faded little mother laid down the burden of a weary life. Her husband had honestly loved her, and what he would now have done but for his little daughter Amy I do not know. Amy was a mere mite of a child, not bigger than most children of half her age, but from this time she began to take care of the family.

The family consisted of her elder brother Edward, nick-



AMY COMFORTING HER FATHER.

named Tip, her frivolous sister Fanny, her old uncle Fred, and her father. Uncle Fred was not himself a prisoner, but except that he lodged outside the gates he might as well have been, for, except in the evenings, when he played the violin at a third-rate theatre, he spent nearly all his time in the Marshalsea with the rest of the Dorrits. Tip and Fanny were an idle, graceless pair, who never tried to be of use to any one in the world.

Old Mr. Dorrit, low down as he was, would never allow the mention of want in his hearing, and never admitted the necessity that his children should work and earn money. Still, as they had to be fed and clothed, even when their home was a prison, it was important that somebody should earn the means of living, and Amy was not twelve when she began to consider how this should be done.

Once a dancing-master in debt was stranded in the Marshalsea for a period of ten weeks. Fanny Dorrit wanted to learn to dance, so Amy was sent to prefer a petition in her behalf. If Fanny could but dance, the hope was that she could be employed in the theatre where her uncle played the violin.

The Child of the Marshalsea presented herself to the dancing-master with a little bag in her hand. She was now thirteen and looked like nine.

"If you please, I was born here, sir," said Little Dorrit.

"Oh! you are the young lady, are you?" said the dancing-master, surveying the small figure and uplifted face. [Of course he had been told of her as one of the curiosities of his new abode.]

"Yes, sir."

"And what can I do for you?" said the dancing-master.

"Nothing for me, sir, thank you," anxiously undrawing the strings of the little bag; "but if, while you stay here, you could be so kind as to teach my sister chess—"

"My child, I'll teach her for nothing," said the dancing-master.

A little later the doors of the Marshalsea opened to admit a milliner who had been, like all the rest of the prison people, unfortunate in carrying on her business with the world. Little Dorrit paid this lady a call.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she said, looking timidly round the room of the milliner, whom she found in tears and in bed, "but I was born here."

It was the dancing-master over again. All new-comers seemed to hear of her as soon as they arrived; for the milliner sat up in bed, drying her eyes, and said, just as he had said before her:

"Oh! you are the child, are you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am sorry I haven't got anything for you," said the milliner, shaking her head.

"It's not that, ma'am. If you please, I want to learn needle-work."

"Why should you do that?" returned the milliner, "with me before you? It has not done me much good."

"Nothing—whatever it is—seems to have done anybody much good who comes here," Amy returned, in all simplicity; "but I want to learn, just the same."

"I am afraid you are so weak, you see," the milliner objected.

"I don't think I am weak, ma'am."

"And you are so very, very little, you see," the milliner objected.

"Yes, I am afraid I am very little indeed," returned the Child of the Marshalsea.

Little she was, but patient and earnest, as the good woman discovered. The milliner's teaching included the making of gowns and all sorts of fine sewing, and Little Dorrit, as she grew into a delicate slip of a girl, began to earn many comforts for her broken-down father, plying her needle steadily, yet seldom speaking of what she did in his presence.

Going about through the London streets, now on one errand, now on another, the little fairy-like figure often attracted the attention of strangers. But I must tell you that quite often, especially if it were dark or late, beside Little Dorrit there shambled what I'm afraid you would think quite a figure of fun, though I never read the story myself without a starting tear.

A good friend of Little Dorrit's, Mr. Arthur Clennam, was trying to get the poor old father set free from the Marshalsea when he first saw Little Dorrit's odd-looking friend. He was walking with Little Dorrit in the street in which the prison stood.

"Little Mother! Little Mother!" cried a voice. And there, on the High Street, bouncing along, was an excited person, with large bones, large features, large feet and hands, large eyes, and no hair. Around her colorless face flapped a great white cap, with a quantity of limp frilling, and around her neck hung a rusty black bonnet, which ought to have been on her head, but never was. As for her dress, it resembled very dirty sea-weed, and her shawl looked like a gigantic tea-leaf steeped a very long time.

This being's name was Maggy.

"May I ask who this is?" said Mr. Clennam.

"This is Maggy, sir."

"Maggy, sir," echoed the curious personage. "Little Mother!"

"She is the granddaughter," said Little Dorrit.

"Granddaughter," echoed Maggy.

"—Of my old nurse, who has been dead a long time. Maggy, how old are you?"

"Ten, mother," said Maggy. [She was really twenty-eight; but she had stopped growing older at ten, as you will see.]

"You can't think how good she is, sir," said Little Dorrit, with infinite tenderness.

"Good she is!" echoed Maggy, transferring the pronoun in a most expressive way from herself to her little mother.

"—Or how clever!" said Little Dorrit. "She goes on errands as well as any one." Maggy laughed. "And is as trustworthy as the Bank of England." Maggy laughed. "She earns her own living entirely."

"What is her history?" asked Clennam.

"Think of that, Maggy!" said Little Dorrit, taking Maggy's two large hands and clapping them together—"a gentleman from thousands of miles away wanting to know your history!"

"My history!" cried Maggy. "Little Mother!"

"She means me," explained Little Dorrit. "She is very much attached to me. Her old grandmother was not so kind to her as she should have been; was she, Maggy?"

Maggy shook her head, made a drinking-vessel of her clinched left hand, drank out of it, and said "Gin." Then beat an imaginary child, and said, "Broom-handles and pokers."

"When Maggy was ten years old," said Little Dorrit, watching her face while she spoke, "she had a bad fever, sir, and she has never grown any older ever since."

"Ten years old!" said Maggy, nodding her head. "But what a nice hospital! So comfortable, wasn't it? Oh! so nice it was! Such a 'eavenly place!'"

"She had never been at peace before, sir," said Little Dorrit, speaking low, "and she always runs off upon that."

"Such beds there is there!" cried Maggy. "Such lemonades! such oranges! such d'licious broth and wine! such chicking! Oh! ain't it a delightful place to go and stop at!"

"So Maggy stopped there as long as she could," said Little Dorrit, "and at last, when she could stop there no longer, she came out. Then, because she was never to be more than ten years old, however long she lived—"

"However long she lived," echoed Maggy.

"—And because she was so very weak—indeed so weak, that when she began to laugh she couldn't stop herself, which was a great pity—"

(Maggy mighty grave of a sudden.)
 "—Her grandmother did not know what to do with her, and for some years was very unkind. But Maggy began to take pains to improve herself, and grew very attentive and very industrious, and by degrees was allowed to come in and out as often as she liked, and got enough to do to support herself, and does support herself. And that is Maggy's history, as Maggy knows."

But what Little Dorrit did not tell was her own gentle patience that had taught and trained the poor, half-imbecile mind till it repaid her by doing its best, and loving her with the most intense devotion.

Shall I tell you of another personage who sometimes sat in the room with Little Dorrit, when she went, as she often did, with her little bag on her arm, to sew at the house of a Mrs. Flora Finching? This lady would amuse you very much, should you read about her, but you would be even more amused at the behavior of Mr. F.'s aunt. This grim spinster was an aunt of Mrs. Finching's late husband, and being mildly insane, she was in the habit of breaking in on conversation which was going on around her with some such statement as this, in a low, stern voice, "There's mile-stones on the Dover road!"

Of course nobody was talking about the Dover road, but that trifle did not affect Mr. F.'s aunt. Or, apropos of nothing at all, Mr. F.'s aunt would exclaim, suddenly and fiercely: "You can't make a head and brains out of a brass knob with nothing in it. You couldn't do it when your uncle George was living, much less when he's dead."

There's a great deal more about Maggy and the Little Mother, and there's a girl named Harriet Beadle, who lives with a good old couple named Meagles, and is a little maid to their daughter Pet. Harriet's name has been changed to Tattycoram—a name she hates. Poor Tattycoram is forever losing her temper, and Papa Meagles, who thinks that it is a very great pity for any one to lose his or her temper, has hit upon a plan which he thinks excellent in the case.

"Count five-and-twenty, Tattycoram," he says, warningly, when he sees the clouds gathering on the dark and handsome face. He fancies that the five-and-twenty would not be counted slowly without producing a soothing effect on the excited girl.

Every one of us would be the better for living as lovingly, sweetly, and patiently as the Child of the Marshalsea. Are not you glad that she did not live there all her life, that in time the old Father, the long and tangled web of his debts unravelled, came into a fortune, and the whole family was set free to enter the bright world that locked its own doors at night and flung them open in the morning? Little Dorrit became a very happy woman, and though she had children of her own, she was not too busy to extend the "Little Mother's" wing over Fanny's neglected brood.

THE STOLEN GARLIC.

A Chinese Story.

BY ADELE M. FIELDS.

A POOR man planted a bed of garlic, and as he had no land besides, each plant was separately tended and grew apiece. When the crop was almost large enough for pulling he placed beside the bed a portable hutch, and slept there o' nights to guard against thieves. After watching for many nights without seeing sign of trespassers he concluded that there were none about, and that he might as well sleep at home; so he left the empty hutch beside the garlic bed, and spent the night in his own house. When he came back next morning to water his vegetables he found that all had been pulled and carried off.

In consternation and tears he went to the magistrate and entered complaint of his loss. The magistrate called him up for examination, and asked him why he did not seize the thief.

"Because, your honor, I was not there when he came."

"Then why did you not bring as witness some one who saw him?"

"Because, your honor, nobody caught a glimpse of him."

"Then why did you not bring from the garlic bed some clow by which he might be traced?"

"Because, your honor, he left nothing in the bed besides the portable hutch which was there before."

"Very well," said the magistrate; "since the hutch was the only object known to be on the field at the time of the theft, we will make the hutch the defendant in the suit, and to-morrow morning you will appear here as plaintiff against it."

The complaint and the result of the preliminary examination were reported far and wide, with the official



A CHINESE GARDEN.—From "The Chinese Village Artist."

announcement that on the next morning a portable hutch would be tried for theft. So remarkable a trial had never before been heard of, and it became the subject of inquiry, comment, and debate throughout the neighborhood.

When the case was called the court was crowded with spectators. The constables brought in the hutch and put it in the place for prisoners. It was charged with the crime, and as it offered no defence, the magistrate ordered that it should be beaten until it confessed its guilt. The constables administered blows with a will, leaving it shattered in pieces. As the punishment proceeded, the amazement of the spectators gave way before their sense of the ludicrous, and by the time the constables were following up and whipping the fragments of the hutch the audience was laughing heartily.

In apparent rage the magistrate charged the whole assembly with contempt of court, ordered all the gates to be shut and locked, and fined each person present a pound of garlic, with no release till the fine should be paid. Many constables were deputed to escort those who wished to go out to buy garlic, and each merrily spent a few farthings in paying his fine.

In the course of the day all the garlic in the market had been bought up, and the adjoining hamlets had been ransacked to supply the unwonted demand. Each, as he handed in his fine, was required to tell where he got the garlic, which was then deposited bunch by bunch in a chamber of the court-house.

When all the fines were paid, the plaintiff was invited to examine the bunches of garlic, and to state whether he recognized any as his own. He unhesitatingly declared certain bunches to be his, and when the record of the purchasers was examined these bunches were found to have been all bought at the stall of a certain green-grocer. The green-grocer was arrested, and made to tell where he got the stolen goods. He declared that he knew nothing more about the garlic than that he had bought it from a certain villager. The villager was arrested, and was proven by circumstantial evidence to have committed the theft. The magistrate thus got for himself a great reputation for sagacity; the thief got forty blows; and the poor gardener had awarded to him all the garlic that had been received in fines for contempt of court.

A CHRISTMAS TREE THAT TALKED.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

GRANDFATHER GREY sat in his arm-chair. Beside him, on a small round table, was a parrot cage, and in it a fine green parrot. The old man and the parrot were friends, and there really seemed to exist a beautiful affection between them.

The children had been bringing in Christmas greens, and the servants had been helping the children prepare the creeping-jenny, pine boughs, and sprigs of red berries for decorations. Grandfather Grey asked for some greens from the basket, and whiled away an hour in making a very tasteful Christmas wreath.

"Who is that for?" asked Frances, his little niece.

"I do not know, dearie," answered the old man, pleasantly. "I just made it because I had nothing else to do."

The red light of the winter sun had been streaming through the half-curtained window, and the far sky at last seemed to melt into a crimson sea. The short winter day was ending, and the cold stars would soon hang in the twilight.

Grandfather Grey held up the wreath in the glimmering light.

"But please tell me, grandpa, who it is for," repeated Frances.

"Who—it—is—for?" slowly said the old man, when

"Pretty Polly."

"You poor *dumb* bird!" said Grandfather Grey, although "dumb" was hardly the word to describe the chatty bird. "Don't you see, Frances, Polly asks it for herself? Well, Polly, say 'Merry Christmas,' and you shall have it. I must teach that bird to say 'Merry Christmas,'" and Grandfather Grey put the wreath over the parrot cage. "Say 'Merry Christmas,' Polly." But the bird did not heed him, but went directly to picking the red berries with its hooked bill.

The old man removed the wreath from the cage. The bird appeared angry at this. "Say 'Merry Christmas,' Polly, and you may have it."

How clearly Polly understood the promise we cannot say; but she had been trained to speak several words after this manner, and like Paddy's parrot, who was a good listener, she put her pretty head out of the wires, as much as to ask, "What do you wish me to try to say?"

"Merry Christmas," repeated the old man, with an encouraging look.

"Merry Tristmas," said the bird, in a stage-like tone.

"*Scat!*"

Queer as it may seem, whenever a new word was taught Polly, by the use of strong influence, she added to it the latter word. She would say, "Polly wants cracker," and "Polly wants water," and "Come in," and "Go away," but always, "Hello—scat!" and "Good-by—scat!" these last words having been learned by compulsion.

"No, no," said Grandfather Grey—"Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Tristmas—scat!" uttered Polly. "Merry Tristmas—scat! scat! scat! scat!"

Here the lesson ended for the day, but Polly had acquired a new accomplishment, and she seemed likely to make free use of it during the holiday season.

The next morning, as Grandfather Grey entered the room, he was, as usual, greeted with—"Come in. Polly wants water. Pretty Polly."

He brought some water, and filled the cup in the cage. Polly watched his every movement as if with a sense of humor, and as soon as he had withdrawn his hand from the cage exclaimed,

"Merry Tristmas—scat!"

"Oh, you wicked, wicked bird!"

"Scat! scat! Merry Tristmas—scat!"

Grandfather Grey was a rather lonely old man, although every one seemed to love him. His wife had long been dead. He had two married daughters, "Molly" and "Liddy," who were in prosperous circumstances, and each of whom wished him to make a home with her. He had many nephews and nieces, for he was the oldest member of a large family. He lived among all these near relatives at times, as well as his daughters, and all were equally glad to wait on him. He was now visiting his younger brother.

"Well, Grandfather Grey, where will you spend Christmas this year?" asked his brother's wife, one crystal morning as the holidays drew near. "You had better remain with us."

"I think that I will go to Molly's this year. I have not been there at Christmas since her last little boy was born. I guess I'll take Polly and go there. They are going to have a Christmas tree, and Molly has written twice for me to come."

"Well, stay here as long as you can."

"Yes; I like to stay here. I will not go to Molly's till the day before Christmas Eve."

"You had better leave Polly with us."

"No; Molly does not know about her, and the bird will please the children, and be a surprise to them all. No; I must take Polly along—she is a good deal of company for me. I like to take care of her."

The day before Christmas Eve found Grandfather Grey at "Molly's." He arrived late in the afternoon. His

daughter's name was Mary Osborne. She was a bright, cheery, lovable woman, and had five children. Her husband was a commercial traveller, and was away from home, but was expected to return on Christmas Day.

"Why, why, father, what *have* you here?" said Mrs. Osborne, as the parrot cage appeared, carefully covered to protect the bird from the cold.

"Oh, that's my parrot, Molly."

"Does she talk?"

"Sometimes; not much at first in strange places."

This was true. Polly was usually silent for a day or two in a strange place unless she became frightened. In that case her tongue was unloosed, and her words were spoken very rapidly and distinctly.

"Where are the children, Molly?"

"Gone to the church festival. They will be back soon. I want to show you the Christmas tree before they come. Husband cannot be home before to-morrow, so we are to have our tree on Christmas night and not this evening. We are to keep the tree a secret from the children until to-morrow night, locked up in the upper dining-room. We are taking our meals in the lower dining-room, and we are to have no company this Christmas but you. How happy I shall be to spend the day with you and husband! Come, before the children get here."

Grandfather Grey, with the silent parrot cage in hand, followed his thrifty daughter to the dining-room. The room connected with the parlors, and the tables and table furniture had been removed from it. In the place of the table stood an odorous pine-tree glittering with alum crystals and pop-corn snow. It was a generous tree, and was already well fruited with presents.

"It is not done yet," said Mrs. Osborne. "The servants are to finish it this evening after the children are put to bed. But, father, what are you going to do with the parrot? I wish the children might not see her until to-morrow night. What a handsome ornament she would make for the Christmas tree!"

"Is the room kept warm, Molly?"

"Yes, or can be. Why not leave her here, and I'll see that the register is kept open. Hang her up on the tree."

Grandfather Grey handed the cage to Mrs. Osborne, and she hung it on the tree.

"Say 'Merry Christmas to *ye* all,'" said Grandfather Grey to Polly.

But the bird said no word.

"Merry Christmas to *ye* all," repeated the old man.

Silence.

"Give me a cloth to cover over the cage. That's the way I make *night* for Polly."

The cage was covered. Just then there was a mingling of happy voices in the hall, and a chorus of musical inquiries: "Has grandpa come?"

Mrs. Osborne hurried the old man away to the sitting-room for kisses and greetings and questions innumerable, and locked the dining-room and parlor doors, giving the key to Margaret Solemn, the table-girl.

All the interest of the family now centred in Grandfather Grey. He shared all kinds of confectionery with the children, and told funny stories for kisses. The evening passed happily, the children were sent to bed, and Margaret Solemn and another servant named Sarah Pink prepared to do their work in completing the decoration of the Christmas tree.

About ten o'clock these two servants came down-stairs in white wrappers, Margaret leading with a night lamp. The house was very still. The streets were growing still.

"These rooms look awful solemn," said Margaret Solemn. "Do you ever think of *haunts*?"

"Haunts?—what's them?" said Sarah.

"Ghosts; voices of dead people that have no bodies; rappings."

"Oh, do go 'long!" said Sarah. "Don't speak of such things to-night."

"I hate to go into rooms like these, full of portraits and things. Them portraits are dead, don't you know?"

"I hope they are dead," said timid Sarah.

"How awful solemn everything seems!" continued Margaret, unlocking the dining-room door. "My grandmother once had a portrait that used to speak to people nights when they went alone into the room. 'Twas an awful bad sign."

"Oh, don't say anything more about it!" begged Sarah. The latter was a little woman, all nerves and imagination.

Margaret lighted the gas, and the rooms did not look then quite so shadowy and solemn.

"I wonder what mistress hung that shawl on the tree for?"—turning her attention to the wrapper that covered the parrot cage. "Let me see."

Margaret went to the tree and took hold of the end of the wrapper.

"*Scat!*"

Margaret started back with staring eyes. Little Sarah Pink lifted both hands, and stood with open mouth, unable to speak a word.

"What was *that*?" said Margaret. "The tree spoke—just like the ass they tell about in sermons. It's a warnin', don't you know? What did I tell ye, Sarah? Ah! there's no good comes o' ramblin' about the house on a Christmas Eve. The dead are apt to be *up*, and mortal folks ought to be abed."

"That may have been the cat," said Sarah, timidly, gaining her tongue.

"Did ye ever hear a cat say *scat*? You go and take that cloth down, and see what is behind it, and I'll stand ready to run."

Little Sarah approached the wrapper timidly and took hold of it carefully.

"A merry Tristmas—*scat!*"

Sarah again lifted her hands, and stood for a moment speechless. Margaret dared not run away *alone*.

"The saints!" said she. "Did ever a human mortal hear the like of that?"

"I have heard of talking trees," said Sarah. "Trees do sometimes talk on Christmas Eve. It said 'A merry Christmas'; it may be a good sign—who knows? Maybe I'm going to marry a lord, or have a fortune fall to me, or some such thing."

"Go lift the cloth again. It may be good luck, after all."

Sarah ventured again toward the tree, and slowly raised the cloth.

"A merry Tristmas—*scat!*"

"It's a good fairy," she said, still holding the cloth timidly.

"Good fairies do not say *scat*," said Margaret.

Sarah still held the cloth, and lifted it a little more, when Polly uttered a shriek of fright that turned both of the servants for a moment into stone-like statues.

As soon as their rigid muscles relaxed, each one stole away with a ghastly step.

"I'm goin' to give warnin' in the mornin'," said solemn Margaret. "I never would stay under this roof another night. That man was murdered, sure."

"What man?" asked little Sarah.

"Why, the man that shrieked. Don't you know?—are you stone-deaf? That shriek was no human voice—never; you never heard any mortal cry out like that—never."

The children were in bed, but were not asleep.

"Hark!" said Tommy; "I know what they are doing down-stairs. Let's all get up, very still, and wrap the bed-clothes around us and creep down, and see."

"No," said Flossie, in another room; "don't let's. Mother wouldn't like it if she were to know."

"I'll go with you," said Robbie, who was Tommy's bed-fellow, and occupied the same room.



"MERRY TRISTMAS—SCAT!" EXCLAIMED POLLY.

The two little boys got up, very still, and wrapped the blankets around them.

"I'll tell mother," said Flossie, and so threatened each of the other girls who occupied the next room.

Tommy and Robbie crept down-stairs very still. They found the parlor door open, and the summer dining-room blazing with gas-light. They approached the door of the latter room, and were filled with amazement and delight as the tree came into view.

"Oh!" said Tommy.

"Oh!" said Robbie.

"A thousand strings of pop-corn! They wouldn't miss just one."

"No," said Robbie; "they wouldn't miss just *two*."

Tommy took just one.

Robbie was about to take another, when he shook the tree by the motion.

"Scat!"

Tommy dropped his string of pop-corn, and Robbie let go of his instantly.

"The tree said *scat*," said Tommy.

"Do trees speak?" said Robbie.

"Christmas trees do in the fairy books. Let us run."

"You must be awful bad, Tommy, to make a *tree* speak right out to you like that."

The two boys ran upstairs to their room.

Mrs. Osborne rose very early, and went at once to the parlor in order to complete the preparations for the evening merriment before the family should rise. She was astonished to find the parlor door unlocked and open, and the dining-room lighted. She hurried into the dining-room, to find that the servants had not done their work. What could it mean?

She went to work at once, but presently heard a low, deep voice say, "A merry Tristmas—scat!" She hurried out of the room through the parlors, and locked the parlor door.

"There must be some one concealed in the rooms," she

said to herself. "I will call a policeman." She sat down and waited for an officer to pass the window.

It was a true Christmas morning; the early light was rising in cloud-land; there were crystals on all the roofs; the trees were full of ice blossoms; the milkmen were abroad; smoke rose from a wilderness of chimneys, showing that the busy world was rising early this day.

She rang for the servants. There was no answer. What did it mean?

At last, after a long wait, she saw an officer coming down the street. She went to the door and asked him to come in. Just as he entered there came down the stairs, very timidly, solemn Margaret Solemn and little Sarah Pink.

"Have you found him?" asked Margaret.

"Who?" asked Mrs. Osborne.

"The haunt," said solemn Margaret. "Didn't you hear him shriek last night?"

"This is very mysterious," said Mrs. Osborne. "Did you hear a shriek, Sarah?" she continued.

"Yes, mistress, and 'twas just awful."

"Why did you not call me?"

"I was that scared I couldn't. I've been awake all night."

To add to all these terrors Flossie next appeared on the stairs. "Mamma! mamma! Tommy says he heard the tree *holler*."

"Very strange!" said Mrs. Osborne. "There is some mystery about the house. Will you go with me to the dining room?"—addressing the officer.

Just here appeared Grandfather Grey, followed by the rest of the children, the latter in their night-dresses.

Mrs. Osborne unlocked the door of the parlor, and the officer led the alarmed family toward the dining-room. He was followed by Mrs. Osborne and the servants, and they by Grandfather Grey and all the children.

The sun was rising in the steel-gray sky and glimmering in the windows. The rooms were very hot, the gas still burning. The policeman paused at the door. The whole procession stopped. Just then, in the crisis of excitement, the cloth on the tree shook.

"There!" said solemn Margaret.

In a moment or two the cloth dropped partly down the tree, and a beautiful green head was seen extended from the upper wires of a cage. It arched its neck, displaying two bright eyes that fell with delight on Grandfather Grey.

"Come in—come in. A merry Tristmas to ye all."

The policeman pulled away the cloth.

"Merry Tristmas—scat!" exclaimed Polly.

"You blessed bird!" said Grandfather Grey.

"Pretty Polly." Her wings trembled with delight, and Polly and the tree made a very pretty picture in the morning sun.



A CHRISTMAS VIGIL.—DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 122

THE CHRISTMAS VIGIL.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

ON Christmas Eve what mirth and love returning,
In grateful chorus, praise the golden year!

With many a gift and rosy taper burning,
With frost and flame, the happy Feast draws near,
And reindeer prance, if truth be told in fable,
And hawthorns blush, and cattle kneel in stable.

Light trip the hours of laughing jest and folly
As sport and mask their ancient honors share;
The posts are wreathed, the curtains laid with bolly,
And every singer pipes his merriest air.
Now the fires fade, the stars new brightness borrow:
Good-night, sweet guests, and slumber speed the morrow!

Pale shine the stars, while all the house is sleeping,
Faint gleams and shadows mingling on the wall,
Where the great clock, its lonely vigil keeping,
With solemn finger marks the round for all;
Nor sigh is heard, nor sound of night wind blowing,
Nor squeaking mouse, nor cock untimely crowing.

Hark! in the dusk a childish foot is stealing,
And drooping eyelids wear the watch away.
Till from the town the far-off bells peal
With rhythmic tongue proclaim the welcome day—
The joyful day that brought the wondrous Stranger,
When Christ was born and cradled in a manger.

Sleep now, sweet maid, and happy dreams shall hover,
As hope and youth in starry visions run,
Though half the elves that wakeful eyes discover
Faded at a breath or vanish with the sun.
The air grows chill, the morn will soon be breaking:
Go to—go sleep, and Heaven bless thy waking!

UNCLE PETER'S TRUST.*

BY GEORGE B. PERRY

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT was evident that the rebels were led by some one who was capable of handling them, and who did not lack for courage. The attack, which took place as soon as the day broke, showed that the task of beating them off would not be an easy one.

The narrow front over which the enemy must attack placed them at the mercy of the British. The position could not be turned, and was safe from assault in every direction save the front, which gave not an inch of cover to the enemy. The well-sheltered marksmen of the Sixth chose their aim with deliberation, and hundreds of the natives yielded up their lives to the foe whom they could not see. Still the enemy returned again and again, and the persistency of the attack was a great surprise to the men of the "Royal Warwick," who had been accustomed to drive the natives like sheep before them.

Captain Vidal guessed the reason. He said to Joe, who had sought his side for a few moments:

"Tantia would have shown us his heels long before this, my dear boy. The Rancee of Jhansi is here, depend upon it. What a woman! She has a well-grounded grievance against your countrymen, Joe. She is fighting for her home against alien enemies, and for the revenge which is almost her right. But for her brutal murder of the women and children one could respect her. If the other leaders had been of her quality the mutiny would have required all the power of England to suppress. Raise me a little, dear lad."

The wounded trooper looked through the folds of the

canvas covering out over the field. The enemy were moving for another attack. An occasional bullet from the British position sought out their ranks, but generally there was a noticeable silence on all sides. The "Warwick's" knew the value of their fire too well to waste it in difficult and distant experiments.

A young man, apparently in the uniform of a mutinous Bengal cavalry regiment, led the native army on. Vidal and Joe gazed upon him with looks almost of admiration.

"He is a brave fellow," said Joe, as the young leader dashed on ahead of the advancing columns of the enemy. "I shall hate to see him go down."

"There she is!" shouted the now excited Captain. "What I would give to be at the head of my old troops now! She must take her chances, Joe. But I'd give ten thousand rupees to capture her, saving her life while putting it out of her power to do further mischief."

"Who?" said Joe, astonished at the Captain's vehemence.

"The Rancee—the young man—woman, I mean." The excitement had been too much for him, and he sank back exhausted. Hastily calling the Surgeon to the Captain, Joe sadly turned to his duties.

Brave as the Rancee's followers were, they were yet overmatched by the position, the rifles, and the cool bravery of their opponents. That high-spirited woman rode in advance of her troops, who, though pressing eagerly, moved yet too tardily for her passionate desire for revenge. Her face was plainly visible to her English enemies, and the rough fellows passed from lip to lip the word of praise they could give to a brave enemy.

She halted, facing her foes, till the line of her advancing troops had reached the spot she had thus designated. Then she waved her sword, and the muskets of the troops came to the shoulder, the preliminary volley to a charge. At the same instant Frank Morrill's bugle rang out its clear notes of command.

The enemy's volley spent itself against the rocky cliff behind the British position. When the smoke had cleared away, the advance of the enemy was seen to be hopelessly broken. A few had leaped in advance of the line, but only to fall dead or dying before well-directed shots from the veteran Sixth.

The casualties among the British were very few. Their late prisoners were elated at the easy victories, and felt even yet more devoted to the "invincible sahibs." But the strain upon them was beginning to tell. The enemy outnumbered them enormously. Another day of such fighting would exhaust the company's ammunition. Spite of their repeated repulses, it soon became evident that the attack was to be renewed.

"These fellows seem anxious to taste some more of the food we gave them this morning," said the invalid Goliath to his friend Joe, pointing to the masses of the enemy, who were again preparing for the attack.

"I think there's enough left to furnish a good meal for them yet," said Joe, quietly. "It will only be necessary to see that the provisions are economically distributed."

"Lucky for us if there aren't more mouths than meat," grumbled Anak. "We are likely to fill some so well that the others may lose their appetites before they come to the table."

"I hope so," said Joe, seriously, who had been intently watching their movements through a glass, the property of poor Captain Challoner, who had been buried the evening before. "It looks as though they were going to attack us with all their force, trusting to the sheer weight of numbers to overcome the effects of our fire. If one-fifth of that crowd comes within arm's-length it will be all over with us."

* Begun in No. 457 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Pandy doesn't like that sort of self-sacrificing fighting," said Anak, quietly. "But they are certainly going to give us more trouble than ever. I wish I was as sure of going to heaven as I am that this will be no better for them than the last attack."

"Look at that cloud rising behind them," said Joe, turning his glass over to his companion. "If that were to follow and cover them so as to hide them from us till they got too near, we should be past all help. I wish we had Peel's battery here, with young Tom Adair and fifty of the *Shannon's* men."

"Better call all your friends at the same time," said the giant. "Why not wish for Jimmy Donovan and the 'Seven-and-sixpennies,' or hurry up your would-be father, the Colonel?"

"Nothing could be better," said Joe, laughing in spite of his fears. "I should very much like to see Colonel Benton now."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT that moment several flashes of light penetrated the heavy bank of mist behind the masses of the enemy.

"Lightning?" asked Joe.

"Lightning!" shrieked the invalid giant; "I should say it was, and thunder too. Hark!" The deep boom of artillery was plainly to be heard.

"Why don't they move?" said Joe, now as excited as Goliath. "What is it, Mr. McDougall?"

But the giant had disappeared. He was scrambling up the scarred face of the cliff above them.

Much perplexed, Joe watched the enemy, who gave no sign of advancing to the attack. Frank Morrill, bugle in hand, was at his side. There was marked confusion in the ranks of the Sepoys, which was visibly increased as the flashes of light and the booming of cannon again came through the low line of mist.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

The cheer came from half-way up the cliff. Goliath Anak was frantically waving his own helmet, the long pugaree flashing like a white flag of truce.

"What is it?" shouted Joe.

"What is it!" repeated the excited giant—"what isn't it? It's helter-skelter, running for dear life! The Pandies are scampering as fast as their legs can carry them. There's a battery in their rear, there's cavalry coming. Hurrah! There's—"

But the excited Anak could say no more; his breath had given out.

Instantly comprehending the situation, the bugler called the command to their feet. There was little delay before the detachment, delighted at the prospect, were in line. An attendant had hurried up with Vidal's black horse, and the face of that officer was seen peering from the wagon. Another blast of the bugle, and then with levelled bayonets the remnant of the "Royal Warwicks," with their gallant allies the late prisoners, dashed on to the demoralized enemy.

Caught between two bodies of the British, the enemy flung away everything that could impede their flight. The Rancee was literally borne away by a faithful few that surrounded her.

Some desperate fanatics, rallying round the dead body of their leader the fakir, alone essayed to stem the tide of bayonets, fighting desperately around their dead chief, and so they fell fighting, disdaining to ask for quarter from the enemies of their race and religion.

Still the mist hid the relieving force, if they could be so called, from the few of the "Royal Warwicks."

Dense masses of fugitives, too frightened to do harm, almost broke the thin line of the Sixth by sheer force of numbers, or fell grovelling at the feet of the soldiers, begging for, yet scarcely expecting, quarter.

Behind them the terrors of the cloud of mist: before

them the bayonets of their invincible enemies—what could be expected from mortal men but such fear?

And now high above the low line of mist, as if riding on its clouds, the delighted "Warwicks" saw the unconquerable flag of their country waving above glittering lines of steel.

It was hailed with deafening cheers. As if by one impulse, the long line halted. It was hard to tell which were the most surprised. It was easy to tell who were the most pleased.

Another and yet another cheer greeted the victors. The bugles had called a halt—purely unnecessary, for none had moved. An officer dashed forward for the rear of the line, which opened to admit him, and he rode over the intervening space between the two bodies of British troops through crowds of white-faced rebels, none daring to molest him.

Joe rode forward to meet the new-comer. The young officer reined up his horse in astonishment at the sight of Joe's nondescript army. Each man of the Sixth stood in line side by side with the late prisoners, the mingling of British uniforms and native dresses being very striking.

"Who commands here? What are you? Where do you come from?" the aide-de-camp hurriedly inquired.

"I command here, sir," replied Joe, respectfully.

"Where are your officers?"

"Dead or severely wounded."

"What regiment?"

"Sixth, sir." Joe had recognized the officer, and purposely modulated his voice. "No. 2 Company, in charge of sick, wounded, and prisoners, on their way to Jhansi."

"Where are your prisoners?"

The lad pointed to the ranks and laughed. "They captured us, sir, by their willingness to help us. I armed them, and they have rendered us noble service."

"I ought to know you," said the officer. "I was with your regiment for a long time."

"I knew you in a moment," said Joe; "and though I never made part of the voyage out in the coal-bunkers of the *Tanjore*, I dare say I'm almost as black as you were, Jimmy." The happy young Sergeant could not restrain his laughter.

"Why, Joe, Joe! my dear old fellow!"

The two friends exchanged a cordial greeting.

"Come with me, Joe, and tell me all as we go back. This is a surprise, to be sure; and there are more for you yet. Don't forget the respect due to your superior officer, either," he added, with a peal of joyous laughter. "It's against the Articles of War for a Sergeant to call his superior 'Jimmy.' My dear Joe, I'm as happy as old Barnard will be."

"Ay," said Joe, with a keen recollection of the kind school-master; "how the dear old fellow would be delighted to see his boys!"

"I believe you, my b-o-o-y!" said Jimmy Donovan. "Half the school is here anyway—Tom Adair, Billy Neville, Champion, Chamberlayne, and several others you didn't know. The boys of Barnard's school are well represented."

An exclamation of surprise on Joe's part was checked by his companion. Jimmy had again become Lieutenant and Aide-de-camp Donovan, and had too much regard for military discipline to be familiar with a Sergeant.

He made his way to the group of officers who had been waiting for his appearance, and his friend the Sergeant rode behind him, as befitted his inferior rank.

The information gained by the aide was soon imparted to Brigadier-General Benton. The latter nodded his acceptance of the report, and then said, "Come here, Sergeant."

The last time Joe had heard the voice addressed to him had been when they parted at Plymouth.

A flood of recollections pressed upon him—his old home in Sennen, the life with Uncle Peter (dear old Uncle Peter!), the Colonel, the death of the old coxswain—

"Come here, Sergeant!"

The tone grew peremptory. But the non-commissioned officer seemed dazed.

One of the staff-officers repeated the order; and then Joe, realizing for a moment his position, dismounted from his horse and approached, mechanically giving the salute to his superior officer, as in a dream.

"What is your name?"

"Stetson, sir; Sergeant No. 2 Company, Sixth—Joe! Colonel, Joe!"

He put his hand to his forehead, reeled, and would have fallen. His helmet fell off his head and rolled at the General's feet.

As his face became distinctly visible, the General was no less agitated. He sprang forward to catch the Sergeant as he fell, but his action was anticipated by two men in civilian dress, one of whom caught the fainting lad in his arms and gently suffered him to recline on the ground, with the curly head of the young soldier resting on his breast.

"Is he wounded?" asked Benton, anxiously.

A Surgeon approached the lad and examined him. A ball had struck Joe in the thigh, inflicting a wound which, though not dangerous, had caused a loss of blood.

But he soon recovered consciousness, opening his eyes to see those of old Prideaux looking into his own, to feel the grasp of Captain Barnard's hand, and to hear the approving voice of Colonel now General Benton.

A strange group they made. On Prideaux's cheeks the tears of pride and joy were streaming down; Barnard was scarcely less affected; and Benton—well, the General had appearances to maintain.

"I thought you were dead—drowned," gasped Joe, as he returned the old officer's embraces. "I—I would not have left you—if it had not been so."

"I know it, dear lad; but it's all right. I am very happy. Here is Barnard."

But there was no need to say that, for Barnard was at his side, and Tom Adair was there also.

General Benton came to the rescue.

"He belongs to me now, Prideaux," said he, with a smile. And then, turning to the astonished staff, he said: "Gentlemen, the young fellow is a very dear friend of these gentlemen and of myself. Come with me, Sergeant."

The feelings in the General's mind were hard to analyze. He was almost as much delighted to find the boy as Prideaux had been, but he could not help feeling a little sore that Joe had disappointed him in not accepting his offer. On the other hand, Joe, conscious of his breach of faith with him, was equally at a loss to speak.

The presence of Lieutenant Prideaux and his old school-master set him somewhat at his ease, and at last he spoke, expressing his sorrow at not being able to take advantage of the Colonel's kindness, and begging that he would not think he had been ungrateful.

The Colonel—the title is more familiar than the one Benton had won in India—soon forgot, in the presence of the lad, all chagrin as to his conduct. "I owe you too much," he said, "to allow my own disappointment to drown my sense of obligation to you. Tell me what you have been doing, how you came here; and let me tell you first that Mrs. Benton is in Calcutta with Gertrude, of course. We have often wondered what had become of you, for since we parted at Plymouth we had not heard. We concluded that Mr. Prideaux had had his way, and that you long ago had shipped as a middy, and had forgotten us."

"I never forgot you, sir."

"Tell me, then, Joe, why you acted as you have done."

"Well, sir, when Mr. Prideaux was reported drowned"—the hand of the old coast-guardsmen was in his own as he spoke—"I determined to make my own way in the world."

"In spite of the fact that I offered to help him," said Barnard.

"Never lived a lad with better friends than I," said the boy, gratefully; and then he hesitated, but the Lieutenant helped him out.

"Mrs. Pengelly told me all, Joe."

"Did she? I would not if she hadn't, for she was very good to me after—I determined to make my own way in the world."

"And you have done it, Sergeant." The slight emphasis on the title indicated the Colonel's disappointment. "You know the terms were that in the event of Mr. Prideaux's death you belonged to me."

"I belonged to myself, sir," said Joe, respectfully. "Will you let me tell you how I reached my decision?"

"Go on, my lad," said Benton, kindly. He had bravely swallowed the little irritation he had felt, and was better pleased than Joe could have thought at the spirited remark that he "belonged to himself."

Thus encouraged, Joe unburdened his heart with boyish frankness to the Colonel and his friends. Perhaps Benton was restrained a little by the knowledge that the boy's new-found friends were stalwart champions, with whom it would be hard to wrestle. But he managed to fire a shot at him anyway.

"Why did you not write to me?"

"I did, sir; also to Mrs. Benton. Captain Barnard wrote yet another letter on my account."

"None of the three reached me. We left Gibraltar soon after you, and letters are not delivered in Central India with the regularity of the London street service."

"I don't mind saying," said Barnard, with a twinkle in his eye, "that I don't think the Central Indian postal department, if there is one, is responsible for the non-delivery of that letter. I found it, just before we started, in an old coat which I gave away. It had never been posted."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





GHOSTS FROM A CHRISTMAS PIE.



SOME CHRISTMAS IMMIGRANTS—FOREIGN DOLLS JUST ARRIVED.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

CAPTAIN POLLY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD.

This new serial story will begin in our next number, in which "Uncle Peter's Trust" will be concluded.

Miss SOPHIE SWETT is by no means a new name to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Her short stories have for years been among the best that have appeared in its pages, and now she will delight her old friends and win thousands of new ones by her bright and sympathetic story of "Captain Polly."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MELT VESKON, LUTON, ENGLAND, 1888.

Papa has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us ever since the first issue, and we had all the numbers until the cyclone here, February 10, 1888, when we lost our house, furniture, and other buildings, also orchard and fences, haystack, fodder in the field. There were five of us, and only mamma got hurt badly. The wall of the house fell and hurt her hip and spine, but she has improved wonderfully and can do most of the house-work. We lost many papers and books in the storm. We had saved our HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and HARPER'S WEEKLY (Papa had eleven years of HARPER'S WEEKLY, but lost nearly all). *Yonks' Companion*, *Century*, and many others. They are gone reading on rainy days. We live on a farm in the suburbs of the city, and were the first to suffer by the storm, and now we are fixed up again so we can live, and while we are in debt and money not plenty, we don't feel that we can do without HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am sixteen years old, and my brother John thirteen, and sister May is five, so papa will take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for years to come for my sister if we live and are able. We go to school, but have no poor school-house, which used to be a hotel, but was repaired and rented for school, as our school-house was destroyed and is not rebuilt. Oh, the storm was terrible! I hope none of the readers of the Young People will have suffered from one as we did. I could give you a description, but it would be too long. Success to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and all its readers!

ALVIN B.

POSTSCRIPT BY ALVIN'S PAPA.—HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Volume X. Well, time passes and the boys grow—will soon be young men—yet we are interested in YOUNG PEOPLE. I am over forty years old and yet like to read the paper when I have leisure. I generally take from eight to ten different periodicals, and read them too. But I want to endorse all my boy has written, and hope it will find room to print it in the Post-Office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

L. N. B.

DENVER, COLORADO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am little over a Denver now, but my folks live in Manitou Springs, eighty miles west from this city. My mother and sisters (two, ten and twelve years old) live in Manitou Springs. I am stopping with my father, but am going down to Manitou at Christmas. My mother, sisters, and I have lived at Manitou

Spring for nearly nine years. In 1883 we began to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but in April last year we stopped taking it until last winter, when we subscribed for it for six months. We began taking it again the first part of this month. We cannot do without it very long. I have no friends in Denver, so when I haven't anything to do it is pretty lonely. I am going to take flowers and silver-plate them for Christmas presents for my friends. After I have plated enough I am going to take them to a jeweller, and have him put pins on them. If any of your readers want to learn to plate flowers, etc., they can buy books on electro-plating, which will explain the process fully and simply.

J. DuB.

SERVAL, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I read last week, in a letter from Anna E. F., that every reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is indebted to you for a letter, so I thought I would write to you. I am ten years old, born in Louisiana, my parents are French, and have been living in New Mexico. We speak French at home, English with other people, and Spanish with the natives. Mamma will have us taught German too. She speaks the languages fluently, and wants us children to speak them too. My pet is my beautiful little sister, sixteen months old; her name is Essie; she understands French and English quite well. A friend of ours, who left for California last year, made me a present of a great pile of old HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, with beautiful stories. I enjoyed "Toby Trier," "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," and "The Talking Leaves," and many others so much, that I resolved to take the paper for the balance of my life. Mamma reads it too, also my big sister Marcelle, fourteen years old, and my brother Maurice, eight years old, and we discuss the stories together. The only pleasure we have out-doors is going on horseback. We have three horses. This place we live in temporarily is very dull; we are the only white people, but it is healthy here. Nothing grows but amole, which is a root dug by the Mexicans. They crush it with mallets, let it dissolve in water till it foams, then use it to wash woolen goods with; it softens the fabric, which soap would harden. The soil is very hard, of alkali. It seldom rains. People are obliged to irrigate from ditches called "acequias," which bring water from the Rio Grande. We get our fruits and vegetables mostly from Mexico, though the Chinese are planting some in Albuquerque and Socorro. The only vicious fruit growing here without trouble are grapes, which we can buy in season as low as one cent a pound. The apples and peaches are dry and mealy for lack of water. Berries are unknown, except in cans.

VIOLETTE L. S.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

We have been having examination at school yesterday and to-day. I go to dancing-school every Thursday night after school. After Christmas I may write to you and tell you what I got. At school I study reading, grammar, arithmetic, geography, physiology, drawing, and writing. I have two pets, a large yellow blood-hound, called Grover, and a bird called Dick. Papa has promised me a horse and a saddle next summer.

GRACE R.

WINDSOR, CONNECTICUT.

I know that it is not right to correct our elders, but I should like to correct what you say in No. 473, about modern cats. He says, "not one in a thousand modern cats can be persuaded to accompany her master across the street." We have a Maltese kitten eight months old that has followed me across the street and quite a distance on the steam-railroad to a walnut-tree,

though I never knew her to get anything to eat in any other place. My grandmother has a cat that follows her so closely that it is a bother to him. When I have a mouse for our kitty I call her and say "Mouse," and she will come running up and always expects me to give her one; or if I have some meat, I tell her that it is something good, and she understands me almost as well. I think she is pretty smart; don't you? We have two other smaller kittens and their mother, that live at the barns, but they are afraid of us boys. The lady who lives just below us has a tabby cat that comes out of the house every day to meet her mistress when she gets off the car from the city.

H. R. B.

Many years ago a large gray cat belonging to one of my family gravely followed her mistress to market, and to the neighbors' houses every day, and read it been permitted would have accompanied her to church, and probably have slept comfortably through the sermon.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am nine years old. I thought I would write a little letter. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since last spring. I like it very much. The way I wanted to get it was I brought the most scholars to Sunday-school, and they gave me a year's subscription as a reward. I have three birds and three cats, but I think I like the cats best. I had two dogs; one died and the other ran away. I go to school every day, and like it very much.

JOSEF G.

I think a year's subscription to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a very acceptable reward for bringing new scholars to Sunday-school.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in our family ever since it has been published, but I have never written to you before. I thought you might like to hear about our summer at Block Island. It is an island out in the ocean, about fifteen miles south of Providence. It is a very peculiar island, being composed mostly of hills and dales and a very few trees. We stay at South Cliffs. The house we were in was on a cliff, one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the ocean. The natives are very peculiar people. We went to call on a woman, who showed us fifteen patchwork quilts she had made. The light-house is very handsome. Ships at a great distance can see the light; it burns two quarts of oil every hour. There is a legend connected with this island which you may have heard. In olden times the inhabitants used to be very warlike. One night they ran a vessel ashore by false lights, and then killed all the people on board and plundered the boat. After they had taken everything, they set fire to the boat, and now, the legend says, that sometimes at night, during a storm, the burning vessel may be seen plunging about in the water to remind the boat of their wicked deed. The name of the boat was the *Palatine*, and the graves of the people who were killed may be seen at the present day. Some of the islanders say they have seen the vessel appear at night, and that it is a sign of storm and destruction.

AGNES H. MCA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I live in a little place called Falmouth in the summer and Boston in the winter. I have five sisters, all older than myself. We went abroad this summer in the *Cephalonia*. The voyage was a very pleasant one, excepting the last part, which was rather rough. I saw a very large whale; it came within sixty feet of the ship. We went to London first. I

think it is a very large city indeed. We then went to Paris. After being there a month we went to Rome, and from there to Denmark. The cows in Denmark look very queer, because some of them are blanketed. It is a beautiful country, and the weather. We went to Moscow, and saw the bell of Moscow: it is very large indeed. The trip home was very pleasant. ROSAMOND S.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I thought I would write you a few lines to tell you how much I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and especially your stories to young correspondents. I am now sixteen years old, and live in the country all the year round. My sister has a horse, a very pretty little thing, but she says I can't ride, and won't lend it to me. Do you think she is selfish? Our home is very beautiful, and I do not mind staying in the country all winter, but I wish I had more children to play with. I have a brother, but he goes in to Baltimore every day to school, with my father, so I have to spend most all my time reading to keep from being lonesome. We are lots of cats, but I don't care for any. I hope you will put this letter in your charming magazine, and that it is not too long. I must stop now. Good-by. S. L. A.

You are very good to like my answers to correspondents.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I have been trying the Christmas presents, and I came out in the last HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we have succeeded very nicely. We are two little girls, both ten years old. For pets, we have five canaries, a parrot, two terriers, and St. Bernard.

MARGARET and MARION.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I have taken your paper in our family ever since it was first published, and we all enjoy it very much. I am a little under five years old, and have been reading it to stay a year or two. I have three sisters and two brothers. We are all in school, and my youngest brother goes to Kindergarten. The school-rooms are not as nicely furnished as they are at home. The boys and girls do not sit in the same rooms at school. There is a large park here, called the Grosse-Garten, in which there are three hundred acres. In the year 1813 a battle was fought in it, during which most of its beautiful statuary was destroyed. My brother is going to take trip through Saxony-Switzerland during the Michaelmas vacation. The boys and women do a great deal of work that horses do at home. The dogs are hitched to carts, and the women are preoccupied with the children. Together, they pull large and heavily loaded carts. There are many things of interest to me that I would like to tell you about, but I am afraid they would make my letter too long. I would like very much to see my letter in print. WALTER J. (aged 8 years).

ITHACA, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I am a little boy only eight years old. I live with my grandma in the beautiful little city of Ithaca, and go to school. Ithaca is situated at the head of Cayuga Lake. It is very hilly here. There are many creeks running through the town to the lake, with beautiful waterfalls, some right in the city. On the north side of the city there is a gorge called Fall Creek Gorge, with four lovely falls, within the city limits. Cornell University Campus is bounded on the north by Fall Creek and on the south by Cascadilla, both very wild ravines. I have two brothers and a dog for playmates. My brother's names are Conrad and Charles, and my dog's name is Kelso. I am telling auntie you to write, because I cannot write with ink. I have made a puzzle, which I would like you to print. I made it myself, last night. You will like it. JOHN HAMILTON B.

Thank you, John.

NEWTON JUNCTION, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have a brother twenty and a sister sixteen. My brother Parker had your paper six years. Last year he went to Heaven. He would be eighteen now. Papa told me for now, and I enjoy it very much. I used to like Howard Pyle's stories best, but I like them all now. I love to read, and I like to think when out of school, I study arithmetic, geography, reading, spelling, and writing. I take lessons on the piano. For pets I have a dog, cat, and bird. I have only one little roommate. I have a great many dolls and playthings. EMMA H.

ROBINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

I have often thought of writing to you, but have never managed to get it done till now. I have taken this delight in your paper, and I do enjoy it very much. There is always a rush for it when it comes, but I being the youngest and

not very strong am privileged to read it first. I am not going to school just now, because I am not very well. I am so sorry to miss it, as I like it very much. I am eleven years old, and have a brother and sister both older than myself. I am very fond of reading, and have read nearly all of Dickens's works, and like them better than any other books. I have no pets, though I am very fond of animals. Now I must stop. JENNIE H. I.

What a beautiful hand this little Edinburgh lassie writes!

MY DOGGIE.

I have a little doggie,
His back is smooth and white;
He has a ribbon round his neck,
And wears it day and night.

He has a little basket
All lined with Turkey red.
He often takes a little nap
Before he goes to bed.

He stands upon his hind legs,
With sugar on his nose;
When I say "Now!" he snaps it up—
What else did you suppose?

He has a bath on Mondays;
Cook puts him in a tub,
And then with soap and flannel
Begins to rub, rub, rub.

When I give him a penny,
He goes to buy a bun,
He lays it down and barks quite loud
Until the people come.

Now isn't he a clever dog?
And just as good as gold.
I think now I must stop and rest,
Because my story's done.

IRIE MILLENT NEWTON-SEARS (7 years old).

KESWICK, WISCONSIN.

I am a little boy eight years old. I wrote you a letter once before, and it wasn't printed, and I thought you didn't get it, and so I am writing again in hopes that this one will be printed. I have been off on a trip this summer with my mamma, and had a lovely time. We came back home in the fall. I did love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and my cousin and I have taken it most a year.

CHESTER B.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I live in Baltimore. The Park was lovely here last month. All the different shades of green, yellow, and red were seen, and to-day there are little brown men dancing to the music of the wind, as my brother says. Since I last wrote to you I have a little sister, who at this present moment is screaming.

VIRGINIA E. R.

I hope the little sister does not indulge in that amusement very often.

IPSWICH, SUFFOLK, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I am a little girl of twelve years. I go to a High School. We have six hundred. The head mistress is very nice indeed. She let a conjurer come a little while ago to show us some tricks; he did such clever ones. There are two hundred and sixty girls in our school. May we send puzzles when they like? I should like to send some if we may. I had a pet dog named Fritz, but he was stolen. We did love each other so. We used to have such a great many games together before I came to school. My friend is writing also. We both would like our letters printed very much. With love, I am

ETHEL S.

I particularly want a great many puzzles. So you and all the other clever little readers are invited to send them in.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 33d.

(Ruth's Choice.—Ruth, i, 16-22.)

On the wall in Cousin Dorothy's room, just over the mantel, hangs a picture worked many years ago by a lady who is now aged. The silks are faded, the style of the stitches is old-fashioned, and the heavy frame is tarnished, but Cousin Dorothy never looks at the piece of work without thinking how patiently the girlish artist wrought on Ruth and Boaz sixty years ago. Once when Cousin Dorothy was ill, she grew so tired of seeing Ruth and Boaz standing in the corn-field that she begged to have the picture taken away, but when she recovered, the old favorite came to its place again.

It is a pretty story, this of Ruth and Naomi. Poor Naomi had come from the land of Israel to dwell in the land of Moab. In Moab her husband died, and her two strong young sons, and she who had "gone out full" was returning "empty"

to her native land. A widow, and childless! What could be more desolate? The two sons had been married, and their wives, Orpah and Ruth, according to a custom which still prevails in the East, had lived with their mother-in-law. Now they started to accompany her back to Israel's country, but she told them that she was too poor and too lonely to be of much use to them, and advised them to stay among their own people.

"Then," the sacred writer says, "Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her." "Entreat me not to leave thee," said Ruth, "nor to return to accompany her back to Israel's country, for thou knowest I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

"Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I forget but death part thee and me."

So they two went into their own country to Bethlehem. Bethlehem means house of bread. There had been a famine in Moab, and Naomi had been hard put to it to get enough to eat, but when she and Ruth reached Bethlehem all the city came out to meet her, and they said, her old friends and kindred, "Is this Naomi?" And you may be sure that the two weary pilgrims were fed that night.

Ruth's choice meant more than you see on the surface; it meant that she renounced forever the idol worship of her native land, and determined to serve the true God. More depended on Ruth's choice than she dreamed of, for this woman of Moab married a Hebrew named Boaz, and became the mother of David who had a son named Jesse. And Jesse was the father of that splendid young shepherd boy who first killed a lion and a bear when they attacked his flocks, and then caught a pitcher's battle with the old giant Goliath of Gath, whose "spear was like a weaver's beam."

What was his name, boys? David, to be sure. And of David's line long afterward, in that very town of Bethlehem, was born the Saviour of the world. Ruth, in becoming one of God's people, became an ancestress of the Messiah, and through her it came to pass that both Jew and Gentile may claim a share in His humanity.

Bethlehem—house of bread. Do you remember how Jesus said, "I am the bread of life. He that cometh to me shall never hunger."

Just now, dear children, our hearts are full of the Christmas joy. We are lingering at the manger. We are watching again for the star. We are listening to hear the angels sing. Let us make Ruth's choice, and forsaking all others, worship only the true God. So shall we be happy and blessed.

COTISIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.

DOUBLE SQUARE WORD.

My whole is a friend we like to have about at Christmas-time.

Definitions.

Left—Half of the Christmas friend's name. Not low. Exalted. A handsome flower. Ex-jail.

Right—Other half of the name. Flimsy. A consecrated vessel. To appropriate. A fairy.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In Emma, not in Julia.
In skate, not in ice.
In white, not in gale.
In blue, not in rain.
In black, not in knife.
In rabbit, not in hare.
In green and in glade.
In fat, not in cat.
In aunt, not in uncle.
My whole is an English King.
JOHN HAMILTON BLAIR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 473.

No. 1 Long Kinkikink.

No. 2 Thanksgiving.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Dina Wolheim, H. M. Rochester, Alice Neal, Maria Elspeth, Della Hill, Rosalie Jones, Herbert H. Hazelet, Eugene Fox, Anna Meredith, C. R. Salome Blair, Mamie Billings, G. L. Archie, and Joseph King.



BOUND TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.

WILLIE. "I DON'T BELIEVE THESE STORIES ABOUT SANTA CLAUS. DO YOU, FRED?"

FRED. "No, I don't, either; BUT— 'SH! DON'T LET'S TALK SO LOUD. HE MIGHT HEAR US AND THEN HE WOULDN'T GIVE US ANYTHING."

THE POSTMAN KNOWS.

CHRISTMAS is coming soon again;
The days go by on wings,
I want a doll, a real fur muff,
And lots of other things.

I'll write a note to Santa Claus—
He'll be surprised, I guess.
But when is he at home, mamma,
And what is his address?

I'll tell you what I'll do, mamma:
I'll stand upon my toes,
And drop the letter in the box—
I'm sure the postman knows.

F. H. S.

THE COMING HOLIDAYS.

OF what are the turkeys thinking
Out yonder in the yard,
With their red eyes sadly blinking?
Do they think their fate is hard?
Are they on life reflecting,
And to hear their final call
Each moment now expecting?
No! turkeys don't think at all.

F. S. M.

A TREACHEROUS FRIEND.

WHO told 'oo 'at I pulled 'oor fings
Out of 'ee dwawer to-day,
An' played wiv all 'oo pity sings?
Who told 'oo, mamma—ch?"

"A little bird that chanced to see
Came down and told me." "Well,
I knowed 'ee bird was watching me,
But I didn't fink he'd tell." J. K. B.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

SANTA CLAUS. "HELLO! THAT YOUNGSTER ISN'T OLD ENOUGH TO TELL TALES, BUT IF HE TELLS BEFORE I CAN GET OUT, I'M LOST."

HARPER'S

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WITH SUPPLEMENT.

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Polly and Syde Skinned

CAPTAIN POLLY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER I.

"IT'S frettin' the hairt out iv him for the ould country he is, and oursives mournin' that iver we brought him over. Sure he says praties hasn't the same taste at all, and even the quirks in the little pigs' tails isn't so cuticin'."

They all—Roy and Syd and Polly and Bess—looked with intense pity at the old Irishman who sat on the doorstep in the sunshine, with his head drooping upon his

breast. Mrs. O'Connor, who was Nora Henessy, their nurse, before she married "the widdy" Mike O'Connor, followed them to the gate.

"It's consumed he is, we're thinkin'," she whispered; "but the Docthor says lave him breathe the air iv ould Ireland agin, and he's a new crathur. And the brother over there is after writin' for him, and would niver be-grudge him the bit and the sup, but anny iv us hasn't the passage-money, bein' that misforechinit wid losin' the foine pig, and the rint comin' on, and Denny's croup, and the shmall little grane boogs in the praties."

Carrots, the donkey, started up. Carrots had views of his own, and never would wait for the whole of Nora's grievances, which were always poured out at the gate.

Fortunately all the children were in the cart (which did not always happen when Carrots saw fit to go). Bess and Syd each held a rein—a compromise effected after a slight misunderstanding as to whose turn it was to drive—Roy standing, and Polly dangling out behind.

"It's awful to be homesick," said Syd, v. with vivid recollection of the time when he was first sent away to school. "It takes down the stoutest fellow. And when he's old and ill, like that, you know—"

Roy was deeply sympathetic: the line that cut his forehead came out in bold relief.

"I can't give anything," said Syd, in quick alarm. Roy was always getting up subscriptions, but he headed them himself with all that he could spare, and often more.)

"I'm the savingest fellow that ever was, but I can't get round from one quarter to another. I owe Bilkins for his row-boat, and Prosser for ice-cream and snapping bonbons—catch me go to a picnic with girls again!—and I haven't paid for those red lights or my boat flag, and I have to row with the meanest pair of oars, only fit for girls; any other fellow would have had a new pair long ago, and it does seem as if 'twas always when a fellow's hardest up you come round—"

"We might have a fair," interrupted Bess.

"Father said the last one was demoralizing, when you didn't give back change, and went around coaxing strangers to buy, and the Lawton girls wanted to manage, and the Brewsters were angry because they were not asked to take a table, and people gambled for the things," said Roy. (Roy's morals were of the wholly uncompromising kind.)

"It was most disgraceful," said Polly; "and worse refreshments I never ate. Old Mr. Mulberry had a stroke of apoplexy, and they had to get the caramels at the bake-shop; and the bake-shop caramels taste like kerosene. I told them how to make them right, but they don't improve."

"There isn't a shop at Green Harbor where one can buy candy that is fit to eat," said Syd, gloomily.

"But we can make such nice candy ourselves," said Bess. "And now Aunt Katherine has sent us those recipes that she has tried, what can't we make? And Diantha says we may have the kitchen all to-morrow forenoon."

Patsy O'Connor and his troubles were slipping out of their minds—all but Roy's: the line in his forehead was still deep.

"There's a great market for good candy in this town, especially while the summer visitors are here," he said. "And if this family has a genius for anything, it is for making candy. I wonder if we couldn't earn some money by it."

"Make candy to sell?" cried Bess.

"Enough money to send Patsy O'Connor home," said Roy.

"Oh, Roy, do you think we could? And what fun it would be!" Bess dropped her rein and stood up in her enthusiasm, although the cart was going bumpy-bump down Pigeon Hill. "You and I could buy the sugar and things with the money that we were going to put into the bank for Christmas; but where could we make the candy, and where could we sell it? Diantha is cross about the kitchen, and we do make things sticky."

"There is the old summer kitchen that is never used now; we might hire a cooking-stove, and have it set up there," said Roy. (Some planning had evidently been going on behind Roy's deep wrinkle.) "Father and mother told Kate to let us do anything reasonable to have a good time while they were gone, and I'm sure Kate will think anything is reasonable that will do good to the poor. I don't know where we should sell the candy."

"Polly might take it in a basket along the beach at bathing and driving times," said Syd, who was inclined to be a wet blanket.

"I really believe Polly would; but oh! what would Del say?" said Bess.

Del was their almost sixteen-year-old sister, who had returned from a fashionable school in Boston with bewilderingly elevated social ambitions, and a constant terror of being disgraced by "the children." You wouldn't have believed that only a year ago Del would dig clams and ride Rory, the old calico horse, bareback!

Kate, who was eighteen, and had been at the same fashionable school, was as different as possible from Del. She never seemed to be thinking of what people would say; she made all the family desserts, and dusted the parlors with a pretty blue cap on, and she had a knack with her needle: few rents were so hopeless but that Kate could darn them so they would scarcely show; and if any one had a trouble, from the toothache to the heartache, Kate was the one to go to for consolation. But she didn't like quarrels or differences of opinion; she thought every one ought to give in. That was the only unsatisfactory thing about Kate.

"Of course that wouldn't do," said Roy, seriously. Roy was very serious-minded; it was considered a family necessity to cry "Joke! joke!" when anything of the kind was attempted in his presence.

"There's the *High-Flyer*," suggested Polly; "she's in a good location." The *High-Flyer* was an old yacht that had gone ashore on Darning-needle Ledge, and been tossed up on to the beach at Birch Point.

"She's all going to pieces, isn't she?" said Bess.

"She has gone all she is going to, and that isn't so very badly," said Roy. "Captain McAllister said she wasn't worth repairing, because she was so old. I believe Polly's idea isn't bad. We could patch the old yacht up a little—the Captain would let us do anything we liked with her—and turn her around stern foremost—the cabin is all tight—and build some steps to go up, and put up a gay awning to look pretty. Nobody drives or walks or bathes without passing that yacht."

"It's the very thing!" said Polly, with decision. "I shall ask forty cents a pound for my nut caramels, and fifty for walnut cream. Drive round through the village, Syd; I want to buy a nut-cracker."

Carrots seemed to realize that something was in the wind. He refrained from backing into old Granny Straw's cabbage patch, and from making hostile demonstrations against the town pump, as was his custom; he even forsook his deliberate amble, and went kicking and cavorting along, making as much fuss as a small but frantic steam-engine, until he stopped before the principal grocery of Green Harbor with a suddenness which spilled Polly out. (Polly, however, according to the testimony of the others, could not be thrown out so but that she would alight upon her feet.) Bess wished to make an immediate contract for a large amount of confectioner's sugar, but Roy thought they had better wait to hear what Kate would say, but he did stop at Wing, the carpenter's, to ask him about the expense of certain repairs to the *High-Flyer*. If Wing asked too much, he meant to make them himself with the aid of Simeon Grow and Cainy Green. Simeon Grow was a general factotum; the old-fashioned Green Harbor people called him Dr. Damer's "hired man." He took care of the garden, and kept the lawn so smooth that no audacious clover ever dared to raise its head; he drove the family carriage, and sometimes the Doctor's buggy, and he knew almost as much about the Doctor's patients as the doctor did himself; and he was also better-half to Diantha, the queen of the kitchen. Besides all this, he was a class-leader and sometimes a preacher in the little Methodist chapel. He could cut hair and paint signs and make a miniature man-of-war that would almost cause a boy to run away to sea; and altogether he was a man much respected, especially by the youthful population of Green Harbor.

Cainy Green—named Cain by a mother who had more respect for than knowledge of Biblical personages—was a poor-house waif who acted as "chore-boy" at Dr. Damer's, his usefulness consisting chiefly of "bein' round underfoot," according to Quintilla, the "second girl"; but as Cainy was preternaturally tall and lean, as nimble as an eel, and never known to be in the house when he could find any pretext for remaining out-of-doors, this remark was generally understood to be not literally true.

Kate was watering her sweet-peas when Carrots cantered up the driveway; the broad trellis upon which they were trained was a mass of delicate color, and the sunset's gold was falling upon Kate's hair, which always had glints of gold in it. She had a fresh, fair complexion, too small a chin, although there was a pretty dimple in it, and her hair was parted smoothly away from her forehead. The girls generally said she hadn't a particle of style.

"Oh, Kate—whoa, Carrots! good Carrots, whoa!—you'd never guess what we're going to do if Diantha doesn't make a fuss; you'll tell her not to, won't you? Oh, that donkey! I'm one *solid* bruise!" Bess picked her plump person up off the gravel, with a groan. Polly had alighted on the grass, and sat there calmly.

Bess had dropped her one rein, and Carrots, naturally inclined to devious courses, had not lost this opportunity to describe a swift circle, to the sudden lightening of his load. It was Roy who drove him off to the stable in peace and soberness.

"Oh, Kate!" It was Del, this time, coming across the lawn with an open letter in her hand, breathless with excitement.

"Harry is coming home in a yacht, with two or three of his classmates. It's the *Pirate*, Bert Langley's yacht, and they're going to Mount Desert and Campobello and everywhere, and they're coming here on the way; and, oh, Kate, there's a lord among them—Lord Brentford, a real live English lord—the same one that Ruth Grafton met at the dancing class; she couldn't get over it! He's not quite seventeen, and he's a lord!"

"How singular! I always supposed lords were born grown-up," said Syd—a remark which Del treated with silent contempt.

"Harry says, oh, Kate! that they will stay here for a few days, perhaps a week, if there's anything going on."

"We'll try to have something; we'll make them have a good time if we can. It's fortunate that Aunt Katherine is coming," said Kate.

"But the lord, Kate! He'll think we're aborigines. Can't we make Simeon Grow into a butler? It is just like Cainy Green to have grown so tall that we can't put him into buttons. Some people in Maine do live like—like other people. Oh dear, if we were only poor I could be a heroine like a girl in a story! I could, Kate, and you needn't smile, and as for that child's sneers—" A gesture of lofty scorn completed the sentence, and Syd, who was the child, rolled over upon the grass as if wholly overcome. "Yes, I could struggle and work like—like a bear, if it were poverty; but to be so common does crush me! And those dreadful children *will* let everything out. But Quintilla *shall* wear a cap, and Bess *must* be suppressed."

"If the fellows can agree upon a Captain in time, we'll give the *Pirate* an escort up the bay," said Roy, who had come back from the stable and heard the news from Bess, who was not deeply affected by Del's troubles.

"The idea that those silly little cat-boats can't go off on a trip without a Captain!" said Del, scornfully.

"We're a squadron, if you please, ma'am," said Roy, good-naturedly, and we may go down to Castine or up to Portland before we get back. And the Quoddy's think their Commodore ought to be Captain because they're the oldest fellows, and the Norombegas think their President

ought to be Captain because they have the most sail-boats, and we think our President ought to be because we have the fastest boats. Let's go and stir the fellows up, Syd, so we can get off in time to give the *Pirate* an escort." And off the boys ran, heedless of the supper bell, which just then rang out its summons.

"And dinner at one o'clock!" murmured Del, as if a new horror had suddenly struck her. "Oh, Kate—"

But Kate had gone into the house with a suspicion of a frown upon her fair forehead. Kate disliked jar and fret, and always avoided it when she could.

"Ten pounds of chocolate creams at fifty cents a pound." Polly was still lying upon the grass, making very bad figures with a very stubby pencil, but they "came out" to her satisfaction. "Patsy O'Connor can go home!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. And there was no one at hand to remind Polly of the old story of the milk-maid and her eggs, or of the far-reaching consequences that sometimes follow the simplest undertakings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

BY DAVID KER.

A FIGHT IN THE SNOW.

I.

IT was a cold winter morning in December, 1781, and the snow was lying thick in the streets of the old French town of Angers, when two boys in the uniform of the Military School came tramping round the corner where the bronze statue of King René now stands, and went briskly up the slope beyond.

The one, tall, slim, and dark-haired, with a saucy twinkle in his bright black eyes, was unmistakably French; while the other, short, strongly built, hook-nosed, with a mouth and jaw as firm and hard as a bull-dog's, was quite as unmistakably English. At that time, when France was helping the Americans to beat England beyond the Atlantic, one would hardly have expected to find a French and an English boy so friendly together; but they evidently *were* very good friends, for all that.

"Awkward place to besiege, eh, comrade?" said the French lad, as they halted on the edge of the vast moat, almost as deep and broad as an Alpine gorge, which separated them from the huge dark ramparts and massive round towers of the old castle of Angers. "If our teacher was to put in an examination paper, 'Describe the best way of taking Angers Castle,' I should be puzzled, for one, as sure as my name's Eugène de Florac. How would *you* set about it?"

The English lad eyed the grim fortress in silence for a few moments, and then said, in the brief, stern way, from which his French school-fellows had already nicknamed him "Shortspeech,"

"Cut off the water."

"But how?" cried Eugène.

"They have only one well in the castle, and I hear that it often goes dry. Failing that, they have only the river to depend upon. Find out their communication with it, and cut it off."

"There's something in that," said De Florac; "but wouldn't it take an immense deal of time?"

"So do most things that are worth doing at all," said the other, quietly.

"Well," cried De Florac, "you won't be able to do that when you besiege our snow fort this afternoon; you'll have to cut off the *snow* instead of the water. When I was at school in Brienne last year I learned some new things in fortification from a Corsican boy called Napoleon Bonaparte, who seemed to know every

thing that could be known about it; and I warn you that you'll have hard work to drive us out of such a fort as I'm going to build to-day."

"When the time comes," answered Shortspeech, composedly, "we shall see what we can do."

II.

"Well done! Vive la France! Let fly again, comrades—give 'em a good dose! Bravo! bravo!"

And a crashing storm of snowballs came rattling in the faces of the assailants, mingled with shouts of taunting laughter, as they reeled back from the assault for the third time.

Eugène de Florac had fully made good his promise to give the attacking party hard work. Not content with building his fort in the shape of a crescent, so that the assailants could be battered on both sides at once, he had poured water over the whole front of it and then let it freeze, making the walls as slippery as glass. Every one who tried to climb them slid down and fell sprawling on his back, sending his comrades tumbling in all directions. Some strove to tear down the frozen walls, but only bruised their fingers. Thrice the besiegers came rushing on, and thrice were they beaten back.

All at once Shortspeech, who, while foremost in the fight, had watched every movement of the defenders with his keen gray eye, called aloud, "Gare!" (take care). Instantly his party turned tail and ran, while De Florac and the holders of the fort, already excited to the highest pitch, could restrain themselves no longer, and rushed out after them in a body.

Quick as lightning half a dozen nimble fellows of the other party sprang from behind a corner of the playground wall, and clambering into the deserted fort, tore down, with a shout of triumph, the flag that waved above it.

De Florac and his followers, thunder-struck at this unexpected disaster, rushed wildly back to the rescue; but in a moment the pretended fliers faced round and pelted them with a perfect hail of snowballs, while the captors of the fort battered them on the other side. Then all gave way, and Eugène himself, while trying to rally his men, slipped down into a hole, and was almost buried in the snow when his English friend came up and helped him out.

"Well, comrade," said De Florac, shaking the loose snow from his clothes and hair, "you've fairly beaten me this time, there's no denying it. They may well say that an Englishman fights best when all seems lost."

"It's never well to be in a hurry in war," answered Shortspeech, as coolly as ever. "The one that can wait is the one who wins."

III.

More than thirty years after that day the sun was setting upon a hard-fought battle-field in the south of France. All around the quaint little old-fashioned town of Orthez the snow was trampled into mire and stained with blood, while a mingled mass of red-jacketed English, green-frocked Portuguese, and blue-coated Frenchmen were rushing confusedly down the hill-side beyond it amid rolling clouds of smoke.

As the beaten army gave way, a French officer of high rank, cut off from his comrades, set his back against a tree, and, wounded though he was, slashed so fiercely at the four English grenadiers who had hemmed him in as to keep them all at bay for a few moments.

"Surrender, mounseer!" cried one of the assailants; "you've fought like a good 'un, and we don't want to hurt you."

"Never!" answered the Frenchman, in English; but just then his sword snapped off at the hilt, and he was left defenceless.

"What's all this?" asked a stern voice behind the group,

at the first sound of which the British soldiers drew back and saluted respectfully. "Who are you, monsieur?"

"General Eugène de Florac," replied the Frenchman, looking keenly at his questioner.

"De Florac!" echoed the English Commander-in-Chief—for it was indeed he who had come up so opportunely; "I thought as much the moment I heard your voice. Well, General, I'm very glad to meet you again, although this is a different kind of fight in the snow from our last one at Angers."

"It is indeed," laughed De Florac, as he grasped the hand of his old school-fellow. "I remember your telling me, that very day, that the one who could wait was the man to win in war; but I could hardly have foretold *then* that I should see the words of my friend Arthur Shortspeech made good by the deeds of Lord Wellington."



LITTLE CLARA'S GRIEVANCE.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

OH, how sad it is to know—
Little girls must always grow—
Grow in size and grow in years!
Thinking of it brings the tears.
But though I may cry and fret,
Every day I bigger get;
Every day I'm older too.
And there's nothing I could do
That would make me stop a-growing.
Or would keep the years from going.
Now I'm five; soon I'll be six;
Here's a poor child in a fix!
After six comes seven; then
Follow eight and nine and ten.
How I wish that I could stay
As I am this very day—
Always have my hair in curl,
Always be mamma's wee girl!
But I can't; I've got to grow.
Oh, dear me! why is it so?
Very soon I *must* be six;
Here's a poor child in a fix!

ROB'S LITTLE SISTER.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE

"IT'S a-comin', Kitty, sure's you live and breathe!"

With an eager face Kitty raised her head from the sofa on which she lived, and looked through the window far over the dead level of the prairie, while her brother Rob danced about the room.

"Hear that queer kind of a toot? That's it. See that streak o' black smoke—hey? That's it. Now watch."

The two gazed at a locomotive which shot into sight from behind a fringe of trees skirting a small stream. At its distance away it looked little larger than a cow.

first train go through. Kitty could not go; but she never expected to go anywhere, and was quite contented with her share of watching the train pass within sight.

"Watch sharp," said Rob, as the family were about to stow themselves in the big farm wagon, and mother bent down to make sure that Kitty was comfortably settled for the six or seven hours of their absence. Then Rob brought her a cup of water, mother left her a very plain little supper, and they were off. She had no new book or magazine or pictures to while away the long hours, but watched the big wagon out of sight, and much later the passing of the smoking, puffing, screaming monster, trying in her innocent heart to imagine what it must be



"KINDLY HANDS RAISED THE BOY."

"Hi! don't she skite!" exclaimed Rob, unable to contain his delight. "That's the first engine runnin' over this bit of road, Kitty, and by next week they'll be runnin' whole trains, and you can see 'em every day."

It was a great event for the settlers on the far-away Dakota prairies when the railroad came through. They had made their way by slow, laborious journeyings with a wagon and horses to the patches of land which they made their own by pre-emption: that is, living upon them a certain length of time. Many of them first lived in dug-outs, then in houses built of sod; for timber, which had to be hauled for many miles, was too expensive to build with. And many of the things which we in the older States look upon as necessities were luxuries far beyond the reach of these pioneers.

A few days after the appearance of the first locomotive all the settlers who could do so gathered at the station, seven miles from the house where Kitty lived, to see the

to ride in such grand style, and wondering if such happy fortune might ever come to her.

"Oh, Kitty, you could ride on 'em all day," cried Rob, bounding to her side on his return from the most exciting sight-seeing of his life. "'Tain't like gettin' into no wagon, I tell *you*. It's jes like goin' into a house—a splendid house. And when you get in you jes set down on the splendiferest sofy you *ever* see—bounces like a teeter. And they do say"—Rob's face grew solemn, "but I don't know whether they was foolin' or not, and I ain't goin' to be took in—that they have beds on some o' them cars, Kitty. Jes think o' goin' to bed reglar, like you was home, and a goin' lickety-cut along as smooth as a hand sled!"

Kitty heard it all with great interest, making up her mind that she, being the sister of so sagacious a boy as Rob, would not be taken in either by any of their strange stories.

"And—the wonderfulest thing, Kitty," went on Rob,

growing still more excited, if such a thing could be. "Look you'd never guess who that was: now would you?"

Kitty made no attempt at guessing who the stranger might be who was coming in more slowly with her father and mother. It was a pleasant-faced man, who looked with kindly eyes upon the wistful-eyed child that had lain down so long far away from all reach of help or treatment which might afford a possibility of better things for her poor little life.

"It's my cousin John Walters, Kitty," exclaimed mother, with a glow on her face which the children seldom saw there.

And Rob could scarcely wait until the warm handshake had been followed by words of friendly sympathy and inquiry before whispering: "He's got something to do on the railroad, Kitty. Not the biggest man on it; for that's the President himself, sure's you live. Bill Green told me so. But Cousin John gets a ride on the cars whenever he wants it. Tired of it, Kitty! Told me so himself."

Kitty gazed in wonder equal to Rob's own at the man who could be tired of such magnificence, listening as he told about his little children in the far East whom he might bring out West to live some day.

It was a link to the outside world which became very sweet to the lonely, poverty-stricken dwellers on the prairie. As the autumn wore away, and Kitty could mark that the nights, in which she sometimes slept but little, grew longer, it was pleasant to be looking for the visits of Cousin John and to hear his long stories about his own little girls who would come to see Kitty some day.

The winter settled down, and Kitty did not like the wild storms or the deep snows, for they made it harder for Cousin John to come from the station to see them, although he still did it when he could be off duty.

But as the short days grew shorter and darker Kitty drooped. No one who loved her could tell what was the matter, but all of them could see that she grew weaker and weaker every day. Rob watched in fear and trembling, although he did not for some time catch the cold fear that lay at mother's heart.

At length a day came in which Kitty did not want to be carried from her bed to her place upon the sofa.

"Not want to be where you can see the trains pass, Kitty?"

"No, Robby; I am so tired."

Rob gazed for a few minutes at her pale little face, wondering in his troubled mind what it might be to him to live without his little sister, then went to his mother.

"Mother, I'm goin' for the Doctor to see Kitty."

"The Doctor, Robby!" Such a thing had never been thought of. Poor folk suffer on without dreaming of such expensive luxuries.

"Yes, I'm goin'," said Rob, stoutly. And taking another glance at the face on the pillow, mother could not say no.

"But the weather looks stormy, Rob," she said, following him to the door, and looking anxiously at a low-lying bank of clouds. "I'm afraid there's going to be a storm."

"Looks a little blizzard," said Rob, eying the clouds critically.

"Better wait till it's over, hadn't you?"

"No," said Rob, shaking his head decidedly. "Don't you know there's such a thing as waiting too long, mother?"

Mother looked in his eyes, and said no more, as he added, cheerily:

"You see, mother, if it should be a big storm, the snow might be so deep that nobody could get through no telling when; so I guess I'd better get ahead of it."

Father did not object as Rob went to harness old Brickdust to the rough cutter, which they had made with their own hands, only saying, "Go straight there, and, if the storm should get bad, don't try to come back to-night."

Last of all Rob went in to Kitty: "I'm goin' to fetch

some one to make you feel better, poor little Kitty," he said, kissing her. "Now mayn't I carry you to where you can watch me go away, and then watch for me to come back?"

Kitty held up her thin arms, and Rob tenderly carried her to her sofa. He had a feeling that he could not go leaving her in bed; it seemed to him like such a dreadful giving of her up to real sickness. And she could see his hand waving to her as long as he was in sight before disappearing over a little rise in the long monotonous road over the prairie.

"Get up, Brickdust," said Rob, shaking the reins as his quick eye noted the rapid changes in the sky. "If you and me don't hump ourselves up, old fellow, we'll be getting the cold end o' them clouds down on us before we get home."

Old Brickdust paid respectful heed to Rob's suggestions, always "humping" himself up for a half-dozen footsteps, and then relapsing into his former gait. Rob liked the look of the sky less and less, and as a few snowflakes came idly floating by his head, again and again urged his horse forward.

Those who know with what sudden and fearful force a blizzard descends will not wonder at Rob's uneasiness. The spirit of the storm seems to take delight in forming them complete in his favorite haunts of eternal ice and snow, and, when fully armed and equipped, letting them loose to wreak their force and fury upon whatever hapless object may be exposed to their terrific power.

Rob had scarcely had time to observe the fugitive flakes before the air seemed to grow darker. For a few moments he drew his reins and hesitated. He knew the danger which might attend his way: could recall many a tale of unfortunate travellers who had wandered upon the pathless prairies until cold or hunger, or both, had brought them to the end of all journeyings.

"What'd you and me better do now, Brickdust?" he asked, taking another comprehensive look at the sky. "It's lookin' uglier, isn't it, old fellow? Shall we go on, or shall we turn back? We're just about half-way now, and it's about as long as it's broad, you see. If the snow'll only come genteel we'll get on first-rate, and if we can only get to the Doctor, of course such a smart man with such a fine horse can get out to see Kitty—poor little Kitty! Get up, Brick, I say."

The thought of the pale face choked half the force of the sturdy command which came with a vigorous jerk of the reins, but even then it seemed too harsh a one to give to his old horse, for he added, half penitently: "She was as light when I carried her, Brick: yes, light as a feather. That's right: step lively, now. I know you think just as I do about it. Let's see your real race-horse steps."

But the snow had no idea of coming "genteel." The darkness increased, closing in upon the lonely boy like a cloud. Swifter and thicker circled the white flakes; then, with a low, sullen roar the pitiless storm came flying on the wings of a wind straight from the frozen zone.

"Hurry up, Brick," again cried Rob. But as with straining eyes he tried to penetrate the white wall which surrounded him he saw that every landmark was swept from his sight.

For a while old Brickdust kept his way in the road, and Rob strove to urge him forward. But the fast-falling snow soon filled everything like a track. There was no fence, nothing to mark the path over the dreary waste.

Even Rob's courageous heart trembled a little as he took in the full gravity of the situation.

"It's no use," he presently said. "If you can't keep the track, I can't. You take your way now, Brickdust, and get us home. Kitty'll be glad to see us, even if we haven't got the Doctor."

But poor old Brickdust's instinct seemed to give way before the blast which drove down upon him. Making a

few blind efforts to stem it, he gave up, and plodded aimlessly on through the deepening snow.

As night closed down, Rob felt an icy chill stealing over him. His numb fingers could scarcely hold the reins, and the keen blast seemed to cut like a knife through his not over-well clad body. Still he tried to encourage his horse, while his own heart almost failed him. He wrapped around him an old blanket which was in the cutter, and for hours sat up straight, straining his eyes in hope of seeing some friendly light.

"It's getting warmer, isn't it, Brick?" he said at length, with a weary sigh. "P'raps the wind's letting up a bit." The boy's frame relaxed, and he sank back with a dulled sense of his dire extremity, and less anxiety about how he was to reach safety.

But the next moment he sprang up with full realization that the stupor which was creeping through every limb meant death. He must not give way to it. Kitty was waiting for him: what if she should watch and watch and never see him come?

He stood up, beat himself with his hands, calling wildly for help. But no help was near. Again and again he fought against the cruel power which was slowly overcoming him. Nature yielded at last, and Kitty's brother lay helpless in the cutter, while poor old Brickdust stumbled on through the darkness and the snow.

"No, we sha'n't see Hopeville to-night," said the conductor on a train, speaking to a few passengers.

"Then some of us won't get home to spend Christmas," said one.

"Reckon not," said the conductor, shaking the snow off his coat. "The snow-plough is working its very best, and still we're away behind time. There's no telling when we may have to stop."

"What's that?"—a cry came from several voices, as an alarming jar shook the train, and it presently stood still.

"We've stopped now," grumbled the conductor. "Cattle likely. They make no end of trouble out this way."

The men went out into the wild storm.

"It's a boy! Frozen—dead, I guess. And here's a sleigh knocked to splinters."

"And here's the horse—a regular old bag of bones. He's dead anyway."

Kindly hands raised the boy and carried him into the car, where restoratives were applied with skilful hands.

"He's coming to, Doctor!" The words, spoken in eager, excited tones, were the first heard by Rob as he opened his eyes and saw Cousin John Walters and others about him. Stinging, burning pains shot through his hands and feet as he tried to get up.

"Keep still, boy," said Cousin John. "Jack Frost's been taking a nip at you, but the Doctor 'll have you all right before long."

"How—did I—get here?" asked Rob, looking around in dizzy bewilderment.

"Why, we collided with you and smashed you up," said Cousin John, with an attempt at a laugh. "Well for you we did it, too. It's the first time I ever heard of a chap having his life saved by being run into by a locomotive."

"But," said Rob, with an uneasy glance at the windows, against which the storm was beating with untiring fury, "Kitty 'll be watching for me."

Nearly twenty-four hours after she had seen Rob drive away from the door, Kitty was watching the point where he had disappeared.

Perhaps it had been good for her, this break in the dull monotony of her life, even the break of an anxiety. A little of the brightness came back to her eyes as she watched, refusing to leave her outlook while daylight lasted. Mother watched her as unceasingly, wondering whether it would end in joy or sorrow.

"He's coming!" cried Kitty. A little glow spread over her cheeks as she raised her head with more energy than her mother had seen for weeks.

Two horses were slowly ploughing their way through the snow. All its sparkle seemed reflected in Kitty's eyes as she distinguished Rob, wrapped in a buffalo-robe.

"And two men," said mother.

"And one of 'em's Cousin John," said Kitty.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" The sound of the hearty good wishes filled the house as Cousin John came in, carrying Rob in his arms.

"Merry Christmas, little girl," he repeated, as he laid him beside her on the sofa. "No, don't squeeze his hands; don't even kiss him *very* hard."

After the story of Rob's deliverance had been told, the strange gentleman seated himself by Kitty's sofa.

"I thought," he said, "that as I could not get home for Christmas with my own little ones, I had better come with Mr. Walters and spend it at Kitty's home."

And never before had Kitty dreamed of such a Christmas. Cousin John had brought a fir-tree, and Kitty lay and gazed in rapture at the things useful and beautiful which he hung upon it. Rob hobbled about on his ailing feet, sometimes helping Cousin John, sometimes rushing up to Kitty with an ecstatic, "Oh, Kitty! *did* you think I wouldn't come back?"

Dr. Gilbert unpacked a parcel of books and pictures which took away from Kitty all fear of the long winter to come and all desire to lie still and let her life ebb away if it would. He watched her pale face very closely, had a good deal of talk with her mother, and the next day said good-by, telling Kitty to be of good cheer.

And Rob, after watching him as he made his way through the drifts, turned to Kitty, with all his loving heart beaming in his eyes: "Kitty, *isn't* this a Christmas-time? Isn't it all peace on earth and good-will and good times, and me not frozen, and you a-gettin' better, and everything thankful—and just jolly? Hey, Kitty?"

VENETIAN GIRLS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY CARMOSINE.

ALL the historians of Venice in the sixteenth century have remarked how little information we possess as to the public and private life of Venetian women. When we seek to form for ourselves an idea of a past civilization we naturally consult two sources of information: written contemporary documents describing the manners, usages, and ideas of the epoch; works of art, whether pictures, statues, engravings, household furniture, costumes, jewelry, architecture.

The few names of great Venetian ladies of the sixteenth century that we know have been handed down to us in the fugitive verses of poets and story-tellers who happened to be struck by their beauty on some grand fête day when the youth of Venice proclaimed them queens. Here is a bouquet of names gathered in the occasional verses of the period as those of exceptionally beautiful women: Maria Loredan, Marietta Veniera, Marietta Pisani, Helena Barozza, Laura Badoira, Laura Grimani, Marina Morosini, Marina da Mosto, Lucrezia Priuli, Catarina Sacca, and Violante Provana. I cite these names because in their very form and in the sound of their soft vowel terminations they seem to retain, as it were, a vague perfume of the high-born beauty of their bearers in former days.

Such too must have been the names of the "200 patrician ladies of great beauty all clad in white and pearls, and covered with diamonds," who danced in the hall of the Grand Council in the Ducal Palace when the Venetian republic gave a ball and banquet in honor of Henri III. of France on his way back from Poland in the year



MARIA MADELENA.—ENGRAVED BY MEAULLE AFTER THE PAINTING BY TITIAN.

cause they had their own private chapels attached to their houses and palaces.

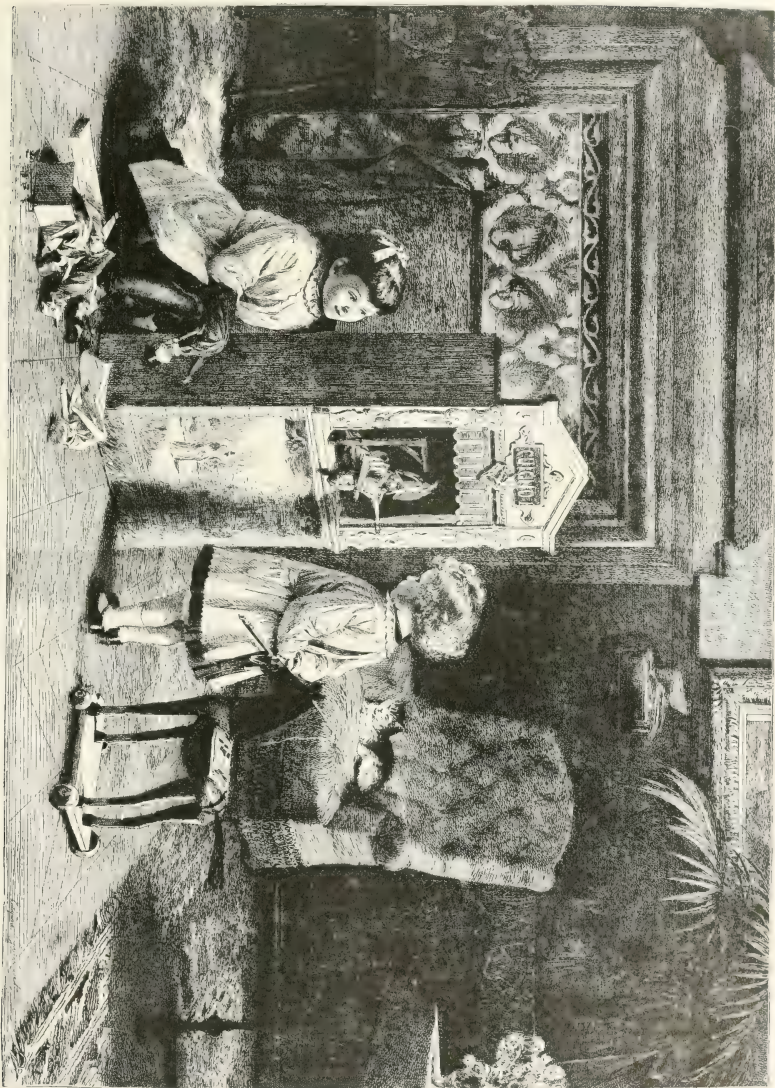
M. Vriarte has remarked with good reason that the life of the Venetian ladies was like that of the Orientals, without participation in public matters, without intellectual tendencies, and without occupations for the cultivation of the mind. In vain we shall read document after document; all that we find about the Venetian women relates to fêtes and finery, to the splendor of their dress, the refinements of their luxury, the time they spend each day in beautifying themselves and composing new coiffures, the artifices which they employed to dye their hair of a golden blond shade. This daily dyeing of the hair, which produced the wonderful golden blond of Titian's Virgins and of the ladies in Paul Veronese's pictures, must have been perfect torture; for, after having washed the hair in a certain lotion, they sat for hours on the house roofs in the sun, with their hair spread out to dry over the *solana*, which was a sort of very broad-brimmed hat without a crown.

1574. As we pass through the now empty rooms of the Ducal Palace it is interesting to think of this gala day, of which a minute description has been preserved, and to figure to ourselves this noble ballet danced amidst the splendors of the paintings of Veronese, Bellini, and Tintoretto by ladies clad in stiff gold brocade, with long and ample starched skirts, their hair dyed of that golden tint dear to Titian, and their whole person beautified by all the artifices of the toilet.

But this was the appearance of the Venetian lady on grand official occasions. How did she appear in private and every-day life? On this point the historians of Venetian life, Vriarte, Molmenti, and Armand Baschet, have made most curious and minute researches, to which we are indebted for the results that we shall proceed to note here. Venetian husbands, it appears, were, like Othello, very jealous, and they kept their wives at home for years together. The ladies did not visit each other; they did not speak when they met; and for the most part they remained in their houses except on fête days, when some would be seen in the churches; but all did not go to church, be-

Another detail that we have learned tends in the same direction. One of the great events of the year for the Venetian ladies was the arrival of a doll from Paris dressed in the latest fashion of the court of France. This new doll used to be exhibited on Ascension Day in a shop window in the Merceria, that noisy little street which starts under the clock of St. Mark's, and winds away toward the Rialto. In the old days, as they came back from the ceremony of the betrothal of the Doge to the Adriatic, all the women of Venice used to crowd down this narrow street to see the new French doll.

We are therefore obliged to conclude that family life in Venice in the sixteenth century remains a sealed book. We do not know what influence the wives had in the lives of their husbands, or what share they had in the education and instruction of their children. Later on, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we can find all possible information about the ladies of Venice; but then manners had changed, and the young Venetian whose portrait as Maria Magdalena we have here engraved belongs to the mysterious sixteenth century.



THE MORNING AFTER CHRISTMAS.

UNCLE PETER'S TRUST.*

BY GEORGE B. PERRY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



MODESTLY as the story of Joe's personal share in the campaign was told, it impressed Benton very favorably. He did not choose to express his opinion of the lad, and only lost his self-control for a moment when the recognition of Joe as the bugler at the Jhansi Gate was made evident.

"I have something for you, Joe," he said. "It was for Bugler Joseph Stetson, but I had no idea you were the person. You shall have it on the field."

The officers sent to the wagon train for particulars of the conflict had returned. The conversation was interrupted for a moment by the perusal of the report which was brought in.

The story had been told by Vidal, and had lost none of its value to Joe in the telling. It is not often that heroes have such good historians.

Benton read it with undisguised pleasure and admiration.

The cool courage displayed by the young Sergeant won the praise which was justly his due. The skill he had shown in conducting the retreat, also his own due, was commented upon; the perception of the military value of the camp and the skilful use of the ground were made the most of in the young soldier's favor. Vidal's story gave the impression that Joe had himself seen these advantages. Perhaps the gallant cavalry-man had forgotten his own share in the transaction; perhaps he had not. No one knows.

The General read it out aloud, forgetting everything save his delight in the story of the gallant lad's successful essay in leadership.

Questioned on the subject, Joe's attempt to place the credit on Vidal was looked upon as merely modesty, and added not a little to the already favorable impression created. It was a happy group. General Benton forgot all in the prevailing joy. His mind leaped over the intervening years, and he saw the little sturdy curly-headed boy who stood between himself and the old coast-guard Lieutenant. Almost unconsciously he rose from his chair and placed his hand on the curly head of the young Sergeant, who knelt as one might kneel to receive the accolade of knighthood.

"Joe, do you remember the day when we left Sen-
nen?"

"I do, sir."

"The cliffs about the castle rock, and the time when we drank an imaginary toast? Do you know what it was?"

"I have never forgotten it, sir."

"Success to Captain Stetson!" wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir; that was it." Joe's cheeks were as red as a peony.

"And I say again," said the General, turning to his two companions, "'Success to Captain Stetson!' I hoped then, Prideaux, to have had a hand in the making of the Captain; but the dear boy has disappointed us, and we

are more proud of him than ever. So, I repeat, 'Success to Captain Stetson!'"

"And that reminds me," said Benton, "of a trifle that Barnard and Prideaux seem to have forgotten equally with myself. It was the merest trifle, of course. It was sufficient to bring them out to India, and to make them look as blue as if they had just buried their last friend."

The two gentlemen certainly looked as melancholy as possible, and the General continued, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Sergeant, there was a regiment of irregular cavalry with your brigade—"

"Vidal's Horse, sir?" said Joe.

"That's it. You've seen them, of course. Do you remember seeing the Captain Vidal who commanded them?"

"Captain Vidal, sir?" replied the young Sergeant. "Have you forgotten already that we have just been reading his report? He is lying wounded over with our wagon train yonder."

"Well, to be sure! Trust me, Joe, that though his name was on our lips, it recalled nothing in our pleasure at seeing you. What sort of a man is he?" asked General Benton.

Joe wanted no better theme. In enthusiastic terms he told the story of the Captain's gallantry, and then described the pathetic story of the loss of the ship, and the attachment which the American felt for himself, and which had its rise in an imaginary likeness to one of his lost ones.

The Colonel's face was serious enough now. He looked at Barnard and Prideaux, and their faces wore the same serious expression. The General went outside the tent for a few moments, during which Prideaux and Barnard retained their thoughtful expression, while Joe, startled at the change in the feeling around him, also began to feel miserable.

"I have sent for Morrison and Captain Vidal. If he is not too badly hurt, we will have the Captain here soon. Gentlemen," he continued, addressing the two civilians, "you do not seem pleased at your success. While you have been travelling thousands of miles to establish this lad's identity, in the providence of God he has been led himself."

Joe began to have some perception now of what the General's speech portended. He trembled violently, and reaching forward, found himself grasped by his three loyal old friends, of whom only Benton seemed to be able to speak.

"Joe, we were rivals once for the possession of yourself. We have no rivalries now. We would have called you son, loved you as one, watched over you as if you were."

"As you have, God bless you!" said the young Sergeant. He looked appealingly to the General once more.

"But there is one to whom we must surrender our claim. Captain Vidal is your father, Joe. God's own hand has restored you to him. I think—Joe"—Benton's voice trembled a little—"if he had been unworthy of such a gift, we might almost have conspired against him—in your interest and our own. You have found a place—the place in his heart. It is rightfully yours, my dear boy."

Barnard and Prideaux came to the lad's relief. The General had disappeared. He was anxious to find out if it were wise to agitate the cavalry officer by the appearance of Captain Morrison, and he determined to see him first.

He found him stronger than he had expected, and starting with Joe as the topic of conversation, easily discovered how closely the boy had twined himself around the

* Begun in No. 457 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

ugged Captain's heart. In the conversation Vidal told how he had become attached to the lad, and the bitter loss which had wrecked his own life.

Then the General told of the wreck of the *Mary Carteret* and the rescue of the crew, dwelling especially on the brave conduct of Joe in the salvation of his own child. He also told of his desire to educate the brave lad, and how it had been frustrated.

"Joe told me of the offer, and of his fear that he might seem ungrateful. He is not ungrateful, General Benton."

"I know it," said the other, warmly. "But there are others who have a nearer claim on him than I. I must try to them."

"I thought the lad was alone in the world," said Vidal, his pale face flushing with eagerness.

"No more alone," said the General, slowly. "He has found his father."

He watched the effect of his words on the Captain, and saw the stern expression gather on it once more. The Captain had been so sorely hurt by his one great grief that he could thus hide his disappointment. Still, it was easy to see that it was an effort to do so. The voice trembled a little—it may have been from physical weakness—when he next spoke.

"I am glad to hear it. How and when?"

"His father is in India."

Vidal said nothing for a moment. Then he laughed a little; it was not an altogether pleasant laugh either.

"Do you know, General, that I have been such a fool as to hope that the boy would become attached to me as I to him? I only feared you as a rival. But the dear boy said that if he ever found his parents it would seem to them as if the sea had given up its dead to live again."

"Sometimes the sea gives up those who are reported dead," said Benton, gravely.

The Captain nodded. He could not trust himself to speak for a few moments. Then he said: "Perhaps it was only the knowledge that he was a sea-waif that drew me to him so strongly. I was foolish enough to think I saw a likeness of one whom the sea had taken from me, and I loved the boy for her sake. For me, alas! the sea refuses to yield anything but bitter sorrow. I did not mean to trouble you with this stuff. General," he continued, "let me congratulate the dear boy. How was the discovery made? Was the maniac Captain restored to reason? I think Joe said he was to be the means of identification."

"He was so restored," said Benton.

"Then who was he?" said Vidal; "and who is it that will take our boy from us?" He asked the question with interest on Joe's behalf. He did not suspect the bearing of the answer.

"He was an American," said Benton.

The Captain's interest visibly increased.

"His ship—a full-rigged one, by-the-way, bound from Calcutta to Bordeaux, and his name was—"

The Captain's interest was intense now; but he set his face against the wild hope that began to appear. He spoke calmly, as if helping out a halting story.

"His name was—"

"Leland Morrison, and his ship the *Flying Scud*, of Salem."

The stern expression on the Captain's features had all gone. The wild hope he had dismissed a minute before had become a certainty now. The full effect of the news was at once apparent. Joe was his son, and there was yet a chance of even something better.

"My wife—"

"Is with the God she served."

Captain Vidal bowed his head. At last all doubt, if all hope—for it had never ceased to exist—was removed.

He knew the worst; he also knew the best. Benton thought it right to finish the story. The cup he held to the lips of the wounded man, while of mingled joy and sorrow, was yet more full of happiness than grief.

"Will you see Captain Morrison?"

Vidal nodded assent, and the General sent for him. From his lips John Vidal learned the story of his loss. From the lips of Prideaux he learned the story of Uncle Peter's brave effort to save his wife and child, the rescue of the latter, and the care which had been given him.

General Benton had gone about his work of "breaking the news" carefully; but he found, as we all find, that joy seldom does hurt. It revived the Captain wonderfully.

They brought him to the General's tent, where Joe still waited. There they left the father and son in each other's arms, or kneeling with grateful hearts to thank the God whose promise to be a father to the fatherless had been so abundantly kept.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BENTON had not finished with Joe yet. Before the convoy and the brigade separated there occurred a little ceremony, of which the Sergeant was the hero.

The day following the fight the force under Benton was drawn up in review order, preparatory to resuming its march to join the column which Rose had already in the field against his old enemy. The convoy too was in marching order, with Joe still at its head. His new-found father, scarcely less happy than the son, rode by his side, a more comfortable conveyance than the bullock-cart having been provided by the Brigadier.

In the presence of the brigade, and of the company he had so bravely commanded, Joe Stetson received the Victoria Cross. The Brigadier had intended that it should be presented at another place, but there could be no more fitting opportunity than the present to recognize the bravery of the Bugler of the Jhansi Gate.

This was simply in the line of his delegated duty. It had been Sir Hugh Rose's intention to confer the decoration himself, and he only changed his mind at a time when the circumstances seemed to prevent.

For his own part, the General was pleased at the opportunity of noting Joe's latest exploit, which he did not only in the orders of the day, but also later when Sergeant Stetson was complimented before his own troops and the brave brigade which had so opportunely appeared.

It is easy to imagine that General Benton would look with a favorable eye on his favorite's exploit, but no one felt disposed to criticise the warm terms in which he commended the cool courage and military skill displayed by the Sergeant, whom he would not displace from his command by detailing an officer of higher rank to the post. When he concluded by saying that he should commend Joe's conduct and that of the escort to the favorable notice of the commander-in-chief, even the officers of the staff—Jimmy Donovan the ringleader—led the cheers, which were taken up by the whole brigade.

Then, with a salute from the brave fellows, the convoy started on its journey.

Simply to close the record, let it be stated that Benton's brigade was able to reach Sir Hugh Rose in time to assist in the decisive defeat of Tantia Topee, where the brave Ranees fell at the head of a cavalry charge, "the best man among them," as Sir Hugh expressed it.

Joe was not in that battle, but his old comrades of the Sixth were, save the brave company idling at Jhansi. They had the proud satisfaction of knowing that they had held and prevented the junction of the Ranees' army with

that of her ally, who was run down soon after the fight, and paid the penalty of his crimes on the gallows.

Brigadier-General Benton's warm recommendation was well received by the new commander-in-chief. Sir Hugh Rose, now "Baron Strathnairn, of Strathnairn, in Scotland, and of Jhansi, in Central India," where he had won his great victory, was not likely to forget the Bugler he had himself recommended for the Victoria Cross. In due course of time Joe received his commission "for distinguished conduct in the field."

Lieutenant Vidal-Stetson—it was at the request of his father that he still retained the name of the brave old coxswain linked to his own—specially granted leave of absence, came to Calcutta, whither his fame had preceded him. And who so proud of him as Sir Thomas Vandeleur, now a General and a Knight, and his old friend Colonel Shankland, and in fact all who came in contact with the modest young officer?

And Mrs. Benton too, though yet more sorely disappointed than her husband by Joe's self-will, looked with no small degree of pleasure on the growing attachment between her little Gertie and the brave son of John Vidal, who is to her the same Joe who was her companion on the rocky shores of the Land's End.

Captain Vidal and his son, with the two old shipmates Barnard and Prideaux, sailed for England. General Benton was to follow them in the next year or two.

The "Bugler of Jhansi" and "Sergeant Stetson" was well known to the English people. Joe and his friends missed a great chance of being lionized by quietly slipping away from the enthusiastic Britons who met the steamer at Southampton, and finding their way to the railroad station, from which they set out for Sennen.

There was only one thing missing in this "home-coming"—for Sennen was always "home" to Joe—Uncle Peter was not there to receive his boy. But the memory of the brave old coxswain endeared the place to him as much as his actual presence could have done, and the tie be-

tween the brave old fisherman and his gallant foster-son was not severed.

As for Aunt Phillis, she could not make enough of him, and she was inclined to resent poor Captain Vidal as an intruder, a feeling which the two inseparables, Prideaux and Barnard, were disposed to share.

To Captain Vidal the shore possessed a melancholy interest only equal to that of the grave of the "lady" in Sennen church-yard—"unknown" no longer. With his son by his side, the story of the wreck on the Brissons was repeated, and Prideaux, you may be sure, never tired of the reminiscence of Uncle Peter's pluck.

A walk to the vicarage, where the clothes of the drowned lady and her child were shown to Captain Vidal, made the certainty only more assured. The identification was complete at every point.

Before Lieutenant Vidal-Stetson's leave had expired his regiment was ordered home, so that he did not have to return to India.

Goliath's time for retirement had come. The old Drum-Major and those other stanch friends of Joe, Prideaux and Barnard, are inseparables. The story of Joe, and the tracing of the careers of "Barnard's boys," fill up the measure of their enjoyment. Afloat and ashore the lads of the school maintain its reputation.

And Mrs. Pengelly, whom we had almost forgotten? She is still Prideaux's landlady, and lightens her household cares by cultivating the good-will of her faithful maid-of-all-work Mary Ann, who promises to successfully resist the assaults upon her heart of all the garrison, since her Sergeant of Marines proved false.

There is some danger of her becoming a settled man-hater. She is very eloquent on the theme of the perfidy of man; yet she cordially concurs with Mrs. Pengelly in her praise of Joey Stetson, and says: "Which he wor a blessin' to all as he come in contac' with, 'most too good for his sex. God bless him!" To which pious aspiration will you not say Amen?

THE END.



NELLIE'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

AUNT JANE'S PAPER OF PINS.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

"I SAY now, Aunt Jane, what would you like for a Christmas present?"

Aunt Jane looked at her small nephew, who from his corner by the fire hurl'd this question at her in the twilight. "What would I like?" she said, briskly. "Oh, a set of Browning in Russia leather, or Omar Khayyám, or a new silk dress, or Millet's 'Angelus,' the etching, in a carved frame, or—"

"Oh, pshaw, now, Aunt Jane!" Fred interrupted, "you know we can't get one of those things. I meant—you know what I meant."

"You said what would I like?" answered Aunt Jane. She was rather fond of taking the children up for careless speaking, but Fred knew well enough the twinkle of fun that was in her eye now.

"Well, I meant what would you like that we could get," Fred said. "I do say picking and choosing is worse than anything when haven't much money, and we haven't, you know."

"No!" Aunt Jane said, dropping the long mitten she was knitting for Fred. "Well, then, a paper of pins."

"Oh, come now, auntie, that isn't fair; that isn't any present."

"It's something I want, and something you can afford to buy, isn't it?" Aunt Jane said, laughing a little, as she picked up her knitting. "But be sure they are the best make, Fred; I can't use poor pins." And with that she left Master Fred to his meditations.

"A paper of pins—psaw! Aunt Jane just likes to tease us boys. If she wasn't just an up-and-down jewel of an aunt about kites and gingerbread, and painting sleds and all the rest, I'd feel like taking her at her word. A paper of pins—hum!"

And therewith there crept into Fred's brain the first glimmer of an idea. Presently he shared it with Kate, the sister next older, and then with Will and Mary, and then with mamma; and the result was this:

On Christmas morning there appeared at Aunt Jane's door a procession of children carrying a large roll, which, after due greetings, they solemnly unrolled on the bed where Aunt Jane lay. At the head of the sheet was a pretty lace-pin from mamma (a golden arrow in filigree), next a handsome shawl-pin in wrought silver from papa, then some fancy hair-pins in tortoise-shell from Kate, and then every variety of pin the shops afford—large and small, black and white, milliner's pins, hat-pins, hair-pins, safety-pins, sleeve-button pins—all ranged neatly down the paper. And under all was fastened a handsome card—Mary's work—which stated that the linchpin and the thole-pin sent their compliments, which they thought would be more acceptable to a lady's toilet-table than they themselves would be.



O LULLABY! sing lullaby!

The bells are ringing far and near;
The starlight glitters icy clear:
The wind roars in the hollow sky:
Sleep soft, O little Year!

Your birth is in the midnight grim,
When shadows lurk and spirits meet.
Rude fingers rock your cradle, sweet,
Rude voices chant your cradle hymn,
And winds your coming greet.

Yet sleep. Your path is not through storm,
By bitter wold and frozen way.
Your feet, in happier fields astray,
Through hearts with life and longing warm
Shall journey day by day.

Sleep soft. The World is growing old;
His laugh is stilled; his brow is bare;
The frost and snow are everywhere;
His brave old heart is numb with cold,
And drowsy with despair.

You come with baby hands that bring
New life in frosty veins to flow,
Fresh fire on altars dim to glow;
The rosy promise of the spring
You plant amid the snow.

Sleep soft. The air is thick with dreams,
Fair winged hopes that press and throng,
And forms like angels glad and strong,
And down the wandering wind there streams
A sound of distant song.

O lullaby! sing lullaby!
Ring low, deep bells, your solemn cheer!
The bud of joy lies sleeping here,
And all the stars are in the sky.
Sleep soft, O little Year!



runs between Garden City and Hempstead on the Long Island Railroad. My brother Chester and I have been watching the engines that pass near our house so long that they have almost become so familiar to us, as we were going to return from a trip to Hempstead, the engineer kindly allowed us to ride on the engine. It was very exciting, I can tell you. My brother blew the whistle and I rang the bell. We watched the engineer and fireman so closely that we learned a great deal about the machinery, and it almost seemed as if we could run an engine ourselves. I wrote **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** very much, especially the Post-office Box. Yours truly, LAURENCE LEITH C.

SEKONIA, ALABAMA.

School has commenced, and I am promoted to the First Class, Second Grade. I like my teacher very much, her name is Miss C. My favorite study is grammar. Do you think this is good writing for a girl of thirteen? I know several girls here who take **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**. I have a cousin in San Francisco who takes it. He began with the first chapter of "Uncle Peter's Trust." We both think it is a nice story. I am a great reader, and have about fifty books of my own. My favorite books are *Sir Gildard* and *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I have one sister and two brothers, and they all like this paper very much. Even baby, little baby, laughs at the pictures. It is raining very hard to-day, and I am writing this letter in school. I hope this letter will be printed, as I want to surprise mamma and papa. May I write again and tell you about Stockton? It is a very pretty town. With love from your reader, SELINA ROSE D.

FAIRBANKS, WISCONSIN.

I have two little brothers, who never tire of teasing me. I read to them. I have two dogs, a cat that we call Daisy, and two kittens. I like the story of "Glen Holly" very much. I can make a cake, I have made a quilt, can make both hot dishes, sweet, and cold ones. I can join the Little House-keepers? I am ten years old, weigh seventy pounds, have brown hair and black eyes. BESSIE L.

You are already a clever Little House-keeper.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I am a girl thirteen years old. I have taken your interesting paper for quite a while. I have the first volume. I like Mrs. C. I have been reading. I am quite fond of reading. I have read nearly all of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and *Oliver Twist*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Pickwick Papers*, and *Robinson Crusoe*. I study French and German, and like them very much. I hope there will be some little corner for this letter. MARY LAPE F.

TRAVEN, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMASTER, — My home is in Long Branch, New Jersey. I am a deaf boy (not mute). I have been in the winter at the New Jersey School for Deaf Mutes. I have taken your lovely paper for nearly two years. The stories I liked the best were "The Flamingo Feather," "Deaf-testing," "A New Robinson Crusoe," "The Household of Glen Holly." I am much interested in "Uncle Peter's Trust." In a few weeks I can work in the printing-office. WALLACE C.

SELMA, ALABAMA.

I like your **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** so much that I want you to know how I enjoy reading the children's letters. I am eight years old, and have no brothers nor sisters, but a dear papa and mamma and a little cousin, Ben B., who is three years old. His parents both died of cancer, and he lives with me. I go to the Home High School, and study the Third Reader, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. Papa brought me a pony from Tennessee. He threw me, so we sold him, and are trying to get a gentle one. We boys in Selma ride our bicycles to school, and race with each other. My little pet dog is named "You Know." I do not like to ride on the wild horses that I am not afraid to drive, and our driver is the funniest old negro you ever heard of. Mamma takes us to grandpa's plantation, called "Pine Grove," and we see them pick and gin cotton. Good-by. JOHN A. MCK. JUN.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Having noticed the small item at the beginning of the Post-office Box, and your desire for everybody, including the boys and girls, to write me like more than ever charming, I will try to my share in making it so. This has been one of Cincinnati's gayest years. From the first of the year there has been something going on. Perhaps the most interesting was the Cincinnati Centennial of the Ohio Valley and Central States: it having been a perfect glow of lights from the time it opened on the Fourth of July till to-night (November 6th), when it will close amid many festivities. The Floral Hall and Art Gallery are among the most prominent parts, but were I even to de-

scribe them it would make my letter too long. We shall miss it a great deal, as our house is situated not in the city, but on a nearly all night, where we can look down on the city and see all its lights, from the ones in the tower to the beautiful arches on the streets. Hardly a square from our house is the Art Academy, situated in the Park, where I attend three days out of the week. At recess the girls take strolls in the Park, or if it is raining, sit in the library and read, as it is full of books and papers, in the Art Academy. **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**. A short distance from the Academy is the Art Museum, where some of the finest pictures of the world are displayed. I hope this letter will be printed, as it is my first trial. It would fill up all of **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**. I am afraid, to describe all the events that have happened this year in Cincinnati. With much love, BETTIE L.

SWEET CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Then bide thee still, my little dear,
For Christmas-tides are drawing near.
Oh, 'tis the merriest of all the year,
Sweet Christmas-tide!

Ah! they may talk of the Easter-Day,
With its graceful lilies in white array.
But give us that snow-white, peaceful Christmas-tide!
Sweet Christmas-tide! H. A.

WINTER.

Winter is here! Winter is here!
Let every country boy give a good cheer,
For winter brings, as all country boys know,
Plenty of coaxing and plenty of snow.

Charley, Herbert, Robert, and Will,
Draw their sleds to the top of the hill,
Then down they slide with a deal of fun,
And up to the top again they merrily run.

When they get tired of coasting down-hill
They go to the pond and skate with a will;
Sometimes they tumble down on the ice,
But still they are up again in a trice.

On a winter's night, when the moon shines bright,
The boys go out for a snow-ball fight.
Then they gather in the skirts of the winds,
And off they go to their nice warm beds.

HERMAN N. STEELE (aged 14½).

SENIATROD, ONTARIO, CANADA.

DEAR POSTMASTER, — I have seen only one letter from this city in your delightful paper, and if you think mine worth publishing I should then have the pleasure of seeing the second. I have not been well for a few years past, therefore have not been attending school, although I intend to go after Christmas. I will be in the Collegiate Institute, in the first form. The first year of my illness I was on a visit to my uncle's farm, near Toronto. I went with mamma and my sister, and while we were visiting we went on a trip to a place on the St. Lawrence River, below Quebec city. Then the next year I went with mamma and my two sisters to Montreal, by boat. I was interlined on my things that I saw, particularly the Welland Canal and the Thousand Islands. I also had the pleasure of running all the rapids of the St. Lawrence River. While in Montreal we drove up on top of the mountain, and had a splendid view of the Lachine Rapids, the Victoria Bridge, and the city. Perhaps you would like to know something about our classic city. It is named after Shakespeare's birthplace, and the wards named after his plays, such as Hamlet, Romeo, and Falstaff. This is not a very large city, but it is growing. We have many papers among which are all of Harper's periodicals, Frank Leslie's, *The Century*, and *St. Nicholas*. So you see we are well supplied with reading and pictures too. MILLIE D. (aged 14).

DARTON, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write a few lines, though I don't know of very much to write. This is the first time I have written to you, so I hope you will publish it. The examinations are going to commence the 28th of September, and I expect to pass in reading, arithmetic, writing, drawing, geography, grammar, and spelling, which are all that I study. I attend in the Fifth Reader and Latin in the Second Arithmetic, and am ten years of age. ALLEN S. T.

SARATOGA SPRING, NEW YORK.

I am interested in the Post-office Box, but as yet have never seen any letter from Saratoga. I have *Harper's Young People* sent to me every week by a friend who resides in Watertown, and I enjoy it very much. This year I am interested in "Uncle Peter's Trust." I have been to several places of interest, among which are New York city, Niagara Falls, and some smaller cities, but I like our own little village best of all. We have many springs, but the famous one is the Hot Rock. The rock is something in the form of a cone, and the water flows up and through an opening in the top. The Champion Spouting Spring is also quite a curiosity, and ev-

erything the water falls on is petrified by it. I wonder if you have ever been to our village? If not, I would like to send you a specimen from this spring if I thought it would reach you safely. My only pet is a pure white cat, named Cute, named so because of his very cunning tricks. Your ten-year-old friend,

CHARLES SCHULTER II.

Thank you very much, but I fear the specimen would not come safely. I have visited your village, and expect to do so again.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

I am a little Buckeye girl, like you, and live in Ohio. I have never seen a letter from Zanesville, although several of my friends take your lovely paper. I have two little brothers, both younger than myself. The oldest seven is ten years and a half younger than I. How old am I? We are very much interested in "Uncle Peter's Trust." We have two dogs for pets. Mine, a little black-and-tan terrier, has asthma. Do you know any cure for it? I am afraid my letter is getting too long. ALICE G. G.

Perhaps some little correspondent can advise you what to do for your pet. Are you sure that you do not overfeed him?

"Cousin Dorothy's Class" is this week omitted, the lesson being on the quarterly review.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1. My first is in the snow-draw.
 - My second is in the snow-draw.
 - My third is in the lily-bell.
 - My fourth is in dew.
 - My fifth is in the laurel.
 - My sixth is in the stone.
 - My seventh is in the organ.
 - By unseen bellows blown
 - My whole you need at Christmas-tide
 - Wherever you by chance abide.
2. First in carol, not in lay.
 - Second in honey and in hay.
 - Third in ringers, not in bell.
 - Fourth in icicle, not in swell.
 - Fifth in sugar and in snow.
 - Sixth in tree, in test, and tow.
 - Seventh in mansion and in lamp.
 - Eighth in cavern and in camp.
 - Ninth in lass, and not in lad.
 - Tenth in tent and not in house.
 - Eleventh in rage, but not in mad.
 - Twelfth in elephant and in mouse.
 - Thirteenth in kila, trust, and guess.
 - Please, my whole be quick to guess.
 - It is what many children bless.

No. 2.

ACROSTIC.

Primals spell the name of a popular personage.
1. The first Christian martyr. 2. A Queen of England. 3. A Czar of Russia. 4. A Tartar Prince. 5. A Prince Consort. 6. An Emperor of Germany. 7. An Emperor of France. 8. A beautiful Princess. 9. A character in the *Fairy Queen*. 10. An ancient sage.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 474.

No. 1. Sunbeam.

No. 2. — Bear. Dog. Deer. Lion.

No. 3. — Lavender.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Everett Labah, Edith Owen, Nellie Green, Fanny S. Lakeman, Agnes Willard Bartlett, Hermann N. Steele, Clara T. Riley, Margaret Dunham, Fannie White Larkin, Maude Seymour, and Cora Phillips. For the *Fairy Queen*, Ellen Cardwell, Millicent Rodney, Harry Prince, and Lewis Knox.



A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—I want this year

A single thing—no other.

I'd like (and don't you tell mamma)

A little brother.

J. K. B.

Little Bennie was away from home for the first time in his young life—away from father, mother, sister, and his twin bro-

ther Georgie. Little Bennie was sleeping alone for the first time also, and his little heart was heavy. The room was dark; the house was strange; the mice in the wall made very frightful noises. Bennie's soul was filled with apprehension, and after a while he lifted up his voice and wept sorely.

"What is the matter, Bennie?" calls his aunt from an adjoining room.

"The matter? Boo-hoo! The matter? I was just a thinking how Georgie is a-missin' of me. Boo-hoo!"



"THAT IS JUST THE THING FOR US."



"NOW WHILE I CHOP, YOU PULL."



"HELLO! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"



"THAT'S WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW. SURELY IT ISN'T TIME FOR ME TO COME OUT!"

CAROLS AND CAROLLERS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE, AUTHOR OF "MUSIC AND MUSICIANS," ETC.



ALKING down an old street in London one very foggy Christmas Eve, the gloom seemed suddenly dispelled by the sound of young voices singing a quaint old refrain. As we stood still to listen, these words penetrated the mist, reaching us with a pathetic cadence quite out of harmony with the chill surroundings:

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day."

"Alas! we were not 'merry.' We were home-sick at that moment with the peculiar craving for our 'ain fire-side' which makes dear home festivals sad in a foreign land, and yet in the midst of our loneliness the simple carol sung by a band of little 'waits' strolling about the murky streets brought just the message of peace which I doubt not its pure-minded and earnest author had long ago intended to convey—"Jesus Christ our Saviour was born upon this day!" Nearer and nearer drew the voices, and out of the fog came the figures of four children—poor-looking little creatures, and with rather "froggy" voices, I must confess; but it was a pleasure to reward them, and to hear them singing, as they walked along, the sweet old carol, with its sterling old melody, which, when properly sung, the tenor taking the air, cannot fail to captivate any ear.

Around the carolling of Christmas-tide and New-Year's cluster associations which are so significant in their religious meaning, and so quaint, so picturesque, so fascinating, in themselves, that it is to be hoped our generation, or perhaps the younger one growing up around us, will do more to understand and cultivate them. We must suppose that the first carol sung was that of the angels above the plains where those privileged shepherds watched the first Christmas Eve so long ago, and yet how near when we realize that it dawned for us, and for all time and eternity! "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!" sang the angels, and for ages the Christian Church has echoed it, while all carol customs of any importance trace their origin and significance to the message then conveyed, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

The first meaning of a carol is to draw people's hearts together. The famous "wassail" and all New-Year carols connected with it imply that "animosity" be forgotten. A "wassail" is drank by those who mean to be at peace with each other, as its very origin shows.

When Hengist subdued Vortigern—so says the legend—in the fifth century, and Vortigern was brought into the conqueror's camp, Rowena, Hengist's daughter, desired that peace be made, and accordingly brewed a cup of malt, which she bore with her own hands to the captive Prince, tendering it with the words, "Waes hael," or Good Health, and Vortigern, drinking it, answered, "Drinc Hael," or I drink health, thereby signifying his acceptance of her good wishes. Subsequently he cemented the good feeling by marrying Rowena, with whom, in fairy-tale fashion, he is supposed to have lived happy ever afterward. From this pretty legend sprang the custom of a "wassail cup" at New-Year's, which is drank by a company to promote good feeling. Cider with spice or nutmeg is a genuine "wassail," apples being the popular fruit of the season, and to this day in parts of England lads carry from house to house a garlanded bowl of "wassail," for a drink of which they

claim a penny, singing wassail carols the while. Old chronicles sparkle with references to this custom of a loving-cup, and when we remember what it means, how kindly and cheerful a custom it seems; and what could be more picturesque than a band of "waits," as these Christmas-tide singers are called, standing under the starlight on a clear crisp night, their eyes fixed upon some lamp-lit window revealing a snug kitchen gay with the beams of the fire and the red of the holly, while, wassail bowl in hand, they sing,

"Good dame, here at your door
Our wassail we begin;
We are all singers poor:
We pray now let us in."

A most amusing story is told by a seventeenth-century chronicler of a Knight who determined that on New-Year's Eve his people should one and all make merry. So high and low were bidden to a feast, the men occupying a table at one side of the hall, the women at the other. When it came time for the wassail to be passed, the old Knight arose and declared no man should drink until he *who was master of his wife* sang a carol. Dead silence and queer looks at each other followed this. Whereupon the Knight declared he would test the other table, and demanded that she who was *ruler of her husband* sing a carol and let the loving-cup be passed. "Thereupon," says the old chronicler, "there arose such a catterwauling and singing by every woman as to deafen the company and make the Knight laugh most heartily."

The monks had composed a number of carols, which were sung at the Christmas and New-Year season, but it was not until the reign of King John, in 1201, that the custom of going about from house to house with carols became popular. We read that he paid his singers twenty-five shillings for singing a "holy carol," and many noblemen followed his example, while from this date the strolling people known as "waits" went about together, chanting the sweet old and ever-new tidings of God's natal day, and singing of the peace and good cheer and joyousness of the season.

With their peculiar clinging to old customs and original forms the English people prefer their carols printed now just as they were early in the eighteenth century, on sheets of cheap paper, and with the most absurd marginal illustrations. Several of these were shown me in the south of England, and one much cherished by an old lady as a souvenir of her childhood had the following words graphically illustrated, but in the most literal manner:

"As it fell out upon a day
Rich Dives sickened and died,
There came two serpents out of hell
His soul therein to guide.

"Rise up, rise up, Brother Dives,
And come along with me,
For you've a place provided for you
To sit upon a serpent's knee."

The absurdity of the last line, Mrs. — said, never had occurred to her, but this as well as other carols founded on Scripture subjects shows the simplicity of the people for whom they were written.

In Italy the Calabrian shepherds still are wont to come down from their mountains and sing Christmas carols, always at the shops of carpenters and the doorways of poor people, in memory of the lowly estate of the Son of God and His humble parentage. Games and sports at the "merrie" season used to be interspersed with carols, and, as we all know, scarcely any community or parish is without its Christmas and New-Year song. There is, I am glad to say, a strong feeling among some musical

associations just now in regard to collecting the best-known carols, with their original music, which so far has not been done. New music may be written—and let us hope every season will see our poets busy with new verses on the dear old themes—but the freshness and charm of the original carols can never be excelled. What, for instance, could exceed in simple purity and tender feeling for the subject that quaint old carol known as "I saw three ships," and which I give below?

Strictly speaking, a carol is any song of joy, so that "Come, Dorothy, come," and various similar glees, can be ranked as carols, but it is in their relation to the season of Christmas and New-Year that they are specially to be considered, and always, let us hope, "with hearts truly grateful," written and sung.

"I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day—
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

"And what was in those ships all three
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day—
And what was in those ships all three
On Christmas Day in the morning?

"Our Saviour Christ and his lady
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day—
Our Saviour Christ and his lady
On Christmas Day in the morning

"O they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day—
O they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas Day in the morning.

"And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day—
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.

"And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day—
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.

"And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day—
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

"Then let us all rejoice again
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day—
Then let us all rejoice again
On Christmas Day in the morning."

ANIMAL CUNNING AS SEEN IN CAMP.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.

AUTHOR OF "UPLAND AND MEADOW," "WASTE LAND WANDERINGS," ETC.

I SPENT the month of September in camp: it was in southern Ohio; and while there were no very striking features in the zoology of the region, I was never at a loss for something to look at. My tent had not been pitched more than an hour before I had occasion to enter it, and to my surprise I found it already tenanted. A grim gray spider had an elaborate web in one corner, in which a fly was already tangled; a gray lizard was dozing on the mattress; shining beetles crept through the cracks of the loose board floor. This was encouraging. I was assured of many friends under my canvas to entertain me during rainy days, and so it proved. Beetles in abundance, but stupid to the last; spiders, lizards, and snakes, knowing creatures all of them, and endlessly amusing.

Let us consider them in the order named. I was soon compelled to make friends with the spiders, as they straightway became so numerous and fearless that mutual toleration was necessary. Had there been rebellion on either side, the chances were in favor of my discomfiture.

I had no trouble. Not a nook or corner for several

days but was occupied by a web, and often I was forced to destroy these to get at some of my photographic or other apparatus. In a few days the spiders learned where I was most apt to be, and what objects in the tent were likely to be disturbed, and retired to the ridge-pole beneath my table, and behind certain boxes that were constantly opened, but never moved from their places.

This is a bold if not a rash statement. I have said the spiders "learned." Do spiders learn by experience? Can they be taught? Let us see. From the very necessities of the case spiders must be cunning or they would starve. Their food is not taken by brute force, nor captured by outrunning the pursued insect. As their dependence is so largely if not wholly upon strategy, a high degree of intelligence must be accorded them. Spiders have been known to weight their webs with stones that they might be steadied during a gale of wind, and one at least has been known to completely alter its mode of life because of accident making impracticable the ordinary methods of food-capture. These more wonderful evidences of mental strength are too well attested to be doubted, and I was well prepared to find those spiders that crowded my tent equal to all that I have recorded of them.

As is my wont, I devised various simple experiments to test their cunning, and so wiled away many a lonely hour. Choosing one great gray fellow that had an elaborate web just back of my table, I endeavored to determine if it would recognize me as a purveyor if I assumed that office. At the outset no sooner was my candle lighted and I had taken my seat than the spider would retreat to its innermost sanctum, and not reappear while I was at work. It was afraid of me, and of me only, and not of the candle or its flickering flame. I commenced then by offering a fly impaled upon a delicate splint from Katie's broom. No notice was taken of it so long as my hand was in sight. I kept the fly in position all the evening, resting it between two books, but still in line with my hand, which was in constant motion, for I was busy writing. Directly after I retired the fly was seized and dragged away. Night after night I struck a match to determine this, and always with the same result. It was quick work with the spider, for I relighted my candle several times almost the same moment that I extinguished it, but never caught the spider, and yet the fly had disappeared. It evidently followed my movements very closely—a proof itself of cunning.

During the second week the necessary confidence was gained, and the flies were seized, if the splint was several inches long, and I did not move my hand. The rest was easy, and every night the splint was shortened until but two inches in length, but I never could induce the spider to take a fly directly from my fingers or allow me to touch it. Then came the concluding evidence of the spider's teachableness. Long before I left camp it would come from its web and take its place before me, when the candle was lighted and I had sat down to write, expecting its nightly ration of two or three flies. These I nearly always provided. During the day the spider did not pay any attention to me, nor would it show itself at night if I moved about restlessly, had company, or made any unusual noise, such as whistling. It had learned to associate my position at the table, directly facing its web, with an available supply of food, and probably of my personality; otherwise it had no conception. It did not, I think, go so far as to distinguish me from others; but still it can be said that the spider had proved teachable.

Another cunning spider in my tent had an enormous web attached to the roof and around the ridge-pole. To it I made daily many offerings of house-flies. It seemed at last to know me and expect them, so I tested the creature's patience, if not its ingenuity. Filling a homœopathic vial with flies, I placed it just beyond the web

and suspended it by a thread to the pole. The spider made several attempts to reach them from the nearest point of the web, and failing in this, made an addition to it, and so secured the vial, but could, of course, go no farther. Daily additional webs were placed about the little bottle until it was almost concealed. The flies were all dead on the third day, and on the morning of the fourth the bottle was lying on the floor of the tent. I do not know, but suspect that the spider pitched it overboard in disgust.

A word more concerning spiders. About noon one clear, warm, quiet September day I chanced to pause at a turnstile before going through, and at that moment caught sight of a curious spider. It appeared to be standing upon its head and forelegs, and was quite motionless. On examination I found that it was spinning almost invisible threads, which mounted directly upward and were lost to view. First one and then another spinneret gave up its thread, and a dozen or more were wafted into space while I stood watching. Then, without any premonition, the spider gave a leap, and with its legs folded up beneath it, passed upward and out of sight.

My old favorites the gray lizards too were ever present. Fly-catchers, like the spiders, they rambled over the tent without hindrance, and afforded no end of amusement. They were never careful of the spiders' rights, and often ran recklessly through an elaborately adjusted web. The spiders never resented this; not because they were afraid, I think, but for the reason that they were powerless. Not one was capable of effectively biting denser tissues than those of insects. None, probably, either in the fields or woods, are venomous. Some may be, but the danger has in all cases been grossly exaggerated, and the common fear of our spiders is not warranted by anything known of these creatures as a class.

One old lizard became exceedingly tame, and was my tent companion for many days. Its fear of mankind vanished on the day of capture, and it was very glad to have me offer it flies, which it took directly from my fingers. I soon learned the reason: it was not expert at catching them. I saw it make many failures, and so I soothed its disappointment frequently by catching them for it. I became, therefore, associated with food in its mind, and so gained its confidence.

One afternoon I entered the tent suddenly and placed a large dead garter-snake upon my table. I did not notice the lizard at the time, but it was watching me, and no sooner had I laid the serpent down than it darted behind my mattress. I was not sure but this was a mere coincidence, and brought it back to the table. The instant I put it down, uncontrollable fear possessed it, and its efforts to escape were indescribably frantic. Recapturing it the second time, I placed it in a pen, quickly constructed of books and boards, and slowly introduced the snake, pushing it slowly forward, inch by inch. Immediately the lizard stood nearly upright, and as the snake's head touched it, swelled up until I thought it would burst, and then fell over, limp, shrivelled, and apparently dead.

I was puzzled at this, and left the tent in hopes of finding another lizard in the wood-pile. Failing in this, I returned, and was more surprised than ever to find that the lizard had not really died from fright, but had merely swooned from fear. It was now partly itself again, almost colorless or a very pale gray, crouched as far as possible from the snake, and trembling. Did it expect every moment to be seized and devoured? I am at a loss to know; the more so that I have had serpents and these gray swifts, as they are usually called, associated in Wardian cases, and no evidence of fear on the part of either was detected. I can only suggest that my tent lizard had had an ugly experience in which a snake had prominently figured. A valuable point would be gained could this be proved, for then it would be shown that lizards have memory. But those persons who have had them as pets

are generally convinced of this; and is not general conviction tantamount to a demonstration? Not always, I admit; but in such a matter as evidence of intelligence in low animal forms it is about all that can be offered.

And here is what I have to offer as evidence that my pet remembered. When I released the creature it slowly crawled away, for it was yet weak, and gradually widened the distance until hidden in a far corner of the tent. Three days later I chanced upon it as it was darting after flies. Its activity showed that it had wholly recovered. Again I brought it to the table, and although neither snake, books, nor boards were there, the lizard was sorely frightened, and made desperate efforts to escape, and this fear of that spot, the table top, continued during the remainder of my stay in camp.

I had no pet snakes, I am sorry to say, but I made some progress in acquiring the good graces of one small serpent, a half-grown garter-snake, that was brought to me a day or two after my arrival. While I held it in my hands, and for the two days it was in a little box, all efforts to tame it were a flat failure. As it was quite uninteresting, I let it go, and it took refuge under the floor. During the heat of the day this timid snake would bask on the floor while I was out, but scuttled off as soon as I appeared. So I tried my old tactics of gradual approach. First my shadow would fall upon it, then I would move a step or two forward and remain a moment perfectly still, then advance, and so on. Day by day I gained a little, and at last could enter the tent. But this was all. The snake preserved a make-ready attitude, and if I stooped or swung my arms it was gone in an instant. Very different proved a young black snake that my associate, the archaeologist, had nerve enough to bring to me. It would do nothing but bite, and fairly exhausted itself in impotent rage. Although less than a foot in length and but a few weeks old, it was unteachable. Its hatred of mankind had not been developed by experience, but was inherited, and this law of heredity I endeavored to overcome by kindness. But the snake would have none of it, and not even when alone would it accept the food provided. I mention this because an adult black snake, although fierce and brave when cornered, is something of a coward, after all; and, as I know by experience, it is intelligent and tamable. I have never dared to write the history of one I finally conquered by persistent kindness. But does not this all go to show how intelligent snakes really are? When young, hopelessly unreasonable; when older, willing to listen to reason, and at last be guided by it. Does not this smack of human nature just a little?

So ended my camp experiences in the study of animal intelligence. The results were all the same, whatever forms of life I tested. Cunning, ingenuity, memory, all were evidently features of their minds. I say "minds," for I can think of no other word that meets the case. How, indeed, can one creature outwit another; how can it plan to meet some desired end, new until then to its experience; how can it remember people, places, things—unless it has what we call in ourselves a mind?

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I HAVE often been asked by mothers at what age they ought to begin the religious teaching of their darlings: how old should the little one be before she learns to say her prayers.

Seated one winter evening in a cozy sitting-room up-country, the snows lying white and cold on the fields outside, and the whirl of the winds, as they tossed the tree branches and rattled the shutters, making the peace of the farm-house all the sweeter, the pet of the home came to kiss me for good-night. How dainty and pretty

she was in her little white night-gown and pink knitted slippers! She had been undressed in the room where we were, and had nestled and cuddled in her grandfather's lap, toasting her tiny toes, until her mother carried her off to the upper room where she was to be tucked up in her little crib. Presently through the register came a soft cooing sound, Baby saying her "Now I lay me down to sleep," and we older people, from the grandfather of eighty to the youngest aunt, were silent as we listened. And then Baby spoiled it by suddenly calling to us herself, in a most triumphant tone, "Did oo hear me thay my prayerth?—did oo all hear me?" Evidently the little heart had been more taken up with the impression her devotions were making on the invisible audience in the apartment below than on the thought that she was speaking to her heavenly Father. But she was only two little years and the half of another one old, and we knew that she would learn better by-and-by. There is a story told in another family of a little girl of three who one summer evening had added to her nightly prayer the names of aunts and cousins and friends until she was quite relieved to have arrived at the end. With the golden fringes drooping over the sleepy blue eyes, and the heavy head yearning for the pillow, mamma said, "Darling, you forgot Cousin L——"

"Oh! I can't help it," was the startling reply; "she must scuffle for herself to-night."

To wait, as some people illogically advise, until children are old enough to understand about God before teaching them to pray, is to behave as nobody behaves in regard to any other thing under the sun. The sensible way is to do as a mother whose children are among the best trained and best behaved I know tells me she always does, viz., long before the child can talk, in the very dawning of intelligence, to clasp the tiny hands in hers, and say the little prayer while yet it can be only the mother's saying. The habit may be established by the time the baby is talking and walking, the blessed thing about it then being that the whole conscious life of the child will be fast bound to God. There will never be the memory of the time when the heart's burden was not rolled off at His feet, when the day did not begin and the evening close with a sweet Amen. There are no prettier nor more comprehensive prayers for children than at morn-ing the familiar,

"Now I wake and see the light,
'Tis God who kept me through the night,
To Him I lift my voice and pray
That He will keep me through the day."

And at evening the tender

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

A variation of the latter has in the second line,

"I give my soul to Christ to keep,"
and adds:
"And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

But the simpler form seems to me the lovelier.

As children grow older they should learn to repeat reverently the Lord's Prayer, and should be encouraged in the tender bedtime talks with mamma which are mamma's most precious opportunity for winning their confidence, and keeping them close to herself, to make prayers of their own. A child's day, like the day of a grown person, has its lights and shadows, its trials and anxieties. Temptation has met the little one in the playground, the street, or the school-room, and she has had her fits of naughtiness, her gusts of temper, or her disappointments,

as great to her as her father's to him. A cup can be no more than full to the brim, let its size be what it may.

So the child as well as the adult may learn the comfort of just resting on that precious truth, "He knows." I like to join in the evening worship of a certain beautiful household, in which every child, beginning with Maggie, who is now a graceful maiden in her teens, and coming down to Walter, in kilts, repeats his or her nightly text. At some time during the day the rule for each is that a new verse shall be committed to memory, and these children will be at no loss for golden words of Scripture to use for guidance, help, and heartening in days to come.

The great mistake of too long deferring the religious impulse in a child's life is found in the legend, "While men slept, the enemy sowed tares in the field." The virgin field is ready for somebody's sowing, and if father and mother neglect to drop in the good seed, the evil influences of the world will not prove so unready. And we know some little earth and sun and rain will serve to cultivate a weed. Sturdily flaunting its face into that of every passer-by, the weed declares that, give it but room for a root, it will grow of its own accord. It is the flower, the grain, the fruit tree, which need pruning and culture and care.

A mother, whose little son exhibited an unaccountable dislike to his prayers, wrote in much concern, not long ago, to a friend, saying: "I dislike to punish him for not doing this pleasantly. I fear my doing so will give him an unhappy association with prayer."

The wiser way certainly is never to link the idea of contest or rebellion with anything so hallowed and so pure as the children's daily prayers. If a little rebel persistently opposed himself to his prayers, my way would be very sorrowfully to say: "Poor Eddie cannot be allowed to tell God his troubles to-night. He must just lie down, like Pussy or Jocko, as if he had no soul. God will take care of him, but the angels will not know what to make of such a poor little dumb child." Two or three nights of such treatment would probably make Eddie as anxious to be permitted to pray with the others as he had previously been opposed to the same.

The beautiful collects of the Episcopal Church, easily learned by heart, are a perfect treasure-house of devout thought, and children of any denomination are fortunate to whom they are taught. And the hymns, which by reason of the measure and the melody slip so easily into the youthful memory, as yet wax to receive and marble to retain, why have they ceased to be among the dearest possessions of childhood? Thirty years ago nearly every little girl and boy could recite a great many hymns from

"I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me in this favored place
A happy Christian child,"

all the way to such compositions as those of Heber and Cowper and Ken.

On one thing we may all agree, and that, the importance of fixing our children's religious impressions, of guiding their little feet into the right way. We cannot suffer accident or thoughtless impulse to spoil them while their minds are, as it were, in the fluid state; for faster than anything else in the universe moves the finger of Time, changing our babies into boys and girls, our boys and girls into men and women. Unless the habit of Bible-reading and of prayer is formed in childhood, it will probably never be formed, and the spiritual cultivation will be perpetually dwarfed.

In many an experience it has come to pass, as was said by one of old, "While thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone." The child was with us yesterday. We could do almost as we would with him. But the man must take his own course, and answer for himself.

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NEW-YEAR GREETING. DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH, N.Y.

HOME STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD

WINTER GUESTS.

IN the waiting-room of the New Orleans passenger depot I once met the boy of a Spanish-looking traveller whom I had seen on the Havana steamer a week ago. It was in midsummer, and the weather was distressingly hot, but the black-eyed youngster seemed to be quite at ease, and every now and then made a dash for the open platform to chase a butterfly or throw a stone at the rats that were scampering about in quest of water.

"Hallo, Juan, are you going North this evening?" I inquired. "No, señor," said the little West Indian; "I just came here to take a look at the trains. My folks are going to stay here this summer to enjoy the cool climate."

With a similar modesty of expectation many kinds of migratory birds seem to enjoy the winter climate of the United States. On a frosty December morning the hunters of the North Carolina highlands often see swarms of winged strangers fluttering about the berry bushes of the frosty woods picking haws, searching the vine tangle for a bunch of belated fox-grapes, and chirping as merrily as if they were just out for a picnic, and having the jolliest kind of a time. They are Canadian waxwings, born in the pine forests of the upper Ottawa, where summer lasts just long enough to ripen a few berries, but where early in November winter sets in with fearful rigor, driving even the hardiest birds to seek salvation in flight to a country which they probably consider a land of everlasting summer, for in British North America light frosts often occur in the middle of August.

At that time humming-birds, which occasionally are seen as far north as Montreal, get ready for their vacation trip to the States; but the weather must be rough indeed when a waxwing cannot stand it any longer. A little below its shoulder the little northlander has a curious appendage, exactly the color of red sealing-wax, and as hard as horn; but if its whole body were made out of such horn its constitution could hardly be more weather-proof. A pair of waxwings which a Tennessee hunter's boy caught for me about Christmas a few years ago were put in a large cage, fastened across the upper sash of a kitchen window; but I soon found that the outside of the house would suit my little guests much better. Out on the porch they hopped about, chirping and twittering, and ate almost anything in the shape of vegetables; but whenever they were taken in-doors they began to mope as soon as the temperature rose to anything a boy or a canary-bird would have thought comfortable. At night they could not stand stove heat at all, but kept clambering about in a restless way, as if they were trying to break out of the cage at the side furthest from the stove; but the moment their little wire house was moved to the cold hall they seemed satisfied, and settled down for a comfortable nap.

Wild-geese too decidedly prefer a mild Virginia winter to the endless summer weather of the countries further south. On the swamp meadows of the lower Roanoke River swarms of foreign water-fowl disport themselves every winter, seeking out the most inaccessible bogs for their night quarters, but making morning visits to the neighboring corn fields, where they often betray their presence by their boisterous mirth—an incessant cackle sounding from a distance like many-voiced laughter. Even further north, on the Potomac and the sheltered nooks of Chesapeake Bay, migratory water-birds often linger for weeks, if the weather should encourage a protracted visit; and in those winterless years that spoil a boy's sleighing now and then such tallulahs often appear in the most unexpected places, as on the Tallulah River, in northern Georgia, where three years ago a flock of arctic divers took up their fishing camp, to the general surprise of the natives, who took them for ducks or short-legged cranes, and what not. A still stranger surprise party visited the farm of a South Carolina dandy in a stormy winter night of 1883. About midnight the storm rose to a gale, and old Sanbo's boys had just got home from an expedition to a neighboring hen-roost, when all at once the little garden resounded with shrieks, as if the wild hunter with all his demons had descended on their homestead. "I tole you so, Jim," wailed the old negro, as his youngster disappeared under the bed, "I tole you that sort of business would raise the mischief some day, and now ye can hear it: I was right, only it's too late now, I am afraid."

"Yes, it's all over, ye poor sinners," moaned the good wife. "For mercy's sake stop that dog, or he will break out and start them spooks right this way. There he goes! Stop 'im!"

But Nero had already squeezed himself through the rickety

door and charged out, with disregard of consequences, right into the midst of the night spectres, to judge from their louder shrieks and the answering howls of the youngster who was peeping out through a crack in the wall behind the bed. "Here they come!" screeched the old woman; "it's all up!" But it was only Nero, who dashed back into the light of the flickering hearth fire and proceeded to scrape out a mass of black feathers that seemed to have got lodged in his throat and jaws.

"See! feathers! Them must be angels!" shrieked out one of the girls.

"Hush up! ye must be blind, sis," groaned her sister; "don't ye see them feathers is black? They must be the ghosts of those chickens, Jim." But the paterfamilias, after a careful examination of the black samples, seemed to have reached a different conclusion, for, grabbing his dogwood club, he suddenly dashed out into the yard, and after a vigorous onslaught seemed to make headway against the unknown visitors, for the shrieks soon became less distinct, and at last died away in the distance.

"They fooled us, didn't they? but I got two of them anyhow," he remarked, as he pushed open the door and flung in two enormous birds that dropped about like wounded dragons, and knocked over chairs and jugs, till the exasperated housewife managed to despatch them with an axe. The trophies of the nocturnal battle were taken to Spartanburg the next morning, and in a debating club of local naturalists were at last admitted to be black swans that must have come all the way from Hudson Bay Territory. There had been an early winter up north, and the winged refugees were probably on their way to the swamps of the lower Gulf coast, and must have been driven down by the force of the sudden storm.

It seems a puzzle how migratory birds can keep their course in the dark, but there is no doubt that thousands of them are on the wing in every October night, and again in March, when they pass our coast on their return trip to the distant north. Light-house keepers often pick up scores of water-birds and other winged travellers that have struck the tower in their headlong flight—attracted by the glare of the signal-light, as many suppose, but more probably on account of their preference for established routes of travel. For countless thousands of generations their ancestors may have followed the coast line in their southward wanderings and encountered no obstacle, where the flight of their descendants is now arrested by an artificial rock-cliff. Further west too our feathered travellers have their favorite routes, and generally contrive to cross a high mountain range at the lowest gap, where their trumpet notes can often be heard in the dark, as if their leaders were rallying the stragglers of the aerial host.

There are, indeed, more creatures abroad in night time than a casual observer would be apt to suppose. The King of Belgium has a country-seat with a large orchard a few miles from Namur, and in spite of all vigilance the larger half of the fruit crop finds its way into the pockets of foraging youngsters. The good-natured owner does not like to spoil their little game, but on dark summer nights frequently amuses his family by suddenly flooding the garden with a blaze of electric-lights, and watching the multitude of urchins that scamper off like frightened rabbits in all directions. If the landscape of North America could be illuminated in the same manner on a warm winter night, we should find the woods and fields swarming with animals where not a living thing is to be seen in daytime. In the Alleghany highlands, for instance, a hunter, after Christmas, can roam the woods for hours without seeing so much as a chipmunk; but on the morning after the first snow-storm an infinite number of tracks betray the survival of numerous rabbits, coons, squirrels, and foxes.

Wander-birds always return to the feeding-grounds where they or their friends have passed a comfortable winter. The naturalist Waterton turned his North English hunting park into a "bird pectory," as he called it, and every winter enjoyed the visits of numerous winged guests that could not be found anywhere else, and by a liberal supply of food were often induced to put in an appearance several weeks before the first frost. On our own continent Nature herself has established several winter resorts of that kind. In the neighborhood of Huntsville, Alabama, for instance, there is a mountain range abounding with cedar thickets and sheltered "coves," as the natives call the little highland dells that generally form the spring cradle of as many different mountain brooks. In the evergreen forests of those highlands innumerable swarms of robins take up their winter-quarters every year, and between New-Year and April manage

to eat up a quantity of cedar berries that can be estimated only by thousands of bushels, for in December the blue clusters of the never-failing crop cover the mountains for miles, and often actually give the woodlands a bluish tinge, but after the middle of March the only remnants of that enormous harvest are found in the neighborhood of human dwellings, where the frequent crack of shot-guns moderates the appetite of the feathered foragers.

A little petting, however, soon helps winter birds to overcome their dread of the human species. Crows, for instance, are never long in discovering that the owner of a park is fond of rookeries, and they make themselves at home for the rest of the winter, after a capful of corn has been scattered about in the neighborhood of their roosts every morning for a week or two. Cross-bills need even less encouragement. The pretty little chipmunks seem naturally fond of a sunny clearing in the midst of extensive woodlands, and at the risk of an inhospitable reception will hang about a house, searching for insects in the crannies of the logs, or clustering about the roof at the edge of the chimney to enjoy the warmth of the hearth fire. In my Tennessee mountain house I never troubled them, and after the second year they got so tame that many of my visitors mistook them for liberated cage-birds. On the wood-pile, or wherever else they could pick up a few odds and ends, they would hardly step out of our way, and besides reported regularly for their three meals a day, fluttering up only at the approach of the house-dog, who had been taught not to molest them, but still inspired them with a vague mistrust of his intentions. If breakfast was a little late, they would assemble on the porch and keep up a peculiar clicking chirp, almost resembling the tinkling of little bells; but that music was rarely heard after the middle of February, and before the beginning of March my little winter guests had always returned to their nesting-grounds in the wooded highlands.

CAPTAIN POLLY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was high carnival in the summer kitchen where the candy-making was going on. Polly, in an apron of Diantha's, which, although several "reefs" had been taken in it, as the boys said, was still so large as occasionally to impede her locomotion, was the mistress of the revels. She mixed and stirred and tasted, with a deep wrinkle of responsibility, like Roy's, between her brows, and severely rapped the knuckles of all pilferers with her big iron spoon; but when the peppermint mixture dropped upon the buttered paper in perfect rounds, and proved strong enough but not too strong, when the caramels were shown to possess the true caramellian consistency and a toothsome beyond compare, and when the chocolate-cream drops were declared to surpass any that the confectioner's art had ever produced, then Polly waved her iron spoon triumphantly over her head, and wildly joined in "the Ojibwa," a dance "composed," as Bess said, in the family.

"Oh, them young ones!" groaned Diantha, as the hilarious sounds penetrated to her peaceful kitchen. "What I was a-thinkin' of when I told their blessed ma I thought I could stan' it is more'n I know now. 'You'll have your hands full, Diantha,' says she, and she looked so kind of worried, and along with her paleness and sickness and the doctor sayin' goin' to furrin parts would fetch her up, and nothin' else wouldn't, what else could I say but jest that I'd try to stan' it with 'em? But if I'm so high distracted when she and the doctor ain't been gone but three weeks, what shall I do before the year's up? My sister Mirandy says to me, 'Them young ones will set the house afore before their pa and ma comes home.' 'The house,' says I; 'if they don't set the river afore, I'm beat!'

"Miss Kate she's jest as sweet and pretty as can be, and never no airs nor no temper, but you might jest as reasonable expect a six weeks' goslin' to drive a steam-

engine as to expect her to manage them children. And their aunt Katherine that's comin'— Well, if she don't find more'n *her* match I miss my guess! She'll be terrible shocked at 'em, but she won't know nothin' what to do about it. Real bad children they ain't, neither. Sometimes I declare it seems as if Roy was 'most a saint; but he's a terrible headstrong one, and if there's anything he don't know, he hain't heard of it yet! Bess—well, if it wa'n't for havin' her finger in everybody's pie, and bein' sure to tell everything that hadn't ought to be told, Bess wouldn't be so tryin'. Sydney always seems to me to be kind of secretive and underhanded, but whatever he's up to you can be pretty sure he ain't forgettin' to look out for number one! Polly— Well, I can't help settin' by that young one, though I don't always know what to make of her; she's got a faculty of makin' 'em foller her lead. Their grandpa, when he come up the other day, he put his head in at the kitchen winder and says he, 'Well, Diantha, who's Cap'n here?' says he. And says I, 'Well, if it ain't Polly I'm beat.' He was terrible tickled, and I heard him callin' her Cap'n Polly. She ain't one neither that seems to want to rule for the sake of doin' it—that would make her a terrible hateful young one—but it seems to come along in the course of nater.

"Now Miss Del, she wa'n't half so troublesome as any one of 'em when she was little; dress her up and put a sash on her and 'twas all she wanted; but now she's got so high-flyin' in her notions that nothin' in Green Harbor ain't good enough for her. There she comes now, coaxin' and argufyin' with Simeon, that would turn himself into a clown or a jumpin'-jack to please any of 'em, to get him to be some kind of a man-waiter that fashionable folks has. No, Miss Del, I ain't goin' to say nothin' ag'in' it. If Simeon's a mind to squeeze himself into that old swaller-tailed coat of your grandpa's that ain't a shadder to him, and make himself look like a minister with a white choker, why, he's got a perfect right to; but when it comes to askin' me, a free-born American, with ancestors that fit in the Revolution, and a good head of hair and not yet aged, to wear a cap, I says firmly *no*; and your blessed ma wouldn't never have asked it! If Quintilla has got her mind worked upon by talk of becomin'-ness, I hain't no right to interfere. Any friends that Mr. Harry fetches home will get the best I can pervide, whether he's a French Canadian lumberman, sich as he picked up last summer, or the President. I don't know nothin' about English lords, but if they enjoys their victuals, and knows what manners is, I don't see why 'tain't jest as fit'in' a place for them as for anybody. I hain't no prejudices."

Del turned a deaf ear to Diantha, and devoted herself to coaxing Simeon.

"If 'twas only jest to stand behind Miss Kate's chair," said the old man, "I'd do it till I dropped if 'twould pleasure any of ye; but ye see I'm consid'able stocky, and your grandpa is so slim! It don't appear to me that I could git into them clothes. And as for handlin' dishes, it's well knowed that my fingers is all thumbs. Dianthy she won't trust me to carry a cup and sarcer. But don't look so disappointed, Miss Del. If so be that I *can*—"

"Oh, Kate! where's Kate?" They burst into the kitchen, Roy and Polly and Bess, in a state of great excitement. "We want Kate to make Syd give us the key of the old wing. He's got it, and he won't give it to us, and we can't get in at all. He says father meant him to have it—the idea! And we have no other place to cool the candy, for Diantha won't have it in the refrigerator."

"There are four rooms, one for each of us, and you are a very unjust boy," said Polly, with great severity, turning upon Sydney, who walked, with great apparent non-chalance, in the wake of the complainants.

"Yes, and Polly's old studio is there and all her paints, and my old play-house with as much as forty-seven dolls,

and Roy's room, and his squirrels and all his white mice would be there, only they're dead, and his stuffed owl, all locked up as if he had any right, and he won't give us the key!" Bess's incoherent complaints came to an end for lack of breath, and Roy took up the strain, although his fire, like Polly's, was poured directly upon the enemy.

"I don't like the way you behave. It looks to me as if you and Bruce Bennett were getting up some mischief in that old wing. I don't like to have you go with Bruce Bennett, anyway!"

"Oh, you don't—don't you, indeed? You're a heavy fellow!" remarked Sydney, with withering scorn. But his face wore a very guilty flush.

"There's one thing certain!" cried Bess, as if struck by an idea that was sure to bring the enemy to terms. "You

old, empty, tumble-down rooms are not worth so much fuss."

"It's a pity to be so grown-up as not to know that those rooms are the very *caveau* of the house," said Polly, who when she was excited was apt to lose her hold upon her r's. "What should we do for menageries or circuses or rainy-day howls if it were not for that wing?"

"Well, well, just let him have his own way for a while, and before a rainy day comes he'll give you the key."

There was no redress; there was no real authority to fall back upon. Oh, if Aunt Katherine had only come when she was expected!

As Syd sauntered away, Roy sought a private conference with Polly.

"Syd is up to something," he said, with profound conviction. "He's been spending half his time with Bruce



THE CANDY-MAKING.

can't come on board the *High-Flyer*, not a step, until you give us the key! You have nothing to do with it, for you didn't give a cent. We wouldn't have minded *that*, if you hadn't been so mean about the key. Now you can't come on board."

"Pooh! who wants to have anything to do with such silly girls' play? I have better uses for my money than fixing up a crazy old boat into a candy-shop. And I don't *wish* to join any Pauper Emigration Society."

These remarks were felt to be very cutting, and they increased the popular indignation against Sydney. The clamor brought Kate to the rescue, and to her the grievance was rehearsed in chorus.

"Oh dear! why will you quarrel so?" said pretty Kate, her blue eyes misty with trouble. "Sydney, why don't you give them the key if they want it? Or why don't you others let him have it if he is so obstinate? Those

Bennett in that wing. He never will let me in. Father forbade his going with Bruce Bennett and that set of boys. If he should get into any real mischief, I should feel as if I were to blame."

"You wouldn't be. Let him 'tend to his own behavior!" said Polly; but nevertheless she looked anxious.

"But I'm older than he, and—and different. Girls never have any sense of responsibility," said Roy, with his face tied up into a hard knot. "He says he doesn't think he shall go on the yachting trip, and he wouldn't miss it except for some very good reason. I think it is my duty to get into that wing and see what he is doing there."

He walked away after Sydney, presumably to try moral suasion once more before resorting to the extreme measure of breaking into that stronghold of mischief, the old wing.

It was a very old building, this old wing—a remnant of the house which had stood there in pre-Revolutionary days. Certain old associations had led Dr. Damer to leave it untouched, but they had not been sufficiently strong to induce him to protect it from the ravages of time and weather; and the children, who had long ago marked it for their own, found in it freedom from the restrictions imposed by furniture and curtains, company manners, and the general impediments of civilization. Certain servants, notably Nora O'Connor, the nurse, had endeavored to make the wing unpopular by a report that it was haunted (influenced either by the demoralizing effect upon the children of so much liberty as they enjoyed there or by the necessity for a periodical cleaning), but with no greater result than that all the young Daners, being of an investigating and not a timid turn, begged with tears to be allowed to sit up there and see the ghost. It was disappointing to find that Nora O'Connor's ghost was a white lilac bush which could be seen through the house from one window to another, and that the "blood-curdlin' scratchin' and scramin'" she had heard was only the noise that the wind made in an old-fashioned ventilating arrangement in the chimney.

But the old wing was good enough, even without a ghost, and, greatest charm of all, it was their own. Polly and Bess had not very long before succeeded to the rooms owned by Kate and Del, and the sense of novelty and pride of possession were not yet exhausted. It was certainly a high-handed outrage that Sydney had committed. As it was summer, and unusually sunny weather, he had been having the wing all to himself; but that was no reason that he should think he could lock it up.

Polly had effected a compromise with Diantha, by which the candy was now cooling on the top shelf of the pantry, and Bess had been honored by being allowed to

drive to the village with Del, who was going to buy stuff to make caps for Quintilla, who had been induced, by skilful flattery, to consent to wear that "badge of servitude," as Diantha called it. Polly, now that her candy was off her mind, found Sydney's unreasonable conduct weighing upon it.

"It's a wonder I didn't tell about that awful noise I heard there, like a pistol, the night he and Bruce Bennett were there till eleven o'clock. It's a wonder I didn't, I was so provoked. He was so red when he looked at me; he thought I would. But Roy is so horribly conceited, and preaches so! Oh, I remember, we unlocked the door once when the key was lost, Syd and I, with a key on father's old bunch! Strange I didn't think of it before. Perhaps Syd was thinking of it when he looked at me so queerly. Perhaps he has taken the key, or perhaps father took the bunch with him."

Polly remembered the very drawer in the old desk in her father's office where she and Syd had found that bunch of keys at the time when Syd kept his fox in the old wing, more than a year before, and she found it in the same place now; there was the very key too—a nickel one, with little scallops at the top. She took it off the bunch and put it in her pocket.

"I wonder what he has in there! Perhaps it's only another fox or some rabbits, or he's educating a guinea-pig, like Neal Russell's, or he and Bruce Bennett are making something; there was that putty dog they made once, that could almost wag his tail; they said he *could* have, only the wag hardened too soon, being putty!—I was little then. Or perhaps they're only getting up a secret society."

Polly's heart beat fast, much faster than Nora O'Connor's ghost had ever made it beat, as she put the key into the door of the old wing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A HOLIDAY FEAST—THE SECOND TABLE.

THE VROU VAN TWINKLE'S NEW-YEAR KRULLERS.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

CLEAN, snug, and picturesque as a Holland town was our city of New York for some years after it had dropped its juvenile name of New Amsterdam and adopted its present name; but not so suddenly could it change its nature and Dutch ways. Dutch neatness and the Dutch tongue still reigned supreme. Substantial wooden houses turned gable ends of black and yellow Holland bricks to the front, until Pearl Street appeared like a triumphal procession of chess-boards; while no mansion in that then fashionable quarter could boast more big doors and small windows than that of the worthy burgher Van Twinkle, and the little weathercock on the roof was as giddy as any of its neighbors, and as undecided as to which way the wind actually did blow.

An air of festivity pervaded this residence on a certain winter's day in the early part of the last century; windows were thrown open, and Gretel, the eldest daughter of the family, followed by black Sophy, armed with brooms, mops, and pails, entered that "sanctum sanctorum," the best parlor, to scrub and scour with unwonted energy; for to-morrow would be that greatest of Knickerbocker holidays, *Nieuw-Jar*, or New-Year, when every good Hollander would consider it his duty to call upon his friends and neighbors, and the front door with its great brass knocker would swing from morning till night to admit the well-wishers of the season.

In the big kitchen also active preparations were going forward. A royal fire blazed in the wide chimney, and the Vrouw Van Twinkle, in short gown and petticoat, was cutting out and boiling those lightest and richest of krullers for which she was famous among the good housewives of the town: real Dutch krullers, brown as nuts, and crisp as pie-crust.

"Out of the way, youngsters!" cried the dame to a boy and girl lounging near to watch the boiling, "or spattered will you be with the hog's fat. Take thy sister, Jan, and off with her to the Flatten Barrack. She would enjoy a good sledding this fine day, and that I know."

"Rather would I go to the skating on the Salt River," said Jan.

"But that you must not. It I forbid, for very unsafe is it now, thy father did observe only this morning."

"Foolishness, though, was that, mother," argued Jan, "for last night Tunis Vanderbeck from Breucklyn came over on the ice, and told me that firm was it as any rock, and smooth as thy soft pink cheek."

"Thou flatterer!" laughed his mother; "but not so caust thou pull the wool over my eyes; so away with you both to the sledding, and here are two stivers with which to buy New-Year cakes at Peter Clopper's bake-house." And diving in the patchwork pocket hung at her side, Madam Van Twinkle produced the coins, which sent the children off with smiling faces to the hill at the end of Garden Street, stopping on the way to invest in the sweet New-Year cakes, stamped with a crown and breeches.

Jan made short work of his; but Katrina had scarce begun to nibble her fluted oval when she spied an aged man, with a long gray beard, begging for charity.

"See, Jan," she cried, "the poor miserable old beggar! How cold and hungry he looks!"

"Then to work should he go."

"But it may be no work he has to do. Ach! the sight of him makes my heart to ache, and help him will I all I can." So saying, the kind-hearted girl darted to the mendicant's side and slipped her cake into his hand.

"A thousand thanks, little lady!" exclaimed the man, fervently; "for I am near to starving, or I would not be here; and you are the first who has heeded me to-day."

He was evidently English; but Katrina cared not for

that, and carried away by her feelings, added a guilden, given her at Christmas, to her gift of the New-Year cake, thereby calling forth a shower of benedictions, although the old fellow seemed strangely nervous meanwhile, glancing in a frightened manner at each passer-by. As soon as the little maid's back was turned, he slunk into a dark alley and out of sight.

"A silly noodle art thou, Katrina, thus to throw away thy presents," said Jan, as they hurried on. But his sister only shook her head, and smiled as though quite satisfied, while her heart beat a happy roundelay all the short December afternoon as she slid on her wooden sled and frolicked with the little Dutch Vans and Vanders on the Flatten-Barrack Hill.

Twilight was falling when the young Van Twinkles wended their way home, to find their bread and butter-milk ready for them by the kitchen fire, and their father and mother and Gretel gone to a supper of soft waffles and chocolate and a New-Year Eve dance at the Van Corlear Bouwerie.

"The best parlor, does it look fine and gay, Sophy?" asked Katrina, as she finished her evening meal.

"Dat it do," replied the old slave woman; "for waved am de sand on de floor like white clouds, and de brass chair-nails shine jest like little missy's eyes. 'Spect de ole mynheer and his vrouw come down and dance dis night for sure."

"What mynheer, Sophy?" asked Jan.

"De great mynheer in de portrait—your gran'fader, ob course. Hab you chilrens neber heard how on New-Year Eve, when de clock strike twelve, down come all de picture folks to shake hands and wish each oder 'Happy New-Year,' and den, if nuffin disturb 'em, mebbe dey dance in de fire-light."

"Really, Sophy, do they?" asked the little girl.

"Yah, dey do. Master Jan may laugh if he please, but right am I. My ole moeder hab so tole me, and wif her own eyes hab seen de ghostes dances."

"A rare sight must it be! I wish that I could see it," said Katrina; and later, when she went in to inspect the parlor, she gazed up with increased respect at her stolid-faced Holland ancestors.

"Much would I love to see them tread a minuet!" sighed Katrina again, and even after her head was laid on her pillow the idea haunted her dreams, until, as the tall clock in the hall struck eleven, she started up wide-awake, with the feeling that something eventful was about to happen.

"Almost spent is the old year!" she thought, "and soon down the picture folk will come to greet the new. Oh, I must, I must them see!" and although the household was by this time asleep, she crept out of bed, slipped on her clothes, and stole noiselessly down stairs.

"Still are they yet," she whispered, glancing up at the pictured faces. "But near the hour draws, and hide I must, or they may not come down, for Sophy says that spectators they do not love. Ah! there is just the place!" and running to the linen chest, she lifted the lid, and clambering lightly in, nestled down among the lavender-scented sheets and table-cloths.

"A very comfortable hiding-spot truly!" exclaimed Katrina, as she placed a book beneath the cover to hold it slightly open; and so cozy did it prove that she grew a bit drowsy before the midnight bells chimed the knell of another twelvemonth. Then indeed, however, she was on the alert in an instant, and peering eagerly out. Her corner was in shadow, but the ruddy glow from the hickory logs revealed the portraits still unmoved, and she was about to utter an exclamation of disappointment, when she was startled to see a door leading to the rear of the house suddenly swing open and the figure of a man carrying a lantern enter with slow and stealthy tread. An old man apparently, with gray hair and beard, and a

sack thrown across his shoulders. "'Tis the Old Year himself!" thought the fanciful girl; but the next moment she almost betrayed herself by a scream as she recognized the beggar to whom she had given her New-Year cake that very afternoon.

Slowly the midnight marauder approached, and then, all at once, a wonderful transformation took place. The bent form became straight, the gray beard and hair were torn off, and a younger and not unhandsome man stood before the little watcher's astonished gaze.

She was too dumfounded to do anything but tremble and stare, as the intruder seated himself at the table and ate and drank, almost snatching the viands in his eagerness. His appetite appeased, however, he seemed to hesitate; but then, with a muttered, "Well, what must be must, and here's for home and Emily!" He seized a silver bowl and dropped it into his bag, following it up with the porringers and plates, that were the very apple of the Dutch house-mother's eye.

Too frightened to speak, poor little Katrina watched these proceedings; but when the thief laid hands on a certain old and beautifully engraved flagon, she murmured: "The loving-cup! the dear loving-cup! Oh, my father's heart 'twill break to lose that!"

"Plenty of the needful here!" chuckled the burglar; but a moment later he had his surprise, for out of the shadows suddenly emerged a small, slight figure, and a stern voice cried, "Stop!"

With a startled exclamation the man fell back, and then, as Katrina exclaimed, "The loving-cup that is so old—ah, take not that!" he dropped into a chair, ejaculating, "By St. George, 'tis the little lady of the cake herself!"

"That is so," said Katrina.

The man reddened. "Believe me, miss," he said, "I did not know this was your home, or naught would have tempted me here; and this is the first time I have ever soiled my fingers with such work as this."

"Then why begin now?" asked Katrina.

"Because I was down on my luck, and there seemed no other way. Listen! For two years I have served as a soldier in the British army, and no more honest one ever entered the province. I did not mind hard work, but my health gave out, and at last the rude fare and the homesickness I could stand no longer, and three days ago I deserted from the English fort down yonder. The officers are on my track, but, so far, disguised as the old beggar, I have escaped detection beneath their very noses. If caught I shall be flogged within an inch of my life, and, it may be, shot. Just over the water my wife and a blue-eyed lass like you are longing for my return, but, saving your guiltier, I was penniless, and so, for the first time, determined to take what was not my own."

"Poor man!" sighed Katrina, the tears starting.

"To-morrow night the *Golden Lion* sails for England. Her crew, after the New-Year festivities, will be dazed at least, so I can readily conceal myself until the ship is out at sea. Then ho! for home and my little Jeanie!"

"And as a bad, wicked robber will you go to her?" asked the girl.

"No; indeed no!" cried the man, emptying his sack. "You have saved me from that, little lady, as well as from starvation to-day, for I would not steal from you or yours. Give me but these krullers to eat while I am a stowaway, and all the plate I will leave."

"Yes, that will I do," said Katrina, rejoiced, and she herself dropped the crisp cakes into the man's bag. "Now at once go, and God-speed."

"But first you must promise to mention this meeting to no one until after the *Golden Lion* weighs anchor at seven o'clock on New-Year's night."

"To my mother may I not?" asked Katrina.

"No, no, to nobody! Oh, remember my life is in your hands! Promise, I beg."

His tone was so imploring the girl was touched.

"I like it not, but I promise," she said.

"Thank you. Farewell." And again disguised, the deserter departed, as he came, by a back window.

Feeling as though in a dream, Katrina rearranged the disordered table, and then, creeping up to bed, fell so sound asleep that she never heard Jan when he awoke the household with his "Happy New-Years."

Gayly the sunbeams glittered on the black and yellow gables that 1st of January, and fully as resplendent were the maids and matrons of New York in their best muslins and brocades; while Katrina presented a very quaint, attractive little vision when she came down in her taffeta gown and embroidered stomacher, with her amber beads about her neck. Her face was hardly in accord with her attire, however, when she found everyone demanding, "What has become of the krullers—the New-Year krullers?"

Madam Van Twinkle looked flushed and angry. "The beautiful cakes with which I so much trouble took!" she cried. "Ach! a bad, wicked theft it is, and a mystery unaccountable."

"Mebbe de great ole mynheer and his vrouw gobbled 'em up," put in Sophy.

"But what is worse," continued the dame, "in one big kruller, as a surprise, I did hide a ring of gold sent to Gretel by her godmother in Holland, and that too is whisked away."

At this Gretel also began to bewail the loss, and suggested that perhaps little black Josie, Sophy's son, was the miscreant.

"If so it be, to the whipping-post shall he go!" cried the enraged Dutch woman, starting for the kitchen; but before she reached the door Katrina exclaimed, "No, mother, no; Josie is not the one."

"Why, mine Katrina, what canst thou know of this?" asked Mynheer Van Twinkle, in amazement.

"I know—I know who has taken the cakes," stammered the blushing girl; "but tell I cannot now."

"Not tell!" gasped her mother. "Why and wherefore?"

"Because my promise I have given. But when the night comes, then shall you know all."

"Foolishness is this, Katrina," cried the good housewife, who was fast losing her temper as well as her cakes, "and at once I command you to say who has my New-Year krullers."

"And my ring from Rotterdam," added Gretel.

"But that I cannot. A lie would it be. Oh, my vader, canst thou not me trust until the nightfall?"

"Surely, sweetheart. There, good vrouw, say no more, but leave the little one in peace. A promise thou wouldst not have her break."

"Some there be better broken than kept; but whom promised she?"

Katrina was silent, and now even her father looked grave. "Speak, *mijn kind*; whom didst thou promise?"

"I cannot tell."

"See you, Jacobus, 'tis stubborn she is, and wrong it looks. But list, Katrina; you shall speak this minute, or else to your chamber go, and there spend your New-Year's Day."

At this mynheer puffed grimly at his pipe, and Gretel would have remonstrated, but without a word Katrina turned and left the parlor. Ascending to her little attic room, she removed her holiday finery, and sat sadly down to work on her Flemish lace, trying to console herself by repeating: "Right am I, and I know I am right. A promise once given must not be broken," while the New-Year callers came and went, and the sound of merry greetings floated up from below.

So it was scarce a happy New-Year, and the little weathercock must have pointed very much to the east if he considered the way the wind blew within-doors, for even



"OUT OF THE SHADOWS SUDDENLY EMERGED A SMALL FIGURE."

Jan turned fractions, and declared, "There was no fun in calling on a parcel of old *vrouws*, and he should go to the turkey-shooting at Beekman's Swamp instead. But this his mother forbade. "Shoot you will not this day," she said, "for at fourteen, like a gentleman and a good Hollander should you behave. So start at once, and my greetings bear to the Van Pelts and Vander Voorts and Mistress Hogeboom," while his father carried him off with him to call on the dominee's wife.

This visit over, however, they parted company, and Jan lingered long in the market-place to see the darkies dance to the rude music of horns and tom-toms. Here he encountered two of his chums, Nicholas Van Ripper and Rem Hochstrasser, carrying guns on their shoulders.

"Thee, Jan? Good!" they cried. "Now come with us to the turkey-shooting. A prize thou art sure to win."

"But I started the New-Year visits to make!" said Jan.

"And paid them in the market-place!" laughed Nicholas. "Thou art a sly one, Jan! But great sport is there

at the Swamp to-day; much better than the chatter of the girls and a headache to-morrow."

"So think I, Nick; but I have on my kirch clothes;" and Jan glanced down at his best galligaskins and his coat with its silver buttons.

"Not a bit will it hurt them; so come along." And thus urged, Jan joined his friends, and was soon at Beekman's Swamp, where a bevy of youths were squandering their stivers in the exciting sport of firing at live turkeys.

Nick and Rem did well, and each bore off a plump fowl, but luck seemed against Jan, who could not succeed in even ruffling a feather; while at last he had the misfortune to slip and get a rough tumble, besides soiling his breeches and tearing a rent in the skirt of his fine broad-cloth coat.

"Ha! ha! What will Madam Van Twinkle say to that?" laughed his unsympathizing companions, when they saw Jan stamping round, his little queue of hair, tied with an eel-skin, fairly standing out with rage.

"Whatever she says, 'twill be your fault, ye dough-



"PEGGED OUT."—FROM THE PICTURE BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.

nuts!" he shouted, and would have indulged in some rather forcible Dutch epithets had not his cousin Tunis Vanderbeck come up at the moment, saying, "Mind it not, Jan, but with me come to Breucklyn to skate."

"Yah; better will that be than facing the mother in this plight," said Jan; and he was skating across the Salt River before he remembered that he had been positively forbidden to venture there.

"Sure art thou that the ice is strong, Tunis?" he asked. "Not so strong as it was. The thaw has weakened it some, but 'twill hold to-night, if—" But at that instant an ominous cracking sounded beneath their feet, and Tunis had just time to glide to a firmer spot before a scream rang through the air, and he looked back to see the dark surging water in an opening in the ice, and Jan's head disappearing beneath.

As in the twilight Katrina sat by her window, thinking of blue-eyed English Jeanie, she was startled by a voice on the shed roof without calling, "Let me in Katrina—let me in"; and, on opening the casement a very wet and bedraggled boy tumbled at her feet, sputtering out, "Run for dry clothes and a hot drink, my Trina, for nearly drowned am I, and frozen as well."

The girl hastened to obey, and not until her brother was snug and warm in her feather-bed did she ask, "Whatever has happened to thee, Jan?"

"Why, on the river I was, and the ice it broke, and in I fell. But for an old cove who risked his life to save me, in Davy Jones's locker would I be this minute; for never a hand did Tunis Vanderbeck stir to help me, and un-friends will we be henceforth."

"And thy kirk suit is ruined. Does the mother know it?"

"No; for fear of her I came in by the roof, but I met the father outside, and angry enough is he because I went to the shooting and on the river. He says that on bread and water shall I live for a week, and to the Philadelphia Fair shall I not go;" and a sob rose in the boy's throat. "But what is queerest, Katrina, the old chap who pulled me out seemed to know me, and gave me this for you," and Jan produced a moist, soggy package, which, on being undone, revealed a single broken kruller, in the centre of which, however, gleamed a heavy gold ring.

"Good! good! Oh, glad am I!" cried Katrina; and hastening to put on her festival dress, when the clock chimed seven she went dancing down to the parlor, and creeping to her mother's side, whispered, "Now, my moeder, all will I tell thee."

In amazement the family listened to her story of the midnight visitor, and when she ended by slipping the ring on Gretel's finger, saying, "No common thief was he, for this he sent me by Jan, whom he has saved from a grave in the Salt River," the Dutch woman caught her to her heart, sobbing: "Oh, my Katrina, forgive thy mother, for it was in my temper I spoke this morning, and a true, brave girl hast thou been. To think that but for thee our rare old silver would be on its way to England!" Gretel too hugged her rapturously, and the tears were in Mynheer Van Twinkle's eyes as he asked,

"How can I repay my daughter for saving the loving-cup of my ancestors, and for her lonely day above."

"By forgiving Jan, father, and letting him come to the New-Year supper. Disobedient has he been, I know, but well punished is he, and he is full of sorrow."

"Well, then, for thee, it shall be so."

So Jan was summoned down, and a truly festal evening was held within the home circle, beneath the gaze of the old mynheer and his vrouw, who beamed benignantly from their heavy frames.

The *Golden Lion* sailed true to time, and never again was the deserter heard of on this side of the Atlantic; but for long after Katrina was pointed out as "the blue-eyed maid, who saved the family plate and gave away Vrouw Van Twinkle's New-Year krullers."

AN ULTRAMARINE LOBSTER.

BY HOPE HOWARD.

THE Corso, the fashionable drive which extends along the Chiaja, or quay of Naples, has on its landward side a beautiful park which is a mile and a half long. It has many monuments and statues, a kiosk for the band, and seats for those who go to hear the music, enjoy the breezes from the water, and gaze upon Vesuvius, Capri, Ischia, and the blue bay.

The chief attraction of this park is a white marble building which contains on the first floor the finest aquarium in the world. The second floor is fitted with a library and laboratories, where members of universities and scientists from every nation may by certain formalities obtain the right to study the structure, methods, and habitat of the curious marine animals here displayed. These are for the most part found in the Mediterranean, which is especially rich in fine specimens. Here you may see a large octopus with its eight snake-like arms, from which it receives its name. It is fed for the amusement of visitors, and seems never unready to fill its maw. The electric fish, in their turn, entertain you by giving you a powerful shock when the attendant permits you to touch them, a privilege, if such it may be called, which he generally allows. Here are also sword-fish, which take their name from a sharp bony prolongation of the upper jaw, which is a formidable weapon in attacking prey.

The fish of the Mediterranean are as a rule beautiful in color, and the eye is continually delighted with new and attractive forms. There are several varieties of living corals, also sponges, crabs, crayfish, and infinite numbers of that lower order of marine life which exists on the mysterious borderland between the plant and animal kingdoms. These are wonderful in coloring, and fascinating to study. Fixed as to locality, yet ceaselessly moving their delicate tentacles, they plainly show that they possess a conscious method in obtaining their food.

The object which delighted me above all others in this collection, because it was so obviously unique, is a blue lobster. Not indubitably blue as our variety is indefinitely green, but of a brilliant metallic blue, glistening with the lustre of blue tin-foil, but tempered and softened by the life within the shell. As if to increase the wonder, the fringed scallops of the tail are of an intense orange-color, and so are certain marks at the line where the head meets the body. There it rests on the pebbly bottom of the tank so quiet that one fancies there may be such a thing as a mock lobster as well as a mock turtle, when suddenly and suggestively it moves one of its antennae, as if to say, "Just put your finger in my claw if you wish to find out beyond a peradventure that I am alive."

Yes, here is an ultramarine blue lobster in orange trimmings! A Lord High Admiral of the seas in blue uniform and gold-lace! The pleasure of owning such a rare lobster would be greatly diminished by a consuming desire to know what color it would be when cooked. I should, if it were mine, dump it into a kettle of boiling water. I wonder would a salad made from it be also blue? Imagine a brightly, deeply blue lobster salad reposing in a bed of bright green lettuce!

The rareness of the specimen would indicate that the variety is not thus to be exterminated, but is to be sacred to scientists, and that my crustaceans beauty may repose upon his pebbly bed blissfully ignorant of that high degree of temperature so painfully familiar to his less favored brothers.

QUESTIONINGS.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

TELL me, where is the Old Year going.

And why is he going away?

Will he start to-night if it keeps on snowing

As it has snowed all day?

Why doesn't he stay at home, nice and warm?

Does he like to travel in such a storm?

TELL me, how is the New Year coming?

Will he come like Santa Claus,

Or will there be music and lots of drumming,

And soldiers and loud hurrahs?

If he is a baby dressed in white,

Won't he freeze to be out such a cold, cold night?

IN THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN ANNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

ONE cold bright January afternoon a school-boy stood at the window of his mother's morning-room, gazing out discontentedly at the merry pageant then enacting in the snow-bound street below. For twenty-four hours New York had been feeling the effects of a blow from the tail of a terrible Western "blizzard," and rain, falling after snow, had frozen fast, furnishing the first opportunity of the season for skates and sleds to emerge from their long-preserved retreats. Needless to say that the close of school-hours saw a mad motley crew of revelers, in caps and comforters and mittens, invade the thoroughfares and swarm into the parks. The boy I speak of, poor dear, had been for some days shut up in the house with one of those nasty colds that needs must run a course; and his principal diversion, after reading and playing with his dog, was to gargle his throat at intervals of an hour, and to addict himself to such interesting extracts from Goodwin's Greek Grammar as the following: "Nouns in *ere* retain *u* in the nominative and vocative singular and dative plural," etc.

Naturally time hung rather heavy on his hands, and the spectacle of other boys, well boys, free boys, shouting, running, sliding, tussling boys, out yonder in the street, with sled-ropes in hand, lying in wait for "hitches" as an available vehicle went by, was peculiarly galling to the prisoner's proud spirit. Presently he turned away, and addressed to his mother that question with which parents under like circumstances are sufficiently familiar: "Please tell me something I can do, *now*."

"Oh! I don't know," suggested the not very original referee, "unless you were to read awhile."

"Read! why, mamma, you know I've been reading for three whole days when I wasn't studying to keep up with the class. What I *want* to do is to jump and howl!"

"Not at this moment, please," answered his mother, smiling. "When you were a little fellow, and before, like the famous 'young lady of Dedham, all the books in the world you had read 'em,' you would have sat in my lap, and let me tell you a story. Now, I suppose, a boy who has been captain of a foot-ball team wouldn't condescend to sit in anybody's lap."

"If I did, it wouldn't be long before you'd cry for mercy," said the stalwart sufferer. "But I'm not too big for stories." And he settled himself in a wicker chair before the fire, close to his mother's knee, while the fox-terrier, who was never known to wait for an invitation, bounded from the rug into his arms, and began a vigorous course of licking of adjacent hands and cheeks.

"The trouble is, you have worked out my story mine. What can I tell you that you haven't heard again and again? But in looking over some old papers this morning I came across one I think will interest you, although you are such an enthusiastic young American of the present day, and this bears English date of 1714."

She took from her pocket a faded slip of tawny parchment paper, on which was traced in clear though prim characters a lengthy list.

"Why, that's a bill."

"Yes, a school-boy's account, sent to his parents at their Yorkshire country home, and duly receipted, as you see. Suppose we go over it together, and I think we shall find some amusement as well as light thrown upon the customs of that period."

"The year 1714: about the end of Queen Anne's reign, wasn't it?"

"Yes. That poor lady lay even then upon her last sick-bed, harassed and disheartened as only queens may be, I was about to say, but that is putting it rather broadly. Her councillors were wrangling in her antechamber over their own political disputes. The wily Pretender

was in the act of watching every loop-hole by which he might gain an entry into England; and the Elector of Hanover, the future George I., was busy with his preparation for embarking for London at the moment tidings should reach him that the breath had left the body of good and well-beloved Queen Anne. I dare say, however, that all these important matters made very little difference to Master Bryan, the lad whose expenses at his quiet Yorkshire boarding-school are here summed up for our inspection."

"What sort of a school was it? Not like Mr. Squeers's 'Dotheboys Hall' I hope?"

"I am sure it was not, for there is another old letter describing the school to which Bryan's elder brother was taken to be entered by his father in 1698, a place called Lowther College, where the lads were said to be 'well content' to stay. At Lowther there were 'twenty seven or eight young gentlemen from ten years old up,' and the letter records of the newly arrived scholar that 'Mr. T. Kirk is his bedfellow in a large room in the middle story. In the same chamber is a large bed wherein Sir Mathew Pearson's three sons lie.'"

"By George! they must have had jolly pillow-fights," remarked the listener.

"I don't know whether Bryan went to this same school where the 'little gentlemen' lay as many in a bed as the little ogres of the fairy tale. But evidently his guardian and care-taker was a Mistress Mary Tennant, whose name you see appended to the receipt."

"Let me see. Goodness! what spelling!" and making a book-rest of the fox-terrier's head, they read together:

For a pr of shoes.....	2	8
For soeling shoes.....	0	8
For fore buckles.....	0	6
For a copy book and ink.....	0	10
For cutting his hair.....	0	1

"They charge more nowadays for 'cutting hair,'" observed the boy, with a vivid remembrance of certain Saturday transactions of a pecuniary nature with his father in connection with this recurring event.

"Cutting Master Bryan's hair was probably a more thorough than artistic piece of work," answered his mother, "since that unfortunate young person had, like everybody else in those times, to wear a wig."

"I pity him. But what is this, mamma—"For sweeping school, 0 1?"

"Some tax, shared by the scholars, for keeping the rooms in order, I presume."

For a pr of dancing shoes.....	2	4
Gave him Xmas.....	0	4

"I'd like to know what he could buy with tuppence, unless it was pea-nuts?" said the boy, with contempt.

For mending shoes.....	0	1
For new kneehing his breeches & new butans for both coat and breeks.....	1	5
For a book figura.....	0	5 1/2

"What a 'book figura' is I cannot tell," said the lady, "unless it has something to do with arithmetic."

For a fire in ye school.....	1	0
For more butans.....	0	5
For soeling his shoes.....	0	8
For ink.....	0	1
For powder.....	0	2 1/2

"Hair-powder that was," said the mother. "How would you like to stand still long enough to have the flour-dredger turned over your wig when you are late for breakfast?"

"I wouldn't be such a little dude—" began the school-boy of the nineteenth century. But the reading went on:

For a pr of shoes.....	7	1
For paper.....	0	8
Gave him.....	0	2

"Another tuppence for pea-nuts, poor little beggar," put in the boy.

For a hat.....	1	1
For shoes soled.....	0	8
For cutting hair.....	0	1
For soled shoes.....	0	8
For gloves at dancing.....	0	8
For sweeping school.....	0	1
For a copy book.....	0	6
For a book in English examples.....	0	9

"I wonder if that was the *Guide to the English Tongue*, by Thos. Dyché, school-master in London, published in 1710," said the reader. "School-books were not so many then but that a record of the best of them was kept, and I remember where the *Spectator* lifted up his powerful voice against the fact that when boys are 'got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose.'"

For ink & quills.....	0	6
For a fire in ye school.....	0	3
Lent him at 3 times.....	0	1½

"Good!" cried the school-boy.

For soled his shoes.....	0	8
For a latin garrison.....	0	11

"What's that?" said the boy.

"Haven't the last idea," was the answer. "There it is, in plain writing, 'latin garrison,' and to whoever tells me what it means I will give another book as a reward. But that reminds me to tell you that in Queen Anne's time it was regarded as of the first importance in a gentleman's education that he should be a good classical scholar, and I find I have kept a copy of a queer old advertisement of that day which runs as follows: 'At Hogarth's' (this, by-the-way, was the father of the illustrious painter) 'Coffee-House in St. John's Gate, the mid-way between Smithfield Bars and Clerkenwel, there will meet every day, at 4 o'clock, some Learned Gentlemen who speak Latin readily, where any Gentleman that is either skilled in that Language, or desirous to perfect himself in speaking thereof, will be welcome: The Master of the House, in the absence of others, being always ready to entertain gentlemen in the Latin Tongue.' Only fancy such an invitation, in this year of grace 1888, to Delmonico's 'Coffee-House'! How many would there be of the graduates of Yale or Harvard or Princeton or Columbia to answer it?"

"But they didn't have any foot-ball in those days, or rowing, to take a fellow off his books," suggested the boy.

"Begging your pardon, let me quote a verse of the day:

'When lo! from far
I spy the Furies of the Foot-ball war:
The pretence quits his Shop to join the Crew,
Increasing Crowds the flying Game pursue.'

And they played cricket and tennis too, and bowls and billiards; they fenced and rode to hounds, while all the street children and apprentices carried cudgels to fight make-believe duels. Then there were rifle matches, and archery meets, and hawking had not entirely vanished from the land. So you see there were sports enough to divert Queen Anne's youthful subjects from their studies."

"Well, at any rate, that little Bryan doesn't seem to have had much fun. Though perhaps he went in for walking matches, he had so many 'shoes soled.'"

"Yes, there are several more entries of the same nature, and the list concludes with this:

"Received of Madam — tenn pound, due ye 29th of May, 1714, for Mr. Bryan's board, recev'd by me, and 20 shill. to keep in my hand to buy Master's things with."

"Nearly two hundred years ago," said the boy, fingering the old scrap of paper curiously. And Bryan was a real boy?"

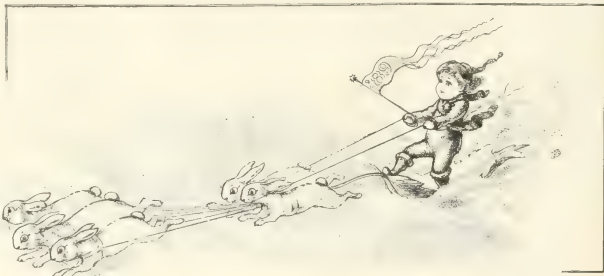
"Entirely 'real.' His brother came to America and founded a family, which has lived here ever since, and treasures these relics of the ancient Yorkshire days with great respect."

"Tell me some more about what he learned at school."

"I will tell you how he and his little brothers and sisters probably learned to read. You have heard of the old-time 'horn-book.' It was a sheet of paper not more than three or four inches square, on which were printed the alphabet in capitals, the same in small text, the vowels, some combinations of two letters, and the Lord's Prayer. This was covered by a transparent plate of horn, bound to a board by a narrow edge of copper, and the board had a handle like the little hand-mirror on my dressing-table. It was given to little people with full confidence that it could be neither torn, soiled, nor dog-eared. I have never seen one of these curious relics, but there are some preserved in England. Now for one more of the old advertisements I have copied, and then I shall be like Van Amburg in the shows, who 'puts his head in the lion's mouth, and tells you all he knows.' Now and again school-boys took it into their heads to be discontented with their advantages at those 'Select Establishments for Youth,' and ran away. Here is an extract from the public prints regarding one of them: 'A Gentleman's only Child is run from School; he is about 12 years of Age, with light Cloaths lined with red, a well favoured brisk Boy, with a fair old Wig; speaks a little thro' the Scots, his name Alex. Mackdonald: he has been in Spain and Portugal, which makes his Parents fear that some Ship may entertain him.' For this runaway half a guinea and charges were considered reward sufficient."

"I hope Alex. Mackdonald got aboard a ship and sailed a voyage before they caught him," cried the boy, with ready sympathy sparkling in his eyes.

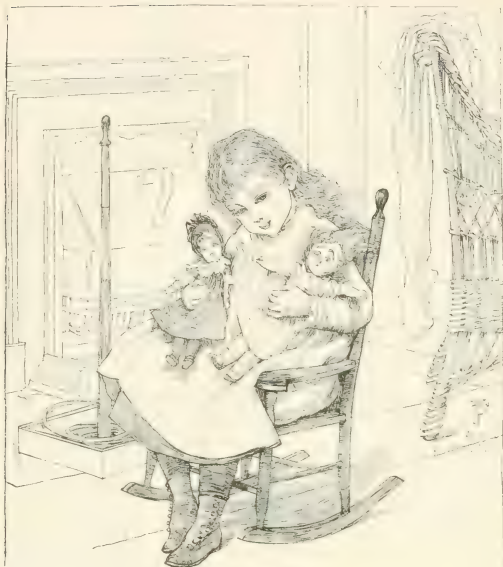
"Verily there is no great difference in the breed of boys, though a century or so divide the generations," said the mother of the boy, who laughed and told her his throat felt so much better he was sure it would do him good to take his new club skates up to the Central Park to-morrow.



ON THE HEELS OF SANTA CLAUS.



SOME NEW-YEAR CALLERS.



DESERVED REPROOF.

"YOU NAUGHTY BESS! YOU OUGHT TO BE 'SHAMED OF YOURSELF FOR BEIN' JEALOUS OF YOUR NEW SISTER, AND WEARING SUCH 'SPRESSION ON YOUR FACE, WHEN TEN MERRY CHRISTMAS MORNING, 1907."

HOW JOHNNY WAS WON OVER.

LITTLE JOHN is just turned six, and has begun to attend school. He has sat a silent observer rather than an active participant ever since in the a, b—ab, trying to make up his mind if school was "any good." Johnny is the soul of loyalty, and he could not look with friendly eyes upon his teacher as long as he was not sure that the trees, the dogs, the robin in the hedge, and Jim, the cat, his old playmates, were not lonesome without him, and had not just cause of complaint against the teacher for keeping him from them. Besides, there was the apparent clash of this new thing with the previous claim of the Sunday-school, which Johnny had announced sententiously was "enough." "If a boy learns about God," he argued with his mamma, "what's the use of readin' and writin'?"

His boyish mind troubled with these unsolved problems, Johnny had sat unreconciled, but not unobserved, in the class till last Friday. On that day he astonished his teacher by suddenly holding up his hand in the middle of the spelling lesson. She saw it, and stopped the rehearsal at once.

"What is it, Johnny?"

Little John hung his head, but recollecting the grievance of his old friends, he plucked up spirit, and said, resolutely, "I want them to sing 'The Old Black Cat.'"

Wise teacher! With never a smile at the child's queer fancy she suspended the spelling, and sang "The Old Black Cat" gravely with the school. And now she has no more earnest and loyal pupil than little John. Of the memory of Jim, his deserted playmate, which was the shadow between him and the school, she has forged a chain to bind him to it, and Johnny feels at home there now.



OPENING OF THE SKATING SEASON AT PELTYVILLE

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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CELESTIAL GEOGRAPHY.

CHARLIE (*recently promoted to the study of geography, and much interested in the same*). "MAMMA, DO ALL BIG COUNTRIES HAVE CAPITALS?"

MAMMA. "YES, DEAR."

CHARLIE. "THEN WHAT'S THE CAPITAL OF HEAVEN?"

THE JUGGLER.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

FROM these downy flakes of snow
Winter scatters everywhere,
Fragrant violets shall grow
In the spring-time's balmy air.

Every snow-drop on the numb
Branches of the barren tree
Shall a ruby bud become
When the warm sun sets it free.

And the icicles that shine
Dagger-like and crystal clear
In the fingers of the vine,
Trembling leaves shall then appear.

We shall know when comes this strange
Juggler April who shall bring
Out of snow drifts—"Presto, change!"—
Birds and blossoms of the spring!

"FAITHFUL JOHNNIE."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

WIDOW NESBIT let down the bars in the five-acre lot with some difficulty, for her left hand was occupied holding a dinner pail with something hot in it, and there were two loaves of new bread wrapped up in paper under her arm; but "cross lots" was the shortest way to her destination, which was a tumble-down-looking little brown house standing near the road, with a forlorn "patch" about it, where the weeds had long since choked any useful garden growth. "That bit of ground's like Job Anderson's life," Mrs. Nesbit had once remarked—"meant for something good, but all run to weed."

But Job Anderson was beyond criticism now. The wretched, dissipated creature, who with his boy had come to Merrifield just three months before, was stricken with paralysis, and the county doctor had pronounced it an incurable case, so that, as the few people who knew them said, "he couldn't help reforming" now. A thin curl of smoke rose blue, in the November air, and Mrs. Nesbit, noting it as she approached the house, reflected that Johnnie, Anderson's boy, had contrived a fire, which was a comfort.

"Can I come in?" Mrs. Nesbit said, as she pushed the door open without ceremony.

Job, thin, gaunt, and hollow-eyed, was propped up in bed, and Johnnie was engaged in making porridge for his father's dinner. A tall lad for his fourteen years was Johnnie, and with an air of manly resolution hopeful to note in the forlorn abode.

"Come right in, Mis' Nesbit," Johnnie said, cheerfully. "I'm getting father's dinner a little early, as I'm going to work, and see if I can't keep him from the 'orspital."

"Why, Johnnie?" exclaimed the widow. "How are you going to do that?"

"Johnnie's got a plan for odd jobs around the depot," said his father, a gleam of something like sunshine lighting his worn face. "Anyhow he's going to try and keep his old dad out of the 'orspital. Ain't you, my boy?"

"That's about the size of it," declared Johnnie, with twinkling eyes. "You see, Mis' Nesbit, folks is always wanting something at a junction depot; and I could run back and forth easy enough, and look after father. It won't take much to keep us, and Deacon Small says I needn't pay any rent until after Christmas."

"I believe he'll succeed, mother," Jenny Nesbit was saying an hour later, when the widow, returning to her own humble cottage, spoke of Johnnie Anderson's plan. "Don't you know that song Miss Madeline Bryce is always singing—'Faithful Johnnie'? Well, *he's* like that.

Maybe he'd never be much at book-learning, but I'm sure he'd always be *faithful* anywheres with anything."

And if good-hearted little Jenny, who put her fifteen-year-old will and energy to helping her mother support a family of six younger children, had seen Johnnie at two o'clock that afternoon, she would not have withdrawn the title, for "faithfulness" was suggested by his look and bearing as, having made his father comfortable, he started out to woo fortune in a new way. Something in the lad's tone that morning had given Mrs. Nesbit new confidence in him; but, looking at the lad's manly face, plain-featured, but with a wonderful softness and depth in the dark eyes, and a refinement about the lines of the mouth and chin, she had wondered for the twentieth time how Johnnie came to be the child of Job Anderson. But then no one in Merrifield had ever known the upright, God-fearing, and gentle woman Job had married twenty years ago, whose little patrimony he had squandered, and whose heart he had broken, when Johnnie, the last of her four children, was a boy of seven. Mary Neal had been a farmer's daughter in a distant part of Connecticut when handsome, dashing, light-hearted Job Anderson met her and took her fancy captive with what she called his "ways"; but no one had approved of the marriage, and poor Mary was glad enough to leave her native place when she found out her mistake, anxious to put miles and silence and forgetfulness between herself and her shiftless husband and the village in which she had spent her innocent young life.

So from place to place they had wandered, Job, a carpenter by trade, losing one position after another, the demon of drink pursuing him at every step, until, when the poor wife died, worn out and heart-broken at last, she could only commend her child to the mercy of God, well knowing that she left him no fatherly protection on earth. But for just a little while Job had done better. The boy was bright and fairly good. Job said to the neighbors he would turn over a new leaf and do well by him, but, as usual, such resolutions lasted only until the first strong temptation; the old enemy came and conquered, and Johnnie could recall years of wretched wanderings from place to place with only the memory of his mother's warnings and sufferings to keep him from utterly breaking with his father and trying life's battle for himself.

Johnnie's destination, as I have said, was the depot, which, as Merrifield was a junction, formed an animated centre in the prosperous although quiet town. Merrifield was a place of little or no importance itself, but was scattered over quite a large surface, the streets being long and wide, and some of the dwellings fine, in an old-fashioned comfortable way. The "Squire's" house was closed, and had been for a year, but Johnnie felt an interest in the stately mansion standing back a very little from the road, on a corner, and seeming with its fluted white pillars and tall windows, its piece of velvety lawn and well-cared-for gardens, to assert itself even in a silent way as the presiding genius of the place. Miss Madeline Bryce was the Squire's heiress, and before long, as all Merrifield knew, she would be coming home again to reopen the grand old mansion and reign there as its mistress.

Johnnie, turning down the corner past Miss Bryce's beautiful house, saw just ahead of him a lady and a little girl, who were walking rapidly, but with some difficulty, as both were struggling with parcels, and the lady was carrying a heavy bag.

Johnnie watched them a few moments; then, quickening his steps, was soon at the lady's side.

"Can I help you, ma'am?" he said, politely. "I'm going to the railway depot."

The lady started, and turned a thin, peevish face upon Johnnie for an instant. Then she said, rather ungraciously, "Well, if you like; it's so tiresome not having any hacks to get to the depot in."

And giving Johnnie the heaviest of her parcels, she shared those of the little girl, and they all walked on in silence. Johnnie felt the cold keenly as he strode along, but he was glad that the lady had not refused his assistance, for perhaps another time she would regularly employ him to help her. The train was not in, and the lady seemed considerably softened in manner and expression when she relieved Johnnie of his parcels, and said, in a much pleasanter voice than he supposed her capable of: "I'm very much obliged, boy. What is your name?"

"Anderson," said Johnnie. "And I mean to do errands, and things like that, after this, ma'am."

"Oh, do you?" said the lady, quickly. "Why, perhaps you'd like to be here to-night when I get back from Winsted. I shall have some things to carry. I wish there was such a thing as a hack or even a wagon to be had; but they charge so much"—and she glanced at the small hotel across the road, where, as Johnnie knew, they never "harnessed up" under a dollar.

Suddenly an inspiration seized him. "If I could fetch a wagon here for you, ma'am, would you like it?" he asked, eagerly. "I'd do it cheap. What time?"

"Five thirty-five," responded the lady. "But what do you call cheap?"

Johnnie's thoughts fairly flew. Mrs. Nesbit's brother had an old carry-all and a horse, which on two occasions he had driven for Mr. Putnam to the neighboring village of Tacomy, and it had flashed into the boy's mind that if he could induce the old man to let him have it to-day for this purpose he might start his "plan" gloriously.

"Would fifty cents be too much, ma'am?" said Johnnie, eagerly. "If it isn't very far, I think I know a man who will let me have his wagon for that."

"No, it isn't far. I live down Maple Avenue about a quarter of a mile," said his first customer; "and if you can be here promptly, I don't mind paying you fifty cents."

Johnnie did not wait even to see the train off. Here was a stroke of "business," and delay might risk the carrying out of his plan, but on the way to Mr. Putnam's he stopped for a word with his father, to see that his wants were attended to; then, regardless of the bitter wind which was blowing across the already frosty country, sped on to Mr. Putnam's, where, after some difficulty, and the promise of giving Mr. Putnam two-thirds of his pay, he succeeded in getting back to the depot before the hour for his first customer's train, with old Bell and the carry-all.

I doubt if any one at Merrifield had ever waited half so impatiently for the coming of a train as did Johnnie Anderson that windy November afternoon. He kept the horse moving up and down, delight in having started work on his own account keeping him from minding the bitterness of the weather; and when the train rushed in, and he had tied Bell up, with what proud satisfaction did he make his way across the platform to where the lady and the little girl were peering about in the dark for their new charioteer!

"Well, I guess you are a pretty smart boy," said the lady said, as after greeting Johnnie and giving him directions where to drive, she and her little daughter were made comfortable in the back seat of the old carriage. "What do you generally do for a living?"

So Johnnie's story was told: at least enough of it to make Mrs. Somers understand why and how he wanted work, and the result was her engaging him to take her on Monday to the train if he could get the carry-all, and meanwhile he could call at her house the next day and see what "errands" she might have for him to do.

"Isn't it splendid, father?" he said, while he prepared their supper of porridge and roasted potatoes. "Do you remember that man in Ashley who used to go errands for people? Well, I believe, if I can make 'em see I'm honest, I could start something like that here. Everybody has to

go over to Winsted for lots of things, Mrs. Somers says, and p'r'aps after a while they'll see I'm to be trusted."

Mrs. Somers was expecting him next day. On being admitted into a cheerful hallway, lined with pictures and ending in a low window gay with geraniums and fuchsias, Johnnie was conducted into a bright little sitting-room, half parlor, half study, where the lady was busy at a writing-table.

"Well, Johnnie, I'm glad to see you," she said, pleasantly; and in a few moments Johnnie found himself telling Mrs. Somers about his plan to be a messenger-general in Merrifield.

Mrs. Somers listened, interested, but evidently feeling that it required some deliberation.

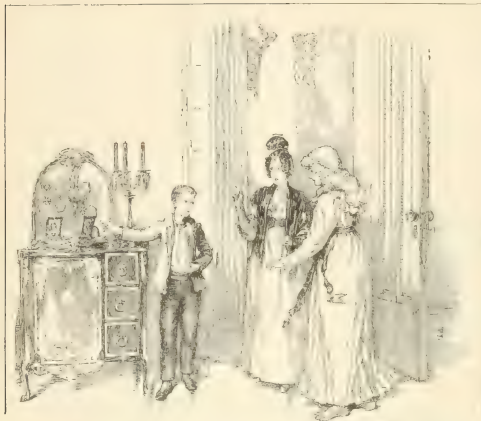
"It might do," she said at last. "Of course, Johnnie, you know we'll have to test you first. But I'm glad to see you anxious to work. Suppose you begin now with an errand for me?"

And forthwith "Faithful Johnnie" was despatched with a message to the express office, ten cents rewarding him amply, especially as the express agent had been friendly, and promised to "keep an eye open" for him.

Before a week was out Johnnie had become a familiar figure at the depot in all weathers. Cheerful, prompt, and accurate, he quickly made friends in spite of the fact, known to Jenny Nesbit, that he "never would be great at book-learning." But the ticket agent summed up his roots of success when he said: "There's one thing about that Johnnie Anderson—when you give him a message he knows how to take it, and how to bring back an answer; and he uses his head. He thinks a thing out. He's nobody's fool, but he never tries to be too smart."

These accomplishments, as time went on, Johnnie found his greatest recommendations, and before Christmas he had quite a good start. Half a dozen ladies had begun to employ him with some regularity, and Johnnie had suggested cards being put up in the kitchen windows when his services were needed. He could take old Bell and the carry-all out whenever he was sure of a "fare," and as he kept his wits at work, he was useful in fifty ways to his customers. For instance, when the new express to New York was put on, he made a point of calling at every house and notifying his patrons of the fact. Now it so happened that a Mrs. Evans was anxious to be in the metropolis by twelve o'clock on a certain date, and Johnnie's bit of timely information made this possible. Needless to say he was credited with a most desirable promptness in this matter, and it helped on his aim in life—to keep his father, if not in actual comfort, at least free from want.

It was just before the New-Year that a chance circumstance suggested Johnnie's best and luckiest venture. Being commissioned to bring a certain monthly magazine to a lady in the village, he heard her lament the price. Now Johnnie's trips to Winsted often took him to Barlow's book-store, and as there was no stationer or bookseller in Merrifield, it occurred to him to provide magazines to loan. Accordingly he started with one, and very soon he had ten subscribers. His plan was as follows: he served Mrs. Somers first with what she wanted, calling for the magazines at the end of the week, delivering them to the next on his list, and so on, until all were served, and without any trouble to themselves in the matter. Each person paid five cents for the hire of a magazine and two cents for the illustrated weeklies. The profits were not large, but then Johnnie's fortune had to be made in small ways, and his father and he had the use of this current literature, which subsequently Johnnie's patrons were glad to buy, paying ten cents for the magazines and four for the weeklies. The bookseller in Winsted allowed Johnnie "trade" prices, so that the first month he had cleared about three dollars and twenty-five cents, and, soon after Christmas, Job, who had a knack at such work, began to make neat board covers for



"IT IS MOTHER'S PICTURE," SAID FAITHFUL JOHNNIE."

the magazines, which were so much liked that Johnnie received half a dozen orders for them, which kept the invalid busy and amused the long winter evenings.

So the winter passed and the spring came, and with it an event Merrifield had been impatiently expecting.

"Heard the news?" said Jenny Nesbit, one morning, as Johnnie looked in at the widow's cottage to tell his first friend her services were required by Mrs. Somers. "Miss Bryce and Mrs. Stuart, her cousin, will be home to-morrow. I declare I shall be glad to see the Squire's house open once again."

Johnnie "took in" the street dignified by the Squire's house, as it was still called, as he went up to Mrs. Somers's. Sure enough, signs of occupancy or preparation for the heiress's return were on all sides, and the lad paused a moment to look in the wide open French windows upon a long beautiful room, furnished with an air of old-fashioned elegance and comfort which fascinated Johnnie, and made him wish he could see the rest of the old mansion. The upper windows were flung open; servants were moving here and there; and when Johnnie reached Mrs. Somers's he found that lady quite excited over the news that Miss Bryce was to return that evening, and had written asking her to see that the house was in order—fires lighted and beds aired, as Mrs. Stuart was far from well.

"Everything's been ready for a month past," said Mrs. Somers. "But of course there are last touches, and I'll have to send you over to Winsted for certain things, Johnnie."

A list was made out, and Johnnie departed, well pleased by the prospect of seeing the Squire's house from within, as Mrs. Somers had told him to return there instead of to her home on Maple Avenue.

Johnnie was unavoidably delayed, so that on returning to Merrifield he almost flew up the roads and down the street to the Squire's house, where, in the first glance, he saw that the travellers had arrived. Indeed, just as he approached the house, a carriage had driven up, and

he now saw a young lady alighting quickly and turning to assist her companion with the care her invalid condition demanded.

What was it about the beautiful face and tall, slender figure of Miss Bryce which held Johnnie spell-bound? A curious sense of familiarity with the fair face, the delicately moulded features, the profuse golden hair—above all, the brilliant though soft blue eyes—puzzled the boy as he stood just outside the gate within which the travellers disappeared. Where, how, had he seen this dazzling young Princess of Merrifield before?

"Why, what's the matter, Johnnie?" Mrs. Nesbit said, as she admitted the lad by the side door. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

Johnnie laughed. "Oh no: a beautiful lady—Miss Bryce. But I feel as if I'd seen her before," said Johnnie, as he followed Mrs. Nesbit into the big comfortable kitchen, where a savory supper was being prepared.

"Well, as you've never been to Europe, and she's only just come home after a two years' trip, you can't have seen her, Johnnie. Now, then, Mrs. Somers wanted you to go to her as soon as you came in."

Mrs. Nesbit, who was filling the part of cook temporarily, gave Jenny some directions about "basting the chickens," and then led the way for Johnnie out into a softly carpeted hall, and up a staircase, where the last rays of the spring sunshine lighted up the pictures on the wall and illumined Madeline Bryce's tall, graceful figure and golden hair as she stood talking to Mrs. Somers at the end of the upper corridor.

Puzzled once more, Johnnie listened like some one in a dream while Mrs. Somers asked questions as to his trip, and his answers were mechanical enough, even after Miss Bryce had disappeared behind the door of her own room; but when, a moment later, Mrs. Somers told him to go down to the parlor and bring up a shawl strap Miss Bryce had left on the sofa, the young lady reappeared for an instant to say, in a voice which was bewilderingly familiar to him, "At the lower end of the room, near the photograph cabinet, Johnnie."

All his life long Johnnie Anderson will remember just the look of the beautiful old room, with its soft blending of rich dark colors, brass and statuary, ebony and polished oak. The sunset hues lighted various objects into prominence, falling across the cabinet of portraits, and suddenly bringing into prominence the pictured faces in two black frames, at sight of which Johnnie uttered a cry of wonderment and dismay. Could he see aright? the boy asked himself, as, pressing forward, with a face pale to the lips and startled eyes, he saw before him, without a doubt, his mother's portrait!

"What can be keeping Johnnie?" Mrs. Somers was saying, twenty minutes later, as she and Miss Bryce were seated in the charming little sitting-room of the latter. "I hope he hasn't knocked anything over and broken it. Parlors are not much in Faithful Johnnie's line, though," she added, laughing, as she left the room to inquire into Johnnie's absence. Why Miss Bryce followed her she scarcely knew, but a moment later the two ladies were standing in the doorway of the long parlor, and at sound of his name Johnnie started, turning a pale, wonder-stricken face upon them.

"Johnnie," Mrs. Somers said, just a little sharply, "what is the matter?—what has kept you?"

"It is—mother's picture; we have one like it in father's tin box at home," said Faithful Johnnie, in a queer strained voice, and looking from Miss Bryce back to the picture in the little frame on the stand before him.

"Well, Johnnie, you've shown the sort of grit there is in you by working hard, and I'm glad as I can be of your good luck."

So spoke Mrs. Nesbit, late that evening, as she rose to leave the Andersons' cottage, whither she had accompanied Johnnie after his discovery at the Squire's house.

"I can't think it's true even now," said Johnnie. "Seems like a fairy tale! But father will explain it all when Miss Bryce comes down here to-morrow. I keep wondering how it happened."

"Easy enough," said Job, looking up from the tin box wherein for many a year poor Mary Neal's few treasures had reposed. "Johnnie's mother and this young lady's were both Neals—sisters. You see, Mrs. Nesbit, I know I've been a worthless fellow; but I'm past harming anybody now. I drifted away from all her people. It would have shamed them to own me. But now Johnnie's helped to make me a better man, and I can hold out a clean hand to poor Mary's sister's child before I die."

It was more than ever like a fairy tale when, early the next morning, Miss Bryce arrived at the poor little cottage, heard Job's story, and then insisted upon his being moved to her house, or, failing to obtain his consent to that, at least to a nice airy room which she engaged from Mrs. Nesbit at a liberal rate.

As may be imagined, the news of Johnnie's good fortune flew far and wide, and for a few days he was the only object of interest in Merrifield, where every one had something to remember to his credit. And then came a severe blow to those who had built up a romance about their messenger, now known to all as Faithful Johnnie.

"I declare, Cousin Maggie," Miss Bryce was saying one morning to her invalid companion, "that Johnnie is beyond my comprehension! He actually refuses to prepare for a college course. Says he'd never make anything of it."

This was the shock Johnnie gave the little community, who would have sent him off in a blaze of glory to Yale or Harvard, and welcomed him again as a hero of fate or fortune. But Johnnie maintained—and wisely—that it would be money thrown away. A year's schooling he would gladly accept, and then, "If you'd give me a chance to go into business," he explained to his cousin, as they paced the old garden walks one August evening, two weeks after poor Job was laid to rest in the church-yard, "I'd be grateful, and perhaps do you credit."

And so, in spite of other plans for the lad, the romance of whose story appealed to her as much as his energy and industry, Madeline Bryce had to be content with sending him to a commercial school, thence into the firm of Bryce & Coppit, booksellers and publishers, where only the other day I went with Faithful Johnnie's eldest daughter to see my hero, now one of the firm, whose home is in the "Squire's house" at Merrifield every summer. A brisk white-haired old woman named Nesbit reigns over the happy nursery there, in which, in a place of honor, hangs the little portrait in its frame of ebony, whose romantic history Mr. Anderson loves to tell, feeling prouder, perhaps, of his days of hard work and anxious saving in Merrifield than of being called "Squire Anderson" now by the generation growing up with his own sons and daughters, but for myself I never look at him or hear of him without thinking that first and last he has been "Faithful Johnnie."

THE PEASANT GIRL'S PRISONER.

A Chinese Tale.

BY ADELE M. FIELDS.

A JAUNTY young student on his way to the examinations in his district city met in a narrow path a young woman carrying wood. He said to himself, "She is a peasant, a woman, and young; those are three good reasons why she should yield the road to me." She said to herself, "He is empty-handed, and I am a burden-bearer; he must therefore make way for me to pass." So the two, each determined that the other should step aside, came face to face and halted. The stoppage soon became irksome, and the woman proposed to settle the question by a rhyming bout, in which she would give the word for which he should furnish the rhyme. If he rhymed aptly, she would follow him as his servant; if he failed, he should follow her, and do her bidding. Never doubting that he could make a rhyme on any subject she could mention, he hastily assented; whereupon she threw off her splint hat, set down her wood, took her carrying pole from her shoulder, placed it vertically before her, and awaited his response to her unspoken word. The student was perplexed, and vainly gazed at the pole.

"Come," said she, "my target is placed; why do you not shoot? Since you are a literary man, and I am only a poor peasant girl, you should be able to compose a stanza on any subject I suggest."

The young fellow became more confused under her teasing, and finding himself unable to make a verse, told her to go home and he would follow as her servant. She made him carry the wood, and after they reached her cabin by the bank of a river she sent him to draw water, wash clothes, and do all sorts of menial work. Days passed, and still he could devise no appropriate couplet on the carrying pole.

One day, when he was on the river-bank washing vege-



PEASANT GIRL AND STUDENT.—(Drawn by a Chinese Artist.)

tables, a boat went by full of merry young men returning homeward from the examinations. One of the passengers seeing and recognizing him, hailed him as his lost chum, and landed to inquire why he was there washing vegetables, when all at the examinations were wondering at his absence, and fearing that he had met with some grave accident. He thereupon told his story to his friend, and thus explained his sad plight.

His friend said, "Go and ask your peasant to allow me to try my skill on the pole."

"Oh no," said the captive; "you will fail as I have done, and then this vixen will have two slaves instead of one."

"Never mind," responded his friend; "I will take the chance of freeing you or of becoming your companion in servitude. Go and bring the girl out for a parley."

The girl received the new-comer complacently, heard his proposition that he should in his friend's stead make a rhyme to her subject, with the condition that if he failed both should be her slaves, while if he succeeded she should free her present slave, and become the rhymester's wife.

Again she placed her carrying pole before her, and at once the student responded:

"Wood like this may be found on the hills everywhere;
In a flock of wild cranes each is one of a pair."

She could not dispute the accuracy of the statement in the first line of the couplet, and perceiving in the second line the assertion that she was the mate of this bird of passage, she prepared to follow his fortunes.

MY LITTLE CASABIANCA.

BY KATE WOODBRIDGE MICHAELIS.

I HAVEN'T the least idea how the boy that stood on the burning deck was dressed—in silken hose and velvet doublet, maybe, with a plume in his hat—but I can tell you exactly how my little Casabianca looked. He had on a small gray suit, black stockings, sturdily solar-tipped shoes, a big round collar, and a blue tie.

His mother called him "Tommy," but that was only because she didn't know his real name as well as we did. She put him in the parlor car, divested him of a high-collared overcoat, adjusted his blue tie, kissed both rosy cheeks, and put his bag at his feet. As it was evident he was going out into the world by himself, I leaned forward, saying, "How far is the little fellow going? May I look after him for you as far as I go?"

"Oh, thank you," she answered, pleasantly, her pretty face lighting up; "but I guess he'll get along all right; he's going to his grandpa's in Gardiner, and he won't stir till he gets there; will you, Tommy?"

"I won't stir out of my seat, and I'll tell all your messages."

"That's a good boy; don't forget, now."

"I'll give your love to grampy and gramma, and to Uncle Will and Aunt Jane."

"Don't forget about Cousin Marcia and her folks."

"I won't; and—"

"And tell Mrs. Peters how we saw her brother. Good-by; be a good boy, and mind grampy and gramma."

"Marmy, when shall I eat my lunch?"

"Oh, by-and-by."

"And my bananas the same time?"

"Yes; I guess so. Good-by."

Then she went off, and so did the train, the little boy looking wistfully after her departing figure. As soon as she was entirely out of sight he turned his attention to his fellow-travellers, giving us all, collectively and individually, such a pretty, ingratiating smile that the crabbedest of the car's occupants smiled back in return.

Time passed, and, deep in my novel, I had almost forgotten my little neighbor, when my attention was called by a soft little "Please," repeated twice.

"Will you please look at my watch and tell me what time it is?"

"Half past ten," I answered, looking at the big silver watch he had tugged out of his tiny pocket and was holding out to me.

"Do you think that time is 'by-and-by' from Boston?"

"I think it is. Why?"

"Marmy said that I might eat my lunch when it was that time, and—I'm awful hungry."

I assured the little man that he might begin his meal, and watched with much amusement the disappearance of four sandwiches, four biscuits, six slices of bread and butter, cut none too thin. After that we had quite a consultation as to whether it would be a good time for bananas—a question settled to his satisfaction by the recollection that marmy said "Yes," to the "same time." By this time we had grown so intimate that I was made the recipient of some charming little boy confidences, which I interrupted by saying, "Come and sit here by me till my husband comes back."

The child drew back from me, his honest little face clouding over.

"Why!" he exclaimed, most reproachfully, "didn't you hear my marmy tell me not to stir?"

I hastened to apologize, to assure him that I had not the faintest idea of tempting him from the path of obedience; but his good opinion had been shaken.

As we drew up in the station at Portland the wail of a hand-organ was audible, but alas for little Tommy, it was on my side of the car, not his.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, his eyes bright and round with delight; "is it a monkey one?" It was.

"Can you see the monkey over there?" I could.

"Has it a red jacket?" The jacket was redder than his own rosy cheeks.

"And a red cap?" A red cap too, to match the jacket.

"With a feather in it?" The cap was adorned, or otherwise, by a draggled, faded feather.

"Oh!" The tone of longing and regret was too much for my principles. Moving over to the small Spartan I tried urgently to convince him that there would be no harm in his crossing the car, especially as it was standing still. All in vain. Then I suggested his standing up on the seat. "Marmy had said not to stir."

It was a long wait. A freight car shut off all possible view from little Tommy's window; a tempting wagon, barely visible when his neck was craned almost out of joint, piled high with trunks, passed and repassed, just out of sight. The conductor came in with an invitation for Tommy to take a look round outside; two or three passengers stopped in passing to give him the same chance for a little fresh air. At last, just after the train started, I heard him say, low and softly, "I do wish I had a drink of water, I am so awful thirsty."

I kept my eyes on my book; would the thirst conquer him?

At last, when the plaintive little voice had been heard two or three times, my husband looked up from his paper, and told the child pleasantly where he would find the water. A little choked voice answered "thank you," but there was no movement. Five minutes later, glancing across, I saw two big tears rolling down the rosy cheeks. That was too much; a whispered word or two to my husband, and the most grateful little boy on that train was drinking with the thirsty eagerness of a small dog on a hot day. The sun shone again on the round face. Just as we neared the next station the conductor came in with a telegram in his hand. Looking about the full car, his eye lighted on the child and one vacant chair next to him—the sofa on the other side.

"Look here, my little man," he began, persuasively, "will you just move into the next seat here, and let a lady come here with her baby? She wants to put it on the sofa and sit by it."

The child shook his head, looking infinitely distressed. The conductor eyed him with surprise.

"Oh, come now," he went on, "I am sure you are not a disobliging little boy; you have been so good all the way from Boston. You will change seats to please me, and oblige the lady, won't you?"

But the child was firm; he hung his head, the corners of his mouth began to droop, but he could only say, in a voice that was half a sob, "Marmy told me not to stir."

At last, as the conductor's much-tried patience seemed about to give way, I crossed the car, and sitting down on the stool at his feet, added my persuasions. I told him that I had a lot of little boys and girls, and that I knew all about what marmies meant when they said things. I was sure, yes, indeed, *certain* sure, that his marmy would like him to take the other chair, and be kind to the conductor and the mamma with the baby. The baby shook his devotion. "We had a baby once," he said, dreamily, his eyes on the sky, "but it went where parpy's gone. I wish it could come back."

At last we shifted him—no other word will do—almost sliding him from one chair to the next, and both of us sincerely pitying the little troubled face. He was very grave, very sad, until the mother arrived with her jolly, laughing, nay, rollicking baby. She kissed Tommy gratefully when she heard of his sacrifice, and made the baby follow her example. The touch of that wet, round, sweet mouth *almost* dispelled my little hero's remorse. Not once alone, but ten times at least, even in the midst of his play with the merry baby, though, did he look over at me and ask, oh, so wistfully, "Are you *sure*?"

At last the train drew up at Gardiner, and the weight rolled from Casabianca's spirits.

"Oh! oh!" he cried out, loudly; "here it is! here it is! just the same; it hasn't moved a bit; there's John Morton's house; yes, there it is; oh my! oh my! there's where my cousin Marcia lives; oh my! you can see grampy's house; oh dear! just in a few little minutes now I shall see my grampy; oh my! there's our trees!" The train began to slacken, we got him into his little coat, watched him exchange embraces—at least a dozen—with the jolly baby; and then the conductor came in to carry him off, out of our sight—forever, perhaps.

Just at the door he stopped, turned back, and lifting his dear little face, gave me a kiss that I valued as it had been the royal accolade, pausing to say, just once more,

"You are perfectly sure marmy'd have said to change?"

The train had quite stopped, but I drew him back for another kiss, as I answered, my eyes not quite dry, "Perfectly sure. Good-by, my little Casabianca."

he spends endeavoring to keep people from needing his services by teaching them how to get along without them, and, when called upon, does his best to make a short attendance necessary, and thus again put himself out of demand. In the following talks it is the desire of the writer to supply the "ounce of prevention," that there may be no need for the "pound of cure," and what this is can only be understood by knowing ourselves.

What would become of the doctors if people would receive and act upon the information freely given by the medical profession, and sickness become a thing of the past. I will not attempt to predict, unless they make some such arrangement as, I am told, exists at present in parts of Japan, where the physician is paid a stipulated sum so long as all the members of the family are well, and when they become sick he not only must treat them, but pay a fine in proportion to the amount first paid him and the length of sickness. In other words, the doctor becomes an insurance company against sickness.

If sickness could be so much lessened, why is not this information more generally sought and obtained, and when it is known, why do we not live accordingly?

We are all free agents when we begin our journey through life, but as we grow older we become more or less creatures of habit, which finally fastens itself upon us so firmly that it controls us, and we cease to be free. By habits I do not mean only bad and vicious habits, for we have many good ones as well, and for this reason is this subject of special interest to young people who are forming their habits, and great care should be taken to turn them in the proper direction.

It is a thousand times easier to avoid bad habits than to correct them when once formed; therefore we will resolve at once to choose the good, avoid the bad, and by so doing take the first step toward better health, less sickness, greater happiness, and a longer life to enjoy these good fruits of early self-care. We have made a resolve and taken the first step when we find ourselves at a fork in the roads, one of which roads we know must lead in the direction we wish to go. What shall we do? Make a guess at it; give it a trial. The chances are even, and if you take the wrong road you can cut across and get on the right road, and all will be well, if you have not in the mean time formed some bad habit or planted the seed for trouble, which will at some later date take root and grow.

We have thus come immediately face to face with the greatest cause for much of the sickness of the present day, namely, ignorance of the laws which preserve life, learned from a careful study and knowledge of our estates.

There are three things we must do to live—eat, drink, and sleep; and the first year of our lives is spent doing nothing else, while five-sixths of that year should be spent in sleep. Therefore it is important that we do these things right, and to be able to do this we must pause a moment to look at this wonderful body of ours.

The human body is composed of about fourteen chemical elements, combined in various proportions and in certain fixed relations. Every one of these elements is necessary to the healthy action and condition of the body; therefore to supply these elements to the body we must eat them, drink them, or breathe them into the system, and for the assimilation of the same our Maker has provided us with a piece of mechanism most wonderful to behold. There are machines which are so complicated that they seem possessed of intelligence, so independently do they perform their work. The latest form of the printing-press, for example, appears to consume blank paper, and if you will just step to the other end of the room it will pass you out a newspaper folded and ready to be sold, and in it you will find reading-matter enough to amuse you many hours. To do this it must have gone through many wonderful devices conceived and executed

HOW CAN I GET THE BEST OF THE DOCTOR?

BY WATSON L. SAVAGE, M.D.

THERE is a time-worn conundrum in regard to money which calls one's attention to the peculiar relation this necessary medium of exchange holds to ourselves. What is it we all strive after, labor for, spend our whole substance in accumulating, and when obtained it is of no use to us unless we get rid of it, for we cannot eat it, we cannot drink it, we cannot wear it, and to keep it would do us no good.

A similar peculiar relation exists between the physician and his patients. The best half of the doctor's life is spent in learning how he may keep people from getting sick, and bring them back to health after they have become afflicted with some disease; the remaining half of his life, while dependent upon sickness for his own support,



by man. Yet wonderful as this seems, there was never a machine which of its own accord, when one part is crippled or broken down, makes another do double work, so that not one instant is lost in repair. This very thing is done in our body every day of our existence, otherwise our lives would be very much shorter, because we should have to stop our machines for repairs, and not holding the elements of life in our own hands, we could not set them in motion again.

As an example of the above action let us suppose that we are sick of a disease which affects the action of the skin, so that it cannot for a time perform its functions. What then becomes of the material which it usually casts off? It cannot remain in the body, to become a poison and in a short time destroy life, therefore the kidneys and intestines are forced to do extra work which was properly the function of the skin. Thus the desired rest is obtained for the diseased part, repair takes place, and without any delay or notice the skin resumes its proper function.

The more complicated a machine, the more delicate it is, and the greater its liability to get out of repair. Therefore as the human body is a thousand times more complicated and delicate than the finest machine, so much more numerous are the ways of producing disorder, and so much greater the care that should be taken of this gift of our great Creator.

Now by means of this most wonderful machine the articles of food we eat and drink are all broken into their individual elements, and sent to their various parts of the body to supply new tissue when the old is used up or worn out. The foods from which the fourteen chemical elements are obtained are divided into four groups as follows:

1. Meats, such as beef, lamb, fowl, game, etc.
2. Fats and oils, such as go with the meat, butter, etc.
3. Sugars and starches, or all sweet things, and foods which contain quantities of starch, as, for example, rice, potatoes, bread, corn, etc.
4. Water and salt, such as salts of lime, potassium, sodium, magnesia, etc., which go to make bone and assist in the function of the body.

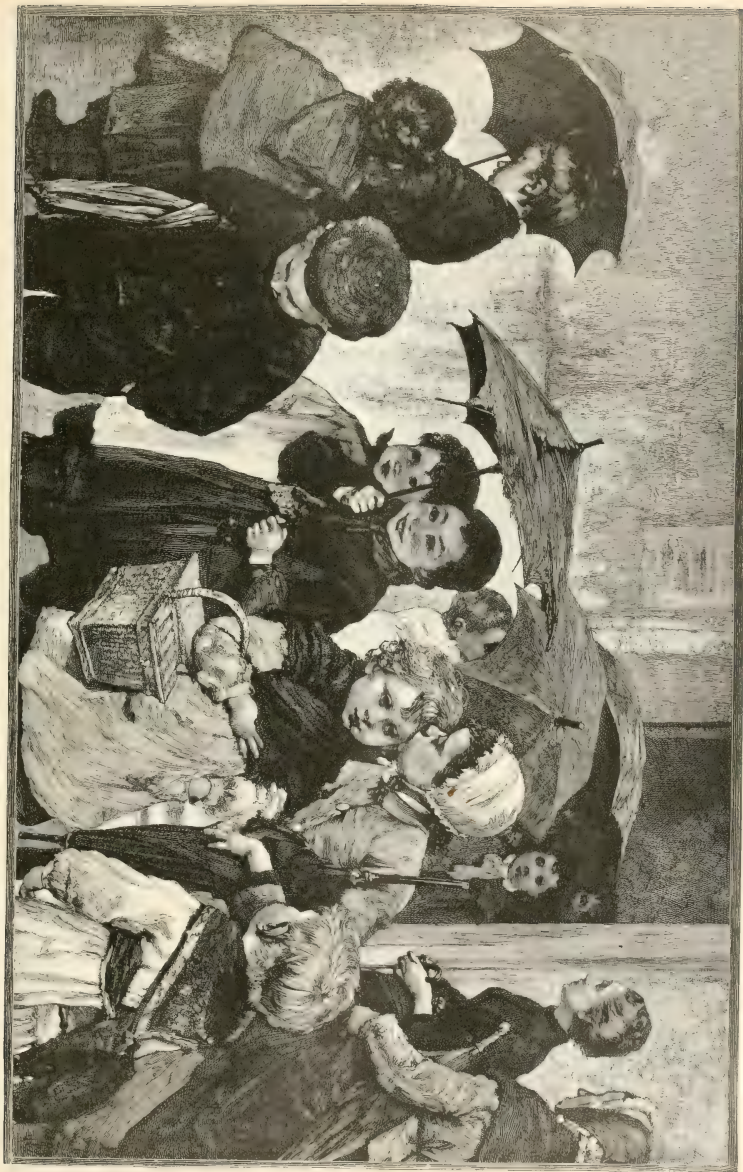
While these groups have many different foods in each, they are chemically very closely related, and there is one and only one article of diet which contains them all, namely, milk. That is why people, and especially children, can live upon milk alone. But when we drop this and begin to select our own food, then, as the different classes appear to serve different purposes in nutrition, we must partake of some articles from each of the four groups; therefore, while forming habits of eating and cultivating our tastes we should be careful to so direct them as to include articles from each group. To prove that this is necessary, animals have been fed upon the members of

one group exclusively, and in every case have become sick and died. The same experiment has been carried further by feeding the animals anything included in three of the above groups, but being careful to keep out the members of the remaining group; and no matter which of the classes or groups has been thus restricted, the same results followed in a longer or shorter time, thus proving conclusively the necessity of a varied diet for not only health, but even life.

We are now ready to put up our first sign-boards, reading as follows: "This way to live to eat," "This way to eat to live." One road leads to a village lined with peanut stands, candy shops, and all such things as tempt the taste and deprave the appetite, and you remain here until nature rebels, and the doctor is called in to put you to rights. The other road leads to a village composed of comfortable homes, a grocer's store on one corner and a meat shop on the other, both of which are well patronized. We will, of course, take the road to eat to live, and must next know how to arrange our diet to do this successfully and pleasantly. How much shall I eat of these different kinds of food? This must, of necessity, vary somewhat with different boys and girls, but a general rule is as follows: Meats, five parts in one hundred; fats, three parts in one hundred; salts, one part in one hundred; starch and sugar, fourteen parts in one hundred; water, seventy-seven parts in one hundred. The quantity eaten and drunk by a boy in fairly active life is about one-twenty-fifth part of his own weight. This quantity would be varied again by the amount of exercise, the season of year, etc.

The time taken to digest the food is the next part to be considered. To do this it is necessary to observe the action of the stomach while performing this function. The way this was first ascertained was by mere accident, as many of the greatest discoveries in medicine have been made. A man by the name of Alexis St. Martin was injured in such a way as to leave an opening into his stomach which would not heal or close up, but by the greatest good fortune he recovered sufficiently to be of inestimable value to the medical profession, and through them to us all. What was seen and learned from this unfortunate man that will help us in our lessons how to get the best of the doctor will be told in our next paper.

"SCHOOL IS OUT!"—ENGRAVED BY CHAS. BAYNE AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. GEORGEON IN THE PAIS SALON OF 1888.



CAPTAIN POLLY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER III.

THE key did not seem to turn very easily. And yet it was a perfect fit. The truth is, the small hand that held it wavered.

"He is a very mean boy," said Polly; and she said it aloud, and with emphasis, although there was no one but Bose, the great Newfoundland dog, to hear. Bose wagged his tail somewhat lazily, and looked a little bored. Except for the fact that arithmetic could hardly be expected to be Bose's strong point, one might have fancied from his expression that he was trying to reckon up the number of times he had heard that very remark. For the young Damers were, I regret to say, extremely candid in the matter of personal criticism, none being allowed to remain in any uncertainty concerning the opinion of them entertained by the others.

"He has no right to lock it up," said Polly, with still greater emphasis, and Bose wagged his tail even more feebly. It was certainly monotonous, since he had but just listened to these same grievances in the hearing before the proper authority. A dog of any intellect must wonder why she didn't open the door. Bose got up and barked to expedite matters.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't," said Polly.

And Bose barked louder.

"I have a right to go to my own room!"—Bose put his paw upon the key—"but then I should have to go right by his room, and if the door were open I should feel sneaking. It's horrible to feel sneaking. And there was the time he didn't tell of me about grandpa's prize sweetings, and the time he read Grimm to me when I was getting well of the fever—and he hates reading aloud—and the time he lent me the dollar when I'd spent my missionary money and should have been in awful disgrace (if he *did* charge interest), and Roy is so hard on him. I'll keep the key, and I'll tell him I *shall* open it if he doesn't let us in; but I won't do it when he doesn't know it—at least I don't think I will. If I should find out that there was really serious mischief going on there—"

Polly turned away from the door, to the great disappointment of Bose, who barked loudly and pawed the door. She took from her pocket a small, thick, dilapidated book, which she called her diary, and which contained, besides a goodly number of leaves, several receptacles for money and small belongings. Into one of these receptacles she dropped the key with a most resolute expression, and went her way with a comfortable sense of being mistress of the situation without being "sneaking."

She put on her hat, called Bose from his persistent efforts to get into the old wing—a persistency which confirmed her suspicion that Sydney had nothing worse than a squirrel or a fox concealed there—and went across the lawn, through the orchard, and thence over a slope of meadow-land which in spring boasted a fascinating brook whose course was now marked only by a procession of blue-flags, which looked as if they were leading a march to the sea. Polly had some red and white bunting over her shoulder, with which her counter, a pine board, was to be artistically draped. Beyond the meadow was a little strip of marsh, and then there was the beach. Not very much of a beach, and with more rocks and pebbles than sand. Around the point, toward the river, it widened for a space before it was lost in the wharves and shipyards and mills which caused Green Harbor to be known as a thriving place; beyond these, farther up the river, Mother Nature got her own way again, and kept her pretty Penobscot lined with gently sloping green banks, or picturesquely rugged and rocky ones.

The *High-Flyer*, out near the Point, had already put on a holiday appearance. She had been raised from the sand a little, and an attempt had been made to right her, although she still presented a somewhat crazy appearance; a new patch showed here and there on her ancient timbers, and a gay awning fluttered in the breeze above her deck. A throng of deeply entertained boys had gathered around her, and it was evident that she was an object of interest to the summer visitors, who congregated upon the beach at this time of day. Del and Bess, in the phaeton, had stopped a little way off, and Del was gazing doubtfully, as if she were not at all sure that it was proper, but still felt that it was not so objectionable a diversion as "those children" *might* take it into their heads to indulge in. Roy and Syd were there too, Roy accompanied by his wrinkle, and Syd looking sullen.

"Roy's afraid a high tide would float her off, now she's been hauled out of the sand," called Bess, as Polly approached. "Think of all that lovely candy being carried out to sea! I don't believe it will; do you? It's just like Roy."

"I don't think there's any danger," said Wing, the carpenter. "Twould take a higher tide than we often have, this time of year, to reach her. But you might get a stout rope and tie her to that big rock, if you are afraid."

Polly thought he was quizzing; every one knew that Roy was inclined to be over-cautious; but Roy immediately went in search of the rope.

"There, I believe that job is done," said Wing, gathering up his tools, and preparing to go home to his dinner. "I wouldn't warrant her for a long voyage, but I guess she's fit for the candy trade."

Cainy Green was standing near the centre of a group of rough-looking boys. There were strikes both in the ship-yard and in the mills, and idleness was breeding disorder, especially among the younger members of the working community. It had been apparent for some time that Cainy was developing a taste for bad company. It looked now as if Cainy had forgotten his promises, and was taking advantage of the general freedom from restraint. But Polly, who was in haste to put the finishing touches to the *High-Flyer*, so that they might open shop that afternoon, and was about to send Cainy to the house for a broom and a long-sleeved apron, was startled to see Syd join the group of boys and engage in a low-toned and evidently familiar and confidential conversation with them.

"If he is remonstrating with Cainy Green it won't do any good," she said to Bess. But that was only to hide her fear; she knew very well that Syd was not remonstrating with Cainy Green.

"There are so many bad boys about I'm afraid they'll steal the candy or make a disturbance," said Bess, who had more of an eye for practical than moral difficulties.

"We have Bose to watch," said Polly; "and Cainy," she added, rather faintly. "I don't think he would let any harm come to us that he could help."

Cainy came somewhat reluctantly in answer to Polly's call; the conversation was evidently very engrossing. Syd, when he saw that his sisters were observing him, walked away from the boys, but with a careless air, and with his hands in his pockets. Polly drew a long sigh as she watched Syd's retreating figure.

The "opening" was a great success. Kate and Del helped them to decorate the *High-Flyer* with flowers as well as bunting; old Captain Thatcher, a friend of their grandfather's, who was in the West India trade, sent a basket of oranges and lemons and bananas, and Diantha went so far in atoning for her crossness as to make some ice-cream, although she still "didn't think no such public kerryins on would be approved by their mother, if they was for charity."

And as sensations as well as good candy were lacking in Green Harbor, even a small one was welcomed by the summer visitors, and the boat candy-shop drew a crowd, and received a liberal patronage. The first day's proceeds were so large that Bess had to count them over five times to be sure that she hadn't made a mistake (arithmetic, it must be acknowledged, was not Bess's strong point), and Polly declared that if the weather remained fair for three or four days they should not only be able to send Patsy O'Connor home, but buy him a cabin and a pig when he reached there.

There were three fair days, and although the crowds naturally fell away as curiosity was appeased, yet a steady custom remained, and desirable donations flowed in from numerous friends. On the third night the stock was so large that it was found impracticable to remove it to the house as had been previously done, and Cainy and Bess were left on board the boat to guard it. Polly felt some misgivings—they would have been greater if it had not been for Bess—but the others did not seem to feel them, and she half reproached herself.

A heavy shower came on just after they went to bed, and Polly said she was glad of it, if it would only be pleasant in the morning, since it would serve to keep Cainy's associates away from the boat. It would do no harm, since the stock was well protected, and Cainy and Bess could find shelter in the cabin. And so she went peacefully to sleep. She was awakened in the night by the noise of the rain still dashing against the windows. Bess also aroused herself and related a remarkable dream which she had just had, in which the young lord who was coming home with their brother figured, bearing an astonishing likeness to Cainy Green, even to the shock of tow-colored hair standing upright upon his head, and the tendency to outgrow his clothes, which so annoyed Diantha; and he explained that his mission was to buy gumdrops for Queen Victoria.

Polly had only time to remark, sleepily, that she was afraid it wasn't a very polite dream when Morpheus carried her off again. Something awoke her again so suddenly that she sprang up in bed: the distant barking of a dog, and then a howling noise as if the dog were in great pain. She went to the window. It was not raining; but one of the thick fogs had come that often dropped down upon Green Harbor like a thick curtain, shutting out all the universe that was more than a yard beyond one's nose. Again the cry of pain came; it was Bess's voice.

Polly dressed herself quickly. Roy was not at home, but was spending the night with the Captain of the yachting squadron, which was to have sailed very early that morning. Sydney was suffering from a sore throat, to which he was subject, and it would not be prudent for him to go out. And, after all, there might not be much the matter. Polly, in her water-proof, slipped softly down-stairs and out of the house. The sound had ceased by this time, and as she could not see across the lawn she went back for her compass and her fog-horn.

She heard Diantha, a fabulously early riser, already bustling about in the kitchen, and she felt an impulse to tell her where she was going, or to ask Simeon to go in her stead; but Simeon was rheumatic, and Diantha would be very likely to scold and say that it was a "wild-goose chase" to go down there just because Bess had howled. So Polly ran along without saying anything to Diantha—to wish, before long, with all her heart, that she had.

CHAPTER IV.

POLLY ran as far as there were landmarks to guide her through the thick fog, but in the meadow, where she could not see the fence, she stopped to look at her compass. I must acknowledge that Polly always felt a little satisfaction in looking at her compass, since Roy had said

he "believed there *was* one girl who knew where she was if she couldn't see the sun rise." The compass was not really necessary, since she could hear the sea, which was making much more of a commotion than it usually did in a fog, and it did not prevent her from going so far astray as to get into the wettest part of the marsh, so that it took her a long time to get out, or what seemed a long time, for Polly had now grown very anxious about what might have happened on board the *High-Flyer*, since she had blown her fog-horn several times without receiving any answer, notwithstanding the fact that Cainy was a light sleeper, and the accomplishment upon which he prided himself most, and never lost an opportunity of exercising, was his skill in "tooting" like a horn.

She reached the beach at length, and the stern of the *High-Flyer* loomed through the fog. She went into the water to reach it, but she scarcely observed that. The deck was a very disorderly place, with muddy foot-prints all over it, a broken bottle, and half-eaten oranges and lemons scattered about.

As Polly looked about her in astonishment and dismay, a folded paper lying at her feet caught her eye. She picked it up and opened it, handling it gingerly, because of its grimy condition. It seemed to contain the vows of a secret society; they were expressed in very high-flown language, and they threatened desperate deeds; but what chiefly struck Polly was the fact that among the names signed to this singular document—mostly names of boys who lived on "the patch," a very disreputable locality—were those of Bruce Bennett and Sydney Damer!

Polly read it over three times, and she never forgot a word of it. She felt bewildered; she did not at all understand what it meant, except that Sydney was in very bad company—in much worse mischief than he had ever been suspected of.

Oh, how could Syd behave so? What should she do about it? Why did their father and mother ever go away? She called Cainy, but there was no answer. She whistled for Bess in vain. She opened the cabin door, and a pair of feet in very muddy boots met her gaze; they were much higher than their owner's head, which was lost to sight in a basket, the cover of which it had apparently broken through.

"Cainy, Cainy, are you asleep?—what *is* the matter?" cried Polly, bending over the basket. And then she became aware of an odor which made her recoil in disgust. "Oh, how howwible, Cainy Gween! You have been dinking!" cried Polly, losing all hold upon her *r's* in her excitement.

Polly seized the basket with Cainy's head in it, and shook it with all her strength. This vigorous measure was at length successful. Cainy, with great apparent difficulty, aroused himself sufficiently to withdraw his head from the basket. He fixed a vacant gaze, which gradually became pervaded with alarm, upon Polly's face.

"You needn't try to pretend: I know just what is the matter," said Polly, with great severity. And then she weakened a little; the tears came into her eyes. "Oh, Cainy, how could you, when we trusted you?" she said.

"I didn't mean to do it, Miss Polly," said Cainy, dejectedly. "I never done it before; but them fellers coaxed me and laughed at me. And we was signin' an agreement, and they said it had to be sworn to that way, and—"

"Cainy, tell me the truth: was my brother Syd here last night?"

"No, he wa'n't," said Cainy, unhesitatingly; and Polly felt as if a great weight had been lifted off her. "But he b'longs," added Cainy, somewhat defiantly. "He's a revolutionist."

"A *what?*" demanded Polly. She had thought that she was prepared to hear almost anything of Syd, but this *was* astonishing.

"A revolutionist," repeated Cainy, somewhat sullenly:



POLLY'S INDECISION.

"I don't s'pose you know what that is, and girls can't understand. But we're goin' to make things different: everybody's goin' to be rich. Syd and Bruce Bennett, they ain't like some stuck-up fellers that don't care anything about poor fellers. But I guess I hadn't ought to 'a told. I don't know what I was thinkin' of to tell"—a look of alarm overspread Cainy's face—"but it's the fellers' fault for makin' me drink. You ain't a-goin' to tell, are you? Seems as if this old boat kep' a-rockin' and strainin', or is it only my head?"

"I don't know," said Polly, absently. She was thinking about the Revolutionists. The word suggested riot and bloodshed to her mind, but it was only ridiculous for those boys to call themselves so. Perhaps Syd really did feel for the poor, and was trying to help these boys, although Polly was forced to acknowledge to herself that a missionary spirit was not just what one would have expected to find in Syd, and in the family circle he was not distinguished for generosity.

"Are you goin' to tell?" asked Cainy again, with an odd mixture of shame and defiance in his manner. "What's that in your hand?" he added, in sudden alarm, catching sight of the paper which Polly still held. "Where'd you get that? What you goin' to do with it?" Cainy was so terrified that his shock of tow-colored hair actually seemed to stand more upright than ever, and his small gray eyes, which were so crossed that they habitually looked at his nose, appeared to dilate and to look as straight as any one's.

"I don't know what I may do with it; I will think

about it," said Polly, with impressive dignity. "At present I shall keep it."

"You don't know what you're a-doin'," said Cainy, solemnly. "You noticed that reddish kind of writin' that the names was wrote in, didn't you? Well, every one of the names of them Revolutionists was wrote with blood!"

Polly's face turned pale, and the paper dropped from her hand. Cainy swooped upon it with great agility, and thrust it deep into his pocket, while a faint grin relieved the anxiety and dejection of his countenance.

Polly turned sharply upon him.

"You told me a wrong story on purpose to make me drop it! I'm afraid you are a very bad boy, Cainy Green!" said Polly, severely.

"It wasn't a story; it was true; and 'twas Bruce Bennett that wanted it done. We never heard of such a thing; he said it made it more solemn and bindin'. I don't know what they would 'a done to me if I had lost that paper. I must 'a dropped it when I was so excited about their takin'—"

"Taking what? Oh, Bose! Bose! how could anything have made me forget him? Have they taken Bose? Cainy Green, have you let those terrible boys carry poor Bose away?"

"Well, I didn't let 'em. I would 'a stopped 'em if I could," said Cainy.

"He wouldn't have let them do it; he would have torn them all to pieces unless you told him to go with them," cried Polly, excitedly.

"Well, I didn't tell him to go with them," said Cainy, doggedly.

"They must have hurt him. I heard him cry. What did they do to him? Where have they taken him?" exclaimed Polly, wildly.

"They didn't hurt him—or they wouldn't, if he'd 'a kept still. They put a muzzle on him, and he didn't like it; and they had to drag him, or else they would never have made him go."

"And you helped to put the muzzle on, or they couldn't have done it. Bose wouldn't have let them. Oh, Cainy Green, tell me this moment what they have done with dear old Bose!"

"They hain't hurt him any," said Cainy, doggedly. "I wouldn't 'a let him go, only when you've signed that paper, you've got to do what the others 'gree to."

"You must be a very strange boy to sign anything that forces you to be cruel and unfaithful and a slave," cried Polly, hotly. "You go this moment, Cainy Green, and bring that dog back! If they make any trouble, tell them that I'll have them arrested. I know their names, every one of them, and I know what there was in that paper. I could repeat every word of it. It was silly enough for boys, but you wouldn't be allowed to use such language."

Cainy knotted his forehead into a sudden scowl.

"It ain't safe for folks that don't b'long to know what there is in that paper. You'd better look out, if you are a girl. And if you get any of us into trouble, your own brother 'll be the worst off of any."

The mention of Syd made Polly's heart sink, but she kept up a brave front to Cainy.

"I'm perfectly astonished at you, Cainy Green! You're not the same boy. I can't think what papa would say. You can't suppose you can make me afraid of a lot of bad

and silly boys. And if you don't go and get Bose at once, this very minute—"

"I s'pose you'll promise not to say anything about that paper, nor the fellers bein' here last night, nor—nor nothin', if I bring him back all right. I don't expect they've shot him yet."

"Shot him?—shot Bose? Oh, Cainy, you don't mean it! They wouldn't dare to do that!"

"They ain't afraid of nothin'," said Cainy.

"Oh, Cainy, go quick!—don't waste time in talking! Oh, Bose! Bose! What if anything should happen to him! Oh, dear old doggy! Cainy, go!"

"You hain't promised yet," said Cainy, sullenly.

"Stand aside, Cainy Green! I'll go and get some one who will bring Bose back and arrest you!"

Cainy planted himself against the door.

"I don't like to hurt your feelin's, Miss Polly—honest, I don't; but, you see, us fellers can't have this told of. A dog's life ain't nothin' besides that. And they'd all be down on me. And, besides, there's Syd."

"Go, go quick, Cainy! If you bring Bose home safe I won't tell."

"Honest and true, black and blue, sure's you live; hold up your right hand, and swear solum."

"I say that I won't tell. Oh, won't you hurry?"

Cainy opened the cabin door somewhat hesitatingly.

"It's rainin' again, great guns," he said.

"No matter! no matter! run, Cainy! You used to pretend to be fond of Bose. Oh, Cainy, save him!"

It was raining heavily, and the water had come up

around the *High-Flyer* so that Cainy was obliged to take a flying leap, and then get wet almost up to his knees. She could scarcely have got off if Cainy had not prevented her. Perhaps it was wrong for her to make that promise; it might be her duty to tell. But what could she do, with Bose's life in danger? Why should they wish to shoot Bose? Perhaps to gratify some spite. If Cainy would only hurry a little faster! She fancied she could see Bose's beautiful soft brown eyes looking appealingly up at her as they did when he broke his leg and had to have it set. She shut the cabin door, the rain beat in so violently, and, hiding her face in her hands, tried to quiet herself and bear the suspense bravely. How long it was since Cainy went, and how the rain still beat and the old boat rocked! It must be one of the high tides! In her absorption Polly had not thought much about the water before. But perhaps Roy's precaution had not been so unnecessary as they thought, after all. She was glad that the boat was fastened to the rock. Even while she thought of it something seemed to strike the boat with great violence upon the bows. For an instant it almost "stood on its head," as Polly afterward explained, and she was thrown from her stool to the floor. Then it made a great plunge downward, and Polly thought she was going to be swallowed up in the depths of the earth or the sea, she was not quite sure which; and then suddenly it was swept far out amid the rolling waves. The old yacht that was thought to have made her last trip long ago was once more afloat!

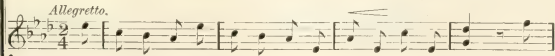
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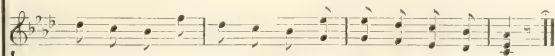
A SONG FOR WINTER-TIME.

Music by M. G. FYLE.

Allegretto.



- | | | |
|--|---------------------------|------|
| 1. When skies were gray and meadows white | They made a girl of snow, | Out |
| 2. Then came a day that felt like spring, A mild and pleas-ant day, | | When |
| 3. They saw her fly-ing t'ward the North; She flew so white and high | | That |



in the gar-den	by the fence, Did	Su - san, John, and	Joe.
Su - san, John, and	Joe went out, The	girl had flown a - way.	
Su - san said she	al - most looked	Like clouds up in the sky.	



to me, and would not take it away until I had looked at it and praised her for catching it, and if she caught one after the house was closed for the night she would carry it to the piazza and lay it on the doormat, and sit down to it until I came down and saw it. One day I went out to the barn, and what do you think I saw? In a barrel of shavings lay six little kittens, and Daisy was with them. Every morning I brought them to the house, and one morning I went out to get them, and what was my surprise to find Daisy gone. I was running to the house to tell mamma the sad news, when something happened that made me feel indeed. Two boys came running up to tell me that Daisy was lying down between the terrace and the fence, dead! We could not keep the dear little kittens, because they could not live without their mother, so we had to drown them all, and we dug a grave behind the barn, and buried Daisy and her

renew my subscription next year, and then I will try for a prize that you will probably offer for new subscribers.

GEORGE RUSSELL K.

I am very glad you are so pleased with the paper, and that you have so much enterprise. Such boys will make good business men one of these days.

LET JOHNSON, INDIAN TERRITORY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl nine years old. Papa has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me since last Christmas, and as the subscription is out this week, papa will let me subscribe for it, so that it will come in my name. Mamma says it is a very instructive paper, and she enjoys it as much as I do. I have no pets except two mocking-birds, and they love me very sweetly. There is no school where we live, but mamma teaches me at home. I have never written to you before, and would be so glad if I could see this little letter in print.

MANNIE R.

BARRE, MONTANA.

We are two little girls who live in a small city on the banks of the Popoiboset River. We are making a great many Christmas gifts this year. I am outlining an apron and Mary a traycloth. We liked to make a "Poor Little Boy" and enjoyed "A Captured Santa Claus" and "How Christmas Came to Turkey's Cove." We enjoy guessing the geographical puzzles very much. Last before we began to write, I lost my humble down the register, but we got it again. We hope this letter is not too long. Your loving little friends,
HARRIET W. F. (12 years old).

I trust the Christmas gifts will be satisfactory to all who received them.

THE TRAIL, OREGON.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly a year, and I like it the best of all the papers we take. I have a canary-bird; he hasn't sung since last spring. I would like to keep a sea-anemone. I have three pet mollusks; they have not any names. I don't go to school now. I study reading, spelling, writing, grammar, and arithmetic. We had to write a letter to Father and John. We named them after their owners. Good-by.
GRACE B. (aged 11).

KAYAPA, KANAR, KANAR CITY, WYOMING TERRITORY.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for six months. I like the story "Chrystal, Jack, & Co." I have one sister and two brothers. My youngest brother is six years old. I go to school, and study arithmetic, reading, history, geography, spelling, and physiology. I live on a cattle ranch in Wyoming, and like it very much in summer, but not in winter.
AMELIA S. H.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year only, but think it is a very nice paper. I liked "A New Robinson Crusoe," "Held for Ransom," and "Uncle Peter's Trust" very much. Was not "Young Lucretia," in December 11th, a very pretty story? I think that the picture of little Benjamin Harrison McKee was very cunning, don't you? I go to a cooking school, and like it very much. This year we are to have prizes for regular attendance and good deportment, and one will be given to the pupil who makes the most dishes at home. I saw some rabbits at our school last summer. I had six little rabbits, or rather four little ones and the mother and father. I did have six little ones, but two of them died. I have given them all away to my friends, and I got you enough to keep them in the cellar, and was afraid they would freeze outside. I must now close.
S. EDITH L. (12 years old).

PESTONVILLE, MISSOURI.

I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and it is my favorite paper. I like to read the letters that are written by so many different children. My sister says to tell you that she enjoys herself very much in reading the paper. I like to read the paper. I am twelve years old. I go to school, and study arithmetic, reading, writing, spelling, and geography. I like to go to school very much. I wrote a letter to you once before, but I did not see it in print. I will watch for this one, and if I see it in print I will write you another. I will close now, wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Yours truly,
LOIS.

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.

I thought I would write and let you know you have a little friend here. My papa takes you for us. I am reading "Uncle Peter's Trust." I like it very much. I wish you would let me hear from you. My mamma always scolds when you come, because we always leave our studies to look at you. I have a sister named Blanche and a brother named Benjamin. I was in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City this summer. I



A CHERIFFUL
LITTLE VISITOR.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I live in one of the oldest houses in Orlando, with very jasmine twining all over the porch, and the Lenark rose in abundance. The grass down here is called Bermuda grass; it runs along on the ground. The fig-tree has four limbs on it as large as twenty two inches around. The orange-trees are the oldest in town; they are twenty feet high and the same number of years of age. Just across from us is a large curly pine forest. This wood can be very highly polished. Panels are made of it, and houses are furnished with it. I have seen stairways made entirely of this beautiful curly pine. There is a large clump of banana bushes, with their graceful leaves all split up by the wind and a bunch of bananas just ripening. A remarkable thing about the orange-trees is that the bloom, the little green oranges, and the ripe oranges are all seen on the same tree at the same time. You can take the long gray moss from the pine woods and put it on any tree or flower and it will grow. Among the fruits common to Florida is the guava, which grows on bushes or small trees. The grape-fruit is like an immense orange. The natives use its pulp in place of guanine. I wanted to tell you about the little alligators, but am afraid of making my letter too long. Your little friend,
SOPHIE D.

You need never be afraid of making a letter too long if you have something to tell in it about real things, such as trees, birds, or animals, or about events or happenings which would please other children. This is a very good letter, Sophie.

THE FALLS, OREGON.

We have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very long, yet I thought it would not be amiss to write to you in the Post-office Box, in which I am much interested. I am thirteen years of age, have brown hair and brown eyes, and am four feet ten or eleven inches tall. Most of the girls and boys tell of their pets, but I have none to speak of except a sheep and cat, named Nanny and Cate. I do not go to school now, as it is out for the winter. We have school six months in the year. I study Fifth Reader, grammar, spelling, arithmetic, geography, writing, and United States history. Our house is situated on a hillside, where we can see a number of high mountains, which are continually covered with snow. The names of these mountains are Mount Hood, Mount Rainier, Jefferson, and The Three Sisters.

JOSE A. B.

I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I have never written to you before, so I hope to see this letter in print. I want to tell you about a pet cat I once had. I named her Cate. I have had a great many cats, but she was the loveliest of all. Whenever she caught a rat, mouse, or ground mole she would bring it

family. I feel sad every time I think of them. If you would like to have me write some stories about cats, I can do so, for I have had a great many of them.
SUNBEAM.

I am sure our numerous adorers of cats will read your stories with pleasure. The old Egyptians worshipped these animals, you know, and so do a good many little American and English children.

REARDA, MISSOURI.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am nine years old. I go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. I have two brothers and one sister. My sister has a white cat. My brother has HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and has had it eight years, and we like it very much. This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I hope you will publish this letter. I am yours truly,
MILEY F.

MY TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT

I left Washington June 30, 1887, in the evening, on the sleeping-car train. The next morning I arrived at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. At 5.10 P.M. we reached Fort Wayne, Indiana. At 9.30 I reached Chicago; as I had to change sleepers here, and as I had to wait also about an hour, I took a short walk up the street adjoining the depot. I left about ten o'clock on the C. & Q. R. R. The next morning we reached Burlington, Iowa. The train crossed the Mississippi River here. All day Wednesday the train ran across Iowa; most of the scenery was vast fields of wheat, corn, etc.; hence somewhat monotonous. We arrived at 6.30 at Council Bluffs, opposite Omaha. We changed cars here, getting on a sleeper (the Santa Fe) for the Union Pacific Railroad. There were fourteen cars in this train, including emigrant cars. The train crossed the Missouri River here. The next day (Thursday) the train crossed the Platt River in Nebraska. We arrived at Cheyenne, the capital of Wyoming, at 7 P.M. We arrived at Ogden, Utah, at 4 P.M.; here we saw the Great Salt Lake. All through Nevada the soil is alkali and barren. Crossing the Rocky Mountains the train ran to Sacramento, and thence to San Francisco, my destination, arriving there very morning, June 28, 1887. KATZ L. Washington, D. C.

HELENA, MONTANA.

I am a boy of thirteen. I go to school, and have a very nice teacher. I am going to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year. I subscribed for a boy who was trying to get the prize of the books and he got it, and I was one of those who helped him. We commenced taking in November, the first year. My brother takes it too; it belongs to him as much as to me. I like the stories in the magazine; they are so interesting, especially those by Howard Pyle, and I subscribe to them. I know a boy who made a kind of a magic lantern by some directions in the magazine, and I saw it one evening, and it was very nice. I think that I will

MOTHER GOOSE REVISED.

BY A. W. STORM.

LITTLE Tommy Tupper
Yelling for his supper
With a loud and magnificent cry.



What will he have—
Rye bread and butter?
Naught but a baker's mince-pie.



HHEY, diddle, diddle,
A boy with a fiddle.
His ma went wild
with his tunes.



The little dog laughed
to hear such stuff.



And the maid ran away—
with the spoons.



OUR maid from Cork
Once fried some pork,
All on a summer's day.

Her dog from Cork
Did steal that pork,
And with it run away.



A man from Cork
Took back that pork,
And beat the dog full sore.

That dog from Cork
Steals now no pork,
Because he is no more.



ON THE STAIR.

BY J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMBE.

I MET a little maiden on the stair
With rose-bud lips, blue eyes, and golden hair;
I barred the way, and laughingly I said,
"You can't go by until the toll is paid."

She paid the tribute with bewitching grace;
And fain a second kiss from that sweet face
Would I have snatched, but, running by,
She paused not till she heard my heart-felt sigh.

Then, glancing round, she saw my longing look,
And said, "That kiss you hadn't oughter took,
For it was grandma's, and I have no more:
What *shall* I do when she comes to the door?"

"Dear child," I cried, "the kiss I will not take,
But give it back again for grandma's sake;"
And so once more I kissed the maiden fair,
And she went up, and I came down, the stair.

QUIPS AND QUIRKES.

FULLY ACCOUNTED FOR.

LITTLE FREDDY's mother was quite disturbed on Christmas morning to notice that an ear of a play-horse, one of the child's presents, was gone. As she was wondering how to make the child contented with the imperfect toy, Freddy made the same discovery, and hurried to his mother, announcing, much to her relief, "This horse's head must have got scraped against the chimney, but no wonder, with all the things Santa Claus had to carry!"

A NEW PERFUME.

The church was beautifully decorated with sweet spring flowers, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin, small Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve and whispered, "Oh, mamma, don't it smell solemn?"

QUITE TRUE.

One day three-year-old Teddy climbed up in a parlor chair to reach something he wanted.

"Don't get up in that chair with your feet, Teddy," said his mother.

The little fellow looked down at his small extremities with an air of great surprise.

"Why, mamma," said he, "I tau't tate 'em off!"



DON'T CATCH HIM GIVING.

"MISTER, HOW MANY STICKS OF CANDY DO YOU GIVE
FOR A NICKEL?"

"I DON'T 'GEEF' NONE; I 'SELL' SIX SHUCKS FOR
A NEEKEL."

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TEDDY MULLEN'S COUNTRY SEAT.—SEE PAGE 182.

TEDDY MULLEN'S COUNTRY-SEAT.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.



HERE is only one way to explain about Teddy Mullen, and that is by saying there were two of him. That sounds odd, but, you see, it is an odd case. To begin with, there was only one of Teddy, and he was as jolly and good-tempered a fellow as ever was. Fight? Why, bless your heart, Teddy just would not do it! Why should he? That was what he wanted to know.

When Teddy's father died, Teddy left school and went into business. He made himself look neat and trim, and went out to sell papers and to black boots on Park Row. That was ambitious of Teddy—to begin at the very top of the profession like that, instead of taking the side streets first; but that was his way. As his mother often said, "Sure, Teddy 'll niver taste blue milk whin there's yaller crame fer th' havin'."

Perhaps you think all Teddy had to do was just to sell his papers or black boots. The first part of the first day he thought so too. Before he returned home that night, however, his eyes were opened. No, that is not the way to express it either; for, as a matter of fact, his eyes were closed—closed by the swelling. What I mean to say is, that Teddy had gained some knowledge.

His own explanation of the first day's experience was this. His mother had raised her two hands and wailed, when he entered the room: "Arrah, Teddy, what's happened ye? How kem ye wid the blue eye?" You see, she was Irish. Teddy was an American and spoke like one, or, at any rate, like a New York American newsboy.

"Me eye? Oh, dat ain't nothin'." I got it by a boy. He didn't want me to sell no papers. Says I, "Why won't I sell no papers?" Wid dat he hauled off an' gimme one in de eye. 'Dat's wh'y,' says he. An' dat's de way dey was a-talkin' to me all day."

"Faith, Teddy," exclaimed the indignant Mrs. Mullen, putting her arms akimbo, "I'll go wid ye to-morry, an' ye'll show me the b'y as struck ye, an' bedad I'll—I'll—I'll have the law of him, so I will."

"De boy!" cried Teddy, and as much of his eye as could be seen was twinkling with fun. "No boy didn't do it. The hull lot of 'em done it."

Teddy was ten years old then, and, as has been said, he had never fought; did not know how. Two weeks after that Teddy looked as if he had been through the siege of Paris, and he knew how to fight. He says he learned all the boys on Park Row could teach him, for they did nothing but give him lessons during the whole of the two weeks. Thereafter there was not a newsboy in the big city of New York who could wear his old hat further back on his head or say more impudent things to car conductors than he. And for jumping on or off street cars, or shouting unintelligible extras, he was acknowledged to be without an equal.

In plain language, then, when Teddy was on Park Row he looked and acted the little ruffian to such perfection that no one would ever have suspected that he could be the same Teddy whom little Mary Ann so eagerly listened for every weary night.

The Mullens lived in two rooms and a closet, "up three pair o' stairs, back," in an old-fashioned, slanting-roofed, dormer-windowed house. Mary Ann, who lay abed all the time, on account of her back, had a small room lighted by one of the dormer-windows. And there she lay

under the slanting roof, unable to catch even a glimpse of the sky because of the high houses opposite. Her little world was made up of the same sounds and the same smells and the same sights day after day, from one end of the year to the other. There was Mrs. Mullen's rub, rub, rub on the scrubbing board, there was the smell of the warm soapuds, and there were either the dirty brick houses or the endless lines of drying clothes.

Was it any wonder, then, that little Mary Ann waited eagerly for the long day to go, and listened expectantly through the dusk for Teddy's whistle? Teddy never forgot to whistle the moment he entered the house; for he knew what sweet music the shrill noise was to the little listener upstairs.

Sunday was the great day, though. Teddy staid at home then, and told Mary Ann everything she wanted to know; and that was a great deal, I can assure you. But it was hard to puzzle Teddy. Such an imagination as he had! What he did not know, he imagined; and that was just as well, for if she found him out by the twinkle of his eye—and she was quick, let me tell you—it only made a great laugh. For she could enjoy a laugh, could that old-fashioned little sufferer, and nothing delighted Teddy more than to give her a chance.

But what Mary Ann most liked to talk about was the fresh air and the country. It was little enough she knew of either; but she had been once to Central Park, and had seen the sheep on the green grass; and ever since that time she had always tried to recall the beautiful picture whenever she was most weary. Teddy knew all about this, and when the first days of spring came round he watched the snow melt off the grass in the City Hall Park as eagerly as if he was expecting to find a pot of gold there. He wanted to tell Mary Ann as soon as he could that the grass was growing, and he was always afraid lest she should ask him before he could say yes. And she was as afraid to ask as he to have her ask; but one year, when the season had been very backward, she could not be patient enough. It was almost the first bright Sunday that spring

"Teddy," said she, watching him from under her eyelids, "I wonder could I have the window open a bit? It looks kind o' soft like outside to-day."

"Why, maybe you could," answered Teddy, so quietly you would never have known he had been dying to have her ask that very thing if you had not looked into that merry eye of his. He put up the window a few inches, and sat down again and let Mary Ann look wistfully at him without twitching a muscle of his face.

"It seems mild enough," ventured Mary Ann.

"So it does," said Teddy, as if it had not occurred to him before. Then he went to the window, opened it a little more, and put his head out as if to try the air. Before he took his head in he winked at the tenement-houses opposite. When he sat down he was a picture of unconscious indifference. "Yes, it is mild enough," he said.

"The snow will be melting fast if this weather keeps on," suggested Mary Ann.

"It ought to," assented he.

"Do you think, now, Teddy," she faltered, though she tried to seem careless—"is it likely—"

"Oh! I say, Mary Ann," interrupted Teddy, as if he were anxious to cut off the question, "did I tell you I went out to me country-seat yesterday?"

"Your country-seat!" repeated Mary Ann, trying to hide her disappointment in a show of interest, for she saw that Teddy had intentionally stopped her question about the grass.

"Certainly, me country-seat. Didn't you know I had one? Oh, there, now, maybe I didn't tell you about it! Well, it's just elegant! There's the house as natural as if it grewed there, an' the pond wid the goldfishes in

it, an' trees covered wid green leaves." Mary Ann's heart gave a jump at the thought of green leaves. Teddy was watching her out of the corner of his eye. "An' the little sheep so playful," he went on. Mary Ann began to suspect something, and a funny little smile quivered on her lips. "An' the grass so green," shouted Teddy, snatching something from his pocket, and presenting it to his sister with a flourish.

"Grass! Real grass!" shrieked Mary Ann, in an ecstasy of delight, her frail little body trembling, and her hands shaking so that she could not take the precious green stuff. "Oh, you dear old Teddy! You old tease!" she sobbed. "Teddy dear," she exclaimed, after she had hugged and kissed the poor little tuft of grass to her heart's content, "you won't let it die, will you? Can't you get some dirt in one of those old cracked cups and put the dear grass in it? The roots are here. I can't let it die now, Teddy. Dear old Teddy, to think of it! It's the first grass I've seen for five year, ain't it, Teddy?" And, as Teddy declared, Mary Ann cried out of one eye and laughed out of the other.

Of course Teddy ran—slid, I mean—down-stairs, and brought back a cupful of earth. Great was the care and anxiety with which the tuft of grass was planted, watered, and put out in the sunshine.

"That's your country-seat," laughed Teddy, "barrin' the sheep an' the trees an' the house an' the pond an' the fishes."

"So it is," said Mary Ann, clapping her hands joyously. "And when you bring it in to show it to me—I can see it once a day, can't I?—we'll play I'm going into the country. Ah, Teddy, let me see it for a minute again, won't you?"

Mary Ann's extravagant joy over the tuft of grass set Teddy to thinking. His one great wish was that his little sister might rise up from her bed and be his active little playfellow once more, though he had about given up hope of it. The doctor had said once that if she would only try every day to walk a little she might eventually become almost well again. They had coaxed her then to get up and walk with their aid to the window. She had looked out on the lines of drying clothes, had gazed up at the dingy tenement-houses opposite, and then her lip had quivered, and she had said, piteously, "Please, I want to go back."

They took her back to her bed, and she had not left it again. Mary Ann's heart was in the green fields among the sheep, and the outlook from her window only made her more sick. But now, at last, Teddy had a plan by which he hoped to entice her from her bed. The morning after he had given her the tuft of grass he sat on his blacking-box in the City Hall Park, and checked off on his fingers:

"A starch box, that old vegetable dish, any old pieces of wood, twenty-five cents will be enough for the— Um, yes, that 'll do. I'll have it ready for her birthday. Maybe she'll get up then."

What was he thinking of? Whatever it was, he kept Mary Ann in profound ignorance of it, though from that time until her birthday on the 1st of June he talked mysteriously of his country-seat, describing it with such distracting details about green fields and sheep and lakes and goldfishes that Mary Ann was nearly beside herself with curiosity.

The sly ways she tried to surprise Teddy's secret were a cause of much merriment to him and jolly Mrs. Mullen, who endorsed every claim her son made to the possession of a lauded estate "wid a house—faith, ye might call it a mansion, darlin'!—an' the lake an' the fishes. Sure ye might catch 'em in yer hand, they are that gintle. Eh, Teddy?"

"You're right, you can," Teddy would respond, and then they both would laugh, as if at some rare joke.

Mary Ann pretended to be very indignant at not being let into the secret, but in good truth she was in a state of high delight all the time, for she did dearly love a mystery. And, moreover, she knew she was to be enlightened on her birthday, for they told her so.

"You shall see me country-seat on your birthday," Teddy would declare.

"But how can I see it when I can't walk?"

Whereupon Teddy would wink at his mother, and she would try to wink at him, but as she had not acquired that accomplishment, she would only make a hideous grimace, and Mary Ann would laugh gleefully.

There was great excitement in the Mullen family on the first day of June. Mary Ann's eyes were shining, her tongue was flying, and her fingers were hugging each other. Teddy's looks and actions betokened little short of insanity. And Mrs. Mullen, after a terrible effort to eat her breakfast in calmness, gave it up, and declared that Mary Ann must see the country-seat at once; to which nobody made the slightest objection.

"Now, Mary Ann," said Teddy, "shut your eyes tight, and don't look so much as a wink till I tell you."

Mary Ann shut her eyes with a snap. And then what a commotion took place! Such a shuffling of feet! Such suppressed exclamations of "Take care!" "Mind the hole in the carpet!" "Sure if there was a mortgage on it, it couldn't be heavier!" Then silence. Then—

"Open your eyes, Mary Ann!"

!!!!!!

You should have been there. For unless you have a wonderful imagination you can have no idea how Mary Ann looked, or what she said, or how she said it, when her eyes opened and gazed upon Teddy's country-seat. It was not large—about the size of a starch box, I should say—but it was complete.

There was green grass with sheep on it—not alive, it is true, but "mighty loife-loike." There was a lake, with real fish swimming in it and a boat floating on its surface. There were walks laid out, and there was a tiny house. And there were violets too, and all around the estate there grew hanging masses of wandering-jew. Oh, it was a beautiful country-seat, I can tell you!

Mary Ann laughed and Mary Ann cried and Mary Ann talked. And when she had well feasted her eyes on the pretty sight, the country-seat was put outside of the window in the sun. And what a task it was to get it there! You may be sure Teddy made the most of the trouble too, for he wanted a good excuse for making Mary Ann get up to look at it.

How tenderly he coaxed her to try to get up! She was too tired then, she said, but maybe she would later. She realized more than she ever had before how much Teddy wanted her to be up, and when he had gone she had a long talk with her mother about it. But it did not seem to have much result, for when Teddy tried to induce her to make the effort the next morning, she could not be brought to attempt it.

And so the summer went by, Mary Ann refusing to make the effort so persistently, that at last poor Teddy gave up hope, and settled down to the old way again. It was some comfort to him, however, to see Mary Ann look better, and pretty soon he almost forgot his disappointment in a mystery which she and Mrs. Mullen were preparing for his birthday.

"Maybe I'll show you my country-seat," said Mary Ann, who did her best to pay Teddy back for his mystery.

Teddy's birthday came late in November, and by agreement he was to come home that day to a noon dinner. He might as well have staid home all day for all the work he did, but Mary Ann and Mrs. Mullen had particularly forbidden him to enter the house before twelve o'clock.

He was not late, you may be sure, for he was overflowing with curiosity. His mother was just dishing some

cabbage. He hastily kissed her, and then darted into Mary Ann's room. There was a wild cry of terror.

"Mother! Mary Ann! Where is she?" Teddy's white face showed in the doorway.

"Where should I be but here?" demanded Mary Ann's voice.

Her voice—yes; but could that be Mary Ann—her own true self—that little girl standing by the table with a dish of potatoes in her hand, trying to look as if she had never been in bed, except at night, during her whole life?

Well, it was Mary Ann, as sure as you live! Sly little Mary Ann! She had done the very thing Teddy had hoped she would when he gave her his "country-seat." She had tried every day to walk a little, and so had grown strong, as the doctor had said she would. And if you think it was not birthday present enough for Teddy, just say so to him down on Park Row, and see what you'll get for it.

VENETIAN BOYS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY CARMOSINE.

THE descriptive sense and the lively painting of the exterior aspect of men and things are sadly wanting in the books and documents of the past, except in memoirs and letters. History until lately has been too often a record of events only, a collection of names and dates, amidst which we seek in vain for the history of men and peoples. The social life of the present day, for instance, will be found minutely described in thousands of books, novels, tales, newspapers. The historian of the future who wishes to tell people in 1990 how we were in the habit of brewing tea, playing base-ball, or learning algebra in 1889 will be troubled only by the multitude of documents and facts at his disposal. But here we have some Venetian young men painted by Vittore Carpaccio (born 1450, died 152-). Here again is a portrait of a boy in a crimson and black dress, by the Tuscan painter Jacopo da Pontormo (born 1494, died 1557). The former of these pictures is in the gallery of Venice, and the latter in the National Gallery at London. Thanks to the painter's art, we have before us the image of these boys as they looked and lived and dressed—the former in sea-girt Venice, the latter in some northern Italian city; for the young gentleman whom Pontormo has depicted was probably not a Venetian but a native of fair Florence, a city so beautiful that, as the great Emperor Charles V. used to say, "She was fitting to be shown and seen only upon holidays."

Apart from their exterior aspect we can know little about these boys. When they grew older they would be placed as pages in the house of some nobleman where they would learn the art of the courtier and how to handle arms and to excel in athletic exercises. Of the learned Florentine, Leon Battista Alberti, architect, painter, statuary, and *savant*, it is related that at the age of seventeen he was prodigiously strong and skilful in sports. He was a mighty wrestler, and at tennis his agility and gracefulness of movement were extraordinary. Remark that in that artistic age people noted not only a boy's agility, but the grace with which he displayed that agility. Alberti, it is related, could jump over the shoulders of ten men without a spring-board; he could shoot an arrow through an iron breastplate; with a filip of thumb and finger he could flint a coin to a distance of three hundred feet. Alberti was also an incomparable horseman, and wonders are told of the riding feats that he performed.

This fine boy whose portrait Pontormo has painted was doubtless an athlete, and perhaps might have vied with Alberti; he was certainly an expert fencer. As he stands there with his right hand resting on his sword-belt and his left caressing the hilt, his mantle hanging so gracefully over his richly quilted doublet, this young gentleman impresses us with his calm dignity, his well-bred self-possession, his



PORTRAIT OF A BOY.—BY JACOPO DA PONTORMO.

pliancy and easy charms of attitude and gesture. So far as externalia are concerned, he is a very model of courtly bearing.

It is very likely that both the young nobleman whose portrait by Pontormo hangs in the National Gallery, and the young pages in Carpaccio's picture, all went during some period of their lives to the great Italian university of the day, that of Padua. Indeed, the history of the University of Padua is that of intellectual development in general in the Venetian state. Padua was the great scientific and literary centre of the time, and students from all parts of the territory came there to take their degrees, and apparently these young nobles, having handsome allowances and being accustomed to luxury at home, were a source of great wealth and prosperity to the town. Thus we read in a manuscript of the sixteenth century, in the Ambrosian library at Milan, cited by M. Yriarte:

"A mighty aid for this town is its university, where here are never less than a thousand resident pupils, who

spend on an average a hundred golden ducats each, which make a hundred thousand golden ducats a year. The doctors who profess law, medicine, philosophy, logic, theology, and mathematics have about eight thousand golden ducats a year; and this university is greatly honored, for the students are richly dressed and live very decently."

In order to form an idea of the value of these sums of money, we must remember that the golden ducat was equivalent to seventeen livres tournois, or about three and a half dollars. Money being then about five times as valuable as it now is, we may reckon that a student at Padua in the sixteenth century spent on an average about seventeen hundred dollars a year. The professors, too, were very highly paid, their salaries being comparatively much higher than those now received by the most eminent professors of the Collège de France at Paris.

As might naturally be expected, these rich students, especially the young Venetian patricians, were very turbulent and noisy, tyrannizing the citizens, and fighting often among themselves with swords and poniards. A manuscript chronicle of Padua, dated 1516-20, says, "So great is the insolence of these pupils of the university that the simple citizens seem to have become merely their valets."

The splendor of the costumes of young men in Venice in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was something that we can scarcely imagine even with the aid of Carpaccio's pictures. There, as in other Italian cities, the peculiar conditions of the town, the mildness of the climate, and the character of the people, led to passing a great part of the time in the open air. Fêtes and rejoicings were constantly taking place, and there were numerous societies of boys and young men formed simply with a view to amusement on such occasions. The most notable of these societies was that of the Companions of the Calza, who were divided into groups, each having a special costume. In private fêtes, marriage ceremonies, in the receptions

of the Doge, in the theatres, and wherever any gayety is to be found, we hear of the Companions of the Calza. Always ready to amuse themselves and to amuse others, they organize fêtes, sing at the Doge's banquets, play comedies, and even sing in the churches, while in tournaments and grand state ceremonies the Companions of the Calza impress the spectators by the brilliancy of their costumes, making a magnificent display of silver brocade, crimson velvet doublets with open fur-lined sleeves, and purple caps, from beneath which their long hair hung over their shoulders. Their valets also were richly arrayed in silk, and their horses decked with velvet cloths embroidered with gold and silver, according to the magnificent fashion of the place and period. The young pages shown in our engraving will give some idea of the cut of the clothes and the aspect of these Companions of the Calza; but you must see the original picture in order to obtain an idea of the color and richness of detail that prevailed in their costumes.



GROUP OF PAGES AT VENICE—FROM THE PAINTING BY VITTORE CARPACCIO

A SKULL HEAVIER THAN GOLD.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

BY DAVID KER.

OUR forefathers have told us, gentlemen—said the Afghan chief, fixing his keen black eye upon our attentive faces—that when the great Sultan Secundur Rumi [Alexander the Great] reigned over all kingdoms from the western sea to the border of China, he and his warriors, as they marched through these mountains of ours, came suddenly to a clear river, the sweetness of whose waters was such that they all wondered at it, having never tasted the like before.

Then a mountain shepherd, who was their guide, told them that this river was no earthly water, but flowed from the garden of Paradise, from which our father Adam was cast forth in the beginning of time, and that now no man could find the way thither, for Allah had hidden it forever from the eyes of men behind the snows of the eternal mountains.

But when the great Sultan heard that, he was angry, and vowed that he would find that hidden Paradise, and never stop seeking it till he did. So he picked out a chosen band of warriors from his army, men who were swifter than eagles and stronger than lions, and with them he set forth to search for the garden of Paradise.

But evil followed his steps, and it went ill with him and with his men. For many of them fell down precipices, and many were swept away by swollen rivers, and some died beneath the blighting breath of the *Sarsar*, which is the cold wind of death, and some lay down in the snow for very weariness and never rose again. Very few and weary were they who stood by Secundur's side when he came at length to the source of that strange river, and saw that it flowed from beneath a vast golden gate, wonderful to behold, which stood between two mighty rocks.

Then Secundur knew that this could be nothing else than the gate of Paradise, and he went boldly up to it, and beat upon it with the hilt of his sword.

Then there came a voice from within the gate—a voice mighty as thunder, yet sweet as the softest music—and it said: "Whoever thou art, there is no entrance for thee here; this is the gate of the Lord."

"I am the lord of the whole earth," answered Secundur, proudly; "what lord is greater than I?"

"The Lord of Heaven," replied the voice; "He who hath raised thee up, and whose servant I am. Begone, for thou canst not enter here."

Then was Sultan Secundur exceedingly angry, and sorely grieved withal, that he should have come to the very gate of Paradise and yet not be able to enter it. At length he said:

"If I may not enter, give me at least some token to show to my people, that they may know that I have indeed reached the gate of Paradise."

Then there came a sound like the low laughter of an infinite multitude, and suddenly a small packet was cast forth, which fell at Secundur's feet.

"Here is thy token, madman," said the voice; "it will teach thee wisdom if thou canst be taught."

And Secundur took up the packet, but he staid not to open it, for a great fear fell upon him, and he hastened to leave that place of death, and return to the living world of men. And so he journeyed for many days, till at last he got back to his army.

Then at last he bethought himself of the packet, and made haste to open it; but lo! there was nothing within save a piece of a human skull, and Secundur, thinking that he was mocked, flung it upon the ground in a rage.

But a certain wise man who was among the great Sultan's courtiers saw what he had done, and he stepped forward and said:

"Despise not this gift, O King, for although it may seem worthless, yet it will outweigh much gold. Bid thy people bring a pair of scales, and fill one of them with gold, and put this skull in the other."

Then Secundur commanded that it should be done as the sage had said, and immediately the scale which held the gold flew aloft as if it had been empty, while that which held the skull sank wellnigh to the ground. More gold was added, and more, and yet more, but the larger grew the heap of gold, the higher rose the scale, and the lower sank that which held the skull.

"Amazing!" cried Secundur. "Who would ever have believed that this small piece of bone could outweigh such a mass of solid gold?"

"Wonderest thou, O King?" said the sage. "Thou shalt see a greater marvel than this."

And scooping up a handful of dust, he covered the skull with it, and instantly the scale flew up, while that which held the gold sank down.

"What means this wonder?" cried the Sultan.

"Know, then, O King," answered the wise man, "that this skull once held an eye which coveted all it saw, and the more gold it had, the more it craved, for its desires were boundless as thine own. But when once it was laid in the grave and covered with a little dust, all the treasures of the earth were nothing to it. Such is the lesson, O King, which this gift was meant to teach thee."

CAPTAIN POLLY.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER V.

IT was what the old sea-captains and fishermen at Green Harbor called "a spell of weather." They had prophesied that when the rain ceased the wind would change and would carry the fog back to "Shaloo" (they meant Bay Chaleur, where all the fogs were supposed to be born), but instead of that the fog came rolling in thicker and thicker, until one might have thought the Green Harbor wharves were the very end of the world, except for the sounds of fog-horns that came from out the mist, some near and shrill, others faint and far away.

Syd sat upon a pile of boxes, on the lobster factory wharf, which extended far out into the water, and kicked his heels meditatively against the wood. The boat-clubs could not go out on their cruise on account of the fog, so he had lost nothing by declining to accompany them. Most of the members of his club were now over in the boat-house, an informal meeting having been called to talk over the prospects. Syd had decided not to go, and yet he did not feel quite satisfied to stay away. They had voted not to admit Bruce Bennett, his most intimate friend, to membership, and he meant to let them know what he thought of their action. They were a lot of prigs anyway, almost as bad as Roy; they thought they had a right to meddle with a fellow's affairs, and tell him just what he ought and ought not to do. He would let them know that he should choose his own associates. There were boys in Green Harbor who, if they didn't wear quite as good clothes as the boat-club boys, knew a great deal more of the world, and how to have better times. They were not milkops.

Moreover, it was, as Bruce Bennett said, a fine thing to side with the poor and oppressed, and help them to get their rights. Bruce talked about Kossuth and William Tell, and Garibaldi and Napoleon Bonaparte, and Lincoln and Grant, and various Socialist leaders all in the same

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 478.

breath, and Sydney, whose strong point was not history, and who had never troubled himself much about political or social agitations, became quite bewildered in mind, but none the less excited in imagination. Life might become the kind of thing that it was in the startlingly illustrated papers which Bruce smuggled from the post-office and shared with Syd. In the thrilling stories which they read there, the "Red Rover of the High Seas," who was only a boy, captured several large men-of-war, almost single-handed (but with frightful slaughter), and "Miguel, the One-armed Cow-Boy of the Plains," after destroying a whole tribe of Indians, and putting to rout a company of soldiers, left for foreign parts with the entire proceeds of a silver mine, and figured magnificently as a Spanish nobleman in the courts of Europe! Of course life in Green Harbor seemed dull after reading those tales, and it was very hard to be an ordinary boy when one might be a Red Rover of the High Seas or a cow-boy.

Of late Bruce Bennett had been especially interested in tyrants and usurpers; he called the mill-owners and ship-builders by those names, and sympathized very strongly with the strikers. Syd had not quite liked that at first, because his grandfather was one of the ship-builders, but since he had joined the "L. L. of R. H. R.," which signified "Loyal League of Red-handed Revolutionists," he had begun to think it was only just. He didn't quite like some things in the vows which he had been obliged to sign before joining the "League." What would Roy or any of the people at home say if they could see them? The girls would be scared to death. But it was pleasant to be looked up to as a leader by the "Patch" boys, especially when one was somewhat snubbed by the people at home, and always being scolded, as if he were a small boy, by his brother, who was only two years older than he. What airs Roy did give himself, and those other fellows at the boat-club, too! Still it was going to be harder than he thought to stay at home from that cruise. If the weather had been fair, so they could have gone that morning, while he was still in the heat of his anger at Bruce's rejection, he could have borne it; now he hadn't decided by any means to go, but he was considering the fact that his staying at home would make no real difference to Bruce.

What a tooting of horns there was out in the harbor! But those little fishing-boats couldn't take too good care of themselves in such a fog as this. The *Katahdin*, the large steamer, would be due soon, and her great bow would not loom through the fog until she was close upon them.

No trade on the *High-Flyer* to-day. Probably those girls were tired of it by this time, and didn't care anyway. Girls couldn't be expected to stick to anything. They were lying in bed this morning; Bess was always a lazy-bones, and Kate had insisted that Polly should not be called, because she had been working so hard, and it was such a rare thing for her not to be up hours before breakfast. Syd wondered whether he hadn't better go over to the *High-Flyer* and see whether Cainy had eaten up all the candy, but on second thoughts he decided to get some hooks and a line, and fish off the wharf; he would rather like to be near the boat-house when the boys came out, to hear what plans they had made. As he swung himself down from the pile of boxes he heard excited voices behind him. Some old fishermen had been smoking their pipes in the lobster factory door, a few feet away, but he could not see them; they had probably got into a dispute about politics or the strikers, he thought, but the next moment he recognized Roy's voice.

Was it the fog that made Roy's face look so pale? "What are you doing here?" he said, turning upon Syd with the severe manner which of late he always showed in speaking to him. "Don't you know what has happened? You might be of some use. The *High-Flyer* has gone."

"Gone!" echoed Syd, blankly. He had vague visions of an earthquake, of candy pirates, of some desperate doings of the "League," but not a thought of the real truth.

"Carried out to sea!" said Roy, briefly.

"I never thought that tying her to a rock with a piece of twine was going to hold her," remarked Syd, scornfully.

"It was a cable; it would have held the *Great Eastern*; but it was cut—by some of your friends, I suppose," said Roy, trying to control himself, although his voice shook with excitement. "Where Polly is by this time—"

"Polly!" Syd said it incredulously; he thought it probable that Roy was only trying to make him feel as badly as possible, which he always seemed to take pleasure in doing; but when his eyes met Roy's he knew the truth.

"She is missing; we suppose she was carried off in the boat. But Cainy and Bose must have been there too. Bose, brave old fellow, wouldn't let her drown."

Roy brought out that awful word with difficulty. He looked more kindly at Syd, seeing the misery in his face. "A half-dozen boats have gone out, and grandfather has telegraphed for the *Witch*." The *Water-Witch* was a little steamer which plied between the two small ports on the river when the weather was not quite too foul for safety nor quite fair enough for excursion parties, for which it was in great demand. To telegraph for the *Water-Witch*, which was noted for being in unexpected places, did not strike Syd as a promising measure.

"I'm going out myself," he said, with decision. "That old tub would sink long before you could find out whether the *Witch* was catching porgies or had gone up to Bangor looking for a job. I'm glad Wing put so many new timbers on to that old hull, though you didn't think there was any need of it. I can row like sixty, and I'm as likely to run across her as anybody. And here's one of the club boats lying here."

"See here! I wouldn't take that boat if I were you," said Roy, his pale and anxious face flushing deeply.

"Why wouldn't you? I should like to know if I haven't as good a right as anybody—"

"No, you haven't. It wasn't very pleasant for me, and I tried to do the best I could for you; I couldn't forget that you were my brother—"

"That was great of you!" remarked Syd, his wrathful scorn getting the better of his curiosity to know what was coming—a curiosity with which was mingled a certain shrinking feeling of presentiment.

"They voted to expel you from the club. I don't know why you should be so surprised. I've expected it for a long time. I've warned you that decent boys were not going to associate with one of the 'Patch' gang. You ought not to complain of being called one of them; you are seen with them often enough, if it is usually after dark. I don't see why you should stand there glaring at me; I'm not to blame for it. We can't stop to talk about it now anyway; we sha'n't care what happens if—if we can't find Polly. I'll take the boat, and we'll go together. I can't do any good waiting for the telegram; there are plenty to see to that, and I should go crazy. I think Cainy can be depended upon to do all that can be done to keep the old boat afloat, and Bose can swim like a fish— Why, what!—Syd, can that be Cainy and Bose on the wharf?"

They had gone down the flight of stairs to the slip where the club row-boat lay—Syd in sullen silence—and were about to push off in the boat, when Roy, happening to glance upward, saw, dividing the fog, a long, ungainly figure, with trousers too short and coat too long, and a hat which seemed prevented from being an entire extinguisher only by a pair of very big ears. This was undoubtedly Cainy. Diantha had thriftily locked up the new every-day suit which Dr. Damer had bought for Cainy just

before he went away, considering that the boy was under a moral obligation to grow to the Doctor's old clothes; and the great, shaggy, yellow heap that broke from Cainy's hold and came tumbling down the steps as if wild with joy was certainly Bose.

Roy called, but Cainy had shrunk back and disappeared.

"Have they found the *High-Flyer*? or wasn't he on board?" said Syd. But Roy had sprung out of the boat and rushed up the steps. He seized Cainy by his flying coat tail. Cainy faced him, but looked as if he would be glad to get away, even at the sacrifice of his coat tail.

"What does this mean?" demanded Roy, breathlessly.

"I never asked 'em to come there; I couldn't help it if they was a mind to; there was more of them than what there was of me," said Cainy, with a sort of dogged defiance. "And I hid all the best of the candy and stuff where they couldn't get it, and there wa'n't any harm done, and I never drank a drop before in my life, and I was only kind of sleepy, and your own brother b'longs, and they never meant to shoot him. I only told her so to scare her; but they wanted to keep him for a reward, and I had an awful time to get him; and they said she'd tell anyhow, and I might have known you couldn't trust a girl." Cainy's defiance was weakening under Roy's steady gaze, and he brought his words out as if by a great effort and in spasmodic jerks which made them seem even more incoherent than they were.

"What are you talking about?" gasped Roy, remembering vaguely that he had heard of people who had lost their reason by being shipwrecked. "Where did you come from?"

"I've been on an errand. Miss Polly she sent me. And I couldn't get back before, because—"

"Where was she when she sent you?"

"She came aboard the *High-Flyer* before five o'clock this mornin'. Some girls *ain't* always round findin' out what's goin' on."



"And you left her there alone! and she has been carried off to sea alone in that boat!"

"Good land of Goshen! she 'ain't? That old hulk won't hold together no time. She'll be drowned before she gets back," said Cainy, cheerfully. "I don't know what she came down for. I hadn't let no fellows come nigh nor nothin', and Bose was a-settin' up there as large as life—"

"Come along; you can row," said Roy, sharply.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WINTER VISITORS.—Drawn by R. F. BLOODGOOD.—See POEM on Page 190.

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRDS.

BY ALICE ROGERS.

CHICKADEE! chickadee! Under the cedars
The little brown birds are crowding together;
The snow-drifts are heaping, the wild winds are raving.
But the little brown birds do not ruffle a feather.
Oh, chickadee, chickadee,
Like you I fain would be—
Brave and undaunted, let happen what weather.

Chickadee! chickadee! Haste, little maiden—
Haste the birds' breakfast to lovingly scatter.
See how they wait for you, trust you, are glad of you!
How the birds' faith should the little maid flatter!
Oh, chickadee, chickadee,
Like you I fain would be—
Cheery and trustful, let happen what matter.

Chickadee, chickadee, under the cedars
Hopping so merrily! God keeps the tally,
Knows every birdling, though cold be the winter,
Pierce the rude blasts of the bitter storm's rally.
Oh, chickadee, chickadee,
Like you I fain would be—
Happy, though storms o'ersweep hill-side and valley.

PRINCE ALBRECHT'S POCKET-MONEY.

THE following story of the boyhood of the late Prince Albrecht of Prussia, the granduncle of the present Emperor of Germany, shows with what modesty and simplicity all the different members of their family have been educated, and may serve as a good example to some of our own extravagant lads. Prince Albrecht was in the habit of spending Sundays on Pfaueninsel (Peacock Island), near Potsdam, with a lad of his own age, named Ludwig, a nephew of the royal gardener, Fintelmann, with whom he had formed a most intimate friendship, free from all ceremony.

Young Ludwig received rather a small sum for pocket-money, even for those days, a few groschens a month, but he was free to spend it as he chose, while the Prince and his brothers were under strict surveillance, and so sparingly supplied with money that Albrecht rarely had a groschen in his possession, and had to account for the way in which every penny was expended.

The Prince smoked, like most young gentlemen of the time, and was often troubled to know how to provide the cigars necessary for the secret Sunday afternoon indulgence in the weed. Young Ludwig generally managed to procure from his acquaintances the groschens requisite for the cigars, which were smoked in one of the most secluded spots of the park in Pfaueninsel, and the Prince usually was in debt to his friend for his share of the expense, till fortune smiled upon him and supplied his pockets with cash.

When the boys were about twelve years old, a considerable time passed without Albrecht's receiving any money, and meanwhile his indebtedness to Ludwig increased to the enormous sum of ten silver groschens (about twenty-five cents), an amount which caused him no little anxiety. After a while Ludwig became uneasy at the greatness of the debt, and began to wonder whether he could trust to his friend's capability and willingness to repay the sum, for he owed the greater part of it himself, and feared that he might not be able to pay for the cigars. Being pressed by his creditors, he finally dunned Prince Albrecht, when the following conversation ensued:

"I really must have my money, your Royal Highness. I cannot wait any longer, for I owe it myself."
"But, my dear Ludwig, what can I do? I have not a penny."

"Well, why don't you go to Charlotte"—the aunt of the Prince, afterward the Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg. "She will certainly give you some money."

"I cannot do that; she makes me presents sometimes, and I must not call on her too often. Besides, I have to account for every penny that she gives me, and cannot say anything to her about cigars. I should have to lie to her, and that I will not do."

"But I must have my money."

"But I have none, and you must wait."

"I cannot wait any longer. If you will not go to Charlotte, then ask your uncle" (the late Prince William); "he will not refuse you."

"My uncle? there! I might get it from him, but he is travelling with Carl." (The late Prince Carl, brother to Prince Albrecht and the late Emperor.) "But wait till my birthday; then I always get several thalers from Fritz" (his brother, then Crown-Prince, afterward Frederick William IV.), "which I never say anything about. I will pay you then, and afterward I will always buy the cigars myself."

"But it is an eternity till your birthday, your Royal Highness. Can't you borrow some money till then from William?" (the late Emperor).

"William? He has none himself; he asked me the other day if I could not lend him some money. But wait—yes; the twenty-second of March will be his birthday; Aunt Charlotte always gives him a double Friedrichs or then, and he will certainly lend it to me. That is only five days off, and you must wait till then, my dearest Ludwig."

The longed-for birthday came, and the young Prince was not disappointed in his firm confidence in William's goodness of heart and willingness to help them. Ludwig received his money at last, and was able in turn to pay the impatient cigar dealer; and the next Sunday afternoon the friends smoked with great zest in the corner of the park on Pfaueninsel. Prince Albrecht, who retained the passion for smoking all his life, was for many years the only one of the brothers who used tobacco.

SIMPLICITY OF LANGUAGE

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER

BOYS, if you have anything to say or write, say or write it in a plain, simple manner. Do not be verbose (that is, wordy); do not aim at a florid style; above all things avoid the grandiloquent (fine talking). Words were not designed to obscure thought. High-sounding phrases do not indicate the scholar. Monosyllables are abundant; the Anglo-Saxon is essentially vigorous.

A simple style of speaking or writing can be graceful and elegant. Even sublime thoughts are most charming when clothed in simple language. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." What can be grander than the thought, and yet what can be simpler than the language—all monosyllables, but compact with vigor. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father," etc. Suppose we change that to, "The feathered tribes are considered of small importance, and yet they share the protection of Providence." Does that not greatly weaken the passage? The energy and the searching sense of the appeal are gone.

Most of the frequently quoted sentences that have come down to us from classic times are sharp, terse sentences. Of more modern times the remark is just as true. What made General Dix's order so famous but its short, sturdy, vigorous character? He said, "If any man pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." It was spoken at the right time in the right way, and subsequently made him Governor of a great State. Such would not have been the result had he worded his order as follows: "If anybody removes the United States colors from the pole, enter complaint against him at the earliest convenience, and have him committed for trial at the next term of the Supreme Court for the county."

Balfour's style was gorgeously verbose; Erskine's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. The following anecdote is told about the two barristers: Coming into court one day, Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was banded. "Why, what is the matter?" asked Erskine. Instead of replying, "I fell from a

gate," Balfour answered, in his usual round-about manner, "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," he said, "and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, for you certainly would have broken your neck."

The Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary, was a very learned man, but exceedingly plain in his language. He knew how essential simplicity was to clearness and force. There was a school-house in the vicinity, where the students held religious services and aired their eloquence. An old colored man attended every Sabbath, but the students talked so far above his comprehension that he remembered little of the sermons and understood less. But one Sunday afternoon Dr. Alexander preached. The old colored man was both delighted and instructed, and made the following comment: "A poor, unlearned ole man, jist like myself, preached. I don't know who he was, an' didn't s'pose he was hardly fit to preach. But I'm glad I went, for I can remember *everything* he said." In this criticism was hidden a compliment of the highest order.

The language of Franklin is notably simple and explicit—a fact that may have been the result of an experience in his boyhood, at which period he was afflicted with a tendency toward the grandiloquent. He was studying philosophy, and was in the habit of applying technical names to common objects. One evening he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some acephalous mollusks, whereupon his father seized him and called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came with warm water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump. They forced half a gallon of water down the boy's throat, then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch, and shook him, while the old gentleman said, "If we don't get them things out of Benny he'll be pisened sore." When they were out, and the boy said they were simply oysters, his father punished him for alarming the family. We are not prepared to vouch for the truth of this story, but it at least illustrates the folly of using uncommon and high-sounding words when simpler ones are far more pleasing and explicit.

GLIMPSSES OF CHILD LIFE FROM DICKENS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND MR. DICK.

DID you ever meet Miss Betsey Trotwood? No? Then you must be presented at once. Miss Trotwood is a great favorite of mine. She was very much like a chestnut burr, all prickles without, but she had a kind heart and much sweetness when you could get beyond the rough outside.

She was little David Copperfield's great-aunt, and turned her back on him, like a discontented fairy, when he was only an hour or two old, because he happened to be himself instead of his little sister. Miss Betsey could have loved a tiny Betsey Trotwood Copperfield, but she had an aversion to small boys, and to most men as well; and when she heard that the new baby was a boy, she simply flung herself out of the house in a great rage. It was years before she saw David Copperfield, but, like the dear old chestnut burr she was, she made up for her disappointment at his birth by being very kind when he needed a friend.

David's own father being dead, his young mother was somehow persuaded, a helpless little lady who was not much more than a child herself, to marry again. Why on earth she should have married a hateful, horrid, frowning man like Mr. Murdstone nobody could explain, but she could not have done a worse thing for her boy. The step-father was as unkind as possible from the first, and to make matters harder, he brought to the pretty Rookery, as the Copperfields' home was called, his spinster sister, one Jane Murdstone, who became David's step-aunt. Judging by Jane Murdstone's behavior, I wouldn't wish to have a step-aunt if I were a little lad of seven.

Oh, the wretchedness this pair brought into the easy-going, pleasant little home! It makes me almost cry to think about it. Poor David!

The two Murdstones changed the boy's sweet young life to a daily misery. When he recited his lessons to his pretty young mother, the hour was no longer a delight, but a torture, for one grim Murdstone would sit in stony silence on one side, glaring at the child like a Sphinx, and the other grim Murdstone would sit in an inquisitor's chair, propounding impossible questions in arithmetic, until, as David afterward said, "the influence of the two Murdstones was like the fascination of two snakes on a wretched young bird."

Poor little boy! I fancy him sitting in the second-best parlor with his frightened young mother, who was as great a baby as himself, holding the book and hearing the recitations, while the two tyrants look on.

"I trip over a word [says David]. Mr. Murdstone looks up. I trip over another word. Miss Murdstone looks up. I redden, tumble over half a dozen words, and stop. I think my mother would show me the book if she dared, but she does not dare, and she says, softly,

"Oh! Davy, Davy!"

"Now, Clara," says Mr. Murdstone, "be firm with the boy. Don't say,

"Oh! Davy, Davy!" That's childish. He knows his lesson, or he does not know it."

"He does not know it," Miss Murdstone interposes, awfully.

"I am really afraid he does not," says my mother."

Then the book is laid down, another taken up, and the lesson in that presently shares the fate of the former one. If, by any happy chance, the poor tormented child does manage to get through his tasks tolerably, Mr. Murdstone, like an ogre disappointed of his breakfast, pounces down on him with a sum in mental arithmetic, as for example: "If I go into a cheesemonger's shop and buy five thousand double-Gloucester cheeses at fourpence-halfpenny each, present payment," etc., at which poor David toils away, until, failing to find the solution, he is given a piece of dry bread instead of his dinner.

Things in the Rookery speedily grew too uncomfortable to be borne, and after one dreadful day when Davy's failures ended in his receiving a fearful beating from Mr. Murdstone, who that day substituted canes for cheeses in the problem under consideration, it was decided that Davy should go away to school. One faithful old friend had stood by him during the days when his mother was too terrified by the Murdstones to take her boy's part—queer that a mother could ever be *such* a coward, was it not?—and that friend was an old servant named Peggotty.

Peggotty tiptoed to the locked door of David's room the night before he went to school, and whispered comfort through the key-hole.

"Davy dear, if I ain't been azakely as intimate with you lately as I used to be, it ain't because I don't love you just as well and more, my pretty poppet. It's because I thought it better for you, and for some one else too. Davy, my darling, are you listening? Can you hear? My own!" said Peggotty, with infinite compassion, "what I want to say is that I must never forget you, for I'll never forget you, and I'll take as much care of your mamma, Davy, as ever I took of you. And I won't leave her, and the day may come when she'll be glad to lay her poor head on her stupid, cross old Peggotty's arm again; and I'll write to you, my dear, though I ain't no scholar."

"Peggotty fell to kissing the key-hole, as she couldn't kiss me," says David.

The school to which David was sent had been selected by Mr. Murdstone, and was presided over by a Mr. Creakle. It was a very horrid sort of school, where, though the boys had enough given them to eat, they were so often in disgrace, and so frequently scolded and whipped, that a more discouraged set of mortals never lived in this world.

From school, however, David was recalled by the death of his mother, and after that event Mr. Murdstone placed the little fellow, just ten years old, in a London warehouse.

He started for London, dressed in a little white hat, with a black crape tied round it for his mother, a black



THE BATTLE ON THE GREEN.

jacket, and a pair of hard, stiff corduroy trousers, and was presently employed in examining bottles, corking, sealing, and packing them in casks. The dirty, disagreeable work was very repulsive to a child whom three years of Murdstoning had not yet quite ruined, since his tastes were still refined, and his manner that of a little gentleman.

He had the good fortune, however, to lodge with some very jolly people named Micawber. The Micawbers were as poor as church mice, and forever in debt and difficulty, but they had a knack of being cheerful, though shame would have been more to their credit, considering that they hardly ever were quite sure where their next meal was to come from. But they were good to their little lodger, though they borrowed all his money, which was not very much, and sent him on their errands to the pawnbroker's and elsewhere. I say they were good to the boy, however, because they treated him like a human being, which the Murdstones and the Creakles had not.

Long afterward David recalled Mr. Micawber, with his threadbare suit, his jaunty manner, his whistle, his air of having been in the Marines; he recalled Mrs. Micawber and the twins, and the slovenly little maid who was a "orfling." Long afterward he recalled Mrs. Micawber's oft-repeated declaration, "I never will desert Mr. Micawber!" Also he remembered a bit of wisdom which the out-at-elbows man impressed on his mind. It is a good maxim for everybody:

"Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen sixteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds naught and six; result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, and the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and, in short, you are forever floored, as I am!"

Which means, do not spend a halfpenny more than you can afford; buy nothing which you cannot immediately pay for.

The Micawbers moved away, and the little lodger, who could not endure the work and the company at the

warehouse, made up his mind to seek his great-aunt. He remembered what he had heard of Miss Betsey; he had a forlorn hope that she would be a friend to him.

It would take too long to tell you what adventures befell David on his way to Miss Trotwood's, whom he had difficulty in reaching, because he did not know just where she lived, and because he was robbed of everything on the way. He at last arrived at her cottage, looking exactly like a tramp or a scarecrow. His shoes were worn out, he had lost his coat, his hat resembled a battered saucupan. His face,

neck, and hands were stained by the sun to a berry brown, and he was powdered with dust from head to feet.

Thus he stood irresolute at his aunt's neat garden gate. Lifting his eyes to the parlor window above it, he perceived a "florid, pleasant-looking gentleman with a gray head, who shut up one eye in a grotesque manner, nodded his head several times, shook it, laughed, and went away."

Presently out of the house came a lady in gardening gloves, with a great knife and a gardening pocket. She stalked out precisely as she had once stalked in to the Rookery, when "Betsey Trotwood Copperfield" was not there, and David, poor little chap, was.

"Go away," said Miss Betsey, shaking her head, and making a distant chop in the air with her knife. "Go along! No boys here!"

"I watched her [says David], with my heart at my lips, as she marched to a corner of her garden, and stooped to dig up some little root there, I went softly in and stood beside her, touching her with my finger.

"If you please, ma'am," I began. She started, and looked up. "If you please, aunt."

"EH?" exclaimed Miss Betsey, in a tone of amazement I have never heard approached.

"If you please, aunt, I am your nephew."

"Oh, Lord!" said my aunt, and sat flat down on the garden path.

"I am David Copperfield, of Blunderstone, in Suffolk, where you came on the night when I was born, and saw my dear mamma. I have been very unhappy since she died. I have been slighted and taught nothing, and thrown upon myself, and put to work not fit for me. It made me run away to you. I was robbed at first setting out, and have walked all the way, and have never slept in a bed since I began the journey."

Miss Betsey Trotwood, still sitting flat on the garden path, stared at David after this extraordinary statement until he began to cry. She then sprang up, carried him into the parlor, and rushing to a tall press, snatched several bottles, the contents of which she poured into his mouth. He tasted aniseed water, anchovy sauce, and salad dressing. Then she rang the bell. A maid appeared.

"Janet," said Miss Betsey, "go upstairs, give my compliments to Mr. Dick, and say I wish to speak to him."

On the appearance of the gentleman whom David had observed at the window, Miss Betsey paused in her walk up and down the room—she had begun this walk when she had laid David on the sofa after the anchovy sauce.

"Mr. Dick, don't be a fool, because nobody can be more discreet than you can when you choose. We all know that; so don't be a fool, whatever you are."

At this Mr. Dick looked very grave indeed. Miss Betsey then explained David's presence to him, concluding:

"His sister, Betsey Trotwood, never would have run away. But here, you see, is young David, and the question is, What shall I do with him?"

"What shall you do with him?" said Mr. Dick, feebly scratching his head.

"Oh; do with him?"

"Yes!" said my aunt.

"Why, if I were you," said Mr. Dick, considering with a vacant look, "I should"—he hesitated, then added, briskly—"I should wash him."

"Janet," said my aunt, "Mr. Dick sets us all right. Heat the bath."

But Janet was not destined to heat the bath yet.

Suddenly Miss Betsey grew rigid with indignation, and had hardly voice enough to cry out, "Janet, donkeys!"

There happened to be in front of Miss Trotwood's door a strip of green, on which sacred surface she permitted no donkeys or donkey-boys to tread. To keep this bit of common free from their intrusion required a great part of her own and her maid's time. In fact the donkeys invaded the green a dozen times at least before Miss Betsey, again appealing for advice to Mr. Dick, was advised to "put the boy to bed," which was done.

A day or two later there was a battle on the green, and then David's fate was decided. Looking out the window, to his horror whom should he see but Miss Murdstone riding deliberately over the sacred piece of green, and stop in front of the house, looking about her.

"Go along with you!" cried Miss Betsey; "you have no business there! How dare you trespass? Oh, you bold-faced thing!"

Miss Trotwood had deemed it right to inform Mr. Murdstone of his step-son's whereabouts, and the two antagonists—for such they were, Miss Murdstone being left out of the conversation, though she kept constantly putting in her word—pitted their weapons against one another. The talk ended in the Murdstones' defeat, Miss Betsey remaining victorious. She turned to Mr. Dick, saying:

"Mr. Dick, what shall I do with this child?"

"Mr. Dick considered, hesitated, brightened, and rejoined, 'Have him measured for a suit of clothes directly.'"

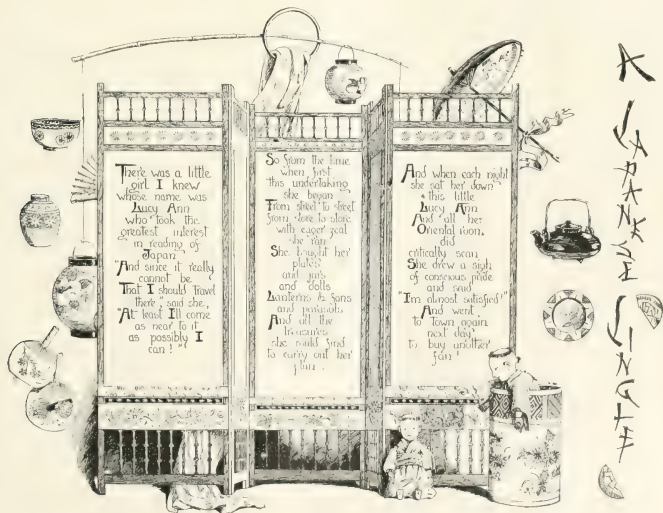
"Mr. Dick," she exclaimed, "give me your hand, for your common-sense is invaluable." Having shaken it with great cordiality, she pulled me to her, and said to Mr. Murdstone: "You can go when you like; I'll take my chance with the boy. If he's all you say he is, then at least I can do as much for him as you have done. But I don't believe a word of it."

"Good-day, sir, and good-by," said Miss Betsey to Mr. Murdstone. "Good-day to you too, ma'am," turning to Miss Murdstone. "Let me see you ride a donkey over my green again, and as sure as you have a head upon your shoulders, I'll knock your bonnet off and tread upon it."

From that time the poor little life brightened and bloomed under the care of such guardians as Miss Betsey and Mr. Dick. The latter's wits had gone wool-gathering, but he was so kind, so droll, and so gentle, that he was a charming companion for David.

Mr. Dick's greatest joy was to fly a great kite. He and David used to go out together to fly it, especially when Mr. Dick grew puzzled over a memorial he was writing, in which King Charles the First kept coming in, tumbling it out of shape. The two odd friends—the half-mad gentleman and the happy boy—were never so well pleased as when the kite, tugging and straining, soared up, up, up into the serene blue of the sky.

When you read *David Copperfield* for yourselves, you will see that I have not had time to mention some of the most entertaining of its people. Barkis, Dora and her little dog Jip, Uriah Heep, Tommy Traddles, are all waiting for you in the book—waiting to give you many an hour of enjoyment as you follow the fortunes of the boy whom Aunt Betsey called "Trotwood Copperfield."





AN AFTERNOON NAP.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

There are four children in our family, one boy and three girls, and each of us receives some magazine for a Christmas present, but *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* is the favorite. I wish that you had been here before the election, to see the delegations which came to see General Harrison, as nearly every one was different. The commercial travelers from Illinois made the best display. One thousand men, and all good-looking, each wearing a linen duster and a silk hat, carrying a red, white, and blue umbrella and a small satchel, marched to General Harrison's residence to the music of one of the finest bands in the West. Nearly every visitor who went to the General's residence carried away some memento. The fence disappeared, and nearly all the shrubbery, and then the brick pavement began to disappear. I have shaken hands with General Harrison twice, and with Mrs. Harrison once. M. D. P.

It cannot be very agreeable to be a candidate for the Presidency when enthusiastic visitors turn into such indefatigable hunters of relics. The music, banners, torch-light processions, and demonstrations in favor of both candidates are always the features of an American Presidential campaign in which eager boys and girls take the greatest delight.

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

They call this "Maple City" because of the great number of maple trees. I go to the First Grade Secondary School, and study arithmetic, spelling, reading, grammar, geography, writing, drawing, and physiology, and like them very much. For pets, I had two cats, but they died. I am eleven years old. I like reading very much, and I like books by Optic, Alger, and Castlemore better than any others. There is plenty of snow here now. The second snow of the season has fallen. This city is pleasantly situated on the St. Lawrence and Oswegatchie rivers. FRANK D. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has been in our family six years. I belong to a guild which my sister has gotten up, and we are going to clothe a poor child this winter. The little girl has only one leg, and has been in the hospital four years. The name of the guild is St. Mary's Guild. There are thirteen girls in it, and I am the youngest of them. I am nine years old. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Reader. I like to read very much, and have read almost all Miss Alcott's books. I take *St. Nicholas* also.

MARJORIE L. W.

I am very glad, little Marjorie, to know that you belong to a little society of girls who work for the poor. I shall be very much interested in hearing about everything that you do, and I hope you will succeed in making the little crippled child's life a happy one.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

For pets, I have two parrots, lots of different fish, and plenty of frogs and toads. We had a handsome St. Bernard named Tricks. The parrot's names are Jim and I have a very saucy fellow indeed. We had to give Tricks away, for he was such a size we had no room for him. I take *St. Nicholas*, and have taken it for a year. I will close now, wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year.

EDDIE J. S.

I had both, and so, I hope, had you, Eddie.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

We all know Mrs. Richardson, of Woodstock, North Carolina. Here is a story she told me that I want you to hear, of people whom we might help.

There is a poor old colored man in whom she has taken great interest and has known for a long time. He has lived with his children in a

little cabin which belongs to Mrs. Richardson. These are the names of the sons and daughters: Ella, Charlie, Frank, Robert, Gerlie, Mabel, and David. There are three more, Phineas, Augustus, and "the baby." Think of that, you other Elias and Charles, Franks and Roberts—a little cabin of one room for that family! But all got along until Uncle Alfred, as they call the father, had a stroke, and Phineas, however, he was still able to work some what, but last winter he had another stroke, so now he can do very little. And that was the end of their troubles. A severe storm last spring blew off the roof of the cabin and blew over the chimney. Since then Mrs. Richardson has cared for them as she could, but now winter is coming again, and what will they do?

Boys and girls, has not this pathetic little history touched your heart? Do you not feel as if you must help them a little?

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Two circles of the King's Daughters—two Tens, in other words—have been interested in Mrs. Richardson's work through *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* and the Postmistress. These Tens have sent money to Mrs. Richardson to help rebuild the little cabin, for which Mrs. Richardson has already given the lumber. But now I wish to remind you that gifts of half-worn but good clothing, picture-books, quilts, toys, and such things, will be used to advantage by this kind lady in her work among the poor, both white and black. The little Church of Our Saviour, which our readers helped to build, was begun by her efforts, and she carries on its Sunday school. Whatever you send, in gifts or money, should be sent directly to Mrs. Richardson, Woodstock, near Lincoln, North Carolina. Pay expressage or postage in full, and send nothing to the Postmistress, but address Mrs. Richardson directly.

DEERFIELD, ILLINOIS.

I hope you have not forgotten me because I have not sent a letter for a long time, but my sisters, Rose and I, are just as interested in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* as we ever did, and have every number. I send you copies of our paper, and if you have time we would like you to look over it and tell us what you think of it. We do our best as editors. Earle owns the press, and we get the matter together, and do the type-setting, printing, and so on. Now that school has commenced, I am very busy, but my mamma thinks it is best for growing boys to have plenty to do.

A. ESKING G.

The paper is a credit to its editors and publishers.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I live in Stockton, California, and am spending some time in this city, visiting my aunt. I have been here only one week, and I am going home next Saturday. School will begin next Monday, and I think I shall be glad to resume my studies again. San Francisco is a very large and busy city. It has many fine residences and large stores. There are many places to visit here; among them are the beach, Golden Gate Park, Woodward's Gardens, and Sutter Heights. Sutter Heights beach there are some high rocks, on top of which there is a hotel, which is called the Cliff House. Near the Cliff House there is Sutter Heights. It is also built on high rocks, and looks like a park. It contains beautiful flowers and a number of nice statues. Golden Gate Park is very large and pretty. The conservatory is one of the handsomest in the world. In Woodward's Gardens there are many animals, and in the middle of the Garden there is a large pond, on which is a boat that goes around and around, and never stops. Sometimes when you want to get in, you almost fall. I stumbled once and just escaped falling into the water. I have a cousin here; his name is Julian. He is just beginning to take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. He and I liked "Uncle Peter's Trust" very much. I am very fond of reading, and my favorite book is *The Wide, Wide World*, all of Miss Alcott's work and *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I was very sorry about Miss Alcott's death, as she was my favorite author.

SELINA ROSE D.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I am a little girl, six years old, and I want to tell you about my pet pig. He is a little fat white pig, and he lives in a clean pen, and I wash him every Saturday, and he never gets sick. He is very smart, and he has a neck. His name is Coconetto, and he is very tame indeed. Mamma don't like to have him in

doors, but he often comes in at tea-time and has cake. I wish I could write better to you, but I can't. Yours lovingly, STELLA A.

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA.

I wrote about three years ago, that I thought it was about time I should write again. Papa and mamma were East last summer, and visited the *HARPER'S BUILDING*. Of the many Eastern teachers who were out here, I saw but one, but I was very certain six hundred. I have been having a long vacation, and school commences soon. I have been spending my holidays quietly at home, practicing my music, reading my books, and helping my mother. I can do some plain cooking. I can hardly wait from week to week for my *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. JESSIE J. B.

GREYTOWN, NICHARAGUA, WEST INDIES.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We are two friends, Ida and Connie. I am Swedish and I am English. We live in Greytown, which is a very small, quiet place, having only 1500 inhabitants, the greater part of which are Spaniards and Creoles. We were very much interested in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and you would like to receive, and perhaps publish, a letter from this queer, out-of-the-way place. Ida, who is sixteen, has lived here for five years, and I, who am only fourteen, have lived here for just one year, although I lived here when I was a baby. I have no sisters, but I have three brothers, two a Chinese mother and one English. I have a dog, a bird, and some chickens, and I have a bird and a chicken that will come when you call it, and jump up on your shoulder, and a cat named Jack. He is now with my mother's letter. I hope he will not blot it. We remain yours truly, IDA C. AND CONNIE K.

P. S.—If you like, we will write again and tell you what Greytown is like.

BROOKFIELD, MARYLAND.

I am a little girl. I was twelve years old the other day. My papa is in the navy, and I have not seen him for almost three years. He is now in England, around the world. He is now in China. He writes and tells all about the things he sees. Once he went to a Chinese restaurant in England. The tables were covered with grass, so they made him take off his shoes before entering, so as not to spoil them. They then took him into a room and told him to sit down. Then they brought him a very comfortable, about thirteen inches high, and made him sit cross-legged. They then gave him a pair of chopsticks with which to eat, which were held in his first fingers. They gave him a much to eat that it took him fully two hours to eat it all.

JEANNE W. W.

MUSKOGEE, OK. IN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little more than four months old. I have black eyes and gray fur, and live in a hole in the garret. I have three brothers and two sisters; their names are Tom, Tim, and John. Polly, my name is Mousie Little. We are having a splendid time up here, as the family who own the house have been away. So we are very happy, and our heart's content without being afraid of being seen by a dog or cat. Last night my father gave a large ball. All the mice were invited, and all the mice came. We danced till after midnight, and then had supper of rich cheese and bread. My father took me out walking yesterday. We saw a very queer thing that he called "a rat trap." He said it was a trap for mice, but he was wrong. I think it would have died had not a little boy set him free. But I have not told you what it was like. It was round and red, and had a pretty wire door in front. There was a hole in the wire, and I saw my father said the cook put it there. Now who "the cook" may be I have not the slightest idea. M. L.

COLUMBIA, GEORGIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken this delightful paper four years, and think it is splendid. I am fifteen years old, and will be in the Senior class next year. I will begin school very soon. Our city is very pretty, with a population of 30,000. It is a great manufacturing town. We are going to have an Exposition next fall, which will be the largest in the South. I saw a very nice summer with a very dear friend, in Eufaula, Alabama, and had a delightful time.

BESSIE B. W.

N. YONKON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Noticing in a back number of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* that you contribute to the *Postmistress*, I wrote to you once in a while, I concluded that I would do so now, hoping my letter would find favor in your eyes. Nottingham is a very small town, situated on the western River, which is called the "Nottingham River." It is very winding, and exceedingly narrow here, but it becomes much wider before entering the Chesapeake Bay. I am at home for the holidays now, but will soon return to school at St. Mary's Female Seminary, situated on the

SHORT AND SHARP.

RAYMOND is five years old, and a strong Democrat.

"Raymond, you must behave better," said his mother; "good Democrats don't act in that way."

"Do Republicans?" inquired Raymond.

"No," said his mother; "good ones do not."

"Oh, Raymond," cried little Laura, "do be good, or *no one* will have anything to do with you, unless," she added, "it is somebody like me, who hasn't any politics."

A little girl who was enjoying broiled partridge for breakfast remarked that she did not think it at all strange that Esau sold his birthright for a *mess of partridge*, it was certainly delicious!

Little Jim, aged three, having developed a tendency to bolt his food, was strongly expostulated with by his mother. It happened shortly after, that, finding a piece of chewing-gum, he appropriated it, and while masticating it vigorously, was discovered by his mother.

"Jim, what are you chewing?" she inquired. As the little fellow opened his mouth to answer, he lost control of the treacherous morsel, and it slipped down his throat. Catching his breath, he spluttered, "It was gum, ma, and I swallowed it; but I chewed it well first."

Little Rex, who is six years old, and has a pretty head of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" curls, was making a call with his sister at a neighbor's house. It happened that both Rex and a young lady who was also calling at the house were seized with a sudden desire to sneeze, and while the young lady could not gain the desired relief, Rex accomplished a most refreshing "atchew."

"Why, Rex," asked the young lady, "how is it that you could sneeze and I couldn't?"

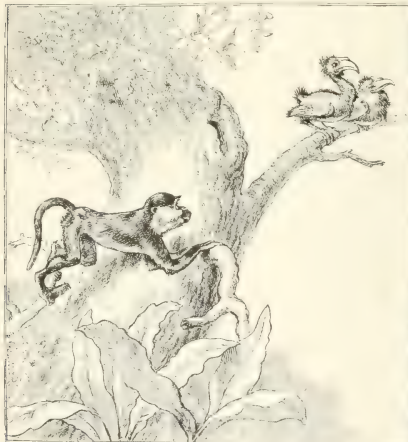
"*Because I was built that way*," was the startling but entirely serious reply.



NOT YET TIME TO TURN OVER.

MOTHER. "I am distressed to hear that you have been naughty again, JACK. It certainly is time for you to turn over a new leaf."

JACK. "What's the use of my turning over a new leaf when I can't read any at all yet."



SPORTS IN THE TROPICS—CATCH AS CATCH CAN.

MANNER AND MANNERS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



LITTLE savage rang the door-bell to-day and loudly demanded an interview with the mistress of the house. So vociferous was his assault that he might have been a marauder of the Middle Ages, storming the castle of a hostile baron, and so grumpy and morose was his behavior, when gently remonstrated with, that I found myself wondering

where were his blanket and feathers. A little Indian on the war-path, with painted cheeks and wampum belt, could not have been more aggressive than this twelve-year-old boy, in the uniform of a District Messenger.

"Is the woman that lives here in?" he shouted. "Tell her I can't wait!" pursued the stentorian tones, heedless of a possible sleeping baby in the house, or the proximity of somebody with a nervous headache, or of an invalid whose rest might be disturbed. Boys of his profession are not usually so indiscreet, but I have seen others who opened closed doors without knocking for admission, and who behaved in a general way much like this lad, who thought his business with the woman who lived here sufficiently important to warrant him in making noise enough to arouse the neighborhood.

When I arrived on the scene, the savage—for such I deem him—held out to me a note, in a hand (his own, not that of its writer) which was grimy with the dirt of the day, did not remove his cap, and gave answers between a growl and a menace to the questions which were necessarily addressed to him. This young man was possessed of neither manner nor manners, the two being by no means synonymous.

The first, manner, is the unconscious expression of character, a person being said to have a charming or gracious or courtly manner because of a habitual grace or dignity of bearing which belongs to him, just as bloom and perfume belong to the lily and the rose. Manner is something which is hard to define, and nearly as hard to describe. To say of a girl that her manner resembles that of her mother is to put into a sentence the story of a thousand intangible resemblances, tricks of speech, turns of the head, peculiarities of step, trifles which were born with her. At first, if you have not thought about the subject, you may be disposed to question my statement that a fine manner may accompany ignorance of the conventional rules which go to make up good manners, and that sometimes a person whose manners are quite faultless may have a very bad manner indeed.

Yet, it is true, I have observed an almost princely charm of demeanor in an Irish peasant which no gentleman could have excelled for deference, ease, and absolute chivalry; and I have seen in the drawing-room an educated and aristocratic person whose manner was brusque, conceited, and half-clownish. The thing has nothing to do with what we understand by manners. It is the outcome and expression of the soul, and the poet may have had it in mind when he wrote,

"A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might....
For a' that, an' a' that."

And Tennyson writes of

"that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

The manner which shall distinguish you and me in our intercourse with society will be dependent upon the inner life, the way we think and feel. If we let ourselves drive through the days in a hurry like steam-tugs, puffing and panting, if we worry because people do not please us or events do not come in the order we would like, we shall have on our faces a driven, hunted, flurried look, and our manner will convey this impression. To be convinced of this, you have only to remark how trades and occupations give their own individual air to those who practise them, so that in a crowd one readily recognizes this stranger as a farmer, that as an artisan, and the other as a man of business, while the soldier is known by his erect carriage and disciplined grace, the clergyman carries his profession in his benignant face and pleasant manner, and the physician, whether brusque or suave, is easily selected by any one who has studied men.

A bashful girl, a diffident boy, notices and sometimes envies the unstudied grace, the perfect tact, which mark the woman in society, seeing how the hostess puts every one at ease, throws the right people together, discovers the specialty of the silent man, and the talent of the traveller who has studied a favorite science in foreign lands. "Shall I ever so forget myself, so win by my cordiality, my unaffectedness?" is the unspoken thought of the younger person. Doubtless, if you cultivate in yourself through the summers and winters the tendency to be kind and affectionately disposed, looking for what is best in every one, and patiently bearing whatever comes to you. There is sound philosophy in Charles Kingsley's little poem,

"Do good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, love, and the long forever
One grand, sweet song."

Please remember that manner makes itself every single day, and that it makes itself when, as my little black errand-boy used to say, we do not "go to do it"; if we are petulant, envious, fretful, sullen, our manner will inevitably betray our temper, just as the man who has spent years behind the prison bars never quite throws off the look of the convict. And if we are amiable, tender to suffering, wishful of happiness to all about us, our manner will tell that too, for manner, let me repeat, is the mask of a soul.

As for manners, they are affairs of infinite detail, and are not to be neglected. The best school of good manners is, of course, the good home, and the mother-teacher gives the lessons which last longest. Perhaps the place where good and bad manners are most evident is the table, where three times a day the family meet. Familiarity with table etiquette can be learned only by the constant practice of courtesies which are acknowledged to be sensible and beautiful. The use of the fork instead of the knife in conveying food to the mouth, the sipping from the side of the spoon instead of from the front, the nice handling of table furniture in general, is automatic with children who have been carefully trained.

But mothers are not always so careful as they should be in teaching the children to behave well at the table. A bright little girl, ten years old, visited a friend, and remained some days, winning golden opinions from everybody because of her modesty, self-reliance, and sweet disposition. Yet a courtly old gentleman, who was critical of the younger generation, said, pityingly,

"What a misfortune it is that such a child should have the awkwardness of a rustic; she carries herself like a servant, and positively eats like a pig."

The table-school should teach self-restraint. Indeed the whole essence of good manners is comprehended in keeping self in the background, and thinking primarily

of the convenience and enjoyment of one's neighbors. The interchange of small courtesies in society oils the wheels, and causes affairs to move without jarring or friction. Although some social observances seem to be arbitrary, it is almost always found that they are not really so, but that common-sense and regard for convenience all round is at the bottom of them.

The lifted hat, for instance, is a sign of respect from one person to another, a brief way of saying, without words, "I hold you in honor, and am glad to do so." Only a boor keeps his hat on in the house, where, for one thing, he does not need its shelter from wind and weather, and where ladies have their abode. A gentleman always raises his hat, when he meets them, to the ladies whom he knows, and some of the most finished gentlemen of the old school, not content with a mere lifting, take their hats off, and stand bareheaded while speaking with women on the street or at the door of a house. But how are boys to learn the easy, graceful lifting of the hat—the instinctive homage of strength to weakness, of the gentleman to the lady?

Only by practising it from babyhood on.

"Max lifted his cap to a girl!" exclaimed Willie, who had come to New York from a town where boys of fifteen were not accustomed to pay such attentions to their girl friends.

"Of course," said Max. "Every fellow does. What do you take me for?"

"And you bowed to your mother, as if you had not seen her a half-dozen times to-day."

"Certainly," returned Max. "A fellow who didn't know enough to bow to his mother when he met her couldn't go with our fellows, let me tell you. Why, Will, we all do that."

And Willie, who at heart was a mother-loving lad, needing only polish, resolved to copy his cousin.

Do not underrate polish. A diamond in the rough may possess value, but a diamond after the cutter's tool has brought out its smoothness and beauty will command a much greater price in the market.

"I know that Stanley is forgetful of politeness," apologized a fond mother for a little son who habitually kept on his hat in the house, whistled at the dinner-table, interrupted conversation, and strewed his possessions broadcast over parlors and sitting-room. "But," she continued, "boys will be boys. He will do better when he is older."

Possibly. Yet the doing better then will be at the cost of much snubbing and sharp usage from the world, and politeness will never be the second nature to this boy that it is to one who is never allowed to omit a courtesy. How easy it would have been for his mother to have made it impossible for him to commit any one of these *gaucheries*!

A youth said to me one day: "I enjoy going to Miss —'s receptions after I get there, but I always dread going into the room and getting out of it. I dislike to speak to my hostess."

The law which makes it obligatory on you to speak to your hostess when visiting her admits of no exceptions. If you will think of it a moment, the very commonest courtesy demands that if she gives up her house and her time to you, you should pay her the compliment of acknowledging your sense of the obligation. Besides, how else is she to know who has called upon her? In a large assembly the hostess, when receiving, usually occupies a conspicuous position, where guests may immediately see her, and in any case she makes it easy for her visitors by herself advancing with a word of greeting; but should she for any reason be engaged elsewhere when callers enter, their first duty must be to seek her out, and speak to their hostess. Also good manners require that the withdrawing guest shall take leave of his hostess and host.

It is a pleasant thing, if you have enjoyed a visit, a luncheon, or any social affair, to say so in a brief, cordial way as you are withdrawing. The simple, "I'm glad I came," "I have enjoyed the evening," leaves a flavor of the agreeable behind it.

Good manners extend to the minutiae of daily life in very many particulars. If you receive an important letter, good manners will lead you to answer it immediately.

Good manners, what we sometimes call pitifully "good form," will not be satisfied if we write letters on our own business, omitting to enclose stamps for return postage, nor tolerate our prefixing Mr. or Miss or Mrs. to our own names. A lady signs herself Miranda Perley, not Mrs. J. N. Perley. A gentleman's signature is Benjamin Brown, Theodore Jones, not Mr. Brown or Mr. Jones. As confusion with regard to whether a lady is married or single may arise in the mind of an unknown correspondent, good form allows a lady to write the Miss or Mrs. which defines her condition, in brackets, for the information of the person to whom she writes.

Good form requires you when calling on your friend who is visiting in your city to leave a card for her hostess, and a young gentleman paying a visit to his girl friends in any house asks, of course, for their mother. There are young men who are unaware of this demand of good-breeding, and who ignore the mothers of their friends, convicting themselves inevitably of dense ignorance in the matter.

"Why did Mr. Albert leave without saying good-night to mamma?" inquired a young lady of her friend's friend.

"Was he taken suddenly ill?"

"Not at all. He said he supposed that you were the hostess, not your mother."

"Mamma is always the hostess and the queen of every occasion in our house," was the lady's reply.

She was right. Society in these days does not ignore the mother, and whoever does so shows a singular lack of good manners.

In daily life there are many opportunities for showing courtesy, opportunities which will occur to you as you go onward, but to you they will seem so small that you will hardly think them worth noticing. Not long ago I was spending a day or two with friends in a home where the good manners of everybody were the evident flowering out of love. How dearly father and mother, brothers and sisters, loved one another was manifest in every look and tone. A dear little brother was ill, and absent therefore from the family group. First the big brother quietly withdrew from the drawing-room and all the gay chat and merry music, and went to a remote part of the house to sit in Willie's darkened chamber. An hour passed, and Jennie, slipping out unobtrusively, relieved her brother and took her place as little watcher and nurse. It was done so quietly, so sweetly, without a thought that any one noticed it, that my heart was won to admiration.

Shall I speak of an unwritten law of good manners which draws a magic circle around the rights of others and prevents our invasion of them? I will imagine a book-loving and book-reading household. A book by a popular author has been brought home in papa's pocket, and laying it on the table, he says: "We cannot just now read that book aloud, but yet I want you all to read it. When you have finished it, and it has gone the rounds, we will talk it over."

Good manners in this instance will render it imperative that while Reuben is engaged with this volume, neither Rebecca nor Rachel, Thomas nor Donald, shall so much as peep into its pages. For the time, the book is Reuben's, and except by his consent no one else should begin it until he has finished it. If Arthur is reading the magazine, let him have it in undisturbed possession and enjoyment for a reasonable length of time. Order and system and regard for other people's rights are conserved by good

manners. The same principle carried out will, however, lead us to forego a right, that somebody else may have a privilege.

Perhaps nowhere are bad manners so disagreeably conspicuous as in the theatre, at the opera, or in the concert hall. These being places to which people are admitted on payment of a fee, it becomes actual dishonesty when they are defrauded of the pleasure they have paid for by the conduct of those about them. A gay group of acquaintances, who chat freely and audibly during a sweet strain in opera or oratorio, whose smothered laughter obscures the light and shade of the music's loveliest passages, are for the moment thieves and robbers. Not that they appreciate the enormity of their ill-breeding; far from it; offences against taste are always very lightly esteemed by those who commit them, but the amount of distress they cause, the suffering they inflict upon innocent people who come to listen, to say nothing of the insult they offer to the performers, can hardly be overstated.

In the opera and at the play one is sometimes annoyed by a thoughtlessly impolite person who has heard the one or seen the other before. Intent on ministering to the enjoyment of some one in his special company, this haunting spirit of misery anticipates every situation, repeating the libretto, relating episodes in advance, ruining tragedy and comedy alike to all the unfortunates around him by his zeal in accompanying the singers and actors.

Manners in church deserve a passing notice, for, singularly enough, although church is the one spot into which there seems almost no chance for rudeness to enter, it is the one spot above all others where rudeness is most rampant.

May I illustrate my meaning? It is customary in some churches—not those which have a pronounced ritual—to begin the service with the singing of the doxology. The congregation rises, and continues standing in a reverent attitude until the pastor has made the opening prayer, usually styled the invocation. The custom of having slips of paper on which are printed the notices of meetings during the week has quite generally superseded the former method of announcing these meetings from the pulpit, and these slips are distributed through the pews. I have seen young people, and, I regret to say, their elders reading these slips during the doxology, and my belief is that they were capable of doing the same during the invocation. This is rudeness number one.

Rudeness number two is equally astonishing. If your clergyman were calling on you, and you found his call growing tedious, you would not signify it by deliberately taking out your watch and surveying it in his very face. Yet more than one auditor, wearying of the sermon, does this very thing, as though the preacher were blind, as though the place did not exact the courtesy of the drawing-room.

In yet another public way and place do our manners challenge criticism. How do you behave in a crowd, in the cars, in the boat, on your travels, and among strangers? All pushing, taking of the best places, and occupying in a thronged conveyance more room than your ticket entitles you to take are contrary to good manners.

A party of young girls the other day entered an Elevated Railway car already filled with passengers. They were pretty, well dressed, and intelligent-looking; but they laughed so loudly, talked so freely of their own concerns, and so disdainfully regarded the older people in the vehicle, whose reading, talk, or meditation they were interrupting, that it was quite plain they were ignorant of good manners. A lady or a gentleman never behaves so that attention is attracted in a public conveyance.

On an all-day's journey between New York and Richmond a sad-faced woman in deep black, with three little children, had her hands and heart full with the care of a

crying babe. The pitiful wails of the little creature smote a sympathetic chord in every maternal heart, and more than one woman felt sorry for the poor tired lady whose babe would not be still. Meanwhile the other children grew restless as the hours passed, and from time to time the baby, soothed into momentary sleep, started and screamed.

"Let me take the little fellow, madam; my sister's babies are always good with me."

The speaker was a handsome youth in the uniform of a West Point cadet. His bright winning face, his arms held out, captivated the baby, who presently resigned herself to the gentle strength which cradled her so softly, and as he walked to and fro in the car the wearied mother drew a long breath of relief, for her little one's eyes had drooped at last in a good long nap.

That youth had beautiful manners upon the road.

So has my friend Lancelot, who never sits when a woman in the car is standing. She may be a girl with a peachy cheek and violet eyes or an old crone carrying home her marketing, a stately lady richly dressed or a portly dame with somebody's weekly washing in her basket. To Lancelot it is quite the same—she is a woman, and it is not his custom, as a member of the stronger sex, to sit in easeful comfort while a woman balances on two uncertain feet, or clings desperately to a strap in a jolting, swaying car.

Lancelot's cousin Millicent has no patience with those of her girl friends who accept such courtesy as his without even the grace to say, "Thank you." She holds that good manners on the road and in the house require the acknowledgment of every kind act by a prompt expression of thanks. Nobody ever sends Millicent a birthday or a Christmas gift without receiving a note in which the sentiment of gratitude is expressed. She does not believe in leaving her thankfulness to be taken for granted.

Neither do I. If we are to dwell together in this beautiful old world, let us do it in harmony. A great deal of wretchedness, strife, and bickering will be avoided by the expedient of always speaking gently, of repressing the hasty word and the arrogant gesture, of begging pardon for an unintended offence. The poor little New York savage who gave me my opening text may not have been so much to blame, for his only school of manners had doubtless been the crowded tenement and the maelstrom of the street. But to whom much is given, of them shall much be required, and there are few of us who cannot, if we choose, wear always a gracious manner, from which good manners shall spring as the blossom from the bud.

BECOMING A JOURNALIST.

BY EUGENE M. CAMP.

THERE is something about the trade of journalism that fascinates. I say trade not unadvisedly, because the making of public journals has not yet become one of the learned professions, though there are many journalists who hope to see their trade attain that standard during their lifetime.

There is a very old dispute over the question whether college graduates do better in journalism than those who learn the trade of the printer, and "come up from the case," as the familiar expression has it. The older class of journalists hold that the practical man is better than the mere college man. Indeed the college graduate, if he have no other merit to recommend him, is usually laughed at upon entering a newspaper office. He is told that he is good for nothing, and that he must first unlearn most for which his college diploma stands before he can hope to earn even a living at journalism.

This is, however, an extreme view, and I am glad to say it is becoming annually less and less held. Such

men as William Penn Nixon, of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*; Colonel Charles H. Taylor, of the *Boston Globe*; Colonel A. K. McClure, of the *Philadelphia Times*; Joseph Pulitzer, of the *New York World*; Henry Watterson, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*; Charles Emory Smith, of the *Philadelphia Press*; and Murat Halstead, of the *Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette*—all representative journalists, have recently expressed their belief that oral and written instruction, such as is afforded in college, can do as much for the young person seeking to enter journalism as we know it does for the embryo doctor and lawyer; that is to say, if the person be bright, ambitious, and not afraid of hard work, he can as easily acquire by study the rudiments of journalism as the rudiments of law or medicine.

It is not claimed that great men can be made by study alone. It is only asserted that the ordinary workers in journalism, those who form its rank and file, the sober, conscientious men who are the same backbone to journalism that similar men are to law, medicine, and all trades—men and women who do hard work and honest service, but of whom the world rarely hears—it is only claimed that these can be taught the foundation for their trade in a college. Great men are born, not made by study.

The trade of the journalist is becoming every year more and more exacting. The reasons are two. First, the trade is demanding more editors and fewer writers. The newspaper offices are daily flooded with vast quantities of manuscript. Several journals in Boston, particularly morning journals, receive every night by mail and telegraph from three to ten times as much news and other matter as they print.

The second reason is that more subjects are being handled by the public journals than ever before. Correspondents now go everywhere upon the globe, and the newspaper chronicles their travels. They likewise dip into every known science, into past and present history, into all departments of human knowledge. The journalist must know what statement to make, and what not to make, concerning these innumerable subjects. He must know what to put into the newspaper and what to leave out. The man or woman who falls into an error of statement made in private may have it passed over undetected; the journalist's errors go before the world, where somebody is absolutely certain to discover and probably sneer at his carelessness or his ignorance.

These increasing requirements of the journalist demand that he shall have some knowledge of law, of politics, of history, of literature, of finance, and of public economy. These and other subjects should be mastered at college. They are topics that the future journalist will find essential.

The young man who seeks a career as a journalist should take a college course if it is possible for him to do so, and he should select the college having the best courses in the subjects mentioned. In pursuing his studies he should seek advice to his own best judgment in the selection of those subjects likely to be of most substantial use to him.

I do not believe that a college can make a tradesman, nor do I think it ought to try, but I do believe that young men should early make up their minds upon their future occupation, that they should go through their college course with a definite aim, not drift through it. From the very beginning they ought to select subjects and courses that have essential bearings upon the intended occupation of life. The same applies to young women, if they expect to enter the arena of the bread-getter.

A point too much neglected in all colleges is the study of English composition. It is one of the most difficult of branches. Good prose is as beautiful as good poetry, and the world learned to write the latter long before it did the former. There was no good English prose even

as late as the time of Milton. Herbert Spencer's *Philosophy of Style* is the best and almost only rule for good prose; the rest can only be gained by persistent practice.

The meaning of words should be carefully studied. Every word that does not assist the understanding hinders it, and ought therefore to be expunged from the text. The shortest is the best account. Perfect prose is like the clear glass which reveals the object, the idea, but is not itself seen.

A frequent error committed by persons who seek to improve their prose composition is that of writing out all they can ascertain upon a given topic. A much better plan is to reverse the order. Get all the facts you can upon the subject of an accident, a ball game, a discovery—anything of interest, in fact—and then see in how few words the whole can be accurately told, taking care to omit all unnecessary phrases and all unimportant detail. If the account as first written contain three hundred words, it will generally be found that the number can be reduced one-half, not to the detriment but decidedly to the benefit of the account as a complete and graphic story. If one has no composition of his own to thus treat, excellent practice can be had in cutting out of a newspaper article, selected at random, all words that can be spared, and yet have the altered account tell all the original account told.

The journalist must be a ready man. He must therefore have a good memory. Now a good memory is largely a matter of cultivation. The way to cultivate one's memory is to treat it so far as possible, and in imagination at least, as a distinct person. Be careful of what is selected to be remembered. Once selected, however, never put it in writing or otherwise into a scrap or reference book. Instead, give it to your memory. Say to the latter, when you do so, that there is something important, and that it is to be kept ready on the instant when wanted. See that your memory takes special note of it. At first, when your memory fails, as it is liable to do, give it a moderately severe talking to. Then get the fact again, and with a second warning again commit it to your memory's keeping. It will rarely fail you a second time. By persistently following this course I have known many persons, who previously thought their memories untrustworthy, to become possessed of retentive and accurate memories.

A college education is not all that is required for the journalist; it is only the foundation. The next step is the local room in a newspaper office. Why the local room? Because it is in the collection of news and in the contact with men that it brings that much valuable journalistic training is acquired. The life of the news gatherer is not always a congenial one, but the experience gained by it is worth more to the young journalist than it is possible to explain, or for him at first to realize. Faithful service in reporting is always followed by promotion.

The pay of journalists in this country is not large, but it is as high in proportion as that of the lawyer or doctor or man of business. The promotions are slow, but they are generally upon merit. The pay of the local reporter is rarely below \$8 per week. Sometimes he is put upon a space rate of pay to begin with, when he receives from \$5 to \$8 per column for his matter. When a little more advanced, he receives a stated salary of from \$10 to \$30 per week, with an average of perhaps \$18 to \$22. His hours are from seven to five on an evening journal, and from one to twelve on a morning one. Men who handle the telegraph news in newspaper offices get from \$20 to \$35 per week, and exchange and writing editors from \$25 to \$70 per week, with an average of \$40 to \$50.

Journalism is an exacting trade. It requires for success a peculiar combination of faculties—curiosity, originality, confidence, and unbounded energy. These granted, with the powers that nature has bestowed, journalism offers a field in which hard labor generally reaps fair and sometimes liberal rewards.

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Rose Mueller.

"BRUCE WOULD STAND PATIENTLY LIKE A WELL-TRAINED HORSE."—SEE PAGE 202.

BRUCE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE



BRUCE. ANGING in my aunt's old-fashioned house is a little crayon picture which the children of our family dearly love.

It is the head of a dog, not very well drawn, but there is something in the look of the eyes—a look of patience and strength—which makes us know what a good playfellow and what a friend that dog must have been. As we used to go in and out of my aunt's room we would always nod to Bruce, or say "Poor fellow!" or "Good old dog!" for it seemed to us as if we must have known him in life. He had a story—one that we never tired of hearing our aunt tell. I cannot hope to make it seem as interesting as when she, sitting in her garden, or in the library by a winter fire, would relate it for some one of the young generation, but at all events I will give you Bruce's story, and see if you don't think he deserves to have been called a hero.

My aunt and her sister Joan were left motherless when they were small children. Their father was a very busy physician, and they had their own way completely in the big old-fashioned country house. As Aunt Mary said, they ran wild; out-of-doors in the summer-time all day long; in the winter, either tumbling up and down snow-banks, or running and romping in the big garrets, or up and down the staircases of the house.

While playing in the attic one sunshiny holiday morning, Joan fell through the trap-door, and was injured so that for weeks her life hung by a thread. And when at last the danger of death had passed, it was found that the little girl could never walk again.

There could be no more careless romplings for the two children, no more wild chasing up and down the hall and in and out of the rooms. The seasons as they came and went could bring none of those delightful plans for out-of-door activity; no parties of pleasure in which they would as before take joyful part. The children thought they were completely heart-broken when the decision of three or four doctors who came to see little Joan was finally announced; but they did not know what a terrible blow it was to their father. He would sit in Joan's room watching the little figure in bed, and say to himself that he had not been half thoughtful or watchful enough, and he felt that in the future he must think more of what his children needed; more of making something wise and good and strong of their future. Joan's life was in one sense hopelessly injured, but the Doctor determined that everything that could be done to make her brave and happy and useful should be his duty from that hour.

And so it came about that the little girl on her couch was the centre of the household; and there never was a sweeter, brighter invalid. She had her toys and picture-books; her rows and rows of soldiers until she was too old to care for them; then her own little library and school-books, and visits from her young friends, so that, on the whole, life glided by with little pain in it, and many things that were a pleasure and a blessing. Every evening regularly the Doctor and Mary came to talk over the events of the day for an hour or two in Joan's room; sometimes the Doctor in his easy-chair by the wood fire would doze off a little while, leaving the children to chat in half-whispers, always ready when he woke up again to

hear and discuss their plans with them. One particularly wintry evening the Doctor had piled up the logs on the hearth until they made a famous glow, and settling himself with his magazine, he soon dozed off, while Joan and her sister were whispering together over a delightful suggestion their oldest cousin Joe had made.

Patient and contented as Joan was, she had for months longed to get out-of-doors. Lying upon her couch, she had only to turn her head to see out of the big window the stretch of the country which she dearly loved, whether it wore the white garb of winter or the cool green of summer-time. It was impossible to ride in a carriage over the country or town roads without pain, and one or two invalid chairs had been tried for her without success; still, the longing for a breath of crisp wintry air remained. It was hard to wait until the spring, and Cousin Joe had been busy planning some sort of low carriage which the girl could use, perhaps to be drawn about in by friendly hands. Suddenly up through the windows, in the stillness of the room, came the sound of a long-drawn-out moan. Mary, knitting by her sister's side, jumped up quickly, and the Doctor was on his feet in an instant. He too had heard the sound, and it only took him a moment to get to the door and down the stairs, where the sounds were more frequent and audible.

The Doctor crossed the wide dim hall, and flung the back door open.

There was bright moonlight everywhere flooding the snow-covered lawn and garden, and just below the porch a dark patch showed that a figure lay there writhing in pain. The Doctor dashed down the steps, expecting to find there a wounded person. Instead, a beautiful St. Bernard dog's head was lifted; a pair of suffering eyes looked patiently up into the Doctor's. Hurt in one leg, the dog had crept into the garden, from whence no one ever knew, and had lain there waiting for help.

And this was Bruce's first appearance at the old house. Tenderly the Doctor carried the poor suffering dog into his office. You can fancy how Mary came flying downstairs, how they nursed and watched over their guest, and how interested Joan was when the Doctor carried him up to the little girl's room.

"Oh, let him stay here!" Joan pleaded. "I know I can cure him." And so he staid, and in time got well.

Of course all the children in the neighborhood came to the house to see Joan's new pet; but go where he would, romp about as he might, Bruce was faithful first and last to his little friend, and always seemed to know just what Joan was feeling or thinking or needing. He learned to fetch or carry for her; he could take letters tied about his neck from one room to another; would bring Joan's book or slate or paint-box from any part of the two rooms devoted to the little girl; and, best of all, obeyed her slightest word or look.

But he was not so toward every one. He could be very cross at times with grown people if they teased him, but for some strange reason he was never anything but kind, although not always obedient, to children. Joan laughed one day when some of the boys remarked upon this.

"Don't you see," she said, "it is because I have taught him to obey? I love all the children I know, and so must Bruce."

One winter's day Cousin Joe came bounding into Joan's room. "See here!" he exclaimed. "I have just the thing for you, and uncle says I may carry you down to see it."

In Joe's strong arms, and with Bruce panting by their side, Joan was carried down to the hall, where stood the most perfect of little carriages for just such an invalid as herself—low and long and cushioned carefully, and with a harness all ready.

Joan's eyes danced, but she presently exclaimed, "Oh, Joe! no pony could draw such a little low carriage."

"Of course not," said Joe, triumphantly, as he laid her in it. "but Bruce can, and I put you in it first, so that he will be obedient when I harness him up."

II

Two years had passed since Joan had been in the streets of the town, and it was on a clear, crisp morning that she made her first appearance driving her faithful steed, and welcomed by all her playfellows and friends like a little princess returned from exile.

Just as long as there were children about him Bruce would stand patiently, like a well-trained horse, but he was restive if many grown people came to discuss or admire the equipage, and once he nearly upset Joan into the snow.

This was rather a memorable occasion.

There was a man named Gorman, an idle, good-for-nothing creature who sometimes worked at odd jobs about the school-house. One February day, while Bruce and Joan were waiting outside for Mary to make her appearance, Gorman came out and began sneering at the carriage and teasing the dog.

"Bruce, Bruce, quiet, old boy!" Joan called, in her gentle voice, and Bruce tried hard enough to restrain his temper. He plunged about, and some passers-by barely saved Joan from falling, while Gorman was bitten on the leg. There was no word to speak of, but ever afterward the man and Bruce knew each other for enemies. Sometimes the dog's little mistress trembled as she caught Gorman's evil eye fastened on Bruce, and heard the latter's growl as he passed him.

One day the Doctor drove up the main street just as Bruce and Joan were coming down. A little later he went into his brother's house, looking rather anxious.

"I just met Joan in her carriage," he said. "Joe was taking care of her, and of course Bruce is as faithful as the sun; but he is almost *too* faithful. Let him get an idea that any one is teasing the child, and he is in a rage at once. I have always seen a touch of something savage in him, and I fear it will result in an accident some day."

But every one laughed at the idea of not trusting Bruce with Joan.

One warm June day Mary had gone to the country, and the Doctor was called unexpectedly to a patient some five miles distant. He came into Joan's room to say good-by, and see, as usual, that the child was all right. Joan declared herself very well satisfied to have a quiet afternoon. Bruce, of course, was in attendance, and so the Doctor went away, promising to bring back some fine specimens of wild flowers for his little girl to see and arrange in her herbarium.

The drowsy day, the stillness, the scent of flowers on the porch and in the garden outside, all made the invalid feel restful and content. She closed her eyes a moment, opening them to despatch Bruce to the kitchen with a message tied around his neck for Maria, the cook. Again Joan's eyelids closed, but almost at once she opened them, conscious suddenly of another presence in the room.

Between the windows was a bureau and tall glass. Joan raised herself upon her arms, and saw before the dressing-table a man busy ransacking the small drawers. Reflected in the mirror she saw the face of the man Gorman.

How the instant passed Joan could not tell. She knew that the man's eyes in the glass met hers from the sofa, where she was, as Gorman well knew, a *prisoner*. A sarcastic smile came into the man's face. He coolly continued his robbery. And then Bruce came bounding into the room.

In that moment, Joan used to say, but one thought possessed her: Bruce would kill Gorman if she did not prevent it. She raised herself as well as she could, and trembling, but seeming to be calm, lifted a beckoning hand to the dog.

Bruce looked at his little mistress imploringly, with sav-

age hate of the man he thought his enemy glittering in the eyes usually so patient and so tender.

Gorman turned slowly around, folded his arms, and laughed.

"Bruce! *here!*" cried Joan, in commanding tones.

One instant's indecision, and then Bruce went up to the hand he loved, but, oh! looking so eager to defend it! Joan fastened her fingers on the dog's collar.

"While I hold him," she said, in a tremulous whisper, "he will not touch you, but if I move my hand he will fly at you. Now go—put down those things and go. Do you hear?"

Gorman looked contemptuously at the childish, fragile little figure; at the dog obedient to the girl's command, yet with that look of suppressed rage still gleaming in his eyes, his great noble frame shaken by feeling. Then he said, coolly, "Guess I will have another look, my dear little girl, and mind you hold that dog o' yours tight; he won't hurt me if you do." And with another laugh, he turned back to the bureau.

And now Joan felt that her weak grasp was slipping. Full well she knew that, once fully roused in her defence, Bruce would tear the man who threatened her limb from limb.

There was a little toy whip with gold mounting lying on the bureau. Gorman took it up, snapped it carelessly, and put it in his bag. It was *their* carriage whip. Bruce knew it. Under her hand Joan felt the dog's wild trembling.

"Go! go!" she cried; "he is getting beyond my control; he will not mind me any longer!"

Joan's voice, which she had been too faint with fright to raise to any height before, rang piercingly, and Gorman was frightened. Flinging some pieces of jewelry from him, he rushed toward the porch; but it was too late. Bruce, now beyond all self-control or Joan's command, followed him across the garden path, and both were speedily out of sight.

Joan's screams had brought Maria, and fortunately the Doctor soon returned, and was horrified to find his child trembling and ill, scarcely able to recount the events through which she had recently passed.

Bruce could not be found, nor could Gorman, when, full of wrath, the Doctor went out in search of him. Very late that evening the sound of a feeble scratching came at the door. When they opened it, Bruce, foot-sore, panting, and weary, came in, and making straight for his little mistress, nestled close beside her.

What had happened to him could only be guessed. There had been a fight, as Bruce's condition and blood-stained mouth gave evidence; but with what result?

To the surprise of the household, after sleeping at Joan's door as usual all night, in the morning Bruce had disappeared. Search was in vain, but he came back of his own accord, looking ill at ease and dejected, only to run away the next morning, and return in the same fashion; but on the second evening came a note for Joan written in a scrawl on dirty paper:

"Youre dog is huntin' for me, and you'd better keep him in-doors till I get well. He and me is ole friens."

Of course it was from Gorman, but where Gorman was could not be discovered.

Bruce was with difficulty restrained for a day or two, but the third morning he had disappeared. Joan watched and waited all that day with an anxiety painful for those around her to see. Separated so long from Bruce, her faithful companion, her champion and friend, the child was not like herself. And all the household shared her uneasiness.

Tea was over, and the Doctor and Mary were just starting upstairs to Joan's room, when a moaning sound was heard. They stood still a moment, looking at each other, but afraid to admit their fears, and then the Doctor, as if

he were going to perform some terrible duty, walked over and opened the garden door. Crouched pitifully against it was Bruce, wounded to death.

The Doctor knelt beside him, and Mary, on the stairs, cried out, "Oh, they have killed poor Bruce!" as she flew to the dog's side.

Joan, listening and watching keenly, heard the words. The state of feverish excitement she had been in ever since Gorman's threat reached its height at this announcement. How she did it they could never tell, but Joan crawled to the door, and before any one knew or thought of such a thing, she had slipped down the staircase, and was beside them on her knees.

The Doctor used to say it was so solemn a scene he could not break it by a word. Joan pushed them away in silence, and took Bruce's dying head in her arms. With her face drawn and blanched with grief, she held her friend and champion tenderly in her arms, while the dog's eyes, full of wistfulness and devotion, were lifted with a look of ineffable love and anguish to her face. And if ever a dumb creature spoke, Bruce did it as he looked at Joan and died.



HARD BEDS IN MULBERRY STREET.

HOMELESS WAIFS OF THE CITY.

BY J. A. RIIS.



Q UITE a generation ago some kind-hearted men undertook to provide shelter for some of the homeless boys who roam the streets of New York at night without anybody to look after them but the police. They fitted up lodging-rooms for the boys and invited them in. The boys came, suspicious that the whole thing was some sort of "a

pious dodge" for entrapping them into a Sunday-school, and alert for treachery. However, they took the risk for the sake of the "circus" which, word had been passed around their lawless tribe, was to come off when the gas was turned down. But the juvenile riot was quietly nipped in the bud, the ringleaders were "bounced," and bedtime came without the expected circus. The novel sensation of sleeping in real beds, without fear of being poked by a policeman's club and told to move on, conquered the distrust of the young savages. Little grunts expressive of their content came from the bunks.

A dispute that sprang up between two of the boys as to the relative merits of a steam-grating and a box of sand for night quarters was settled in favor of the sand box; for, as its champion put it, "you can curl all up in it."

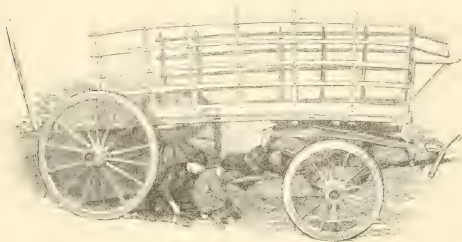
Other good missionaries have followed in the footsteps of these early pioneers. Asylums have sprung up all over the city for the little vagrants who in all this great city of homes have none they can call their own, and yet there seems to be as many

of them as ever. Down on Nassau Street and Printing-house Square is the place to find them after midnight, when the big newspaper presses have begun to rattle and spin. The boys there are not all homeless, but little shivering groups of real street Arabs will be found bunched together on the grated openings in the pavement that let out the heat and noise of the underground press-rooms. Little sharp-faced, quick-eyed ragamuffins with grimy hands and faces, they are on a constant lookout for their chief enemy the policeman, and ready to dodge at the first warning shout. In the "Bend" of Mulberry Street after the last stale-bread vender's lamp has gone out, down in the dark courts and alleys off Cherry and Baxter streets, half a dozen taps of the policeman's club on an empty ash barrel will scare them out of their hiding-places like frightened rabbits. Sometimes they burrow under the docks like veritable rats. They are the overflow of the crowded tenements, outcasts from wretched homes that never deserved the name, or perhaps, like little human toadstools, they grew up unbidden in the highway, and never knew other home.

No one knows how many of these little outcasts there are in New York. The census takes no account of them, for they never stay long enough in any one place to be counted. An immense army of them, more than a hundred thousand strong, has gone out in squads to far-away country homes during the last thirty-five years, sent by rich men and women in the city who are the children's friends. The army is still on the march. The offices and lodging-houses of the Children's Aid Society and kindred charities are its recruiting stations, and they have always a good many more recruits than they can forward. The troop of boys with knapsacks and bundles in the picture is such a little com-

pany. It was the last one sent West by the society for Mrs. Astor, just a few days before that good and noble woman died. They were bound for Michigan, and every one was just brimful of pluck and eager ambition to grow up with the country. Some one had told them that that was the thing they were expected to do when they became Michiganders, and they had taken to the idea with a common accord, and were anxious to be at it at once.

There was one of the number who dragged around a heavy wooden box with an enormous padlock and a general suggestion of funds about it that was out of keeping with the occasion. He is there in the front row, clinging to his box jealously. We were curious enough about that box to ask him what was in it that he set such store by. He nudged the padlock with a key that hung from his neck on a string, and opened the lid with a look of pride, disclosing two white mice that he



EAST SIDE BOYS IN NIGHT QUARTERS



BOUND WEST.—MRS. ASTOR'S LAST PARTY SENT OUT A FEW DAYS BEFORE SHE DIED.

had brought with him from the Five Points House of Industry. They ran up his sleeves when they felt his hand, and nestled against his freckled cheek, as if they knew that they were all he had to love, and were anxious to tell him so.

Some of these boys who were taken from the street while very young have become clergymen, bankers, judges, and even Senators. One of them lived to become the Governor of a great State, and he never in his prosperity forgot his early friends, the children's helpers in New York. By far the greater number of them became good and useful citizens when thus placed where they had a fair chance.

What becomes of those who are left?

The question was put very seriously by a well-meaning speaker at a Sunday night meeting in one of the east side lodging-houses: "When your parents forsake you, who will take you up?"

The answer came promptly and with perfect serenity from one of the boys, "The pullice, sir! the pullice!" Sooner or later the homeless boys fall into the hands of the enemy. While they are able to dodge him they herd with the vagrant curs of the street, their fast friends and natural allies, learning early to steal, if never to read or write. They forage together by day, and "bunk" at night in any stray ash barrel, empty box, or sheltering doorway. To them a chance to crawl unseen under the canvas covering of a stack of flour barrels on a South Street dock is a windfall, a burned-out safe a downright luxury, a stolen night ride in the warm cabin of an East River ferry-boat or a dugout in a hay barge perfect bliss. Two boys who "didn't live nowhere" were once found by the police nesting in the iron tube of the Harlem Bridge. They had been there all that winter. Some of them earn enough selling papers, when they have luck, to pay for a bed and their "grub" in one of the newsboys' lodging-houses, where they meet the recruiting agents for the army of youthful emigrants. These friends know how to take advantage of the boys' best trait, their sturdy independence, and make them pay for what they get.

They will set a little chap up in business with a capital of five cents to buy papers, and charge it as carefully to his account as if the amount was five dollars. The effect is to avoid the trap of charity or dependence, and to encourage in the boys

their strong quality of self-help. The boys who are either too vicious or too idle to earn their living selling papers grow up to be thieves quite naturally. The Rogues' Gallery, the jails, and the police courts tell their story, and a sad one it is. Getting "pinched"—that is, sent to the lock-up—is to the half-grown, ruffian a good mark, and something to be proud of. A year or two at Sing Sing puts the finishing touch to his education.

The real cure for the misery of these little outcasts, as for so many other evils, is prevention, and wise charity has spread its net at the outset of their career as well as farther along the way. The two pictures of little toddlers show the baby nursery in the Five Points House of Industry and a ward in the great Foundling Asylum at Sixty-eighth Street and Third Avenue. The babies in the nursery in the initial picture are "insiders" in the great house, in contrast to the older ones, who only go to school and are fed there. They have one and all been taken out of wretched tenement homes, in most instances after drunken fathers and mothers had been sent to the Island by the police, and are leading happy lives in their new quarters. They have just finished their dinner, and very soon the big play-room will resound with the din of their romping. Children from the tenements can play like those of more favored homes, and they put quite as much life and a good deal more noise into their play. At bedtime it is a lovely sight to see the little ones gather about their nurse in their white night-gowns, and learn with folded hands to say their prayers.

The other picture shows one of the greatest of children's friends, Sister Irene, among her little charges, to whom she has devoted her noble and useful life. Sister Irene began the work of gathering in systematically the abandoned and uncared-for babies, and has carried it on ever since with great devotion. It has prospered greatly. On the day before the picture was taken she had received into her big household the 18,000th child from the streets of New York.

The name of the society that has done a great part of the work of providing for these homeless waifs of the street is the Children's Aid Society, of which Mr. Charles L. Brace is the secretary. Mr. Brace has devoted a great part of his life to this work, and no one can calculate the amount of good that has been accomplished by his efforts. Not only are the houseless poor children



SISTER IRENE AND HER FOUNDLINGS

provided with temporary shelter, but employment is found for many who might otherwise become thieves or beggars, and happy homes for those who are given a chance for a new life in the fertile and prosperous West.

CAPTAIN POLLY.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER VI.

THE great wave which had knocked the old *High-Flyer* about, and tossed her out to sea as if she were a feather, had taken to itself, as often mysteriously happens, a far greater volume and violence than the other waves around it. When Polly recovered from her benumbing terror sufficiently to realize what had happened, the old boat, although tossing about much more than was agreeable, showed no further inclination to "stand upon its head," but was apparently being carried by the current rapidly out toward the open sea.

"It is not sinking; it is sailing like any other boat," thought Polly. And she felt grateful to Wing, the carpenter, of whom she had heard people complain because he always persisted in putting two nails where one would do just as well. "But of course it cannot last long. There is something cold around my feet that feels like water now."

She rushed to the cabin door and opened it. The rain had slackened to a feeble drizzle, but the fog was even more impenetrable. For one dizzy moment it seemed to Polly that a whole world of fog and waves was drifting by her while the old boat upon which she stood remained stationary, and it brought the queerest things to her mind: how the moon followed all the way when she, a tiny girl, took her first evening drive home from grandpa's—a wonderful thing to be out in the night, and find out that the moon was so sociable; and of the first time that she played "ring-round-rosy" too long in the meadow, and the brook and the elm-tree changed sides, as if they were in a dance. How long ago everything seemed, even yesterday, and how far away her home! They considered Polly very stout-hearted at home, but she had her little moment of despair. Then she recovered herself, and seized the horn that hung at her side and blew some vigorous blasts. "At least I will keep vessels from running me down," she said to herself. There were responses to her horn, but they came from far up in the harbor, where the vessels had taken shelter.

"If there is nothing outside here to pick me up, there will be nothing to run me down," thought Polly, trying stoutly to be a philosopher. "How queerly the bow sticks up out of the water! That is because she isn't ballasted, and the counters and things in the stern are so heavy. I wonder if she would be likely to keep afloat longer if she were righted? I might possibly manage to throw them overboard."

Polly brought all her nautical knowledge, which even Syd had sometimes generously admitted to be not inconsiderable for a girl, to bear upon this point, and decided not to make any effort to lighten the stern. If the *High-Flyer* should run upon Darning Needle Ledge, which was now her greatest fear, the bow might remain high and dry, so that she could cling to it until help came.

Darning Needle Ledge was a line of rocks which at low tide showed their jagged points from afar, but had crunched many a good ship's bones while the water lay all blue and serene above them. As well as she was able to judge, with the aid of her compass, the *High-Flyer* was being carried directly toward the ledge. There was a bell buoy there now to warn ships off the dangerous rocks, but of what use was a warning to a boat that had neither helm nor sail?

The boat was setting, Polly thought, slowly but surely; every time that she looked it seemed to her that the

stern lay lower in the water. She thought that the cabin must be half filled with water by this time. She need not worry about the ledge; the boat might not live to reach it. Once she thought she felt the boat settle, and heard the water rushing in; she thought it was sinking, and cried out in terror. The boat seemed to raise itself again, with an effort, like a living thing, but Polly kept on crying and calling for help in the hope that some one might be near enough to hear. But her voice seemed to be smothered and lost in the fog; not even an echo came back to her.

Although the stern lay so low, the bow still raised itself grotesquely, but with a triumphant air, out of the water, and the flag which Roy had hung there to give a gala air, although limp and dragged, now and then essayed a feeble flutter.

Hark! That was the bell buoy! It had a weird and ghostly sound in the brightest of days; they always sang their gayest songs when they sailed near it. Kate had said that it always seemed to her to be ringing a knell for the poor people who had been wrecked upon the ledge, and whose bones lay whitening below it. Was it ringing so loudly and solemnly because there was to be another victim? The old boat drifted on, her bow high in the air, and her stern low in the water. Would she pass to the right or left of the buoy? One side meant a little hope of life and home once more; the other—Polly shut her eyes and waited. She tried to say a prayer, but no words would come. She could not even remember "Now I lay me," her brain was so confused; she thought, queerly enough, of the time when the bull chased them in the field and Syd tried to pray, and began, "When in the course of human events." Would God think she was very wicked that she could not even remember "Now I lay me"? Foolish Polly, to think that the confusion of your brain would hinder the All-wise Father's care!

The old *High-Flyer* was in rough water now; she rolled about, and her timbers creaked and shivered; she was passing the buoy; the sound of the bell was growing fainter, but in her bewilderment Polly could scarcely tell upon which side it was. When she dared to open her eyes it was just visible through the fog, swaying monotonously, while the bell kept up its doleful chant. But the *High-Flyer* had passed outside of it, and was at a safe distance from the Darning Needles. Polly could find words for a little prayer of thanksgiving then, but she was becoming exhausted with the long anxiety and excitement, and as she lay huddled in a little miserable heap upon the deck, her eyes, which she had strained so long to search the baffling fog, closed, and the fog-horn dropped from her hand.

The shrill scream of a steam-boat whistle close at her ear, it seemed, aroused her. A huge black shape loomed through the fog close upon her. She had known that the *Katahdin* would come up to the harbor this morning, but she had not thought of this danger of drifting across its track.

"Keep her off! keep her off! can't you? hard a-lee!" shouted voices from the steamer. "What's the matter, cap'n? Are you asleep or drunk?"

Just in time the huge steamer—huge at least beside the little *High-Flyer*—turned sharply, and went screaming off through the fog, leaving a commotion of waves in her wake that made the boat leap and plunge. Polly had called frantically to them for help, but the wind, which brought their voices to her, carried hers away from them. It afterward transpired that they had finally concluded that the *High-Flyer* was an old wreck that had got afloat in the storm; they had not seen the wreck's passenger, nor taken into account the possibility that it might have one.

Polly felt as if her last hope had gone with the steamer; the loneliness, too, seemed more awful than before. If

she had even Bose with her, dear old faithful Bose, whose peril her own had not made her forget! How like a bad dream it all seemed—Cainy's treachery and the finding of Syd's name on the roll of that dreadful "League!" If she only might wake in her safe, snug bed, and find it to be so!

The water was growing deeper in the stern. Baskets and boxes had floated out from under the seats and the counters, and were sailing about. There was a pail there; she wished she had tried to bail the water out at first; there was too much of it now; perhaps it would have been useless even at first. Nothing could be done now; the old *High-Flyer* had made a longer voyage than any one could have believed possible; it must now be nearly at an end. Polly went to the extreme edge of the bow, which was now farther than ever out of water, and waited.

CHAPTER VII.

THE *Pirate* was a jaunty little yacht. She sat, as her owner, Bert Langley, was proud to remark, like a bird on the water, and if her name was not altogether appropriate, still, with her rakish build, her black paint, and her decorative skull and cross-bones, she looked as piratical as a boat could be expected to look since piracy has gone so entirely out of fashion. And her owner, who was just twenty-one, and had come into possession of a fortune, was as magnificent in his ideas as any story-book pirate of them all, and had fitted up the yacht with as much luxury as so few feet of space could possibly contain.

But alas! the good fortune that always waits upon a story-book pirate had not attended this trip. The sailing-master had been taken very ill with the mumps—a disease which the gay young yachtsman and his guests found it so ridiculous for a stout fellow of twenty-seven to be afflicted with that they bestowed more scoffing than sympathy upon him. But they were obliged to put him ashore at the first opportunity, and they engaged without sufficient care another sailor, who was recommended to be the "knowingest pilot alongshore." But he proved to have a worse temper than the mumps, which caused him to quarrel with the steward, smash the dishes and furniture and the ship's compass, and finally to subside into his berth with his knowingsness in total eclipse; and the yacht, without a compass, in a dense fog, was at the mercy of such nautical skill as its owner and his youthful guests might possess.

"I'm afraid to go at anything but a snail's pace in this fog," growled Bert Langley, sitting down upon a heap of rope, coiled with naval exactness, on the damp deck, where Josh Faulkner and the young English lord were trying to take views of the fog effects, of which they found an ample variety. "It's the rockiest and deceivingest coast in North Ameriky," as the old fellow at Camden told us. We've done nothing but run down buoys for the last three miles."

"Stop growling, Bert; it's really going to clear now. A minute ago I saw blue sky enough to make a Dutchman a pair of trousers."

"A minute ago?—where is it now?" grumbled Bert. "But it does look like clearing off there to leeward. If we could make Green Harbor I wouldn't complain if the fog lasted a week. A fellow is sure of a good time at Damer's; it's the best house I know to visit at. Free and easy; the Doctor scientific, absorbed in his books, and the mother an invalid; can't make much difference that they're abroad; the small fry run at large, and there's a boy or two much too large for his size. But Kate is what I call a regularly nice girl, and as pretty as a May morning; not too professionally pretty, you know, but good and sweet to look at, and knows how to make a fellow feel at ease and put his best foot foremost. Del's the beauty of the family, and she used to be a jolly little

thing, but they say she is getting 'missish,' and puts on airs. There's one they call Polly; red hair and big eyes; rakes you fore and aft with them; makes you feel as if she were seeing whether there was any meanness about you. I wonder how Polly will turn out."

The young lord politely expressed the opinion that Harry Damer's family must be everything that was agreeable. He was a slender stripling, looking less than his sixteen years, with a frank and jovial boyishness, and an unmixed astonishment at everything American. His tutor, detained in a Boston hotel by an attack of erysipelas, had seen him depart alone with much trepidation and many charges; but he impressed an observer as having a fund of prudence and reserve beyond his boyish good cheer which made him abundantly able to take care of himself.

Harry Damer came up from the lower regions, where he had been showing the cook how to concoct a salad dressing after a famous recipe of Kate's.

"What an extraordinary craft!" exclaimed Lord Brentford, who was looking through a glass in the direction where the fog had partially cleared. "She carries her nose in the air and drags her tail in the water like a disabled goose. See if you can make her out, Damer."

"It's a new Yankee invention; a fellow has patented it," said Josh Faulkner, who was training himself for a wit. "Anybody can sail ships in the water; we Yankees are finding out that the laws of gravitation—"

"It's only an old wreck," said Harry Damer, after observing the "extraordinary craft" carefully through the glass. "She was aground somewhere probably, and floated off in the storm. There she goes, drifting off into the thick fog again. She's settling; she won't last long. I can't make out that there is any one on board of her, but I fancied I saw something white waved like a flag of distress. I wish you would stand over that way, Langley. It won't be much out of our course, and the fog is breaking away again over there. See! there she is again! She looks like an old yacht that was beached just below our grounds, and used by the children for a playhouse. I don't suppose there is any one on her, but if you will stand over there, Langley—it gives me an awful feeling to see her pitching and plunging about there, and know that every moment is likely to be her last!"

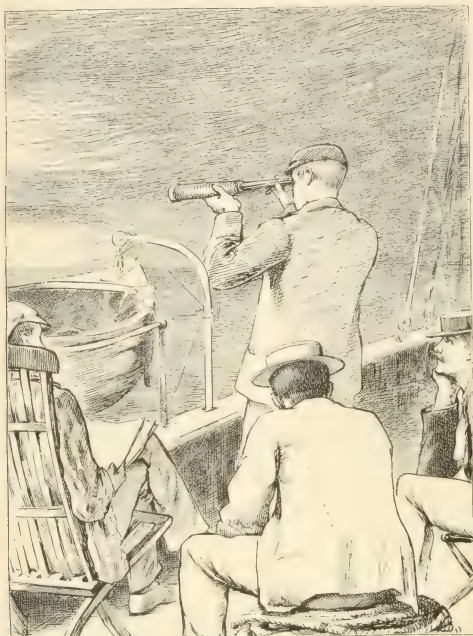
"Looks as if there were a little heap of something—might be a dog—up there in her bow!" exclaimed Josh Faulkner, who was proverbially long-sighted. "Hark! that horn comes from there! Dogs don't blow horns! There is some one there! and there's no time to lose!"

Bert Langley was already giving the necessary orders to the two sailors who constituted the available crew of the *Pirate*. She swung around, and with the best speed she could make went in pursuit of the queer little craft, which was now and again so shrouded in fog that they held their breaths in suspense, fearing that she had gone down.

They had come near enough now for Harry to feel certain that it was the old *High-Flyer*, although it seemed impossible that she could have floated so long; and as she was for a moment free from fog, with the space of blue sky large enough for a Dutchman's trousers directly above her, he caught sight of a gleam of color up there in the bow that made him say, under his breath, and with a strangling lump in his throat, "If that doesn't look like dear old Polly's red head!"

After that the delay which the perverse wind caused was unendurable. A boat was lowered, and Harry and Josh Faulkner rowed swiftly toward the wreck.

Polly had been so brave that I am not going to confess how she broke down at sight of Harry, nor how limp was the burden which Harry's strong arms lowered into the row-boat. Harry, with his Sophomore honors thick upon him, and holding also the proud position of stroke-oar of



"IT'S ONLY AN OLD WRECK," SAID HARRY DAMER, AFTER OBSERVING THE 'EXTRAORDINARY CRAFT' THROUGH THE GLASS."

the Varsity crew, was absolutely obliged to conquer the strangling in his throat, and pretend, in spite of his white face, to take things calmly, as became a man; and Josh Faulkner felt that it was never more clearly his mission to make jokes than now.

Polly shivered as she looked back at the old boat: she watched it until the fog, which was still very thick farther out at sea, had swallowed it up entirely. Would it go drifting on and on through fog and sunshine, through days and nights, until it reached far-off seas and strange foreign lands; or would it be tossed upon some shore where children would think it a treasure, as they had done, and wonder over its bunting-draped counters and its cargo of home-made candy; or would it very soon "give the mermaids an opportunity to set up shop," as Josh Faulkner prophesied.

Polly was almost herself by the time they reached the *Pirate*, where she was received with great enthusiasm, and every one and everything on board placed at her disposal. The yacht's misfortunes were distinctly seen to have been blessings in disguise, since they threw her in the way of the wreck, and enabled her to rescue Polly. The compass was promptly produced from Polly's pocket, and with its aid and that of a freshening breeze, which Polly was declared to have brought with her as well as the compass, the *Pirate* made such good speed that before it was fairly dark the Green Harbor lights, the dear

lights of home, which brought tears to Polly's eyes, twinkled through the lessening mist.

Polly had found the young English lord somewhat disappointing, he being, as she afterward explained to Bess, "just like any other nice boy." He was very much impressed by her, knitting his brows over her, and remarking that it was "a very extraordinary country." He seemed to regard it as a feature of the country for girls to go drifting about on wrecks, with compasses in their pockets and fog-horns at their sides, and he found it a perplexing social problem.

"It isn't quite fair to throw the responsibility of Polly upon the whole country, you know," said Harry, laughing; but he looked somewhat grave and perplexed as he wondered what the young Englishman, or indeed any civilized person, as he said to himself, would think of them all at Birch Point. They ran wild when their father and mother were at home; what must be the state of things now that they were absent? "Bad children they wa'n't," he could agree with Diantha's oft-repeated opinion, but he was also inclined to agree with Del that they ought to be suppressed. What would Del have said to know that he was half inclined to class her among the children! The nursery and the school-room were the only proper places for children until they were grown and fit for the society of their elders; and the primitive style of living which prevailed at Birch Point, in which they were continually at the front, was a great mistake. It was so short a time that Harry had held these views that he had not strongly set them forth to the proper authorities. He now regretted this very much. Polly was conversing very freely with the young lord; she was now confiding to him their shop-keeping experiences, and

now she was telling him that Cainy Green, their "chore-boy," was a "revolutionist." (No one with a weakness about r's could be expected to have a stout hold upon them after such experiences as Polly's.) He made it evident, to Polly's great glee and open scorn, that he thought she was bestowing a Yankee pronunciation upon *choir-boy*, and she was obliged to explain at great length the functions of a "chore-boy," of which the young Englishman had never heard. This explanation revealed much of the household economy, even to the fact that Diantha made Cainy wear his employer's old clothes (which was coupled with a promise that he should soon see "how funny Cainy looked in papa's old dress-coat") and her (Diantha's) long-sleeved apron when he peeled the potatoes." The young lord seemed to find the peaceful nature of Cainy's avocations queerly incongruous with the fact that he was a revolutionist. But on this point Polly had become suddenly silent; she had remembered her promise, and Syd's connection with the "League," which in the reaction of her spirits had slipped out of her consciousness like a nightmare in the morning.

Her light-heartedness was gone. The home lights which had beckoned so cheerfully were clouded by dread. But as the *Pirate* drew near the wharf, and Harry called to some one standing on it, a joyful, an unmistakably familiar bark greeted his voice.



AN ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS—SEE PAGE 210

"There's Bose. I shouldn't feel as if I had got home if Bose were not the first to greet me," said Harry.

As soon as she set foot on the wharf Polly seized Bose and hugged him and cried over him.

Out of a shadow appeared Cainy, shuffling and shame-faced.

"I'm runnin' to make a bonfire on the Point, as they told me if you was found," he said, standing first on one foot and then on the other, like an uncomfortable hen. "There's an awful lot of boats out after you, and everybody's 'most crazy. Your grandfather he's aboard the *Witch*."

"Hurry, then, and make the fire," said Harry.

"Yes, and the bells is goin' to be set-a-ringin'." Cainy started, but turned back to say, with his voice a trifle husky, "I say, I'm glad you wa'n't drowned, Miss Polly. I kind of thought at first— But I be glad, as sure as you're born."

A crowd surrounded Polly. Familiar faces appeared out of the mist as if by magic, and in the dim and twinkling lamp-light they did not draw themselves down, or straighten themselves out, but showed all their smiles and tears; how sorry they had been for her, the towns-people who had known her from babyhood, and how dear they were to her! She might come to think again that old Mrs. Pillsbury was stingy, and that Laura French had said she was "a tomboy," and that Mr. Luke Preble had driven them out of his wood lot, where there were raspberries; but now they were all kind and glad, and Polly had learned, as she might not have done for years but for that awful, lonely voyage on the old wreck, how sweet is the touch of human sympathy. There was even a kindly grin here and there on the faces of the "patch" boys, and little Billy O'Brien, to whom Polly had once done a kindness, drew his ragged sleeve across his eyes.

There was great cheering as they drove off in the somewhat dilapidated old vehicle which waited about the wharf in the hope of a stray passenger.

Cainy, with the zealous assistance which is sure to be offered to such an undertaking, had made a huge bonfire; the fog seemed to be fleeing before it in ghost-like shapes, and the whole Point was light.

The bonfire was the first intimation of Polly's safety which had come to the family in the house, and, wild with eagerness, they came rushing out at the sound of wheels, among them Aunt Katherine, who had arrived by the *Katahdin*, the same steamer which had so nearly crunched the old *High-Flyer* under her wheels.

They all seized upon Polly with such eager joy as to be quite oblivious of her companions. Del came to herself with a great shock when she heard Harry present Lord Brentford to Aunt Katherine. She was quite overcome when she heard Aunt Katherine say, with simple hospitality:

"Show Lord Brentford into the Peacock Chamber, Harry. Supper will be ready directly."

How contrived, how common, it sounded! How bitterly mortifying it was after she had worked so hard to arrange seven-o'clock dinners after he should arrive, and had evolved a hopeful butler from Simeon Grow, with what "labor dire and weary woe" only she herself knew, and had subdued Diantha's independence in some degree, and brought Quintilla to a cap-and-apron frame of mind, to have this scion of the British aristocracy behold them in every-day keeping; in fact at their worst—for no one would be thinking of anything but Polly. Del loved Polly dearly; she had suffered so while Polly was lost that all her plans had been quite forgotten, but now that she was safe, she *did* wish that she could have been saved by some other boat than the *Pirate*.

Aunt Katherine was cultivated and bookish—quite too bookish, Del thought—and she had moved in good society both at home and abroad, and had entertained many dis-

tinguished people; but she could not—the worst of it was she didn't *wish* to—be fashionable.

"I wrote to Harry to telegraph from Rockland. Oh, why didn't he do it?"

Del made this moan in a state of collapse in the great leather arm-chair in the hall. She made it to the empty air, for the young men had gone to their rooms, and the others had carried Polly off to hers.

"Where is she? where is she?" Grandpa came into the parlor where Polly, who had declined to be put to bed, sat before the wood fire. Grandpa's hands trembled as he stretched them out to Polly; he looked like a very old man, as he had never done before. They all knew that to grandpa there was no one quite like Polly.

"How are you, my boy, how are you?" he said, absently, to the young lord.

Grandpa had been a ship-carpenter, and had worked with his hands in his youth. He had made a large fortune, but he had never, as he expressed it, got a good grip on the King's English. Del had spent many moments of late wondering how grandpa would figure in an English novel; he would be spoken of as belonging to the lower classes, she thought; a lord would not be expected to associate with him. She hoped Lord Brentford would know at once that he had been Governor of the State. Roy and Syd came in. Roy had a white line around his mouth, and his lips were set.

"I tied the boat, you know, sir," he said to his grandfather, in a high-keyed, nervous voice that was almost a scream. "I tied it with a cable; it *never* could have broken: it was cut. Now I am going to find out who did it; and if there is any one who knows and doesn't tell—"

Syd's face was white against the crimson sofa upon which he had sat down. But Polly—it was no wonder, they said, since she had been through so much—Polly dropped her head upon her grandfather's knee and quietly fainted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RHINOCEROS HUNT.

BY H. ROBERT.

AMONG my numerous elephant and rhinoceros hunts the most exciting was that in which I met with a serious accident, and came very near losing my life. For several days I had been at Long Chank, a little village situated in the midst of forests in the province of Baria (Anam), of which I was the military commander, and I was astonished at not being advised of the presence of tigers, elephants, or rhinoceroses. Knowing my passion for hunting, and being desirous of pleasing me, the village authorities were bestirring themselves in rivalry to give me the first information of the great animals discovered in their neighborhood. The Mayor of Long Chank, who had some prickings of conscience, was not the least active, and it was with great satisfaction that he came one afternoon to inform me that a native of a little village about four leagues from Long Chank knew where an enormous rhinoceros was to be found. This news was specially grateful, as my friend D——, a famous hunter of the rhinoceros and the elephant, would arrive the following day. I decided that the day after his coming we would sleep in the village near which the rhinoceros had taken up his abode.

My friend D—— having arrived, we started with our ox-carts for the village of Long-lá. During the journey we had a singular adventure. Our road being abominable, we were soon tired of the dreadful jolting, and decided to leave our wagons and take a foot-path to shorten our route two or three miles. It was exceedingly hot, and not wishing to burden ourselves, we left our weapons in the wagons. That was a thing we had never done before, and you will see how we had cause to repent it. Our only escort was a common Anamite soldier with his gun.

After walking for some time we reached a little stream. A tree lying across it served as a bridge. I had hardly stepped to the centre of it before I saw the water disturbed directly under me, and suddenly a great head rose to sight. It was that of a rhinoceros who was taking his bath. The shallow water allowed him to lie there, and the noise we made caused him to raise his

head from the water. He got up on his legs and coolly looked at us. D——, who was still on the bank, had seized the soldier's gun, and approaching the animal, he aimed at his eye, expecting to easily kill him.

Alas! the cap missed fire, and the soldier had no more. Imagine our exasperation at having such a prize within our grasp and being unable to take it. For a quarter of an hour we attentively watched the huge bather, who was not in the least annoyed by our presence. When he had taken good account of us he determined to go out of the water, and, perhaps very luckily for us, took the side of the river from which we had come. My comrade and the soldier hastened to cross the bridge, and we continued our journey with a good deal of fuming, and with a vow, although a little too late, that we would never again be separated from our weapons.

When we arrived at the village we visited the Mayor and informed him that the next morning we would like to be conducted into the presence of the rhinoceros. He told us that this would be easily done, and that it would not take more than a half-hour's walk to find him, and that they were not surprised to see one of these animals living near a town, as they often do so. I remember that Captain B——, who, at the beginning of the French occupation of Cochin China, was in command of this same post of Long Chank, related to me the trouble which a rhinoceros caused him. He had planted a kitchen-garden outside the fort, and with great trouble had succeeded in raising some peas. It was an achievement of which he was very proud. One fine morning, going out to witness the growth of his vegetables, he was horrified at seeing that they had all disappeared. Some enormous tracks of a rhinoceros left no doubt of the nature of the culprit, whom the natives knew very well, and who, they said, had taken up his abode alongside of the village.

The next morning at six o'clock we started on our hunt. I had decided to try the explosive bullet. D—— was armed with his carbine loaded with steel-pointed bullets, and was to finish the animal if I did not quickly despatch him. I was not very confident of the result, but, supported by D——, I feared nothing, knowing how well I could rely on him.

The outcome proved that I was right. We readily found one of the many paths leading to the lair of the rhinoceros; and some fresh tracks indicated that he could not be far off. Indeed we had hardly been walking twenty minutes when we came upon him. Seeing us, he was not disturbed at all, but continued to browse on the shrub branches. I loaded my carbine and advanced to about eight steps from him. I fired. There was a frightful recoil. I fell back, feeling a terrible pain in my shoulder and head. I saw the rhinoceros rush upon me. I thought all was over with me, when there was the dash and report of a rifle, and the dead animal fell at my feet.

This is what had happened: D——, regardless of his own safety, and seeing my great danger, had thrown himself in front of the huge beast, and by a ball behind the shoulder in the nick of time had brought him down. So he saved my life. As soon as D—— saw the result he ran toward me and helped me up. I was suffering horribly. My shoulder was broken, my fingers injured, and my face covered with blood. My first thought was that my carbine had burst, but upon examination it was found to be in good condition. The ball had exploded in the barrel, which fortunately withstood it. Later, when I tried to learn how this could have happened, the idea was suggested that a small piece of the lead ring encircling the bullet must have broken off in loading and left an opening in the rifle groove, through which the powder behind the bullet had fired the cap and naturally caused the premature explosion. That is the only satisfactory explanation that I could give. If the barrel had burst I should have lost my hand, and probably have received other severe wounds. If I had been alone it is clear that I should have been a victim of the rhinoceros, who would have trampled me underfoot until my body was reduced to a jelly. Upon the whole, thoroughly battered as I was, I had to consider myself very fortunate.

I returned to the village, leaving D—— to look after the men, who began to cut up our booty. We took for ourselves the feet, which, like those of the elephant, make a very delicate dish, and the head, which we preserved as a trophy. It was indispensable that D—— should remain there, for the horn of the rhinoceros would certainly have vanished otherwise. When reduced to powder and mixed with rice whiskey it is regarded by the Anamites and the Chinese as an infallible panacea. Therefore it has an extremely high value. A rhinoceros horn three inches long is commonly sold for \$150 or \$200.

A SONG FOR WINTER.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

NOW winter fills the world with snow,
And wild winds across the country blow,
And all the trees, with branches bare,
Like beggars shiver in the air.
Oh, now hurrah for sleds and skates!
A polar expedition waits
When school is done each day for me—
Off for the ice-bound arctic sea.

The ice is strong upon the creek,
The wind has roses for the cheek,
The snow is knee-deep all around,
And earth with clear blue sky is crowned.
Then come, and we may find the hut
Wherein the Esquimaux is shut,
Or see the polar bear, whose fur
Makes fun of the thermometer.

Let us who want our muscles tough
Forsake the tippee and the muff,
The keen fresh wind will do no harm,
The leaping blood shall keep us warm,
A spin upon our arctic main
Shall drive the clouds from out the brain,
And for our studies we at night
Shall have a better appetite.

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE E. HERRICK.

I. MATTER.

FROM the day that the first human being began to notice the world about him, we feel sure he must have wondered at the strange things he saw. A little baby tries to find out about the things it sees; it looks and examines; it feels and tastes; you see its little eyes follow the light; it turns its head at a sound. Something in this way it must have happened, ages ago, that men noticed and thought about things in the world around them.

The baby finds that the floor is hard, that sharp things prick or cut its little hands, that water is soft to the touch and delightful to splash in, that fire is hot and must not be meddled with; and so it goes on, getting better and better acquainted, day after day, with the world it has come to live in. The baby is really beginning to learn natural philosophy; it is studying, in its little baby way, the nature of matter.

Matter is the general name given by men of science to the things that make up the world around us—such things, for instance, as those we can see and taste and handle. From the beginning, when men came on the earth, they studied in much the baby's way the nature of matter, only they carried on their study much more slowly, for they had no one to help them learn.

At first thought, it seems quite right to call hard things, like earth and stones and glass, matter, while liquids like water seem a little doubtful, and air does not seem as if it ought to have such a solid name at all. But air is quite as truly matter as is water or glass, only these three things are all in what is called different states or conditions of matter.

Glass is a solid, water a liquid, and air a gas. Suppose you take a lump of ice; it is evidently matter in the same state as glass; it is hard and brittle and solid. If you had two clean blocks, one of glass and one of ice, standing side by side, and you were not allowed to touch them or to bring them into a warm place, you would find it hard to tell which was glass and which ice.

Now put two pieces, one of glass and one of ice, on the top of the stove; the glass does not change, but the ice at once begins to melt; it soon is entirely changed into its

liquid form, water. The glass, too, would turn into a liquid, which could be poured like water, if you were only able to add heat enough. This is done whenever glass is made into solid shapes. It takes a great deal more heat to liquefy it than ice does.

Watch your ice; in a few minutes it boils violently and begins to go off in steam or vapor. The water is all gone, and the steam seems to be gone too, but it is not; it is in the air in a form you cannot see. Take another bit of ice, melt and boil it in the same way, only while the steam is passing away hold a cold china or metal plate just above it, and you will see it quickly turn back to water again. The condition of matter, you see, depends principally upon the cold or heat to which it is subjected. Most matter melts and even turns into vapor with enough heat. There are a few gases that have never been turned



FIG. 1.

into a liquid or solid, and a few solids that cannot be melted; but ordinary matter can be put into the three states of matter—solid, liquid, and gaseous or vaporous. A solid bar of iron, by adding sufficient heat, can be turned into a liquid, and even into a vapor—iron steam it might be called.

Matter in either of these three states is made up of millions upon millions of tiny particles so small that they cannot be seen with the very best magnifying-glass. Take a lump of white sugar. You see how solid it looks, almost like a little block of white marble. Pound it with a hammer (in a piece of muslin to keep it from flying about). First it will break up into sparkling crystals that under a little magnifying-glass, for which I paid thirty-eight cents, look exactly like rock-candy. Pound it and rub it till it gets very fine, almost like flour. Fine as these particles look, they are coarse and large compared to those I am trying to tell you of, those that go to make up the sugar. Through a good magnifying-glass they still look like lumps of clear whitish stone. Drop this finely powdered sugar into a little clear water; it falls to the bottom and lies there, but soon disappears, and the water becomes as clear as ever. Particles of sugar are there in the water, as you can tell by tasting it, just as the particles of water making the steam were in the air, but they are so small that they do not even cloud the clearness of the water. And yet these tiny particles are supposed each one of them to contain many thousands of others.

These tiny particles of which matter is made up are called by a queer hard name, *molecules*, and these again are made up of smaller particles called atoms. These things about matter are in part reached by scientific guessing; they have not all been proved by actually being seen. But the men who have studied them most see no other possible way of explaining what they find. What goes on in the region of the atoms is as far beyond the reach of our eyes, even with the best microscopes to help them, in one direction, as what goes on in the moon, even with the help of the finest telescopes, is in another. In both cases we know some things, while we have to guess at others.

You have no difficulty in telling an ordinary solid from a liquid or a gas. A stone is a solid; the particles that make it up hold firmly together. If you take hold of one part of it, you move the whole stone. A liquid is also made up of parti-

cles, and these particles lie very close together; but they do not appear to be connected firmly together; they slip over each other easily. Some materials are not perfectly liquid. Take molasses, and set it out in a very cold place; it becomes very thick, and pours with difficulty. Now put it in a warm place, and it will pour quite easily. At first it was something like a solid; now it is a liquid.

In order to get some sort of an idea what this liquid state is, let us make a little experiment (Fig. 1). Take a quarter of a pound of shot of the smallest size. Each of these shot is a solid, but together they act very much like a liquid. Pour them into a small box; they run down, filling the lower part of the box, and coming to something like a level on the top, as water would. The shot slip and settle because they are round; but they do not slip easily, as the water particles do, because they are not perfectly smooth. You know how necessary smoothness is to slipping easily. You would never dream of going skating on a gravel path. The movement of these shot shows you somewhat how the liquid particles pour and slip and settle and take the form of the vessel that holds them. I have used a wineglass instead of a box to show you more plainly what I mean.

In a gas the particles not only slip over each other easily, but each particle seems to have the power of pushing the others away, sending them flying off. A gas, from this quality, always tries to expand, to spread itself, and occupy as much room as it can.

Between the molecules that go to making up different kinds of matter there are spaces. You may get a rough idea of this from the spaces between the shot. You know, too, how easy it is to squeeze out a sponge, or to mash together a piece of bread or cork. These things are full of large pores, into which water or air can get. Some solid bodies have pores too, only so small that they are empty. Even gold, which seems so very solid, will allow water to pass through if it subjected to a hard enough pressure. Some philosophers of past days tried an experiment which is very interesting. They made a hollow ball of gold, filled it with water, and closed it up with more gold. They then put it under heavy pressure. Water cannot be made much smaller than its usual size, no matter what is done to it. When it had been made as small as possible by pressure on the ball, it oozed through the solid gold, and stood like dew upon the surface of the ball. Most solids and liquids can be made a little smaller by pressure; but unless they are full of actual holes, like wood or cork or sponge, they cannot be made much smaller. All gases can be enormously decreased.

Take an ordinary piece of India-rubber used for an eraser, an ivory paper-knife if thin, a piece of whalebone or steel bone, or a piece of an old barrel-hoop; hold one end in your left hand, pull the other aside, and let it go. See how it springs back in place; that is because of the elasticity of the India-rubber, ivory, whalebone, steel, or wood, whichever you use. Pull an India-rubber strap, and see how it snaps back. Drop an India-rubber ball from five or six feet height upon a board which has been thinly oiled, and see the size of the spot removed by the

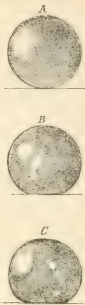


FIG. 3.

A, Rubber Ball standing on Board.
B, Dropped from height of two feet.
C, Dropped from height of four feet.



FIG. 4.

A, Marble standing on Slab.
B, Bounced and flattened.



FIG. 2.

ball (Fig. 2). A: *a* is the size which the ball removes when laid upon the oiled board; *b*, when dropped from a height of two feet; *c* is the spot when bounced from about four feet above; *d*, the ball. B: *a* is the paint a glass marble took off when laid upon a board thinly smeared with wet paint; *b*, the size of the spot taken when the marble was dropped from a point five feet above the board; *d*, real size of marble. Now hold the board with the ball upon it up against the light. You see how tiny the place where the board and ball touch is, how much smaller than the spot. Now we are beginning to get at the *reason* for the bouncing of India-rubber. When the ball strikes the board it hits it hard, it is flattened against the board. In trying to become round again, it pushes against the board and jumps up into the air. (Fig. 3.)

An ivory ball is flattened too, as you can find out by dropping one on an oiled piece of marble; and so is a glass marble (Fig. 4). I this moment tried it on a marble hearth—but do not oil your mother's white marble hearth or table to try this. Unless you can try the experiment without hurting anything, be satisfied with the rubber ball. The bounce is from exactly the same cause. Ivory does not flatten much, but it springs back sharply into shape; that is why ivory balls are used in billiards, because they are so sharply elastic. There are some bodies which have no elasticity, or very little. Drop a piece of dough or putty from a distance to the floor; it falls and flattens out, but does not bounce up a particle.

There is one thing more that I want to tell you about matter, and that I wish you to think about and understand. You cannot understand what comes after this. You know perfectly well already, but the other half of this strange till you have thought about it. Part of it you know stays where it is put; it cannot move from the part you know. The other half of this matter is set by some force into motion, it is moving, or change its direction, or move of itself. It will go on in the same direction the rate forever. This is called inertia.

When you are running fast how hard it is to stop suddenly. Take a saucer or shallow tin plate so as to do no mischief; fill it half full of water, hold it out level, and move your hand as far as it will go, hold the pan still as level and steady as you can, and move your hand as swiftly; your hand comes to a sudden stop, so does the saucer which you are holding. You have no hold on the water, and it shoots in the direction in which your hand has been moving. You are in a carriage, or car, or ferry-boat which is jerking as the water in the saucer did. You suddenly stop, not only much farther and much faster, but you are going on shooting ahead, without being able to stop. You are always, except for a wonderful force that acts silently, but the force of gravity.

When you suddenly stop, not only much farther and much faster, but you are going on shooting ahead, without being able to stop. You are always, except for a wonderful force that acts silently, but the force of gravity.

Lullaby

Words by KATHARINE PYLE.
Allegretto.

1. Sleep, lit - tle dol - ly, for the play - time is o - ver; Jack in the
2. Sleep, lit - tle dol - ly, for the sand - man is com - ing; Nurs - ic has

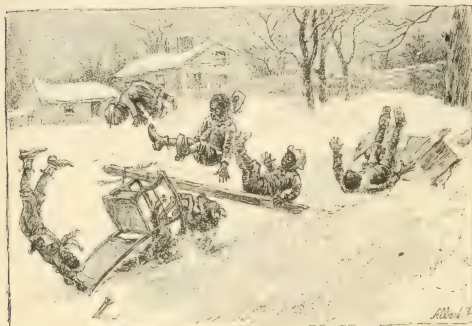
box has been fast - ened up tight; Bees a - sleep that we
turned down the bed - cov - ers white; Out - the win dows the

watched in the clo - ver, No ah has shut his ark for the night.
night-moths are hum - ming, Sleep, lit - tle dol - ly, till morn - ing is bright.

Music by MARY G. PYLE.



"CLEAR THE TRACK, ROVER"



BUT ROVER DID NOT CLEAR THE TRACK

HARRY'S IDEA OF ENGLISH.

IT was about three o'clock in the morning of Christmas Day when Harry first began to show signs of that restlessness which comes to the youth of four who has passed a night of dreamy anticipation of the coming of Santa Claus. After kicking around in his crib for very nearly an hour, his patience gave way, and he bounded to the bedside of his aunt with the cry: "Come on, Deedy; let's go un-fill my stocking."

The stocking was "unfilled" in short order, and, as usual, there was—as Harry may later express it when he rises to the use of words of three syllables—a siege of "weepiness." This time the trouble arose over a piece of fruit-cake which had been inserted in the stocking by an uncle of Harry's with malicious intent, no doubt. The cake delighted Harry, but not his aunt, who endeavored to put it where it would do the least harm, out of the boy's reach. But Harry would not have it so. He wanted the cake, and he got it, his aunt, in a spirit of compromise, breaking it in half and offering him one of the pieces. The wailing then began.

"What's the matter, Harry?" tried his father, from an adjacent room.

"Aunt Deedy went and smalled my cake, and I don't want it smalled."

Is it any wonder that the child's friends and relatives think that he has a genius for language hidden within him?

PLAYMATES.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

I HEARD the wind whistle; I heard the wind roar; I thought he was never so jolly before. I wondered what fun he was having out there; The night was so dark, and the garden so bare!

Next morning I knew, for the wind and the snow Had dressed up four babies in white down below! And really I think the wind did very wrong; He must have skipped rope with the snow all night long!

For, holding a rope, all the four of them stood As stiff and as stark as though made out of wood. Perhaps they were tired to death, the poor souls! Perhaps—they were only four common clothes poles.



A TROPIC SNAKE STORY IN FANCY AND FACT.

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ELSIE LESLIE LYDE—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SABONY

ELSIE LESLIE.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

A PRETTY drawing-room in New York; in it a miniature writing-desk, and seated before it a very small person in a Kate Greenaway gown. The small person is busily engaged in writing, and her head is bent over her arm, so that the profuse golden hair makes a veil about her. Just for a moment, however. Back go the curls, and Elsie lifts her face—the sweetest, most innocent, and happiest of little faces—as she says, anxiously, "I want to thank them *all*;" for, with her characteristic thoughtfulness, Elsie, just home from the *matinée*, where she had been performing the part of Little Lord Fauntleroy, had rushed to her desk to thank the gentlemen who had sent it to her, together with a little office chair, a sled, and a beautiful doll.

It seemed to me, as I watched the child, that the key-note to her character, to her capacity for playing the part of that unselfish, high-minded boy, lay in her words about these recent gifts. Fêted, petted, loaded with presents, accustomed to hearing rounds of applause greet her every speech upon the stage, Elsie Leslie would set an example of perfect simplicity and unselfishness to any child I know. She never speaks or seems to think of her theatrical triumphs. Playing with her little

friends or talking to her many "grown-up" visitors, she never makes a remark about herself unless forced to do so, and she has read none of the newspaper notices which have appeared on all sides since she played Editha's Burglar, and created the part of the little lord in Mrs. Burnett's dramatization of her beautiful story, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

Elsie Leslie Lyde is the daughter of American parents, and was born nine years ago near Newark, in New Jersey. Her family traditions are more literary than dramatic; and while the child has shown marvellous ability as an actor since she could walk and talk, her dearest ambition is to write—to be an author—and she frequently rushes from the theatre to her desk and the "story" she happens to be engaged upon. She has a large correspondence, and answers faithfully every letter she receives, docketing and putting them away in the most orderly fashion. Her letters show originality and individuality, are clearly expressed, and always have something in them worth the saying.

When a mere baby it so chanced that she was taken to see Edwin Booth in *Richard the Third*. Her parents did not suppose that she followed any part of the play, but to their surprise on returning home the child began acting and declaiming, assuming the attitudes, using the gestures and the text of Mr. Booth in the play, and so wonderfully was it reproduced that it seems to have decided her career. Soon afterward she appeared as little Meenie in *Rip Van Winkle* with Mr. Joseph Jefferson; later came Editha's Burglar, and now the child is delighting all New York by her wonderful performance of Fauntleroy.

But how, many young people may ask, does this unique child actress spend her time off the stage? As simply, as quietly, as naturally, as possible. The life at the theatre is her business: thereby she is earning money which is to be expended on a careful and systematic education, but at home Elsie is like other children of her age, except that, as I said before, she could set many of them an example both in good manners and sweet temper. The utmost care is taken of her health, and her strength is garnered, since her parents realize that even while it is so easy and natural for her to play Fauntleroy, there is danger of its being too great a strain on her nervous system. She never rises before ten o'clock; then comes her bath, her simple wholesome breakfast of oatmeal and beefsteak; then her walk, for which she is dressed in a dark blue coat trimmed with Astrakhan, and a big hat full of nodding plumes. On her return the family of dolls has to be attended to, her canary looked after, and perhaps some letters answered, or a few lines added to the story. Visitors are many, but Elsie does not talk of her theatrical life with them. A quiet "Run in the other room, dear," from her mother, indicates that something may be said which it is better for the sweet unspoiled little mind not to hear, but for every one she has the frank and gentle manner which marked Fauntleroy himself. In the afternoon comes a long nap; then the four or five o'clock dinner; and at half past six, dressed for her first appearance as Fauntleroy, in the red and white suit which was Cedric Errol's, Elsie is driven to the theatre, returning to have a cup of good bouillon and to pop into bed as fast as possible, like any other little girl who had been sitting up rather late for her nine years.

Having read and enjoyed *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, Elsie was delighted to take the part. It seems very real to her. She is, indeed, thoroughly realistic in her ideas about stage matters, and insisted that the book from which she reads to Mr. Hobbs and Dick should really be the *Tower of London*, and between the acts she passes her time reading this ponderous volume, or *The Innocents Abroad*, one of her favorite works. We had quite a chat the other day about the *Tower of London*. Elsie was very anxious to be sure it was all true, and she also took

great satisfaction in the fact that the book she shows Dick in the library in the first act is a bound volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

But what Elsie enjoys above all things is acting to and for children. Not a ripple of childish laughter, not a sound of juvenile applause, escapes her. "Trustable" is one of her pet coined words, and she thinks the young people in the audience so "trustable."

A resolve which she made about Christmas pleased me very much. Seeing that so many strangers were sending her presents, she decided that no one of her family must give her any, but they must let her spend the money which would have been used for that purpose on some poor children who had nothing. It was her own idea, and most joyously carried out. Like little Fauntleroy, she has found many humble friends to be recipients of her Christmas favors.

The "Bachelors' Club" has elected her an honorary member, and "You see," says Elsie, "it is quite remarkable, for Sorosis only has one gentleman member, and now the Bachelors have just one lady." Here is her little letter of thanks to them for their recent gifts, which I saw her busily writing after a matinée:

"The lovely Doll and the sled and the desk and little office chair all came Friday evening and they were lovely and I thank you very very VERRY VERRY much. All of my writing paper is not long enough to write you my thanks. It would take paper as long as from 59th st where the old Club house is to 5th ave where the new Club is but you must imagine that for I can only write it on a sheet of paper that is only 7 inches and 4. I just majured it. I just got the Bachelors letter and the Santa Clause letter and they are just lovely only Santa Clause said in his letter that I was a good girl instead of a bad girl. I think he must have changed his mind. Please give him my love and give my love to uncle Ick and your mamma and all the rest I forget these names and give my love to all the Bachelors and lots for my Burgler.

"Your little friend, ELSIE LESLIE."

When Elsie cannot write very straight across her paper she says the lines are going "tobogganing." As her regular school life cannot be kept up while she is acting so many times every week, she is studying French with a daily governess, and entering into it heartily, as she does in both work and play always. In a few years she hopes to leave the stage temporarily, when both travel and regular study will occupy her time, and it may be seen whether her chief talent lies in literature or the drama.

Nothing delights Elsie more than to have poor children in her audience. A benevolent gentleman in New York has pleased her greatly by keeping three or four seats regularly at the Saturday matinées, which he fills with newsboys, boot-blacks, or boys of some such street occupation or, as Lord Fauntleroy has it, "profession." None of the audience enjoy the play more than these guests of Mr. B—'s, and Elsie feels it. She says she is "so happy when the children laugh."

The other day, after examining with intense satisfaction a package of books sent her, Elsie remarked, very gravely: "Well, I ought to be good, and I ought to be the very happiest child in the world. Now many children never even have so much as one book" (a condition of things, by-the-way, which would make life insupportable to her), "and here am I with books upon books." From these reflections, as usual, she branched off into speculations as to what she could give those luckless children who, this festival season, had nothing.

Young people who see Elsie Leslie on the stage, and read these notes of her sweet, happy life, need not imagine there is no hard work, no tired times, involved in the life of a child actress. It is not all rose-colored. To be obliged day after day to perform a part; always to please an audience; never to look cross or tired; to be ready to obey the slightest word of the manager; to rehearse, no matter how weary you may feel—all of this belongs to the life of any one upon the stage, and Elsie's youth and genius exempt her from nothing.

THE GREAT FIGHT ON THE GRAVELSTONE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

THEY were a chosen war party of the most renowned braves of the Sioux, Pawnees, Cheyennes, and Comanches. They had all sorts of trouble in procuring suitable weapons before they went into camp in the valley of the Gravelstone River, but they did obtain them, and were at last uncommonly well armed. Two homemade guns, half a real gun, one gun without a lock, a club, a pickaxe, three hatchets, a very long bow and four arrows, gave them an exceedingly dangerous appearance. Next to that, the most important question was feathers; but Po-gon-nix, the great Sioux chief, picked up a large lot around the hen-house, and Um-um-gah, the celebrated Pawnee marauder, found an old feather duster belonging to his aunt. He was the envy of the other braves as soon as he got that duster into position, for it was its handle that had been broken and not its plumes, and these were sweeping.

"Wash," said Thousand Bears to Um-um-gah, as he put the last feather into that chief's red flannel head-band, "the other Pawnees won't know you after you've got your paint on."

"Don't stick it through my ear, Joe," said Um-um-gah. "The Comanches are a mean tribe. I've got Addie's paint-box, and I'll show you how a great chief ought to look when he's going on the war-path."

"The cow-boys said they'd be washed in about an hour," remarked Red Squirrel, "and I'm a Sioux that wants his paint on before Wild Bill and Buffalo Jack get back."

"Where've they gone?" asked Spotted Snake, as he stuck another Pawnee hen-feather into his hair.

"Gone to the village for ammunition," said Big Thunder.

Just then a shrill voice came across the garden fence.

"Conrad Heiser!" it said—"Conrad Heiser!"

"There, Chain Lightning, you're sent for!" mournfully exclaimed Um-um-gah. "Ask her if you can't stay till the fight's over."

The Sioux chief Chain Lightning was a very swift runner, and he must also have been eloquent. In about a minute more the other warriors heard the same voice remarking: "Well, I never! What a looking face! Stay if you want to. All I really cared for was to know where you'd gone. If you're an Indian, I don't want to see any more—not to-day."

Chain Lightning returned in triumph just as Black Wolf arrived from the opposite direction with a big bundle.

"There, De Witt Salisbury," said Black Wolf to Spotted Snake, "if that isn't the stuff for a lodge! When we're all inside, you know, we can see right through."

"But what 'll your mother say about her curtains?" anxiously demanded Po-gon-nix.

"They were taken down to be washed," said Black Wolf, "and we must look out and not hurt 'em. That kind of gauze tears easy. But then, you see, we sha'n't need any windows."

"They wouldn't shed much rain," remarked Thousand Bears, doubtfully.

"Rain, Joe?" said Red Squirrel. "We won't have any rain on our expedition. What do red warriors care for rain, anyhow?"

Po-gon-nix and Um-um-gah were really beginning to look pretty red, with a little green and yellow here and there, but Big Thunder was smiling at them with savage contempt. He had stirred up some gunpowder and water in a teacup, and his face was taking on a stormy and terribly warlike expression.

"Jim," said Big Thunder to Po-gon-nix, "daub two red streaks from the corners of my mouth back to my ears."

"Stand still, then. There! Hold on—now the other

side. That's awful! Now down the ridge of your nose. You'd frighten a four-horse team of mules! Boys, just look at him! There's nothing so good as powder. Give us that teacup; I want some on my own face."

"I'm in all my war-paint now," said Big Thunder, proudly. "We must get the lodge up first thing. We could all get into it at once if the pole was longer. The curtains are big enough."

"That's so," said Spotted Snake. "But I want a look at the camp of those cow-boys. They've got the other pair of curtains, or we could make our lodge twice as big as it is."

"They can't beat us much on a camp," said Thousand Bears; "but they haven't had to waste any time on paint. You've got an awful face, Bert Morehouse."

The entire band was becoming more and more warlike every minute, and it was plain that they were very nearly ready for a raid of some sort, when they heard a sound of low voices just beyond the Heiser fence.

"Boys," exclaimed Po-gon-nix—"warriors and chiefs! All the squaws in the neighborhood! Get in front of the lodge. It's customary for the squaws of a band to see the braves go off on a trail. Black Wolf, you and Chain Lightning and Red Squirrel and Spotted Snake sit down; Big Thunder and Um-um-gah and Thousand Bears and I will stand up. Those squaws haven't seen such a war party as this is in a long while."

That was very much what the squaws themselves were saying, and ripples of laughter came through the fence. Some of the remarks which came with it were highly complimentary.

"Sakes alive!" said one voice; "they're so daubed up and feathered and blanketed that if 'twasn't for their shoes and stockings you could hardly tell which was which."

"Jim Eaton 'd make a first-rate scarecrow," asserted another voice.

"It 'll all wash off, I s'pose," said yet a third.

So all of those squaws turned away from the fence; but they somehow did not cease laughing until the last of them disappeared through Mrs. Heiser's kitchen door. Hardly had they done that before the great Sioux chief Po-gon-nix shouted,

"Warriors and chiefs of the red men, now for the camp of the cow-boys!"

Whoop after whoop replied to him, and it was Thousand Bears, the Comanche, who remarked, doubtfully,

"I do hope they'll do as they said, and not try any new trick on us."

"We're to creep up and surprise 'em while they're at dinner," said Um-um-gah.

"It's to be a massacre, if they live up to what they agreed to," said Big Thunder.

"I don't see how I'll do much creeping with this coverlet round me," said Black Wolf.

"Must be awful warm too," replied Po-gon-nix; "but you've got to stand it. Your feathers are the tallest kind."

"Reg'lar turkey tail," said Chain Lightning, "and nothing but ostrich 'll beat turkey tail."

That might be, but the allied band of Sioux, Pawnees, Cheyennes, and Comanches was now sternly commanded by Po-gon-nix to stop talking, for the trail was right before them. It led through the barn-yard gate first, and down around the old carriage-house and into the orchard, and every wild warrior among them grew more and more fiercely excited and anxious as to the results of the expedition as they skulked and dashed and darted from tree to tree on their way to the cow-boy camp.

They should have had a scouting party out to watch the movements of the cow-boys, and the great chief Po-gon-nix had spoken about it, but he had no warriors painted in time to send, except Red Squirrel, and he refused to go. He was by no means sure what those cow-boys might do with a poor red prisoner.



THE CAMP OF THE RED MEN

When the squaws went away from admiring the Indians, they went right through the house to the side door, and struck across the lawn and down the garden to the lilac bushes to see what was going on among the cow-boys.

There was the lodge, just above the brook, but things around it were hardly ready for any kind of company, when Wild Bill exclaimed to the rest, in a loud whisper:

"Boys, if that isn't mean now! See 'em!"

"I don't see 'em," said Buffalo Jack, as he threw himself down at full length on the grass. "This cow-boy's taking a rest."

The other three did not lie down, but they took picturesque positions. They certainly did look as if they were ready to meet any band of hostile red men that was likely to assail them. Buffalo Jack lay on the grass as if he were entirely indifferent to spectators of any sort, but Wild Bill, Bloody Sam, and Prairie Bob had never before looked quite so tall as they did at that moment. They had never before had such very black mustaches, and it was not Buffalo Jack's fault that he had none, for Bloody Sam had been at work with the burnt

cork on Wild Bill when the squaws from the Mite Society peeked through the lilac bushes. The cow-boys heard somebody say, "Don't let's disturb 'em," but they did not hear one of the others reply, "We'll get away now, and come back in time to see the Indians attack them."

If they had heard they would have understood that Chain Lightning had betrayed to Mrs. Heiser the deep and cunning strategy of Po-gon-nix and U-mun-gah.

The squaws hurried away, and the cow-boys returned to the work of preparing for the arrival of the red men. In half a minute more the fire was blazing furiously, and the camp kettle in the middle of it had as good an opportunity for boiling something as it ever had in all its life. The guns were all carefully loaded, but they contained only a part of the ammunition pro-



THE COW-BOY CAMP

vided, for that party of cow-boys had supplied itself with a varied assortment of small arms and artillery.

"There they come, Bill!" said Bloody Sam at last.

"That's so, Sam, and they're scouting up the brook."

"Don't say brook," said Prairie Bob; "it's the Gravelstone River, and this massacre is to be fought on the banks of it. The newspapers 'll say it ran with bel-lud."

At all events the Gravelstone was blessed with a ford near the garden fence. It was one of those wild Western fords which are made out of two long planks, so that a warrior can get across without wetting his moccasins. The Comanches and Cheyennes and Pawnees and Sioux did not hurt their moccasins at all, and no sooner were they over than they all came down flat on the grass, and began to snake their way toward the cow-boy camp.



THE ATTACK ON THE COW-BOY CAMP

Just about the same time there was something of a rustle among the lilac bushes, but neither the red warriors nor the white plains rangers paid any attention to it, if indeed they heard it.

Wild Bill and his associates paid a more and more absorbed attention to their dinner, and they all had something to eat, somehow, without waiting for the kettle to do its cooking. Whatever there was in that, Prairie Bob kept it well stirred up until the very moment when Bloody Sam whispered, so that they all could hear him.

"Now, boys, they're closing in on us; get ready."

"Set things agoing!" hoarsely exclaimed Wild Bill. "We'll give 'em what they're not looking for."

Closer and closer crept the allied savages, and a subdued chuckle could have been heard among the lilacs, just as a slight fizzing sound arose in the grass at the camp.



THE MASSACRE

Bill all alone, lying flat upon his back on the grass, a few yards from the abandoned camp fire.

"What are they going to do next?" asked a voice among the lilacs; but all those red men knew their duty, and stoutly refrained from making any reply.

"There'd have been more to dance for if the other cow-boys had been killed," said Um-um-gah; "but we'll have a dance around Bill."

The slaughtered cow-boy raised his head a little.

"It's all right," he said. "They've gone to start the Deadwood coach, so's you can capture that. It'll be along in five minutes."

"That wasn't to be till by-and-by," said Po-gon-nix, reprovingly; "but we'll take it if it comes along."

Wild Bill's head went down again. He had fought well, but he was wiped out by superior numbers. The last cracker had gone off, but there was

noise enough left for the dance, for the red men had brought it with them.

"They'll all be hoarse for a week," said a squaw among the lilac bushes.



THE WARDANCE

"Whoop!" yelled Po-gon-nix; and he was followed fiercely by Um-um-gah, Black Wolf, and the rest, but the cow-boys also sprang to their feet and began to whoop. Guns were levelled, and seemed to hang fire; but at the next instant the air rang with the detonations of a dozen packs of fire-crackers going off at the same time, while five Chinese bombs and as many double-headers hissed and sputtered and exploded, and a somewhat mouldy-burning flower-pot made more smoke than the camp fire itself before it burst.

It was the wildest kind of a fight while it lasted, but Wild Bill was the only cow-boy with nerve enough to live up to his agreement and be completely massacred. There came a clapping of hands and a peal of squaw laughter from among the lilacs, and Prairie Bob, Bloody Sam, and Buffalo Jack took to their heels, leaving Wild



THE ATTACK ON THE DEADWOOD COACH

"But what did possess Charles to put on that thing, and where did he get it?"

Probably that reply referred to the old hoop-skirt worn by the distinguished Sioux warrior Red Squirrel, but it did not at all interfere with his dancing.

"You'd better get through, boys," came from the lips of the victim on the grass. "The Deadwood coach must be 'most here by this time."

"Round him once more, for daring to speak after he's been scalped," shouted Po-gon-nix. "Then we'll all stick pins into him and wait for the coach."

"No you won't," growled Wild Bill. "That's the squaws' business."

"We ought to build a fire on him," said Big Thunder. "That's so!" exclaimed Thousand Bears. "There's plenty of wood here, and I've got some matches."

Wild Bill was an out-and-out hero, for he lay perfectly still and killed while the Pawnees and Cheyennes and Sioux and Comanches heaped brushwood and chips on him and sang several scraps of the war-songs they knew. They broke down on "Hail, Columbia," but did fairly well with the "Red, White, and Blue," and were just beginning with "John Brown's Body," when Chain Lightning shouted:

"Here comes the coach! Lots of gold-dust and passeng-ers!"

"Warriors and chiefs, behold the mail-coach of the hated pale-face—" began the mighty Po-gon-nix; but the coach was too near, and he had to cut his oration short.

It was a fine coach, with one passenger on the front seat and one on the back seat, but the six-mule team that was galloping across the plains with it toward the valley of the Gravelstone River consisted mainly of Bloody Sam. He became entirely stampeded when the red men swooped down upon him, but the passengers sat as firmly as so many staked martyrs.

Wild Bill kicked away the brushwood and chips with which he was pretty well covered, and sat up to see what was going to be done with that coach.

There was a perfect tempest of squaw laughter among the lilacs when the savages took it by the wheels on one side and upset it. That is the usual way of capturing an overland stage, after its team has broken away and its escort is out of sight. The passengers were seized and had their hands tied behind them, and would have been robbed of all their money and valuables if they had had any, but the red men were doomed to disappointment in that regard. The prisoners were not massacred, because they were to be held for ransom.

"It's been the biggest fight that was ever fought on the Gravelstone!" exclaimed Po-gon-nix.

"Well, yes," said Red Squirrel, "but Black Wolf tore a hole in one of the curtains when he upset the cow-boy camp, and Um-um-gah stepped through the bottom of the tin kettle."

"Mrs. Heiser, it's all over," said one of the voices among the lilacs. "Let's go and release the prisoners and take the Indians into the house."

In less than a minute that entire combined war party of Comanches, Sioux, Cheyennes, Pawnees, and cow-boys was captured by the squaws who rushed out from their ambush. Paint, feathers, and all, they were compelled to go with their captors to the great Heiser kitchen. Mrs. Heiser would not have any fire lighted there, nor would she have any brushwood and chips heaped on the floor; but Wild Bill was killed again, and there was more noise made around him this time than when he was first massacred, for all the older squaws screamed, and the younger squaws joined in on the war-songs.

"Boys," said Um-um-gah, when the fun quieted down for a moment, "I don't know but what this is the best part of the fight."

CAPTAIN POLLY.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHERE was the fog the next morning? Not even caught here and there among the hills in torn and filmy scraps; not lurking in heavy banks far off where the sea and sky met. The sun that was looking over the Camden Hills with a vigilant eye for a stray bit that it might "burn off," as the fishermen said, had set the blue river and the bluer sea to sparkling and the dewy fields to glittering, and tuned up afresh the bird orchestra that had played its overture faintly in the dim gray of the morning; but not the faintest film of fog had it found to try its beams upon. And grandpa, under Polly's window, was whistling "Come, lasses and lads," the old tune that was his great favorite. Polly thought when she first awoke that yesterday was a bad dream; but Bess, who had rubbed open first one eye and then the other, gave her a great hug. "I woke in the night, all in a fright, and had to feel over to be sure that you were there. Oh, Polly, how awful yesterday was! and what should we have done if you never had come back? I remembered how I wouldn't braid your hair, and how I ran away with Carrots when you wanted to drive him to Belrock. I should have given away my new ch  telaine watch; I should never have cared for anything again in the world. The lord is disappointing," she continued, more briskly. (Bess's mind was not adapted to entertaining sad possibilities for any length of time.) "Of course, when one comes to think of it, one couldn't expect him to be anything but a boy; but it does seem too bad that he should look like Jimmy Battles in the post-office."

"Jimmy Battles is very good-looking," said Polly. "Good-looking for Jimmy Battles, but not for a lord," said Bess.

"Lord Brentford doesn't put on so many airs as Jimmy Battles," remarked Polly.

"Oh no. I think he is a very nice boy. Did you see how well he and Roy got on together last night? Roy liked talking to him so much that he forgot to tie his forehead up into a hard knot, although he was in such a state of mind because the rope was cut that fastened the *High-Flyer*. I don't suppose you noticed; it was just before you fainted. He screamed out that if there was any one who knew and didn't tell, he was going to have dreadful things happen to them. I knew what he meant. Oh, Polly, can you keep a secret? The club boys have agreed not to say much about it, for Roy's sake and ours, but Rowse Wheelock told Kitty and she told me. If grandpa should know it, he'd have him sent away to that awfully strict school he knows of; and then Syd says he would run way to sea, and I know he would. You won't tell, because that would be awful, and because I promised, but they've expelled Syd from the boat club. It's because he goes with the "Patch" boys; he and Bruce Bennett have been seen with a whole gang of them very often. I talked round and asked Syd what made him do it. I didn't let him suspect that I had heard anything, you know. I only asked him why the club boys didn't seem to like him, and why he wasn't going on the cruise. He colored as red as fire, and he said they were a lot of sneaks, and it wasn't any of my business, and that he was a reformer. And that's why he has locked up the old wing. It has something to do with his being a reformer. I suppose we shall have to speak to grandpa about that if he doesn't open it."

"No, we mustn't," said Polly, quickly, "because—"

She was going to say, "Because I have a key to it," but she stopped herself. Dear Bess! she meant to be as wise as an owl, but her tongue was like a jack-in-the-box; with the least little jar of the spring out it popped. It was a family saying that if one told Bess a secret before breakfast it would be known away up river before night.

"We sha'n't care to go in there while the weather is pleasant, and he may give it up," was what Polly did say. She must have a little private conference with Syd, she thought; and yet nothing seemed more hopeless, for at the first suggestion of blame Syd was always filled with a sullen sense of injury. He never "owned up," as all the others did.

But Polly's tender heart had a great ache for him. There was only a year between them in age, and they had faced the world together—the world that had such keen sorrows and joys—when Syd also wore dresses, feeling their ignominy, and was scorned by Roy; he always had been scorned more or less by Roy.

He was proud, and he must be intensely mortified by the action of the boat club; but he must realize that he had no one to blame but himself, although he would never acknowledge it. If those dreadful boys with whom he was associated had cut the *High-Flyer's* rope, exposing her to such danger, Syd must have suffered, and he might be induced to break with them. Polly thought she might even be glad of her frightful experience if it would draw Syd from evil companions, and resolved hopefully to make an immediate appeal to Syd's feelings. If she could coax him to withdraw his signature from that dreadful agreement of the "League"! There could not be much meaning in the frightful words which were used, or in the desperate deeds which were proposed. But what would grandpa, or Roy, or any one say to know that Syd's name was there; that he was not only one with the strikers, but one with the lawless, reckless element that was becoming a terror to the town? If Syd persisted in being a reformer after the fashion of the "R. H. R. League," it might become her duty to tell grandpa. But there was her promise! Polly shivered with an awful sense of responsibility as she thought of it. Cainy had no right to extort such a promise from her, she thought; but nevertheless Polly's simple, straightforward mind recognized no circumstance under which a promise might be broken. In the code of morals which had developed in the Birch Point nursery the blackest of sins was to break a promise. Even Syd would not break a promise, although—well, he did sometimes forget that he had made one.

But the world was bright this morning and home was sweet after her great danger. Grandpa was whistling and whistling, which meant that he wished some of them to come down. Perhaps the things that troubled her would all turn out according to Bess's prophecy about the strikes. "Oh, they'll come to an end soon; disagreeable things always do," was what Bess had said, and Polly resolved to pin her faith to this cheerful creed if she could. In any case she would not worry and be always scenting danger from afar, like Roy.

So, in a more hopeful mood, Polly carefully adjusted the folds of her new blue cambric dress, and tied a fresh blue ribbon upon her long braid. Del had of late been giving them all frequent warnings against carelessness in the matter of dress, which, I am sorry to say, Polly often needed. This morning she was trim and dainty enough even for grandpa's eyes, which Polly thought in her heart were much more important than the English lord's, since he was, after all, only a boy; trim and dainty, and "as fresh as a pink rose in the morning," as grandpa often said; but Del was in the habit of remarking, with a despairing accent, that she didn't think Polly would ever have any "style."

Diantha's voice floated up from the kitchen regions as Polly went down-stairs.

"Boys is boys, and it ain't for an old woman like me to curchey to 'em. Not that I ever thought of layin' it up agin him that he was a lord, seein' he hadn't no choice about it. He's real kind of boyish and pretty-spoken, and no more airs than nothin' at all. I declare if it wa'n't a real proverbance that they come so unawares that Del hadn't time to rig poor Simeon up for a butler! I guess she'd 'a found out that 'twould take more'n her grandpa's old dress-coat and a minister's choker to make Simeon like city folks' servants. If he's got a weak point, it's table manners and handlin' crockery. And to think of expectin' a consid'able portly man like poor Simeon to put himself inside of the Governor's coat, that hain't no more figger'n a shad. Land! I dreamt it had busted clear'n down the back, and Simeon was tryin' to hang himself atop of the dinin'-room door with the white choker, and I woke up all in a cold persperation."

"My gracious! no wonder," said Quintilla, sympathetically. "But I wish I had only dreamt what that boy Cainy has just been and gone and done. Miss Del said he was to be sent up this morning to take the lord's boots — 'his lordship's boots,' that's what Miss Del said, that would be set outside his door, and when he'd cleaned 'em and carried 'em back he was to offer to wait upon him, for it was most likely he'd been used to a valley. That's what Miss Del said. She told me just what Cainy was to say, and I drilled him in it till I thought I should 'a dropped. Miss Del promised to give me her pink feather fan if nothin' went wrong that I could help while the lord was here. I didn't expect I could do nothin' with Cainy, because he's awful down on lords, and he said anyway this one was an imposert, because he didn't have a crown on his head, and an ermine cloak like one he saw in a jography; but he's an awful ignorant boy, and I told him so, to think anybody but Queen Victory herself would go round yachtin' and fishin' dressed up like that. Anyhow I got him to do it; he seemed to feel kind of humble and meachin' on account of not takin' better care of the boat and Miss Polly, and he said it all right over and over after me—'My lord, can the boy do anything more for you?' And I listened after he got up to the door, and if he didn't say right out, as loud and as plain as could be, 'My boy, can the lord do anything more for you?' I thought I should sink right through the floor; but you'd ought to 'a heard his lordship laugh, right out hearty, just like anybody. And he gave Cainy a quarter, and if that aggravatin' imp didn't come down-stairs a-whistlin' 'Yankee Doodle,' when I'd warned him pertickerler not to do that, for fear of hurtin' his lordship's feelin's! I expect he did mean to say it right, but he got confused. He says he knows he ain't a lord, now he's seen him, because he's just like any feller. He's ringin' the quarter out on the steps now to see if it ain't a bad one, because he says folks in the village says the lord is most likely an imposert."

"There ain't nothin' but ragamuffins that's so impudent, I'll warrant. Folks that is anything knows that our Mr. Harry is used to aristocracy, and would know a lord the minute he clapped his eyes on to him," said Diantha, with somewhat inconsistent pride.

"He seems too young for Mr. Harry, and I think he takes more to the younger ones. At the table last night Master Roy was promisin' to take him where there was Indian mounds and arrow-heads, and la! you'd think they was talkin' about a gold mine they was so excited; and then Master Roy had him upstairs showin' him his collection. He'll be takin' him up into the old wing to see his snakes and things next."

It was a good thing, thought Polly, as she tripped lightly out-of-doors, that Roy had found a sympathizer in his pursuits; he could not give his whole mind to Syd's misdeeds. It was of no use for Roy to be so hard upon Syd, it only made him worse. She was running through the garden in search of her grandfather, when



"SHE SAW ROY LEANING OUT OF AN UPPER WINDOW."

she heard her name called in a low and mysterious voice, and looking in the direction from whence it came, saw Roy leaning out of an upper window of the old wing, with his forehead in its hardest of hard knots.

"Come up here; I want to tell you something," he said

CHAPTER IX.

HAD Syd given up the key of the old wing? If he had, it was surely a promise of better things, Polly thought, hopefully. For Syd was very obstinate. His father quoted Hosea Biglow, "When he's sot, the meetin'-house ain't no

sotter," and prophesied lightly that he would learn better "one of these days." His mother sighed over him, and his grandfather shook his head; but they all spoke cheerfully of what the future was likely to do for him, and no one took him very seriously except Roy, who was, indeed, inclined to take every one seriously, himself included. And Roy, according to Polly's theory, "only made him worse." Syd never gave up. Could his expulsion from the boat club have brought him to a better mind? Polly wondered.

Her doubts were solved by the sight of the step-ladder at one of the windows and a broken pane of glass. Roy had evidently broken in. He looked as if he might be in a mood for desperate measures. Polly tiptoed hesitatingly into the dark hall, feeling a vague fear of what might be concealed there. Red-handed Revolutionists might spring out of any of the dark corners. The creaking of the stairs made her heart jump.

"He refused to give me the key, so I was forced to break in," said Roy, standing very erect and deeply flushed at the head of the stairs. "It wasn't a pleasant thing to do. I might have decided to appeal to my grandfather"—Roy always used the possessive pronoun to an unusual extent when he was dignified, and it was felt to be very impressive—"if he had not been sent for from home on account of a new trouble. I felt that it would be wrong to add to his anxieties. Besides, I don't like his plan of sending Syd to school as a last resort. The discipline might be good for him, but I know what a large school is; there are plenty of nice fellows, of course, but if a fellow is naturally inclined to gravitate toward evil associates—"

"Oh dear me!" said Polly, and dropped down upon the highest step. Roy's dignity and large words were always wofully disheartening to her; they seemed to enlarge troubles like a microscope. And yesterday's strain had left her weak to bear new troubles. "What did you want to tell me? What have you found, Roy?" she said, falteringly.

"Come here," beckoned Roy, walking backward down the corridor to the door of Syd's room.

Painted upon the door was a mysterious device, composed of a red hand clinched in a menacing position, the American flag, a sword and a pistol, and the letters "L. L. R. H. R." There was some difficulty in discovering exactly what the em-

blems were, but the lack of artistic accuracy was abundantly atoned for by brilliancy of coloring, and the effect was startling. Polly drew a breath of relief.

"It is evidently the badge of a secret society, and I'll tell you what I think it is: a society of the worst roughs in town, and they have their meetings here. When he has pretended to have a sore throat, as an excuse for going to bed at seven o'clock, he has crept out here and held orgies with that set. I have suspected it, and I have tried to catch him, but he is too sly."

"Oh, Roy, it may not be as bad as that!"

"I have seen him sneaking into the house at one o'clock



THE JOLLY BEGGAR—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.

at night, and boys going away from here; one I am almost sure was Nick Hiffley." (Nick Hiffley was a big boy of eighteen, known as a ringleader among the turbulent spirits of the "Patch." "I shouldn't be surprised to know that they went directly from here to set my grandfather's barn on fire this morning. Yes, it was burned almost to the ground; they only just saved the stock. My grandfather staid here last night; they probably knew it and took advantage of it.")

"Oh, poor grandpa! they'll worry him to death. I wish he'd give them all they ask for, and have some peace."

"Sometimes I think you are rather superior, Polly, but that is just like a girl," said Roy, with lofty scorn.

"I think you are too hard upon Syd, Roy," said Polly, her spirit rousing a little, as it was apt to do under Roy's scorn. "I think you are taking things for granted. A great many boys might be taken for Nick Hiffley in the night; and to say that they may have gone from here to burn grandpa's barn!—it sounds as if you meant that Syd had something to do with it."

"I don't know why it is," said Roy, with some irritation, "but unless you're *very* mad about something he has done to you, you always stand up for Syd. I should think, after you have almost lost your life as a consequence of his keeping bad company, you would feel anxious to have some efforts made to reform him. Do you suppose those fellows would have dared to cut that rope, or to have gone near the *High-Flyer* at all, if Syd hadn't associated with them? No. I don't mean that he cut the rope, or knew of it, but he encouraged them to come there. I have reason to think that this precious society held a meeting on board the *High-Flyer* the night before, and that Syd was among them."

"Oh no, he wasn't! he wasn't there at all!" cried Polly. "I know he wasn't."

"How do you know?" demanded Roy, quickly. "Were any of them there when you went down in the morning? Were there any signs of an orgy? I mean in the *real* meaning of the word."

Poor Roy! he was forced to make this explanation because the word, being a great favorite of his, had begun to be used in derision by the others to designate a very mild form of entertainment. Syd and Polly and Bess indulged in "pea-nut orgies," and "ice-cream orgies," and Syd even went so far as to call the High-School exhibition an "education orgy."

But Polly had no need to try to "smother a grin," as Syd would have said, on this occasion. She was too much depressed by her troubles, and the difficulties attending a cross examination by Roy.

"Things were not in very good order, but there was no one there but Cainy," she said.

"Why did you go down there at that time in the morning? And what sort of an errand did you send Cainy on?" demanded Roy.

"I don't know why you should question me in that way; I may have had reasons," said Polly.

"Oh, if you are keeping the secrets of the 'L. L. R. H. R.—' There, Polly! don't get angry. I know well enough that they wouldn't trust those to a girl. But I don't see why the affairs of that candy-shop should be private. I wish it had never been done. I don't see how I ever consented to it."

"It was who you proposed it," said Polly. "Poor Patsy O'Connor! there's enough money to send him home. That's one good thing."

"A dear passage!" said Roy. "We had better have saved up, all of us. I say, Polly, Syd has been buying curtains. I looked through the key-hole—a fellow doesn't like to do such a thing, but it may be his duty. They are felting, or damask, or something thick, like those. And he has been trying to borrow money of me to pay his honest debts!"

"He has been awfully short," said Polly, not without a sympathetic accent.

"Why is he always short?" demanded Roy, judicially. "Doesn't he have the same allowance as the rest of us, and isn't he always begging of grandpa besides? When a boy gets into bad company he squanders money."

"Curtains are not so very squandering," protested Polly, feebly.

Roy made a gesture of impatience. "I mentioned his being short in connection with those things only because it showed how necessary they must have been to induce him to spend money for them. There is something in that room that has to be hidden! The blinds are closed, and the curtains drawn tightly over every possible chink. And, listen, do you hear that queer little bubbling noise?"

Polly did hear it, and had a wild momentary vision of witches' caldrons, and of the giant who smelled the blood of an Englishman, and declared his intention of grinding his bones to make his bread; for scarcely less murderous were the avowed purposes of the "L. L. R. H. R.s." But the next moment she was saying, stoutly: "There may be no harm in a queer little bubbling noise. Syd has a right to have queer things in his room if he likes. You had live snakes once, and we didn't sleep a wink; and I don't think it's nice to listen at people's key-holes. And what can you do about it anyway if you are not going to speak to grandpa?"

"I was foolish to think that a girl could understand a moral responsibility," said Roy, with gloomy scorn. "Of course I must speak to my grandfather as a last resort. But first I shall talk to Syd seriously."

"Oh, let me, Roy!" cried Polly, winking away some stray tears from her lashes. "You have done it so much, and indeed, Roy, I don't mean to say anything unkind, but you do have a *superior* way that makes him angry. I've been meaning to try to coax him not to go with those dreadful boys. Do let me, Roy!"

"Let you? why, of course, I shall be only too glad to have you. Do you suppose I enjoy nagging at a fellow all the time? Why will you all misunderstand me so? I only want to do what is right and best."

"I know you do, Roy dear, and Syd is dreadfully trying. But you have to smooth him just the right way, or you only make the sparks fly. Did you tell him that you wanted the key because you wanted to show your snakes to Lord Brentford?"

"Of course I didn't. I *demand*ed the key because I had a right to it."

"Of course you couldn't give up showing your collection to Lord Brentford," she said. "Does he like snakes?"

Roy's face cleared instantly. "I never met a fellow whose tastes were so much like mine. He knows more about some things, but not so much about others. It is worth the while to show things to a person who can appreciate them. Of course a fellow doesn't really mind having them called rubbish, but ignorance is always trying. I am very glad that he is going to stay. Haven't you heard? Langley is obliged to go down to Campobello directly to meet his mother, and Lord Brentford wants to stay where he could get a telegram from his tutor; the yacht may be a long time on the way."

"It will be great fun to have him," said Polly, with enthusiasm. She was thinking in her heart that it was what Diantha called a "providence" that this should happen to take Roy's mind from Syd's misdeeds.

But not even a congenial friend with an interest in snakes could make Roy forget his present anxiety.

He bent his head to the door again.

"The noise is a little different now. It's a kind of puffing and fizzling. It may be steam."

"What can it be?" The question faltered on Polly's lips as Syd's face appeared above the stair railing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

TRUANT FRIENDS.

THE prettiest zoological garden of modern times must have been the park which the English naturalist Waterton turned into an asylum for persecuted birds and beasts. Professor Charles Waterton, who had passed many years in the wilds of South America, at last had come to prefer the society of pet animals to any other kind of company, and upon his return to Great Britain conceived the idea of turning his parental estate into a zoological game preserve. At a considerable expense some fifty acres of lawns and woodlands were accordingly surrounded with a stone wall eight feet high, and too steep for the best climbing boys in the county. On the inside of that wall the owner never allowed a shot to be fired, and soon his park swarmed with squirrels, crows, blackbirds, quails, and all sorts of smaller birds, that seemed to consider the grounds their personal property, and at the approach of a human being would hardly do as much as hop out of the way. They were fed twice a day, and at the sound of a game-keeper's whistle came fluttering up from all sides, and often perched upon the very hands of their protector. "By constant kindness," says Mr. Waterton, "I got them to consider me their friend rather than their master, and at last made them feel so thoroughly at home that tameness could not go any further."

I have often wondered if the Professor ever treated his friends to free lodging as well as board. The truth is that very few wild animals will become tame to the degree of renouncing their freedom altogether. They may become so fond of their protector that they will seem to welcome the very sound of his steps, but at the first attempt to restrict the freedom of their movements their love of independence is apt to get the better of all other loves whatever. Even our domestic pets cannot always be trusted to refuse a first-class opportunity for playing truant. There are old cats that take regular summer vacations. In midwinter they may prefer a snug berth in the chimney-corner, but in June, when the woods are full of nests and the corn fields swarm with young rabbits, pussy is apt to be missing some fine morning, and many a trusted watch-dog might lose his business reputation if the night could speak. On the sheep pastures of the southern Alleghenies well-fed house-dogs have often been shot in the moonlight hours at a distance of more than twenty miles from their homes, where their sleepy appearance on the morning after such nights was perhaps often accepted as a proof of a long, faithful watch.

In Mexico, where the winter rarely prevents out-door sports, hunting-dogs often run wild altogether, and range the prairies, like wolves, in quest of prey with or without wool; for "chaparral curs," as the Mexicans call them, have been known to tear a stray sheep, and leave nothing but the toughest bones. Sausage-makers would probably decline to invest in chaparral dogs, for in spite of all forays the poor vagrants are barely able to keep soul and skeleton together; but somehow or other that hungry independence seems to suit them better than the fattest servitude, and a runaway hound that has once enjoyed the freedom of the wilderness can rarely be induced to eat the bread of bondage except on the inside of a stone-built kennel.

Even horses now and then take to the woods, and elude pursuit for weeks together. A runaway pony baffled the hunters and herders of the upper Ardenues for a number of years. In the pine forests of the Col de Grappe, a few miles from my native place, a number of boys once managed to surround him by stealing up on tiptoes; but just when they got the noose of their rope ready the pony turned and dashed through their line in spite of all whoops and yells. Hunters often had followed his track for hours, but he seemed to know every pass and trail in the wide highlands, and rarely permitted his pursuers to get within range of a close shot, though more than one ride-hall had cut a furrow through the hair of his shaggy hide. In midwinter he generally stuck to the cover of the loneliest pine thickets, probably to avoid the telltale tracks in the snow; but in spring he sometimes ventured upon the pastures of the lower valleys, where a little cow-boy once saw him browsing peacefully among the parish cattle. The lad slipped away to fetch his father, but when they came back the pony was gone, warned perhaps by the yelping of a little dog that had to be punished before it would stop following them.

The only time I saw him myself was in midsummer, on a huckleberry trip to the Sambre Highlands. We had nearly

filled our baskets, when one of my companions grabbed my arm and pointed toward a little knoll where a solitary horse was picking its way between the grass-fringed boulders. We crept nearer and nearer toward a clump of hazel-nut bushes that might have given us a chance to approach within a few steps of the old refuge, but the pony had already heard the crackling of a dry stick, or perhaps the voices of our chattering playmates on the other side of the knoll. He started, stood listening for a moment with his head high and ears erect, and then turning with a snort, galloped away through the high broom-corn and across sticks and brambles to the top of a rocky ridge, where the clattering sound of his hoofs finally died away in the direction of the Plateau de Vence.

Young crows make the most entertaining of all feathered pets. A few years ago a Kentucky farmer sold me a youngster of that sort that had been tamed on the Waterton plan by turning him loose in a big farm-yard and letting him have his own way in everything. He would perch on the back of a running pig, balancing himself by spreading his wings backward, or hop, croaking, after an old tomcat as black as himself, but not quite so plucky, for the chase generally ended by the four-footer's escape into a pile of loose lumber. He had made friends with all the boys in the neighborhood, and seemed to consider our orchard his natural home, when one day a swarm of his wild relatives flew cawing over the hill-tops. Sambo's wings had never been clipped, as he generally contented himself with fluttering up to his perch in the evening, or to the top of a grape arbor for breakfast, and trusting to his legs for the rest of the day. But at the sound of those voices from the blue sky he suddenly flew on the roof of the stable, and hopping up to the ridge, began to caw away with wide-opened wings, as if to return the greeting of his travelling kinsmen. When the swarm had passed, Sambo hopped about restlessly, and half an hour after was seen exercising his wings in the tree-tops, every now and then dropping down with a loud croak, quite different from his usual attempts at conversation. Suspecting his intentions, our boy-of-all-work watched his chance to grab him and put him under a hen-coop; but even in that predicament Sambo continued to flap his wings till long after sunset, and at last croaked himself to sleep. Early the next morning he managed to extricate himself—with the aid of his playmate the poodle, as it seemed—and the last we saw of him was an hour after sunrise, when he flew from tree to tree at the edge of the woods, where he finally disappeared with a farewell caw to his wingless friends in the orchard. He wore a small necklace of brass rings that would have made it easy to recognize him among any swarm of his relatives, but we never saw him again.

The sight of a summer wood seems to inspire many captive animals with a sudden yearning for freedom, even if they should have been born in captivity, like a Mexican iguana which a naturalist friend of mine had raised from a string of queer-looking eggs. The singular combination of a snake and a lizard became as tame as a lap-dog, and in cold weather preferred its owner's sleeve to any other sleeping-place. If put down in the middle of the street it would race after its master with a speed that often made strangers take to their heels with screams of terror. After overtaking the object of her pursuit, Lizzie, as she was called, would scramble up to her master's shoulder, run along his arm, and dart into his sleeve like a frightened squirrel dodging into a hollow tree. But one fine morning in midsummer, when Lizzie's master had joined an excursion to a shady picnic grove, his pet suddenly left her perch on his shoulder, and with a flying leap landed in the midst of a leafy vine tangle, and darting up with the agility of a mink, was soon beyond the reach of pursuit. She was never seen again, though a searching party shook and hammered the trees for half an hour.

The most affectionate creature of its size we ever owned was my boy Willie's pet Moor monkey Tommy, a smooth-haired little chap with all the engaging ways of a spaniel and various funny tricks of his own that soon made him the general favorite of our visitors. If Willie's playmates took him in their arms he had a sly way of picking their pockets, just for the fun of it, for as soon as the owner of the purloined article began to lament his loss with affected groans Tommy hurried up to restore his plunder, and then, by way of peace-offering, flung his arms around the groaner's neck. During Willie's absence, however, Tommy once happened to appropriate the red handkerchief of a little girl, who promptly picked up a stick and chased the thief through the garden and then from tree to tree, where he often staid long enough to let her almost touch his tail before he skipped off with a derisive grin. Several wild boys then joined in the chase, and when Willie returned from school the fun had

already turned into downright earnest. Tommy had evidently made up his mind to defend his independence against all comers. Somebody may have hit him with a stone, or else the little scamp's vanity had got tickled with his success in baffling pursuit, for all coaxing and calling were now in vain, and at sight of a new-comer with a long-handled stroke-net Master Tom made a dash for the woods, and soon disappeared in a thicket of post-oak trees.

He had a short chain dangling from his waist, and in the hope of finding him tangled and ready for peace we searched the woods every day, but had almost given him up for dead, when, at the end of a week, one of Willie's school-mates happened to meet the deserter in the midst of a blackberry thicket, picking away with every evidence of enjoying his new-gained liberty. Half an hour after, a dozen boys were on his trail; but Master Tom proved abundantly able to take care of himself, as well as of his chain, which he had tucked up under his belt, where it tinkled only during his flying leaps from tree to tree. One morning, after a heavy rain, we saw the tracks of his feet on our porch, where he had probably passed the night under shelter, for Willie remembered to have heard something tiptoe up the front steps late in the evening.

A HOME-MADE SCROLL-SAW.

BY R. B. WILLIAMS.

THE accompanying illustration shows a very simple and very good foot-power scroll-saw. The method of construction is as follows: Select a piece of well-seasoned hickory plank one inch in thickness, and sawing off a strip an inch wide, cut it into three pieces, thirty-two, seventeen, and six inches in length respectively. Take the first piece (thirty-two inches in length) and make Fig.

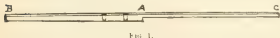


FIG. 1.

1, the distance from A to B being sixteen inches, and the thickness at A being one inch, at B three-quarters of an inch, and at C half an inch. Two inches to the left of A bore a hole half an inch in diameter, three inches further (to the left) another, and one inch from C another. Then take the second piece (seventeen inches in length) and bore a hole half an inch in diameter three inches from the end, and three inches further another.

With the third piece (six inches in length) make Fig. 2, A being four inches in length, and the ends half an inch in diameter. Next saw out another piece (Fig. 3) two by eight inches, in which cut two mortises at A and B, the first being an inch and a half, and the other an inch square. The edge of these mortises must be just an inch from the end. Next bore a half-inch hole at C, taking great care to make it straight.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

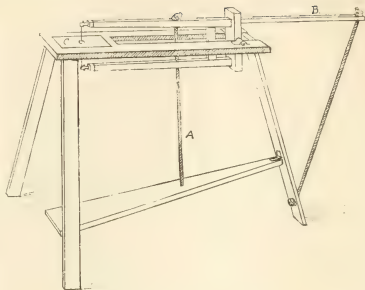
This done, take a pine board one inch in thickness and saw out a piece eight by twenty-five (Fig. 4), after which cut out A (two by fifteen) and B (four by six). Next cut out the legs and pedal as shown in the illustration.



FIG. 4.

To put the frame together, first nail a cigar-box top over B, Fig. 4, leaving a small hole in the centre for the saw to pass through (see C in illustration); then cut a round piece of hickory eight inches long and half an inch wide, which place in C, Fig. 3, after which put the pieces in their respective places as shown in the illustration.

The pedal is secured to the leg by means of a hinge, and the rope used to connect it with the saw arms is a half-inch cotton rope. To work the saw, press the pedal with the foot, when the rope A, acting on the saw arms, will cause them to descend, and on



THE SAW COMPLETE.

the removal of the pressure the spring B will cause them to resume their former position. The caps and clamps for the saw arms can be obtained at any of the large hardware houses.

HOW THE ELEPHANT MOVED THE HOUSE.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE

WE are all very well accustomed to seeing horses and oxen harnessed and yoked, and know what noble work they do in the world, drawing great loads and supplying power to all kinds of machines for the service of men. Asses and mules and even dogs, we know, do the same thing; but very few of us, I fancy, have ever seen elephants performing really hard and valuable labor, and what an amazing sight it would be to see a house moving along over the ground propelled by an elephant! Yet that is just the very sight that astonished a great many people who happened to be in the neighborhood of the Arsenal at Central Park not a very long time ago.

Among the elephants that formerly belonged to Mr. Cole, the old circus proprietor, with whose name so many of you are familiar, was one very bright and intelligent animal named Jennie. She was also at one time among the herd exhibited by Mr. Barnum, so it is quite possible that to some of you she may be an old acquaintance. Now, however, she belongs to the Menagerie at Central Park, and is under the charge of Director Conklin. Jennie is about twenty-five years old, and her keeper, who surely ought to know her well, insists that she understands everything that is said to her. Whether that is so or not, she certainly recognizes her master, and it is said that she will follow him about and obey his voice as docilely and affectionately as a Newfoundland dog.

For some time it has been the custom to employ one of the elephants when any heavy object is to be moved about the Arsenal, as these great creatures are said each to have the strength of a dozen horses. When everything is ready the elephant is brought up and made to place his great head against the thing, whatever it may be. Then the keeper cheers him forward with his voice and by using a sharp iron instrument as a spur. The great creature exerts his strength, pushes forward with all his might, and however heavy or firmly imbedded in the ground it may be, it seems as if it must move. Not long ago a brewer's wagon became fastened in a rut in a street near the Arsenal. The horses, heavy and powerful as they were, could do nothing, and the driver was quite in despair. Some one thought of the elephants, and application was made to Director Conklin. He consented to let one be used, and with its forehead braced firmly against the back of the wagon the great beast quickly rolled it forward and helped them out of their trouble.

But about the house. There was a two-story frame building in one portion of the Arsenal grounds which the directors thought it would be better to remove to a different place. It had been used for the storing of iron implements, and was partly filled with grain, so that its weight was not far from fifteen tons. You know how buildings are removed. The great

Hotel Brighton at Coney Island was not long ago removed for some distance back from the sea, this being perhaps the greatest undertaking of the kind ever accomplished. The buildings are first loosened from their foundations, then raised on screws, and rollers placed under them. This was all done to the building in Central Park, and then, when everything was ready, Jennie was sent for.

It would be interesting to know what Jennie thought, if such animals do think—their heads are certainly big enough—of the task she was to undertake. Her keeper led her forward, made her place her forehead against the side of the building, and then push. Forward the great clumsy structure would go, until the engineer would give the order to stop. Jennie would then wait patiently until the rollers were again adjusted and the workmen called out "Ready!" Once more, bracing her feet firmly and applying all her strength, with much groaning and creaking of timbers another bit of distance would be accomplished. And so on, and so on, until at last the desired point was reached. Each time Jennie and her keeper would do their part, she with her tremendous strength and he with voice and spur, until their task was complete. Certainly Jennie deserved a warm bed that night and as good a supper as ever an elephant had. Do you not think so?

HOW TO MAKE A HEATHEN CHINEE.

BY MARGARET FEZANDIE.

THE ingredients, as the cook-books say, are four peanuts, one English walnut, two pieces of silk about five by ten inches, one skein of coarse black thread; seasoning, a little ingenuity.

First make your selection of a walnut; procure one as nearly oval as possible: this is the head of your Chinaman. With Indian-ink trace upon it the characteristic features of the Chinese—the almond eyes, the pointed eyebrows, the flat nose, and even, if you like, a fierce Tartar mustache.

Then near the top of the walnut—I mean the head—make a small hole with an awl, and another just opposite it, at the base of the skull. The two holes must be made in such a position that a long needle pushed through the upper hole will come out through the lower one.

Next cut your skein of thread in two; take about a dozen strands, double them, and braid them tightly, interweaving near the end some gilt cord, with which you securely tie the braid. This is the queue of your Chinaman.

Thread a long needle with a strand of the black thread; pass it through the loop made in the queue; fasten the thread securely to the queue with one or two stitches; then insert the needle in the hole at the top of the head, and pass it out through the lower hole. Leave the needle attached to the thread, for you will need it later.

Next whittle the end of a burnt match to a sharp point, and insert it in the lower hole, where the thread will cause it to fit tightly. You may not have imagined it, but this match is the Chinaman's spinal column. One would not think that Chinamen have so little backbone.

But a Chinaman, being a vertebrate, must have an internal skeleton, so that is the next thing to occupy our attention. It is formed of a strong calico or linen bag about two and a half inches broad and four inches high, sloped at the upper end to represent shoulders, and stiffly stuffed with wadding or bran. Alas poor Chinaman! this has to do duty for all his internal organs.

Now you must place the head on the skeleton, with the match—I should say spinal column—going down the centre of his back. Then draw the thread tightly through, and stitch the match very firmly to the body, after which you may break the thread off.

Next take one piece of silk; cut it up the middle to within an inch of the top, thus making a slit four inches long.

Double the two portions, join them as far as the slit extends, and turn them right side out. There you have a

pair of trousers about five inches long, and each leg about two and a half inches broad. Turn in a little at the bottom of each leg, and with a strong thread run a draw-string. Insert a pea-nut in each, with the pointed end well toward the front; pull the draw-thread tight around the depression of each pea-nut, and fasten with a few tiny stitches.

Behold! the Chinaman has a pair of baggy trousers, with pointed yellow slippers protruding from them. Place the skeleton in the trousers, and sew them firmly on.

Next comes the coat, or rather the loose sacque; this is made of a plain oblong piece not quite so large as that used for the trousers. Its color should contrast with the rest of the costume. Take two little triangular seams in it for the shoulders. Sew in the sleeves, which are made of two little pieces of silk about three inches square, doubled into an oblong, joined, and having pea-nuts inserted for the hands, in the same manner as was done for the feet. The coat may be embroidered with any variety of fancy stitches in tinsel, etc. Join it down the front; draw it over the head of the Chinaman; run a draw-thread in the neck, and fasten it tightly around the match—I mean throat. Then take a few stitches to fasten the coat to the trousers, so as to prevent it from flying up and revealing the skeleton.

There you have your little Chinaman complete, and I am sure all your friends will unite in pronouncing him



THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

"too funny for anything." Since the arms and legs are so limp, he may be made to assume any variety of comic attitudes.

These Chinamen are an inexhaustible source of delight to sick children, and small sisters and brothers may be easily amused with them.



Three little boys and three little girls,
Some with smooth hair, and some with curls!

And remember, if we 'sturb you with our noise,
Only half of us are girls; the rest are boys.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I take the greatest pleasure in writing to you. I do not take your delightful paper, but a kind little friend lends it to me. I belong to a missionary society; it is a very nice one indeed. We meet at the teacher's house once a week, in a very pleasant room. If any girl is absent she pays a fine of one cent, unless her absence was caused by illness. It is not much, but we save the pennies, and any dry-goods merchant will give us silver for them. We are going to have a sale in the spring. We are making little fancy articles for it now. My mother has been ill for one year and three months, and is in bed yet. I rise every morning very early, make the fire in her room, dust and sweep, and make the beds. Then, after dinner, I fill the lamps and wash the chimneys; then I have my dear HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to read.

WILDA T.

You have a good deal of care and responsibility for a girl of twelve, but it is excellent training for you, and you will know how to keep house when you are grown up. Please tell dear mother that I am glad she has such a helpful little daughter. Do you remember Ellen Montgomery, in *The Wide, Wide World*, and how nicely she made toast and tea for her invalid mother?

NEWBURGH, NEW-YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am nine years old, and I live on Grand Street. My name is Jack, and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year. I like "Raising the Pearl" and the story of "Three Wishes." We have four dogs and one cat. I hurt my back a few years ago, and now I have to wear a thick hide jacket and braces on my limbs. Sometimes they make me very tired. This is the first year that I have been to school, so I can't write myself; my sister Rhoda is writing it for me. I like reading the best of all, especially HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Good-bye.
JACK.

I hope Jack will get perfectly well one of these days. I think the loveliest, dearest boy I ever knew was a boy who once lived in your own city of Newburgh. He was not able to walk, but was wheeled about in an invalid's chair, yet no one ever heard a complaint from Arthur's lips. He was the sunshine of his home. Nothing is nobler than the brave endurance of pain, and a boy who can be tried and in suffering, and yet be cheerful, is a true hero.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Papa has a large ranch, where we go every summer. We have a large croquet-ground, two swings, a tent, and a lake. Back of our house we have three fields. On one side we have an orchard, and in front there is a long path that leads to the barn and stable. We have an old horse twenty-seven years old, whose name is Bonny Belle, that we used to ride on. We have another horse named Lady Maud, who has two colts, Lady Bess and Lady Jean. I am ten years old.
JEANETTE H.

GOSHEN, INDIANA.

I want to surprise mamma and papa too. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE long time. I exchange with Lizzie H. for her son, Nicholas, and with Tommy D. for his *Young Companion*.

but I like my own paper best. I like to read his stories and war stories. I go to school, and am in the C Grammar Grade. I take music lessons on the piano. My friend Lizzie H. has a dog named Dandy; he will sit up with a hat on his head, and not offer to throw it off until he is told to. A yellow cat, which I call Tom, is my only pet, and he won't let me pet him much. When he gets angry he fights with his tail. A watch and a pair of skates were my nicest Christmas presents. I wonder! Isabel Freeland, who writes such good funny stories, is any relation to me? for my name is EARLE FREELAND (aged 11).

ALPENA, MICHIGAN.

I am writing to you for the first time. I have four sisters and three brothers. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for seven years. My favorite authors are Miss Alcott and Mrs. Lillie. I have just come home from the country, where I like to stay in the summer. I have only sent one letter from Alpena. There are a number of saw-mills here. From your reader,

LULU McC.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

My favorite stories are "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," "Derrick Sterling," and "Uncle Peter's Trust." I have been to England to visit my English cousin Dick. Dick taught me to play cricket, but I don't like it as well as baseball. I think Harry Castlemon's books are grand. I take the *Golden Days* and my sister takes *Young's Companion*. I fell and broke my right arm, and cannot go to school. Although I am a boy, my best friend is Nell W. E., who is writing also. I got a bicycle for Christmas. I wish Jimmy Brown would write some more stories.

TED V. C. (aged 14).

GORDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I like the story about "Captain Polly." I like the Post-office Box, and I like to read the letters. My papa lives in Philadelphia. He reads the paper, and then sends it to me. I have a brother and a sister, both older than I. Willie is three years older and Libbie is five years older.

MARY I. Y.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am going to tell you some of my hardships, but I will first tell my name (I think it lovely), Thomas Lee Wilson. I am a huge black and white cat, and I am going to have my picture taken. We (the family) have just moved to another and larger house. I like it for some reasons, but I dislike it for others. I like it because I can go in some of the rooms (the drawing-room is my favorite) and lie on some of the fur rugs or soft chairs, but whenever my mistress comes in she cries, "Oh, mamma, here's Tom on the rug! Shoo! scat!" and I run for my life. The reason I dislike it is this: There is a horrid dog here named Geo. (What a name!) and he tries to steal all my food; but I fixed him! I lay in his basket all day and all night, so he had to sleep on the floor; he did not know enough to go into the drawing-room.

T. L. W.

SONOMA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl eight years old, and I go to school, and study geography, grammar, reading, and drawing. I live in a beautiful country, all surrounded by sloping hills and high mountains. I have a little sister six years old. For pets I have two cats. One of them is a white cat, and he is very inquisitive; he follows us all around just like a dog. The other

cat is black, and she too is very smart. We have beautiful weather all the year round; even in winter it is beautiful. We have a little rain, just enough to do through the winter months. The green grass covers the hills, and the wild flowers are in bloom everywhere, and the orange-trees are laden with their golden fruit. My papa publishes the only paper in this valley, and he is now building us a beautiful new home. Yesterday was Christmas, and Santa Claus was very good to us. This year he brought my sister and me beautiful wax dolls, that stand thirty-six inches high, with pretty golden hair, and he also brought a number of other toys. As this is my first letter to you, I trust that you will publish it in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, for I dearly love to read your paper, and we receive it every week. Good-bye. I am your friend,
CELIA G.

PALATINE, WEST VIRGINIA.

I am a boy ten years old and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE but a short time, and like it very much. I have not all the papers containing "Uncle Peter's Trust," so I could not read it. I will read "Captain Polly" in my first chapter very much. I go to the Palatine School. I can think of no more now, so I will close.
JOHNNIE B.

LEANSVILLE, COLORADO.

I have taken your little paper four years, and I like it much better than any other paper. Papa takes HARPER'S BAZAR and WEEKLY and the New York Sun, the New York World, and many more. We have very nice weather here now. I think "Uncle Peter's Trust" the best story in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and "For Faith and Freedom" the best in HARPER'S BAZAR. I am ten years old and go to school, which I like very much. I like to read stories.
MAY S.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school and am in the Fourth Reader. I have no pets except a baby brother eight months old. I have two sisters and two brothers. Every summer we go out on the lake shore. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it has been published. I think it is lovely. I am reading "Uncle Peter's Trust" and "Captain Polly."

EDITH M.

AVONDALE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I had a very pleasant Christmas. We have no pets. I like kittens very much. I am going to raise some pigs next summer. I have pressed a great many. Once I was speaking about ferns at school, and a girl asked me what they were, so the next time I went home I thought of her and brought my pressing-book to school with me, so I could show her what they were like. She admired them very much. I go to school, and study grammar, spelling, reading, geography, music, and drawing. I will tell you how to make a nice little present. Take a piece of ribbon, about an inch and a half wide and three inches long; draw a little flower, or any little thing would be suitable; fringe both ends half an inch; back-stitch the drawing. It is a book-mark.

FANNIE R. S.

SALVO, NEW JERSEY.

I am ten years old. I have three sisters and one brother. I go to school, and study spelling, reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, and grammar. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for so long that I cannot remember when we



CAUTION.

STOUT OLD GENTLEMAN. "WELL, MY LITTLE LADS, ARE YOU GOING TO TRY YOUR NEW SKATES, EH?"

SMALL BOY. "YESSIR, BUT WE WANT SOME IN TO TRY DE ICE FIRST. JEN STEP ON TO HER, AND SEE IF SHE'D BEAR; WON'T YOU, JEN?"

SOME QUEER ANSWERS.

VACCINATION: "Scrape your arm a little; scrape it some more; scrape it till it bleeds; put in a little putty; that's all—till it takes."

"Who was General Grant?" "He was a great soldier who has led battles behind him."

"What is it to excavate?" "To hollow out." "Use the word in a sentence." "The baby excavates in his sleep."

"It tastes like my foot is asleep," said a little girl upon first drinking soda-water.

Of a hail-storm: "See! see! it is raining tapioca."

Of step-fathers: "The new papas whip the old papas' children."

"Mamma, a noose seems to be a truly knot, but it isn't. Cheating people is like that."

On seeing a bent and aged woman: "That lady is too old. God ought to stop a lady when she gets just old enough."

On trimming lamp wicks: "Oh, grandma, you are cutting the lamp's toe-nails!"

"Just see the snow peppering down!"

On rejecting coffee with boiled milk in it: "I don't like the rags in it."

Of a first ride upon the steam-cars: "Oh, I saw all the trees and fences running along the dirt!"

"My papa parts his teeth in the middle since he got his front tooth knocked out."

"How did the cat fight the dog?" "Why, she humped up her back as high as she could, she made her tail as big as she could, and then she blew her nose in his face."

He was watering his horse (a chair) out of an empty cup. Mamma suggested that she should get some "truly" water. "Oh no," he said, with a fine sense of dramatic unity—"oh no; a puhntendin' horse must drink puhntendin' water."



A CATASTROPHE

BY TAKING HOLD OF THE CLOTH TO BALANCE HIMSELF HARRY CAN WALK ALL ROUND THE DINING ROOM TABLE:

BUT WHEN HE DOES FALL THERE IS NO MISTAKING THE FACT.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

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CAPTAIN POLLY

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER X.

"It isn't surprising to find *some people* peeping through key-holes," said Syd, with withering emphasis. "but one might have expected better things of you!"—to Polly.

She might have denied that she had peeped, but listening was much the same thing, and she felt that it would be cowardly to leave all the ignominy to Roy. And she couldn't rid herself of the feeling that it was ignominious, in spite of Roy's elaborate justification of himself in the name of duty.

"We have a right to come in here, you know. And you had no right to force Roy to break in. He wanted to show his collections to Lord Brentford," she said.

"Why couldn't he have said so, then?" growled Syd. "I wasn't going to give any of you the key just to spy upon me. A fellow has a right to do what he pleases in his own room."

"You leave us in no doubt as to the character of the visitors you receive there," said Roy, pointing a scornful finger at the startling device upon the door.

"They're not fellows that go mooning round chloroforming bugs and sticking pins through them, and they haven't all swallowed a dictionary, but they have some brains, and they know how to mind their own business. That's an accomplishment that doesn't seem to come easy to some people who think they're very swell. I hope you have made as many discoveries as you expected to through my key-hole!"

"If I had wanted to spy upon you, Syd, I needn't have waited for Roy to break in." And Polly produced her diary and took the key from it. "I've had that all the time."

"I remembered that key; I looked for it in father's desk," said Syd. "Do you mean to say you didn't?"

"I must say I think that was very strange of you," said Roy. "There's the glazier's bill, and all the trouble."

"You didn't tell me you were going to break in to get to your collections," said Polly. "I thought I should feel better to have Syd give us the key. I felt sure that he would."

Syd kicked the walls with his heels in a discomfited way.

"That fellow has been asking for you," he said, somewhat hoarsely, to Roy.

Roy understood that "that fellow" meant Lord Brentford, and his face cleared a little. But he lingered, his mind evidently burdened with the duty of "talking to" Syd. Polly gave him an appealing look, and to her surprise he responded to it by walking off in silence. Syd drew a long breath of relief.

"If ever a fellow feels grateful it's when Roy makes him a present of his back," he said.

"Syd, who burned grandpa's barn?" said Polly.

"Grandpa's barn?—who?—when?" demanded Syd, excitedly. "No, I didn't know it. I've just got up. I'm going out there right off, this minute."

"Syd, did the boys who belong to that—that society have anything to do with it?" Polly pointed to the mysterious letters on the door.

"Who says it's a society?" asked Syd, flushing and looking keenly at her.

"Roy and other people. They say, at least, that you have a great deal to do with the 'Patch' gang. Oh, Syd, those dreadful boys, who take advantage of the strike to make disturbances and worry grandpa almost to death!"

"Grandpa doesn't do right," said Syd, stoutly. "He is growing richer all the time, and they are growing poorer."

"Some of the mill-owners may be wrong, but grandpa isn't," said Polly, with decision.

"If that isn't just like a girl!" said Syd, sneeringly.

"Wasn't he a workman once himself, and doesn't he know how to sympathize with them? And didn't he give them what they asked until they went so far that it was ridiculous? And that's all the fault, he says, of the bad ones, who want to quarrel and not to work. And the bad ones are those boys that you—"

"Now, Polly, there are some things that a girl doesn't understand, and had better not meddle with. What does a girl care who is poor and hungry, or whether there's any justice in the world, so long as she has all the comforts she wants? No, I don't know that that is quite fair for you, Polly—a slight compunction seemed suddenly to seize Syd—"you are pretty good sometimes. But it is very foolish for a girl to meddle with deep things, and —and politics."

Polly laughed. A laugh lay always near the surface with Polly, however sad or serious she might feel. It made some people think that she was very light-minded; but they were not very discerning people.

"Syd, Syd, wait a minute!" she called, for Syd was running down-stairs. He looked back at her with a little impatient scowl. "We used to have such good times before you—you grew so different. I can't bear to have you so, Syd. If you would only promise me to break off with the boys who do those dreadful things!"

"A fellow can't always do just as he wants to. Sometimes he gets into things before he knows it, and then— But I shan't do any dreadful things, I'll promise you that." He was gone, but he came up the stairs again far enough to look through the railing. "I say, Polly, if you know anything that isn't your business, you had better forget it; that's all!" His face wore an anxious frown that made him look like Roy. "You're not much of a telltale for a girl, but it's safer not to know some things."

Syd looked really anxious, but there was an unmistakable air of importance about him, nevertheless, which tried Polly's temper. He did not seem to feel in the least degree guilty, and he was warning and advising her!—that was so like Syd.

"I'm not likely to be afraid of a lot of silly boys who think it smart to pretend to be wickeder than they are," she cried, hotly. "But Syd was out of hearing. A minute or two afterward she saw him come out of the stable on Carrots's back, and the donkey, being in a cheerful morning mood, went careering off at a great speed. Polly felt like huddling herself into a corner of the deep window-seat in the corridor and having a good cry; she felt tactless and good-for-nothing and ill-tempered and miserable; and Syd was so provokingly un-get-at-able and uncertain—so like Syd! She seemed to have done no good at all. She wished she had asked him what that queer noise in his room was. She wished she had tried to find out why those boys wished to steal Bose, and whether there was any danger of their doing it again. She wondered if she should always be able to keep Roy from finding out what she knew about that society. She wondered if it were not her duty, in spite of her promise, to tell her grandfather about the agreement. Although she had called them foolish boys to Syd, the desperate words kept repeating themselves over and over in her mind. "To slay, burn, and destroy, and to crush under Freedom's heel everything that stood in the way of Equal Rights and the Sovereignty of Labor." Where could they have found such high-sounding phrases? Bruce Bennett, she thought, must have composed the agreement. Could they have thought that grandpa's barn stood in the way of Equal Rights and the Sovereignty of Labor? And the one who was to do the desperate deeds was to be chosen by lot, and he was not to shrink from doing them, even at the peril of his life. Could it have been they who set the fire in the cotton-mill, which was discovered just in time to prevent a great conflagration? No one had suspected boys; but then no one had known of that society, with its desperate resolutions. Polly felt more strongly than ever that it was "a very responsible world." I am afraid that if her present thoughts had been put into words there would have been scarcely an *r* among them; but her simple code of morals offered no exception to the rule that a promise must be kept.

But Syd had promised her that he would not do dreadful things; there was some comfort in that, for never since she, a very small and toddling person, with a great dread of being laughed at, had confided to Syd her first "secret," that she "was afraid of the effluvia at the circus, because his tail was his nose and his nose was his upper lip"—never since that first trial of his honor had Syd failed to keep his word to her. And there was no time for a good cry—Polly often failed to have time after

she had planned to have one—for the breakfast bell was ringing, and Polly's woes were not so deep but that she could feel a lively curiosity in the matter of Simeon's appearance as a butler, and a keen desire to discover whether the English lord would prove to be, on longer acquaintance, so comfortably like a very nice American boy as he seemed.

But it appeared that Aunt Katherine's counsels had prevailed, or that Del had decided that Simeon would show too plainly that he was a butler, as Syd said, "for this occasion only," for Simeon, in his own proper habits, and whistling with unwonted cheerfulness, was rolling the lawn-mower, and Quintilla waited at table as usual, but in her white cap and apron, which were certainly improvements upon her ordinary calico dress and not always tidy hair. Polly fervently hoped that Lord Brentford really observed them more than he seemed to do; she privately thought it rather stupid of Del to take so much pains, but since she had done so, it would be a great pity to have Lord Brentford no wiser than if they had a maid in calico, like the rest of Green Harbor. Bess, on her part, felt that this would be an unendurable misfortune; and Bess's tongue always felt that it had a mission to set things right.

"I suppose our Quintilla's cap and apron make you think of England, don't they, Lord Brentford? Del had to coax and coax to get her to wear them; girls in Green Harbor have such foolish notions; but we're going to try to make her wear them after you're gone, aren't we, Del? I think Simeon would have been a butler if—"

It was Harry who stopped her, with his foot, under the table, to her surprise and indignation, for she felt that she had shown great tact and discretion in her manner of calling Lord Brentford's attention to their elegance. But Bess was quite accustomed to finding her efforts unappreciated, and did not take it much to heart. Del colored furiously, especially as she heard a half-suppressed giggle from Josh Faulkner (who never had any manners), and a faint flush showed itself even on Aunt Katherine's calm cheek as she met the perplexed gaze of the young Englishman. She went on talking quite easily with him about his travels, however, and Bess was ignored, while Harry made an inward resolve to write to his mother about that matter of having the youngsters banished to the nursery when there were visitors. Except for that momentary perplexed glance, it was not apparent that Lord Brentford had heard anything about Quintilla's cap or the butler that might have been, but that it made an impression on him may perhaps be inferred from some entries in his diary, in which he was recording at some length his views of America:

"Don't like the girls so well as our own girls. They seem to be born grown up, and always have their back hair on their minds. They never have a good time for fear they are not fashionable. A thirteen-year-old girl—Polly by name—in this family is not like that; seems like a *Hausmutter*, and takes responsibilities. Apparently mistress of the situation, cast away on a wreck with compass and a fog-horn; struck me that she would be equally so in command of a Cunarder. Must in justice remark, however, that she is not in the least bold. Shall know better what to make of her when I have been here longer. Strikes in the town, and disturbances which are increasing and cause anxiety. Sullen boy in the kitchen, who wears the cook's apron and assists in culinary duties, is, as Miss Polly has told me, a Revolutionist. What with American types, strikes, Indian relics, and beautiful specimens, I find the place very interesting.

"P.S.—I have just had a queer little adventure. As I was crossing the orchard toward the shore, where my friend Roy, the naturalist, was waiting for me, a brick came flying over the wall and fell at my feet. From somewhere appeared Polly, in a flash, breathless.

"Oh, that was intended for me!" she cried. 'I saw Nick Hiffley' (or some such name) 'skulking behind the fence.'

"But I had already picked it up and read, in black letters, upon it.

BEWAR YOU AR WOTCHED

"I felt as if I were reading a penny dreadful; but Miss Polly, although excited, was evidently not surprised.

"Some things in this country are worthy of praise, but the girls are very extraordinary."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TALKING-MACHINE.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

TEN years ago Mr. Thomas A. Edison startled a great many persons and made a great many more laugh by declaring that he had conceived and imperfectly made a machine which could distinctly repeat any sound that might be produced, from the bellow of a bull to the whisper of a baby. At the same time he described a number of the uses to which it might be put when the time of its perfect existence arrived.

It does not matter now what he promised for his machine, which he then as now called the phonograph, for we have something more substantial than promises to tell of. The little machine is a thing of the present, and unlike most machines, can speak for itself if it but have the opportunity. It is not, however, the only talking-machine. Two other gentlemen, Charles Sumner Tainter and Chichester A. Bell, have invented a similar machine, which they call the phonograph-graphophone, and which does quite as much as the machine of Mr. Edison.

And now let us see what the talking-machine actually can do. It will reproduce any sound you may make into its mouth-piece. If you whistle, it will return you your whistle exactly as you made it. If you whistle dismally out of tune, it will do so too. You may talk into it or sing into it, you may whisper or shout into it, you may talk pleasantly or angrily, quickly or slowly, and it will follow your example with a fidelity somewhat startling. The sounds reproduced are so exact, indeed, that a gentleman who has one of these machines declares that his wife wanted to take it in her arms and walk with it, because it cried so exactly like their baby boy, who had been sitting on his father's lap in front of the graphophone during the afternoon. Nobody is obliged to believe this story, however.

In telling what the machine is capable of there is hardly a hint of the ways in which it can be of practical use, for it is in its actual usefulness that its measure of value is to be found. If it could only be used as an amusing toy it would not deserve the attention it is receiving, even though it might have a great interest as a striking example of the application of a simple natural law.

And before going on to enumerate the list of its possibilities it may be as well to explain as simply as is practicable the manner in which the machine accomplishes the seemingly wonderful feat of talking, singing, or reproducing any other conceivable or, more properly, makeable sound.

If you know why you hear, you will have no difficulty in comprehending how the phonograph or the graphophone works, for in all essential particulars it hears. And when it gives out what it has heard it is merely echoing—echoing scientifically. If you drop a stone into the water you will see a number of small waves rolling away from the spot where the stone struck the water. When you drop or put a sound into the atmosphere it sends out a number of waves in a similar way, though of course you

do not see them. Inside of your ear, however, there is a small membrane, something like a loose drum-head, which catches those waves and vibrates in unison with them. Then you are said to hear; that is, the impression of the vibration is conveyed to the brain by the nerves, and you become conscious of the fact that a noise has been made.

This is not a complete explanation, but it is sufficient for the purpose in view, which is to make the action of the phonograph more easy to understand. Suppose that instead of a nerve, and a brain to which the nerve can run

needle. The foot-power or the electrical machine moves the wax and the apparatus. The wax is in the form of a cylinder, and is moved around at the same time that the apparatus containing the needle is moved ahead.

On the graphophone the wax is spread over a light cylinder of paper, so that when the wax is covered with impressions it can be taken off the machine and laid away for use at any time.

And now arises the question of its use. It bears the record of the sounds sent into the tube. You wish to

bear what those sounds are. You have another combination of needle and membrane and tube—two tubes this time, so that each ear may be reached. You place your apparatus over the cylinder of impressed wax, and start the cylinder revolving. The needle fits into the depressions in the wax, and rises and falls just as the needle did which made the depressions. Of course the membrane at the other end of the needle vibrates exactly as the membrane which received the original sound waves, and thus you have your scientific echo. This is carried to your ears by the two tubes, the ends of which you have placed there. By using a wide-mouthed tube, as shown in our last illustration, the sound can be magnified so as to be heard by persons standing some distance from the instrument.

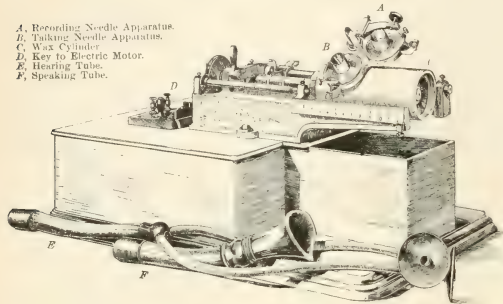
This echo is the seemingly mysterious part of the whole affair; but it will cease to seem mysterious when it is

understood that just as much as sound will produce vibration, vibration will produce sound. Suppose you strike a drum: it will produce a sound. Why? Because the blow made the membrane or drum-head vibrate, and the vibration of the drum-head made the air vibrate, or break into sound waves. Now if you could throw on that drum-head the same number of sound waves in the same time and with the same force as it gave them out, you would find that it would produce the same noise as it made when struck. This is precisely the principle of the phonograph. Your sound waves make the membrane vibrate, and the needle makes a certain series of impressions on the waxed cylinder. Then to make your echo you let another needle run over the same impressions, and it makes a membrane vibrate exactly as the other did. The result is that sound waves are produced which are exactly similar to the ones which made the impressions. These sound waves strike on the drum of your ear, and you hear what the waxed cylinder received.

The needle, or stylus, as it is called, after the writing instrument of the old Greeks, makes what seems to be a uniform and continuous groove, running spirally around the waxed cylinder. It is in fact neither absolutely continuous nor is it at all uniform. It merely seems to be, because the depressions or undulations are so very shallow—incredibly shallow. It is only two-thousandths of an inch deep, and not more than three-thousandths of an inch wide. Nothing could give a better idea of the extreme delicacy of the instrument, and when, with this delicacy, its accuracy is considered, it will be understood what a marvellous piece of work it is.

Perhaps the foregoing explanation of the principle upon which the phonograph works is not perfectly clear, but an examination of the instrument, with this explanation in mind, will make it perfectly comprehensible. At the moment of writing there is little opportunity to examine any of these wonderful machines, but in a very little while there is no doubt that they will be as familiar as, if not

A. Recording Needle Apparatus.
B. Taking Needle Apparatus.
C. Wax Cylinder.
D. Key to Electric Motor.
E. Hearing Tube.
F. Speaking Tube.



THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

to record the fact that the membrane has vibrated, there was a tiny needle and a bed of wax; suppose the needle so attached to the membrane that at the least movement of the latter it would press down into the wax and make an impression—then you would not hear, but the record of the vibrations of your membrane, or ear-drum, as it is generally called, would be made.

But instead of the membrane inside of your ear, suppose you take a membrane fitted up inside of a rubber and glass case, and attach your needle and wax to it; then you would have all the apparatus for recording the vibrations caused by sound waves. You would only need to talk into a tube which would carry the sounds you made directly to the membrane, and the membrane would vibrate,

which would cause the needle to move against the wax, and the result would be a record on the wax of the length and strength of the vibrations of the membrane.

Because Mr. Edison has done a great many things with electricity, it is imagined by very many persons that his phonograph is somehow concerned with electricity. It has no more to do with it than a sewing-machine has. A sewing-machine may be operated by electricity, and so may a phonograph; but any one who prefers may work the phonograph by a foot treadle, just as most sewing-machines are worked.

And this brings up the question of the need of any machinery with the phonograph. The only need of it is to move the waxed receiver and the apparatus containing the needle so that the needle will not make all its impressions in one spot. The waves of sound move the diaphragm, or membrane, and the membrane moves the



MEMBRANE, AND NEEDLE
RECORDING ON WAX CYLINDER.



TALKING TO THE MACHINE.

more so than, the telephone now is; for they are to be rented at so much a year to whoever wishes them. And it is supposed that every business man and every person who has much correspondence will very soon see the need of having a phonograph.

At first it does not strike the observer what the uses of the machine are. Indeed its possibilities are so great that it actually requires some imagination to conceive them. The commonest use for it will be in the way of correspondence. A person in New York may wish to say something to another in San Francisco, or London, or anywhere else; he takes up the speaking tube, presses a button to start the machinery working, and then says whatever is in his mind. He then takes the tube off of the machine, places it in a wrapper, and mails it as he would an ordinary letter to the person for whom it is intended. That person, on receiving it, puts it on his phonograph, and listens to what his correspondent has to say. He actually does listen, for the tones of the voice as well as the words spoken are reproduced.

Or if a gentleman wishes to leave his office for a time, he will tell the instrument why he goes out and when he will return, and the instrument will repeat his words to any person who may call during his absence, and that person, in his turn, may tell the phonograph why he came, and the owner will hear the message when he returns exactly as if he had been in his office during the call. He may even attach his phonograph to his telephone when he goes out, and the faithful little machine will tell the man five miles away that its master has gone out to eat his lunch, but will return at one o'clock precisely, and it will repeat the message to the telephone each time it is called upon to do so.

In these days of driving work the cor-

responding clerk of a busy firm is obliged to have a stenographer by his side to dictate his letters to. The stenographer then sits down to a type-writer and copies off the short-hand notes. With the phonograph, the stenographer will no longer be needed for that purpose. The gentleman may sit at his desk in his private office and talk into his tube, which may lead to the desk of his type-writer in another office fifty feet away. A bell will announce to the person at the type-writer that the gentleman is talking, and another bell that he has ceased. Then the person at the type-writer will put the tubes to his ears and listen and write at the same time. Or the corresponding clerk may tell the phonograph all he has to say at one time, and let the type-writer listen and record at his leisure.

Or some famous writer may tell his story to the phonograph, and have the impressed cylinders reproduced many thousand times, so that those who wish may buy them and hear him instead of merely reading what he has to say. Fancy the joy of hearing dear Miss Alcott tell some of her sweet stories! And it might have been had she but lived a little longer. Or where is the reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE who would not give something to hear the Postmistress say some of the kind and wholesome words

which flow so naturally from her lips? Or who is there who cannot conjure up a delightful picture of sitting around the crackling fire of a cold winter's night listening to the quaint fairy tales of Howard Pyle?

Then there is the invalid sister whom you love so dearly and pity so much because she cannot go to hear Patti, when she is so passionately fond of music. Why, you would only need to buy a cylinder and take it home, and behold! Patti would be discoursing sweet music into the very ear of the little sister. And not only for once, but for a thousand times, could the magic cylinder be used.

And there is that darling baby, really the sweetest and brightest that ever lived, whose sayings are like angels' messages, and can never be repeated to sound just the



LISTENING TO THE MACHINE.

same. And, bless his dear heart! he will insist upon growing out of his babyhood and refusing to say the precious things any more. But now we have him fast. He must always be a baby now, and grandpa, a thousand miles away maybe, can hear him talk and prattle as if he had the chubby lad on his lap.

And I just wonder what effect it would have on a boy who has gone away from home, and is surrounded by all sorts of temptations to do wrong, if he could have a few genuine talks with that gentle-voiced mother at home. I do not really know, but I fancy it would need to be a pretty bad boy who would not hesitate about a wrongdoing if he knew there was due from home and waiting for him in his lonely room a magic roll ready to speak in his mother's voice, and tell him all about little Sue or brother Will and the brindle cow and the new horse.

And then to think that there is no magic in it at all, but only the commonplace use of a simple natural law. After all, I believe it is true, as the wise man said, that it is always the simplest thing which is the most wonderful.

THE TROLL AND THIS LAKE.

A Scandinavian Legend

BY CELIA THAXTER

THE little old Troll on the hill-side sat.

And he cried, as he stamped his foot and frowned,
And twisted his body this way and that,

"I would that the church bells all were drowned!"

For up from the village of Kund there rang

On the morning air a mellow chime.

He stopped his ears from the silver clang,

And cursed the sound for the hundredth time.

"Over to Funen I'll go," he said;

"These pious folk are too much for me."

So away from the village of Kund he fled;

"For I *must* have quiet and peace," quoth he.

In Funen no church bells vexed his soul;

But ever for Kund did he fret and long,

And ever a mischief wrought in the Troll

To wreak on its people some deadly wrong.

A peasant to Funen came one day

From pleasant Kund, and the Troll so grim,

In the guise of a Christian, stood in his way,

"And where do you come from?" he questioned him.

The good man answered, "From Kund I come."

"From Kund?" said the Troll. "Well, will you take

This letter for me when you go home?

But mind that the seal you do not break.

"And when you get to the church-yard wall

Just toss it over, and let it be:

Wherever the letter may chance to fall,

Its owner will come for it presently."

"Why, yes," said the peasant; "that I'll do."

Then into his pocket the wicked sprite

The letter thrust, and "Good-day to you,

And thanks," said the Troll, and was out of sight.

And out of mind! For the man forgot

Both the Troll and his message speedily.

The way was long and the day was hot;

And when into Zealand back came he,

Weary he grew of the dust and heat,

So down by a meadow great and wide

He sat to rest, while the birds sang sweet,

And the wild flowers blossomed on every side.

Then suddenly into his stupid head

The thought of the letter flashed. "I'll look

At the paper; 'twill do no harm," he said,

And slow from his pocket the missive took.

He held it and turned it before his eyes

This way and that, till out of the seal

He saw, with a dumb and dazed surprise,

A drop of water begin to steal.

Then, while he stared in a mute amaze,

Another and still another oozed,

Till quick as lightning beneath his gaze

The letter opened, and straightway loosed

A rushing flood o'er the meadow green.

Scarcely the peasant had time to flee—

'Twas a race for life. Where the grass had been

Sparkled the sheen of a silver sea.

For into the letter the wicked Troll

A whole wide lake had shut and sealed

To send to Kund, that its waves might roll

Over the church and the bell that pealed.

But still the bell in the steeple swings

In pleasant Kund to this very day,

And still from the spire it sweetly rings

To call the people to praise and pray,

And the Kund folk undisturbed bless God,

For the Troll his purpose could not fulfil;

And as for the lake, This Lake so broad,

It lies o'er the meadow, sparkling still.

FLITTER.

A TRUE STORY OF A DOVE.

BY KATE WILSON CLARK

FLITTER was a dove. She was not a white dove, neither was she ringed or speckled; she was not of a brilliant blue color, with a peacock ruff around her neck, like some rare creatures of her kind. She was only a plain little dove-colored dove, looking as though she might be the very commonest kind of a bird; but she was far from being that, as you will see.

One morning Teddy Barker, the miller's boy, said to his father: "Have you noticed the dove that sits up on the beams in the horse shed, or flies around there all day? She's been there for quite a while."

"I saw one the other day," returned Mr. Barker. "I threw her out a handful of grain. Hasn't she gone yet?"

"No," said Teddy; "I wouldn't wonder if she had come to stay. It is getting to be pretty cold weather for her to pick up things. I am going to feed her now."

"I would," said Mr. Barker. He was a kind-hearted man, and he knew what a good thing it was for a ten-year-old boy to have a pet. After that Teddy fed the dove every morning and night.

One day he came in and said, "Father, I've got a name for that dove."

"What is it?"

"You see, when I go out to feed her she comes down so pretty! She doesn't fly really, and she doesn't flutter; she sort of *flitters*. I'm going to call her Flitter."

"All right," said his father. "I used to have a dove when I was a boy, and I called it Pete."

"I'm not going to call *my* dove Pete," rejoined Teddy, indignantly. "You might call a bull-dog Pete, but I don't think it's a nice name for a soft little gentle dove. Now Flitter sounds just like her."

(I am afraid Teddy said "jest.")

"All right," said Mr. Barker, laughing. So Flitter she was.

It was in early December when Teddy first spied the dove. His father was building a nice new hen-house close by the mill. When it was finished, the hens flocked into it gladly. They had had only a rough shelter before, and the weather was growing very cold.

"Father," said Teddy one evening, "it's going to freeze like everything to-night. I believe I'll put Flitter into the hen-house."

"That's a good idea," his father responded. "She might as well stay there whenever she likes. There's plenty of room."

So Teddy introduced Flitter into the hen-house. She gazed about her new home with bright, pleased eyes; that is, Teddy said they looked pleased. The hens, however, did not seem to welcome her very gladly. For several days they made poor little Flitter's life miserable by pecking at her, and cackling all sorts of ugly noises at her; but she showed no sort of resentment when she was attacked. She merely flew out of the way very softly until the naughty hens calmed down. Then she would take her place among them again with a sweet confidence, which after a little seemed to disarm their wrath.

Before Flitter had been an inmate of the hen-house two weeks there was not a fowl in it which did not seem glad to have the little dove snuggle down beside her at night. If dear little Flitter had understood the New Testament, she could not have followed its precepts more closely.

One day Teddy came running into the mill in great excitement. "Come!" he called to his father—"come quick!"

Mr. Barker could leave as well as not, so he followed Teddy to the little yard of the hen-house, where there were two hens fighting in the most vicious way. Flitter was on a perch just above the combatants, and evidently in great distress. She fluttered about wildly, and uttered little heart-broken moans. Finally she "flittered" gently through the air, landing right between the angry fighters.

"There!" whispered Teddy, "that's just what she did when I ran in to get you. I was in hopes she would do it again, for I saw the hens wouldn't stop then. Now how do you suppose a little bit of a dove like her dares to get right in between those great cross hens? I should think she would be too scared." (Teddy pronounced it "scart.")

Mr. Barker shook his head. "It's beyond me," he said. The hens would not hurt their little friend on any account, and presently the fight stopped.

"I've heard of the 'dove of peace,' and all that," declared the good miller afterward, in describing the scene to one of the neighbors, "but I didn't suppose doves were really so much inclined that way. This one is, though."

After that Teddy watched the dove more closely than ever, and ran whenever he heard the noise of battle in the hen yard. He found that it was a part of the regular programme for the dove to interfere in all the fights that went on there. Teddy saw her break up many and many a petty squabble just as she had broken up the one which he had called his father out to see.

The spring came on. The flock of hens had been considerably thinned out to supply the good miller's table, and now he bought a new supply from among his neighbors. Like their predecessors, these hens seemed to regard little Flitter at first as an interloper, and treated her very unkindly; but she won them over, just as she had won over the others, by the uniform gentleness with which she treated them. No Quaker in his garb of drab was ever a more determined apostle of peace and fraternity than was the little dove-colored dove.

One morning in the early summer one of the neighbors came over to the mill and said to Mr. Barker: "There's some sort of a creature killing the hens around here. My next-door neighbor lost seven good hens last night, and two of mine are missing. There are bloody feathers all over my yard, and the carcasses of the hens are lying out in the grass yonder. The creature just sucks the blood and then leaves. It's a weasel, or a lynx, or something of that sort. Some of us are going to take our guns to-night and watch for him. You want to look after your hens a little sharper than common."

Mr. Barker thanked him, and said that he certainly would; but the very next day he found bloody feathers scattered all around the hen-house, and two hens were missing.

All the keepers of fowls in the village were thoroughly excited by this time, and it might as well be told right here that a few nights later one of the hunters shot a long slim weasel. After this the depredations upon the poor chicks ceased.

On the morning that the two hens were missing Mr. Barker and Teddy were unusually busy, but Teddy went about with a grave face and wet eyes. He was fond of his hens, and could not bear to have them frightened and murdered so. It was bad enough to have to kill one himself to make a savory chicken pie of.

During the morning he happened to look out of the window. There was Flitter in the grass, and pecking away at it. When she had filled her bill with bits of grass she flew toward the hen-house.

"I wonder what she's up to?" thought Teddy. But he was too busy to go just then to see.

Pretty soon he happened to be near the window again, and again he saw little Flitter with three or four bits of grass in her bill go flying toward the hen-house. Mr. Barker came up just then.

"Have you noticed your dove?" he asked Teddy. "She's been working like a good fellow. I've looked out a dozen times, and every time I've seen her going into the hen-house with her bill full of grass."

"I've been seeing her too," cried Teddy, his curiosity now thoroughly roused. "Can't you spare me long enough to run out and see what's the matter, father?"

"Yes, go along," said Mr. Barker.

A few moments later Teddy came rushing in again. His face was pale, and he looked as though he had been very deeply impressed by something or other.

"Come, father, you *must* come and see what Flitter is doing," he said.

"But I can't," protested the good miller. "There are half a dozen men waiting here."

"I can't help it," cried Teddy. "Tell 'em all to come too. They'll see the queerest thing they ever saw or heard of, I'll wager."

So they all left the old mill to run itself for a while, and stepped over to the little hen-house. There was a row of box nests at one side of the building. By lifting a plank one could look right down into these nests. Teddy raised the board. There lay the dead bodies of the two missing hens. They had evidently had just strength enough left to crawl, after they had been attacked, into their nests to die. But hardly enough of them was to be

seen to show what manner of creatures they were, for they were completely hidden by a delicate coverlet of fresh bits of the summer grass. While the men were looking, little Flitter flew fearlessly down among them, dropped some blades of grass upon the bodies of her dead comrades, and was off again in a breath for more. It was a touching sight.

"That's what she's been doing," said Teddy.

"Well, I declare!" was all that the good miller could say. His eyes were suspiciously moist, and all the men were very sober as they turned to go back into the mill.

"I never believed before that the robins did cover the babes in the wood with leaves, but I do now," said Teddy.

Little Flitter still lives on in the hen-house beside Mr. Barker's mill, ever putting forth her best efforts to civilize the community in which she dwells. She is not only a joy and a blessing to them, but she is a living lesson to all of us who know what she has done.

THE PAINTER RUBENS AND HIS CHILDREN.

BY CARMOSINE.

I.

IN a cradle of osier basket-work, one hand resting on a rich rug, the Child Jesus caresses with the other little St. John, who approaches with his hands crossed over his breast. The Virgin Mary leans over the cradle and watches them; behind her stands St. Joseph, and on the opposite side is St. Elizabeth with her hands folded in prayer.

In this beautiful picture, which hangs in the Pitti Gallery at Florence, the painter, Peter Paul Rubens, has ennobled an incident of every-day life by connecting it with the events of Christian history. The sight of his own baby boys playing under the loving eye of their mother suggested to him the scene of the Christ Child at Nazareth

playing with the infant St. John, and thus the picture of "The Play-mates" became a picture of "The Holy Family." For us, whether we look upon the work as a religious subject or simply as an impressive and noble rendering of reality, we shall find it equally charming. We may, however, without any want of respect, forget that it is a religious picture, and think of it merely as "The Play-mates," the more so as the mother is to a certain extent a portrait of Rubens' wife, and the child in the cradle a portrait of his little son Nicholas.

In our other engraving, made from a picture by Rubens now in the Royal Gallery at Dresden, we see his two sons, Albert and little Nicholas, standing and looking most life-like and charming, the elder with his left arm resting on the shoulder of his brother, who holds in his hand a perch, to which a captive bird is attached by a string. In this picture notice first of all the dignified and modest bearing of the two boys, and secondly their beautiful and tasteful dress, with slashed sleeves, lace collar, and handsome ribbons and tags. According to an old saying, cleanliness is next to godliness; and we might add, next after cleanliness, gentle manners and tasteful dress are most deserving of praise.



THE HOLY FAMILY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS

Peter Paul Rubens (born 1577, died 1640), the greatest of all the Flemish painters, and a master to be classed with the greatest painters of all time, after having been taught Latin and generally well instructed by the Jesuit fathers, was placed by his mother as a page in the service of Madame Marguerite de Ligne, widow of the Comte de Lalaing. In those days it was the custom for boys and girls to pass a few years in some noble family, where they waited upon the lord and lady of the house, who in return attended to the completion of their education in the usages and refinements of social life. Of this institution of pages I shall have more to say on another occasion, but for the present I wish to call your attention to a letter of old James Howell, the historian of the reign of King Charles II., who in his quaint English thus describes the habits of the Dutch Prince Maurice of Orange (1567 to 1625) at his court of the Hague:

"This Prince is the most constant in the quotidian course and carriage of his life of any that I have heard or read of; for whosoever knows the customs of the Prince of Orange may tell what he is doing every hour of the day, though he be in Constantinople. In the morning he awaketh about six in summer and seven in winter; the first thing he doth he sends one of his grooms to see how the wind sits, and he wears or leaves off his wascot [waistcoat] accordingly; then he is about an hour dressing himself; then comes in the secretary, and if he hath any private or public letters to write, or any other despatches to make, he doth it before he stirs from his chamber; then comes he abroad and goes to his stables, if it be no sermon day, to see some of his gentlemen or pages (of whose breeding he is very careful) ride the great horse."

We may be sure that the Comtesse de Lalaing was quite as careful of the "breeding" of her pages as was the Prince of Orange, and in her service young Peter Paul Rubens doubtless learned much that was of use to him in after-life. But he did not continue long as page; he wanted to become a painter, and therefore entered the studio of a master. Indeed he had successively three masters, of whom the chief was Otho van Veen (born 1558, died 1629), who is said to have given young Rubens a taste for allegory and erudition, to have taught him to love beautiful stuffs, and to have still further schooled him in fine manners.

We may look upon this Otho van Veen as a specimen of those widely curious and superior men of the sixteenth century who knew something about everything. Van Veen had frequented the courts of many princes, he had read everything that was to be read, he had travelled all over Europe, and his artistic tastes and general learning doubtless gave him great moral influence over his pupil. We may imagine the worthy man directing the attention of young Rubens to the splendor of some rich brocade, or arranging a drape of velvet or satin in such a manner that the light played amusingly in the folds and creases. Meanwhile he would doubtless expound to his pupil the secret of

suave and elegant manners, the principles of graceful bearing, of appropriate gesture, of clear and pleasing enunciation, impressing upon him the fact that "manners makyeth man," and, when those manners are good, contribute not a little to one's own happiness and to the happiness of all those with whom we may come into contact.



THE TWO SONS OF RUBENS.

In after-life Rubens in every respect did honor to his master's teachings, and became not only a great painter and a model gentleman, but generally a very learned man, and withal a great collector of antiquities of costumes and beautiful objects of all sorts. It is interesting to note that he communicated these tastes to his son Albert, whose open, intelligent, and expressive face we see in the portrait at Dresden. Albert Rubens became distinguished as an antiquary and an authority on the coins and moneys of the past, and wrote in Latin a learned and curious treatise on the costume of the ancients.

"BUMBLE," THE SWEEP.

BY EDWARD IRENEUS STEVENSON.

I.

SEMBURY COURT, in the first quarter of this century, was one of those quiet English country homes where little seemed to change from year to year, and where the guests—very few, from season to season—used to exclaim to themselves after the first day or so in the place, "Beautiful spot, and a fine house and park; but, bless me, how lonely!" Sir Rufus Sembury was an old gentleman; Lady Joanna, his wife, was white-haired, though straight and stately, like Sir Rufus; the men of the stables, the gardeners, and the house-servants for the most part had been well on to a score of years in service.

"If Walter had lived, things would have been more cheerful; the old house might have had some stir about it," Sir Rufus used to say gently to Lady Joanna now and then. And Lady Joanna would just as gently answer, "Yes, if he had lived." Walter, their only child, had been drowned while a boy at Eton. It was getting on to be thirty years now since that day.

But one August afternoon Sembury Court's solitariness was suddenly shaken up. A chimney blazed up startlingly, and drew together most of the neighborhood before it was put out with much ado. There were no fire-engines worth calling such in those days, and I doubt if Sembury village would have possessed such a thing if there had been hundreds made in London every week. Farmers in smocks and boys and men in knee-smalls hurried up and down and round about with buckets, and shouted and swashed water vigorously, and finally the chimney smouldered sulkily.

"If you please, sir, the chimneys of the 'ouse is all foul and needs going over immediate," the butler, Mills, declared, anxiously.

"Then send for the sweeps, Mills," replied Sir Rufus.

II.

Crash! Rattling metal rang, and a terrific cloud of soot and dust whirled out into Lady Joanna's bedroom from its broad chimney.

"Has the chimney fallen down?" the old lady gasped quickly. "Abigail! Abigail! come here!" The maid came running into the room, and together they peered at the hearth.

Surrounded by piles of soot, and stretched out, half upon the rug and half across the hearth, lay one of the little sweeps, his heels among the fire-irons. The old lady and the servant bent compassionately over him. His eyes were closed. The violence of his fall had stunned him, and a red bruise across his forehead became plainer. Such a little fellow as he was for such rough work, and so ragged and smutty and miserable!

"Poor young creature! he cannot be more than six or seven years old," murmured Lady Sembury, loosening his tattered shirt, while Mistress Abigail gingerly bathed his temples. And then, as the water cleared his blackened skin, "What delicate features he has, Abigail!" she remarked. Mistress Abigail merely sniffed. But the intruder moved, moaned, and opened his eyes.

"Such eyes!" exclaimed Lady Sembury to herself. "How large, and what a blue color, sure! and how searching a look lieth in them!"

"I-I fell; I-I thought I was dead; I am sorry," he said, between a gasp and a deep sigh. He tried to raise himself, but let himself fall backward, in pain.

"Sorry!" ejaculated Mistress Abigail. "Pretty talk, you little vagabond! Flouncing down my lady's chimney like a bat or a swallow, and scaring the lives out of us, and making such a mess! You'd best be glad to live and go about your business. Come, sit up!"

"Gently, Abigail," interposed Lady Joanna. "But you are alive indeed, my poor lad," she said, kindly, "and will be quite yourself in a moment. How did you come to lose your hold?"

"I was not strong enough, my lady," replied the little sweep faintly, with a wan smile. But just then came a harsh call, making its way to the ears of the three persons in the room, from the chimney, and startling them: "What be ye so long about down there, 'Bumble'? Asleep, or a-counting of the bricks in the flue? Be quick with your task, I warn ye."

The unhappy little "Bumble" panted in sudden fear, and dragged himself, with his dusty hands on the tiled hearth, toward the chimney. His eyes were filled with life now, and with dread and despair. But with the sound of a savage oath from the master at the top of the flue, something besides words came down to the group in the bedroom—a long pole with a cruel iron spike at its end. It lunged with an angry blow, that the inhuman hand of "Bumble's" master was accustomed to give when his little slaves were slow in finishing their tasks in the chimneys. Again the pole made its stabbing motion. For these, friend reader, were the days when the little chimney-sweepers of London or anywhere else were just small human animals in the power of any man employing them—a man, a monster, or both. Few English men or English women felt obliged to know or care how chimney-sweeps lived and worked and were cared for or abused by their masters.

Once more came the hoarse cry down the open flue, and the spiked pole went up and down with the same brutal quickness in the empty black space.

"I am coming—coming, master!" called "Bumble," feebly, getting on his knees beside the chimney jamb and avoiding the pole. But the shock of his accident had been too severe. He fell beside the fender in a faint.

Lady Joanna Sembury stepped firmly to the chimney. Leaning forward, she caught hold of the spiked pole with a vigorous grasp of both her old hands, and held it firmly, although it was shaken briskly.

"It is not 'Bumble,' your boy, who has hold of this, but Lady Sembury!" she called up the flue, in a round tone. "'Bumble,' as you call him, has had an ill fall, and will work no more to-day. Come down to the front door, whoever you are that stand for the lad's master and drive young children as oxen. I wish to speak with you, and I'll be glad to see if you have horns and a tail."

The chimney's mouth was not far overhead. The pole shot up as swiftly as it had come. Lady Joanna left Mistress Abigail to care for the fainting sweep, and walked out to see that her command was understood and obeyed.

III.

So was it that "Bumble," the London sweep, was delivered from bondage, and came to be taken in and cared for under the old roof of Sembury Court. His master was easily induced to part with him, and hurried back to London with his other luckless charges. He could give no account of Bumble's birth or blood, having picked out the unhappy little boy from a fellow-worker's horde on account of his small size and a good word about his cleverness. But from the first moment that Lady Sembury had met that gaze of the boy's marvellous eyes, and heard the strange quality of his voice as he spoke, she was certain that it was her duty to save him from such a life and livelihood, not only because he was a boy abused, but because he was a gently born boy. Even Mistress Abigail declared that "to see that little lad a-lyin' on his bed, and to hear him say just twenty words—twenty words—was enough to show the gentleman's son in him, and no London scum."

Very common, alas! at that time had grown the stealing of children from households of all sorts and kinds,

and their especial securing by the sweep-masters. Unhappy homes were to be found in almost every locality from which lads of tender age had been carried off from careless nurses or heedless mothers, to be brought up as so many little slaves of the soot-brush and of some tyrannical master.

Lady Sembury knew all these things well, and had often gazed pitifully at the dusky crews of boys as they happened to be passing her town mansion. A child lost in the very neighborhood of Sembury lately had made sad gossip for the place. The result was that when "Bumble" fell at her feet that day, the sympathizing old lady at once found her suspicions of his class stirred up strongly; and whether the little creature she resolved to protect was prince or peasant by rights, she could not cast aside her sudden doubts.

But it was a hard task to draw from the little boy any fragment of the past he had forgotten. His true name he could not recall, nor the names of any former friends or places he had known. He remembered that he had "come into London long ago, one day," with a gentleman like Sir Rufus, and from "a place like this—country." ("Very likely on a visit with his father," Sir Rufus thought.) "And a woman had looked after him. But she was not his mother—not a lady, like Lady Joanna. She only washed and dressed him while there, and for a good while before." (His nurse, the Sembury people agreed.) And then he had been taken away by some men, or a man, and had been very sick and been beaten much in a dark place, and got less and less to eat, and now a new master had taught him lately to sweep chimneys, and told him that he was to belong to him after that.

"You will not send me back to my master?" the lad inquired again and again on the first days of his illness.

No, he should never be sent back. The promise was repeated over and over to him. But what to do with him was already a question with Sir Rufus and Lady Joanna. To allow one of their farm people to carry on his bringing up seemed scarcely just to him, especially if his own kith and kin ever traced him to the Court. He was born in a better station, and had a right to it. But certainly to Lady Joanna and Sir Rufus the idea of adopting a lad and making this waif their own future care, their own son, was a startling one. Yet the boy was so lovable, his grace of nature and his beauty came out so much more clearly every day, that they studied him and wondered what was their duty to him, that the thought of making him their own child, of letting him take the place of the blond-haired boy Walter, long since lost to them, sank gently into their hearts.

He grew convalescent, and romped about the gardens with the dogs, and rode fearlessly the pony that happened to be in the stables, and began learning his letters in Lady Joanna's boudoir of a morning. The old baronet had a new object to live for. Sir Rufus found out that "Bumble's" gentle character had quick brains as part of it, and he delighted to listen to his boyish talk and questions. "Bumble" gave his orders to the servants like one born to have them obeyed, and treated them courteously.

Advertising in the slow-going newspapers of the day, endless letters written and answered, and searches and inquiries taken up in every direction, proved useless to discover the real name and birth and home of the boy. All was done that could be done. "I shall have to give it up, Joanna," Sir Rufus said, sadly, one evening.

"Must we?" she asked; and then fell a-musing. An hour or so later they stood by their protégé's bedside. "Bumble" lay there in the white moonlight, his golden hair tossed back above his forehead, his shapely young limbs motionless in slumber, his breast gently rising and falling as he dreamed calmly. Mistress Abigail sat in the next room reading her prayer-book. The old gentleman and his wife looked long at the sleeper. Then they

turned and met each other's gaze. The bold decision seemed to have come to the pair at the same instant.

"Shall he be our son and take Walter's name?" asked the old lady, tremblingly.

"Yes, and please God his place in our house too," replied Sir Rufus. And from that hour "Bumble" ceased to be "Bumble," just as he had ceased to be a sweep; and that week it was known to all the Court and the village that the young lad on the place was henceforth to be called Master Walter—Walter Sembury—and that he would be adopted in due form by his protectors.

IV.

One hot June afternoon, when Walter Sembury was seventeen, he and Sir Rufus and Lady Joanna were sitting amid very smart crowds of fashionable folk in a picture-exhibition at Tunbridge Wells, still a very modish resort. The old lady and her husband had aged not a little, but each was yet active and cheery, and a light of perpetual happiness shone in their eyes whenever their glance fell on Walter.

It was hard to believe that the gallant lad had ever been "Bumble" the sweep. He paid little heed to the looks of interest that followed him from strangers or Sembury Court visitors and friends, but moved on leisurely with his quiet air of dignity and breeding, stopping to study now one scene or group, now another.

"Bless me, but *that* is a strange sort of a portrait!" he thought, halting in front of it. "And—and of whose face does it remind me so oddly, I wonder?" Then he smiled. "Upon my word I almost dare think 'tis like myself."

The portrait was that of a tall, slender man in a rich Oriental dress—an Englishman evidently by his blue eyes and fair hair, but in Turkish costume. The boy studied it motionless. It interested him unaccountably. He did not observe how his own attitude and face had caught the eyes of three persons standing near him. He did not observe their sudden, fixed scrutiny of him, their exchange of wondering looks, their loud exclamations of "Tis marvellous!" "Saw one ever the like!" and so on. He did not see one of them, a youngish man in a blue coat, make a move toward his side with eager face, and be kept back by the rest. But then, just as Sir Rufus and Lady Joanna rose and came forward, wondering what work so fixed Walter in one spot, the youngish man in the blue coat darted up to the lad.

"Who are you, my boy?" he demanded. "Favor me, I beg, with your name."

"Walter Sembury."

"Are your parents here—in this building to-day? Do they live?"

"My adopted parents live, sir—Sir Rufus and Lady Sembury, and they are coming toward us yonder."

"Adopted your adopted parents. I thought so—I thought so; but I hardly dared believe it. Who was your father, my lad—your real father?"

"What urges you to these questions, sir?" demanded the old baronet, with a faltering voice.

"Sir," replied the excited wearer of the blue coat, taking Walter's passive hand, "I am Charles Robert Leslie, painter, of whom, I dare say, you have heard, I painted yonder portrait. It is the likeness of an English gentleman, John Norcross, the owner of Bluelock Manor, in Cornwall. John Norcross lives in Damascus and Constantinople and the far East, and shuts up his old house and wanders among Turks and pagans, a sad man of middle years, because his young wife died within a year after his marriage with him, and because Bevis, his young son, the sole thing left for the man to love after she was taken, was stolen from his nurse, while little more than an infant, one autumn afternoon in London. He shuns his own country and hates his home, and 'twas in Constantinople I painted his likeness there, and heard the

story of his affliction. Look, look, one and all of ye, gentlemen and ladies," cried Leslie (for it was indeed that remarkable artist)—"look here, your Grace! Behold this lad! Saw one ever so astonishing a resemblance without the tie of blood beneath it? Eyes, hair, expression, and contour of face and figure—ay, even is his voice the same as John Norcross's voice. He is but an adopted child, it is confessed: whose son can he then be, if not the lost child of my unhappy friend?"

A mighty hubbub arose, even if a well-bred one. The fine ladies and fine gentlemen, the distinguished painters and critics, drew close around the group. The likeness was declared amazing by every one. "Enough to settle the matter in itself, the boy being adopted," vowed the Duke of Portland and Mr. Robert Peel. The gallery became a hubbub. Old Lady Joanna was a resolute person, and, besides, had always tried to be prepared for some such startling discovery, or she would have swooned away. Several elegant young ladies of quality decided to, "it was so romantic and exciting, even if naught came of it."

V.

"It is now two months since my dear father came back to England and me," wrote Walter Sembury to one of his school friends toward the end of a year from the day in the Tunbridge picture exhibition; "and happy as were the hours before, they have been the happiest of my life since. But his coming has only given me two fathers instead of one; and I shall always feel that I have but one mother, dear Lady Sembury. You will see I write my name now 'Bevis Walter Sembury-Norcross,' and I wouldn't leave out that hyphen for a fortune, for it means a lot. Father looks the very image of his picture, of course; and I don't believe a nobler man lives. He is still a little shy of us—I think even of me; and England and English ways have grown strange to him after so many years in far-off countries. But that will soon wear off. And, oh! what wonderful stories he tells and odd places he describes as we sit all of us about him in the evening! No wonder he never heard or saw a word of the advertisements and letters long ago, when I was first here: he would not look at an English newspaper nor a letter postmarked from this country, and had grown bitter against anything that had to do with home and his double loss.

"Mr. Leslie is with us at Sembury, noisy and lively as ever, and he and my father and Sir Rufus are great chums. Mr. Leslie expects to paint for us a picture of the scene that day at Tunbridge—all of us in the gallery around the picture of father, and me in the middle. What do we not owe him for those sharp eyes of his! Maybe the picture will be exhibited in London—I suppose so; and then you can see it and tell me if you think it is good. How wonderful it all seems! But I am glad that it only makes things happier for everybody. Only I sometimes ask myself and the rest if I am not dreaming, and just what and who I am. For first I was Bevis Norcross, though I don't recollect him; then 'Bumble,' the sweep—that I've almost forgotten too, I'm glad to say—then Walter Sembury; and now—well, somebody that is all of them, and yet different from all of them. But one thing I mean to do when I'm a man: try and see what can be done to help those wretched little sooty creatures that have such brutes over them as was my master so long ago, and who don't turn out as it has been my luck to do. Good-by, old boy. Write to me soon; and when I get back to Eton I'll give you an earful to which this sheetful won't signify."

Bevis Walter Sembury-Norcross grew up and kept his word about the chimney-sweeps of England. It was his name and influence that helped on vastly the humane act of Parliament, years later, that forever abolished the em-

ployment of young boys and children in the business of chimney-sweeping, and he died in London some twelve years ago, worthy to be honored and remembered by young people of all nationalities, if only for that single compassionate service to one part of the child world.

THE WIDOW AND THE SAGACIOUS MAGISTRATE.

A Chinese Tale.

BY ADELE M. FIELDE.

A RICH old widower who was collecting rent on his A farms chanced to see a pretty young woman, and fell in love with her. He made inquiry about her, and ascertained that she was an orphan, and lived with her grandmother on his estate. He sought the grandmother, and by offering her a present of four hundred ounces of



A CHINESE MAGISTRATE'S COURT.—(Drawn by a Native Artist.)

silver he gained her consent to his taking the young woman as his wife. The girl was not altogether satisfied with the prospect, but she had no right of appeal against the decision of her sole relative, and in due time she was sent off in a sedan-chair to the house of the aged bridegroom.

When the sedan-chair approached the groom's abode, his only son, already a husband and parent, thought that his father had bought for him an inferior wife, and was greatly pleased; but the bride was ushered into the old man's apartments, and the enraged son sought his own wife for conference regarding the course of action which they two ought to pursue under such scandalous parental behavior. The two decided that they would never receive the young bride as a mother, and would ignore her presence in the house.

The old husband was kind to his little wife, gave her plenty of money, and hired servants to do her bidding.

After her baby boy was born she became in some measure reconciled to her lot. When her boy was seven years old he went to the same school with his nephew, and there the two children quarrelled and fought. The nephew, being older and stronger, drew blood on his little uncle, and both children went home and told their parents about the conflict. This set the little wife to considering the fact that she had not strength to cope with her opponents in the house. Her husband was not so strong as was his eldest son, she herself was not so strong as was that son's wife, and her son was not so strong as was his nephew. She saw that she lacked power to maintain her rights, and she begged her husband to divide his property, so that she and her son might, in case of his death, have a home from which their enemies could not drive them.

He told her that no arrangement which he could make would secure her against wrong after his death, and that any will he might devise would be destroyed or disregarded. But he gave her a water-color portrait of himself, and told her to take it, when her time of need should come, to a certain magistrate, and to present it to him along with her plea for protection.

Soon after this the old man died, and the funeral was scarcely over when the worst that his widow had apprehended came to pass. She and her son had a tumble-down out-house assigned to them to live in, and all else that had belonged to the old man was taken possession of by his eldest son. Then the widow, following her deceased husband's directions, carried the picture to the magistrate and told her story, asking for justice at the hands of the Emperor's representative.

As the family and its affairs were widely known, the magistrate felt that his reputation as a sagacious ruler was at stake. He took the picture, sent the plaintiff home, and sat down alone to meditate on the case. The aged husband had apparently left no written will, knowing that such a paper would be secretly or forcibly destroyed; the son was strong and rich; no verdict of a court of justice could prevent oppression of the widow if she were to live in the house with the elder son, and it would be difficult to induce him to support her elsewhere.

The magistrate was disturbed by the difficulties of the case, and could neither eat nor sleep. He sat late at night looking at the likeness, and wondering what his old friend, now deceased, could have expected him to do. A servant brought refreshments on a tray, but he took nothing besides a cup of tea, which he mechanically held while he meditated. Finally, forgetting the teacup, it slipped from his hand, and its contents were spilled on the picture that lay before him. The paper thus wetted became transparent, and letters showed themselves through the painted surface. The magistrate tore off the outer layer of paper, and discovered underneath it a folded document adhering to the cardboard on which the picture was mounted. The document was the last will and testament of the deceased, and contained a full account of all he had possessed, with instruction how to find a hidden treasure, with two thousand ounces of silver which was bequeathed to the magistrate as a payment for redressing the wrongs of the widow. The magistrate committed the will to memory, destroyed it, and then notified the son that he had an important communication to make to him.

When the son arrived the magistrate invited him to sit with him on the divan, and then immediately arose to welcome another guest. Though no one besides the magistrate and the son was visible in the room, the former conducted a third

person to the seat of honor, and appeared to converse respectfully with the new-comer. The son thought the magistrate was out of his mind.

Presently the magistrate fell into a trance, and said to the son: "Child, after my death you drove my wife from my house and took all my goods, giving no share to my youngest son. You have angered me in my grave. Now if you repent of your sin toward me, and divide my property as I direct, it will be well with you; but if you are obstinate you shall never know where I have concealed my most valuable possessions."

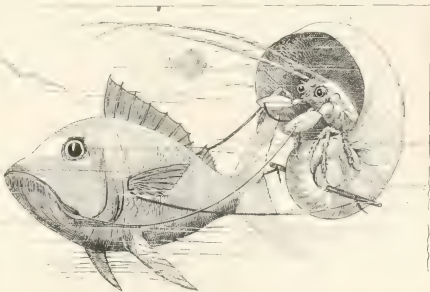
The son told the magistrate he was under the influence of a demon, and that his words should receive no credence. The magistrate assured him that his father's spirit sat on the divan, but the son declined to believe this assertion.

Then said the magistrate: "Let us test the truth of the presence in a practical way. If it tells me where the treasure is to be found, and we indeed find the treasure in that place, that will prove that I am guided by your father's spirit."

The son assented, and an assemblage was called of the neighboring gentry, the officials, the village elders, and the young widow with her child. The magistrate reserved the seat of honor in the company for the invisible plaintiff, and continued to treat him as if he were there in visible shape. The whole case was stated, and an agreement entered into between the two parties, the magistrate always interpreting to all present the words of the deceased. A compact was made before all these witnesses that all the treasure whose place of concealment should be made known by the deceased should be considered as belonging to the widow and her boy, and that two thousand ounces of silver, also concealed, should be delivered to the magistrate in compensation for the service rendered by him to the widow.

All these points being fully explained and settled, the whole assemblage followed the magistrate—who appeared to converse with the spirit as he went—to the miserable out-house in which the widow was sheltered; and there with picks and hoes they dug up a treasure that made the little son much richer than his elder brother. They found also the two thousand ounces of silver, which was transferred to the magistrate, according to the will of the deceased.

Then all the people, believing the widow and her son to be protected by the old man's spirit, treated them with distinguished consideration, and they lived in comfort together ever after. The widow's son became a successful candidate in the literary examinations, and eventually a high officer of state.



THE HERMIT'S RIDE.

I have nothing else to do. I have not seen any letters from Helena yet in the Post-office Box. I am ten years old, but I cannot write well yet. I like to go to school very much. A boy and I went on the hill yesterday with a gun, and it was so cold that I could hardly stay there ten minutes. It is getting darker and darker, and I had to go to bed. I had you cut this much, enough to put in this short letter. I would have written more, but there is nothing to write.

CHARLIE S.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I take this magazine, and like it very much. I am ill now, and cannot go to school. I like to read the Post-office Box very much. I think the story, "Captain Polly," is very nice.

MILLIE S.

I am a boy about twenty years old. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I am a sky-terrier called Nixy. He is very clever; he will speak or sneeze when we tell him to, and stand in the corner. We have two jet-black kittens and two ring-doves.

FRANK P.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I have been ill with fever several weeks, and cannot go to school with the other children. My mamma amuses me by reading the stories and letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am only six years old, and after mamma read the letters to-day I was thinking that I might also write as soon as I learned how. Mamma said she would write for me, and I am to tell her what to write. My mamma is named Blossom, Santa Claus sent me last year. The other is a fine French doll, Violet, given me by some friends of my mamma's for reciting when I was in bed and asleep. We were on a boat going to Louisville. I had recited until I was tired. I would recite for you if I should meet you. My mamma will not permit me to go to school. I am a very delicate. But I learn the lovely recitations from hearing my sister study them. When I came from Louisville I brought my brother a little baby bird-dog. My little cousin sent it to him. He named him Keno. Keno is full of "grit," my brother says, because he does not allow the cats or fowls to come near his food. He is so careful. He comes and scratches on my door when I have been ill, and begs to come in. Then when I open the door he will leap over a stick placed between two chairs and jump again. I have named him Charlie. In the summer she often came to the fence to see how Charlie was looking. I have not enjoyed Christmas as well as usual, because I am ill. Mamma says I had almost everything a child could want, so old Santa hardly knew what to bring me, but among my presents are a doll, a carriage, a table, a casket, a muff, and a nice book.

BESSIE.

I am a little girl nine years old. My sister Emily, who is seventeen, took HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from 1880. I have been very interested to read. I live on a farm. We have a cat named Tom, a horse named Bill, a pig named Sook Sook, a Newfoundland dog named Watch, and a bull-dog named Toby. The two dogs do not agree; neither do the cat and the bull-dog. I have had a ride on our horse's back. I go to school in the city, and study arithmetic, spelling, reading, grammar, botany, and geography. I will soon be studying history. I have some very nice quotations:

"Priceless gem, the Pearl of Truth,
The brightest ornament of youth;
Seek to wear it in thy crown,
Then, if all the world should frown,
Thou hast won a glorious prize,
Which will guide thee to the skies."

GRACIE F.

I saw in the Post-office Box that every boy and girl was indebted to you for a letter. I am eleven years of age. As I have seen so many letters from boys and girls in this paper, I will write. I like the paper ever so much. I have but one pet, which is a little black dog named Jack; he will shake hands with you. I had a white cat, but the cats ran over her. I have a sister who takes the paper with me. I also have a brother.

MATTIE W. R.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I have been ill with letters in the Post-office Box very much, and I could not resist the temptation to write to you. My cousin, Rose F. L., is spending the holidays with me, and we are having a very nice time. I enjoyed myself on Christmas, and I assure you I was not forgotten in the way of presents. I attended a Christmas party, and I do not remem-

ber ever having had a better time. My choicest treasure which I received were a Shetland-pony and a pony cart, and I intend this afternoon to indulge in a ride. I am very fond of reading, and my favorite authors are Charles Dickens, Miss Yonge, and Martha Finley. Hoping you have enjoyed as merry a Christmas as I have, and wishing you a Happy New Year, I remain your faithful reader,

LAURA L. K.

I am twelve years old. I have two brothers. My brother has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for seven years. We all enjoy it very much. I have a black cat, a white cat, a black and white kitten, one black, with bright blue eyes, and the other a striped cat.

MARJORIE C. S.

MAIE A. B.: Will you not write again some time, and describe some little festival in which you have taken part—a candy-pull, a school exhibition, or a concert? I am often puzzled by just such little letters as yours, which are interesting to me, personally, but have nothing in them which is in any way different from hundreds of others. I say the same thing to Violet J., William Clark T., Royal W., Lawrence E., Jonathan R., Charles L., Margaret, and Miss Jessie V., Alice B., Theo C., Doty L. T., and Etting D. If you will think about it, children, you will see what I mean. Before you begin to write to the Postmaster, always ask yourselves, What can I tell her about which the others would like to hear too? If the Postmaster came to make me a visit, where would I take her to walk or to drive, and what object of interest near my home would I show her first? What is my Sunday-school class doing? What prizes are offered in my day-school, and who is likely to gain them? What is my greatest trial? What my greatest enjoyment? Which is my favorite study? What game or pastime engages most of the young people in my neighborhood? What book have I just read? If you will consider these questions, you will be helped in writing entertaining letters.—LILLIE LEAH G.: I felt very sorry for your poor little cunard, and trust that no other pet of yours may ever be caught in a patent rocker. It is wonderful that the poor birdie lived and got well.—DORA D.: I can sympathize with you in disliking vagrant cats, for there are a great many of them in the street where I live. But I am very sorry for the poor thing. It is fortunate indeed to be "Nobody's Cat."—ARTHUR A. W.: I am glad you are at the head of so large a class.—CARLOUSE R.: Please write on one side of the paper only, my dear, use a larger size of paper, and never write on the margins or cross any of the pages. The Postmaster has not time to copy even the most charming letters, and the type-setter and proof-readers cannot easily manage letters written on both sides of the paper. This is said also to James W., John E., Willie F., Frances D., Amy E. T., Fanny J., and Laura B.—To Eugene W., Guy D., Anna W., Maggie H., and Leila S., I must give a hint that letters in pencil are very unwelcome. Write with black ink as carefully and plainly as you possibly can.—RUBY H. says, "Will some of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE please tell me how to make a good box for a mantel-piece?" I hardly know what Ruby means, unless she is thinking of a scarf to be thrown lightly on an end of the mantel. But some of you may be able to help her.—JESSIE K.: I received your letter with the corrected number; it is all right.—ETHEL R.: You wrote me a very pleasing letter, but there is no room to insert it.

blue eyes, was still with you, but now that the soul had fled you were standing by an empty house.

God says that our bodies are "temples of the Holy Spirit." If they can be homes or temples for God, we ought to be careful to do nothing to make them unfit for his dwelling place. The poor demons of Palestine were at the mercy of evil spirits, who had seized their bodies and taken up an abode there. Perhaps the powers of wickedness wanted to make a grand battle just then, because our Lord had come into the world, and brought in the reign of goodness. At any rate, whenever Jesus came near a man who was possessed by a demon, the demon knew his doom and trembled.

This poor demoniac, in whom there was a host of evil spirits, ran to Jesus, and Jesus cast the wicked spirits out of him and made him strong and well. As for the demons, they, being driven out, entered into a herd of swine, and ran down a steep declivity into the sea, and that is the last we hear of them.

I think the question for us is chiefly this, What sort of a room have I prepared in my heart for the Master? If I refuse to let Him come into my soul, some evil thing may crowd into my heart's chamber and make its home there. Think of having vile thoughts and a wicked temper instead of the peace of God and the love of Christ. Another thing, Nothing is so desperate that Christ cannot change it and make everything right.

"Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live!"
should be our daily prayer. COUSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

- No. 1.
ANAGRAM. SQUARE WORDS.
The second squared word is an anagram of the first.
1.—Part of a flower. 2.—To shun. 3.—Part of a bird. 4.—To take as one's own. 5.—Seasons of fast.
1.—A dish. 2.—A fruit. 3.—To reform. 4.—The mangrove-tree. 5.—To enrich.

- No. 2.
WORDS WITHIN WORDS.
1.—The little birds found their ——— among the ——— branches of the tree.
2.—He ——— the force of his argument unless he pays the ——— attention.
3.—She was singing at her ——— in a dingy ——— room.
4.—To see him skate on one ——— gave you some idea of his ———.
5.—Though called ———, he had tenderness enough to stoop and admire a little ———.

- No. 3.
AT THE BLACK.
1.—An inarticulate sound. 2.—A shrub or tree and its fruit. 3.—The place of the natural growth of plants, animals, insects, etc. 4.—One wholly given to luxury. 5.—Pipened. 6.—Things to be sold. 7.—To spread new hay.

- No. 4.
ENIGMA.
My first is in hot, but not in cold.
My second is in David, but not in boot.
My third is in clock, but not in watch.
My fourth is in hair, but not in brush.
My fifth is in book, but not in page.
My sixth is in hat, but not in crown.
My seventh is in crane, but not in shawl.
My eighth is in pole, but not in stick.
My ninth is in pall, but not in shovel.
My tenth is in a crown, but not in apple.
My whole is a fragrant flower.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 481.

No. 1.—

E	A	E	A	E
E	T	E	A	L
E	H	A	N	A
E	A	R	E	L
E	N	E	L	N

No. 2.—Snow-bald. Birthday. Hornpipe.
No. 3.—Gulf of California. (Far. On. Car. Calif. Liar. Full. Gulf. For. Gill.)

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Wells E. Dowd, Jan. H. M. Rochester, Mabel B. Ross, Maurice Almy Aldrich, Fred Schmitz, Arline Hight, John Carter, Phyllis Fowler, Virginia Hays, Leoline Agnes-Pollack, Kathie McInture, Emily Bates, Era Lawrence, Margaret Tucker, Abbott Jenkins, Harry Peters, Benjamin Blessing, George Armstrong, Fanny Smith, Elsie Osborne, and R. T. Cammeyer.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 10TH.
The Fierce Demoniac.—Mark. v. 1-30.

This lesson is not an easy one for my little scholars to understand. It is indeed a difficult one to explain, even to those who are of mature age.

Precisely what it was to be possessed of or by a demon, we do not know. It was more terrible, however, than the most terrible form of madness. Think of it, little girl and boy, in this way. This body of yours and of mine is a beautiful temple, the soul God has put in it, and the home in which you live with your parents was built for them and their children. When your dear little baby sister died, and you saw the man's face, with that eyes, and got into the pale brow, you said, "Baby is not here. She has gone away." All that you had ever seen of the baby, except the soul that looked out of the



AN EASY WAY OUT OF A DIFFICULTY.

DAUGHTER (*writing a letter at her mother's dictation*). "How 'o' spell 'be'?"
MOTHER. "Be! Why, I do' know. Des mee a humble-bee and go on."

FLOOD VERSUS STEAM.

SOME years ago a remarkable incident happened on the railroad running from Cañon City to Silver Cliff, in Colorado. The railroad runs through Grape Creek cañon, a narrow gorge

dividing two high perpendicular cliffs of rock. In the bottom of this cañon a stream of water ran boisterously, at one side of which, and but a few feet above it, was the railroad track. Every year in the spring floods occurred in that region, and great bodies of water, in trying to find an outlet from the mountains above, rushed through the cañon in such vast quantities as to fill it to a depth of many feet above the ordinary level. This was a cause of great expense to the railroad company, whose track was often destroyed, and whose trains were more than once detained for days at a time by the floods.

One day a train entered the cañon, and was running along between the two towering cliffs, when the engineer became alarmed by certain signs, and brought his locomotive to a halt. Then, listening attentively, he heard a roaring noise ahead. A flood was coming. Farther up the cañon a wall of water reaching from cliff to cliff was moving toward the train with irresistible force. Retreat alone could save the passengers' lives. It might even now be too late for that. Springing to the throttle, the engineer started backward. Slowly moved the cars at first; faster came the overwhelming wave. The rails lay in an almost constant succession of curves, and there was danger in running at a high rate of speed, particularly as the train was going wrong end first. But there was no help for it; flee they must.

The passengers had learned their peril. With pale faces they leaned out to catch a glimpse of their pursuer, or besought the conductor to order more speed. Round curve after curve glided the cars, but no less swiftly came the deluge behind. Already rose the stream alongside. If anything should break or a wheel leave the track, scores of lives must be lost. Will the cañon never end! That dull roar

above drives women frantic and deadens hope. But there! a gleam of daylight ahead shows the cañon's gate. A little additional pressure, a few minutes more of anxiety, and with a wild scream of victory from the locomotive's whistle the train rushes to safety upon a stretch of straight track laid on the mesa.



ON THE SLIDE.

"GREAT SCOTT, TOMMY! LOOK WHAT'S A-WAITIN' FOR US, AND WE CAN'T STOP!"

IN TIMES OF ILLNESS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



IMES of health in the household glide by so pleasantly and peacefully that they are held in mind very much as we remember long days of sunshine and flowers. "In midsummer," said an artist, who was wont to watch the various aspects of nature with loving eyes, "the days are more alike than at any other period of the year, and we do not

recall their separate phases." I have often been reminded of this when writing in my diary, day by day, the beautiful summer record of blue skies, soft airs, and singing birds, when the poet's outburst—

"And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays"—

is the expression of every one's thought.

But nobody has any difficulty in dating back to an earthquake, a freshet, or a blizzard. Those calamities seared their path in memory if they were personally disastrous to ourselves, or if merely inconvenient we still recognized their effects, and they linger in our minds as great battles do in the places where they were fought.

It is much after this fashion that times of illness are remembered in the annals of the fireside. The winter when mother had pneumonia, and over the home for one dreadful week hovered the chilling fear that it would lose her darling presence; the spring when all the children had, first, measles, and, next, whooping-cough; the autumn when Ned, instead of returning to college, tossed for weeks on a bed of pain, and moaned in delirium and fever; the time when father had inflammatory rheumatism—burn themselves into recollection, and become household events from which certain periods in the household history date.

Other and happier events there are, it is true, from which we date the different chapters in the story of our years, as the white day when the first-born came to us, the apple-blossom day when the pretty daughter rivalled the blossoms in her bridal bloom, the rose day when the son was graduated, the day of hope and gladness when we set out on the journey which had been our dream of years, and the day of rest and satisfaction when we came home again.

Yet none of these take precedence of the times of illness which sooner or later visit our homes, and if prolonged tax every resource, and occupy us for a while to the exclusion of nearly everything else.

Erroneously it was once very generally supposed that anybody who was grown up could be a good nurse. To shake a pillow, to make a bed, to administer medicine, surely no science was necessary to these simple performances. Hired nursing, indeed, was open to suspicion, and people had no unfounded horror of Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig and their kind, who tiptoed and snored and were altogether greswome and ghastly in their capacity—shall we say, of assistants to the undertaker? And where nurses were not so bad as Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig, they were still very apt to belong to the ranks of the ignorant and disagreeable, and in entering a home they brought discomfort and despotism in their train, so that their advent was very unwelcome. Yet home nursing, except in the hands of those to whom a gift for nursing came naturally, was often very unsatisfactory, as unskilled work of

every kind almost always is, and the physician many a time sighed that he could not save his patient because not able to remain in the room and himself give the necessary care as well as the prescriptions.

A good nurse does as much for the person who is ill as the physician can. This is conceded by the profession and justified by common-sense. Trained nurses are to-day the allies and trusted comrades, so to speak, of the doctor. Drawn from the best classes of women, and carefully disciplined in hospital practice, they have relieved hospital life of its terrors for the poor, and into our households in hours of great solicitude they come like ministering angels.

But this little talk is not to be about professional nurses. Rather its object is to give some hints of a practical nature to those who must do the nursing in ordinary times of illness in the family—when little Mary is the one who must wait on her poor sick mamma, or Fred finds himself the only one who can wring out hot cloths and keep the house quiet, that the suffering brother may soon be cured of pain and get the good sleep which may make him well.

Set it down, first of all, that both love and patience are necessary in the care of the sick, but set it down also that neither love nor patience is enough. The most loving, the most self-denying daughter, from sheer thoughtlessness and ignorance, may prove a wretched nurse to the mother she adores; and mothers, welcome as their presence is almost everywhere, are not always the most efficient nurses. "Anybody except mother," I once heard a girl say when she was nearly distracted with nervous pain, and the reason was that her mother's sympathy in her distress was so great that it was itself an added cause of pain, weakening instead of strengthening her to bear it.

In times of illness the first thing to do is to send for the doctor. Having done this, the next thing is to put the patient into his hands, and yourself as nurse under his orders. Always obey the doctor implicitly. It is very silly, and very unfair to the doctor, having called him in, to use your private judgment with regard to his directions. A severe illness is a battle which may not terminate without hard fighting. Possibly a long campaign may be impending. The physician is the general in command, the officer who takes the responsibility. He has a right to demand that nothing shall be done in the way of interference with his advice, no amateur remedies mixed with his medicines, nor recommendations of friends allowed to set aside the course of treatment on which he has decided.

It is a good plan to write down the doctor's directions after every visit, for when a nurse is tired and anxious she may become forgetful, and administer the wrong drops, confuse the time for a certain treatment with that for another, or make some fatal mistake. A beautiful life was once lost to the world, a dear little babe left motherless, because a nurse, who would have died for her patient, gave a teaspoonful of a remedy which should have been administered by drops.

If the doctor order a quarantine in case of a contagious disease, take every precaution to enforce it strictly. In such cases the patient is usually removed to a room apart from the rest of the house—on an upper floor if possible—and care is taken to keep everybody except the physician and nurses away. Food and medicines are sometimes raised and lowered by means of the windows, so that nothing from the quarantined chamber may pass through the rest of the house. Should a quarantine be ordered, beware of breaking it, even for a few moments. Little Emma may want to tiptoe in and peep at Harry, Lucy may fancy that she could steal in and give poor little Elsie a kiss without danger, but to permit this would be nothing short of a crime.

Everything about a sick-room should be daintily, exquisitely clean. No great bristling array of vials, spoons, bottles, sticky cups and saucers, should be allowed to accumulate. The good nurse is careful to keep these out of sight, and to guard against litter of every sort. If it be necessary to keep milk or cream for frequent nourishment, it ought to be kept in a sealed vessel, one of the cans in which it is served by the milkman answering the purpose admirably, while a very good refrigerator may be improvised by simply keeping large pieces of ice in the marble basin which is nearest the room.

In order to have pure air see that the windows are let down from the top, and the bed placed so that the patient will not be exposed to a draught. In cold weather a piece of flannel may be tacked on the sash, with the upper end fastened to the window-frame, or a bit of wood may be fastened to the lower part of the window, which when closed will leave a crack through which the air can penetrate. The doctor will perhaps suggest some other expedient for ventilation, knowing as he does that pure air is essential to his patient's life.

"Nothing else tries me," said a doctor who had a large practice among the poor, "as does the general aversion to fresh air. I often feel like dashing my hand through a pane of glass to let the bad air out and the blessed health-giving air in."

A nurse should wear soft shoes which will not creak, a dress which will not rustle, and should move about quietly and cheerfully, without noise, but also without the appearance of effort in avoiding noise. Never let there be whispering between attendants in a sick-room. The helpless person on the bed, her nerves unstrung, and irritability and apprehension the result of her weakened vitality, worries herself over what the whispering may mean, fancies it something which the nurse desires to hide, and at once has a rise of temperature or an increase of some unfavorable symptom. Whatever conversation is necessary should be carried on in ordinary tones, which will not excite or alarm the patient.

Pardon every display of crossness and unreasonableness in one who is ill. He or she is not to be held accountable for the nervousness which would not be possible in times of health. Remember, too, that very little things will annoy one who is ill, producing sometimes acute discomfort, as, for instance, the sound of a pen scratching on a sheet of paper, the rasping of a needle drawn through muslin, or the feeling of a crease in the sheet. To diseased nerves these trifles assume large proportions.

To make the bed of one who is ill strength, calmness, and system are essential. Sheets which are to go upon the sick one's bed must have been thoroughly aired for some hours before a fire. Two persons can make the bed of an invalid much better than one. If it is practicable to gently slip the patient from the bed to an adjacent lounge, do so; but if this is impossible, lift her very gently from one side of the bed to the other. Roll up the soiled sheet lengthwise and put the clean one in its place, then lift the patient back again. Take the morning for this work if possible, as in the morning the sick person has usually the more strength. Never, unless the doctor expressly orders it, disturb the sleep of an invalid for any reason whatever. Sleep brings healing, and the physician will usually say, "Do not waken the patient to give medicine, but let the hour go by if she is sleeping."

In bathing a person who is ill the very greatest care is needed to prevent the taking of cold. Fresh clothing must be thoroughly aired, and only a very little of the person exposed to the air while the washing goes on. The relief felt by an invalid after bathing and changing soiled for clean clothing is so great that it must not be neglected, yet great risk will be run if the operation is not conducted with the utmost carefulness.

The nourishment of an invalid is a matter of real importance both when the illness is at its height and during convalescence. To make nice and appetizing dishes for one who is ill is a very desirable accomplishment, and one well worth taking great pains to acquire. Never ask an invalid what she would like, but having ascertained from the doctor what sort of diet is advised, prepare the viands with the minutest care, and serve them, as temptingly as possible, in small quantities. It is very repulsive to a flickering appetite to have large cups and saucers full of food brought to the bedside in quantities which would suit a robust ploughman. A little at a time, the tray covered with a fair white napkin, a flower perhaps laid on its edge, the meal served on the prettiest dishes you have, and the invalid will reward your pains by eating what will give her strength.

Do not be surprised if an invalid who in health cared little for the pleasures of the table manifests a very marked interest during a period of convalescence in what she is to eat. To her, in the monotonous life of her sick-room, meals are events, breaking the stagnant current into eddies and ripples; she looks forward from meal to meal, and is more of an epicure than she ever was before.

The good nurse will mount sedulous guard in the matter of visitors to the recovering invalid. Of course visitors are not admitted to the room of one who is very ill, and no sensible person is ever offended at being denied the privilege. Excitement and diminution of strength are to be prevented, and the entrances of visitors are causes of both. But as the tide of health comes creeping back there is a natural desire to see one's friends, and, always taking care that they do not stay too long nor talk too much, they should be welcomed.

Before the period when visitors may enter with safety the nurse may give her patient pleasure by telling of the friends who call to inquire, giving their kindly messages, and placing the flowers or other pretty souvenirs they leave where the tired eyes may rest on them. I think if the well understood the delight these simple gifts carry to sick-chambers they would oftener send the fragrant bunch of violets, the pansies with their sweet faces, the roses wet with dew, to the bedsides which they greet with such cheer.

Let friends who see the invalid for the first time after a siege of pain be admonished not to show surprise or wear an appearance of being shocked at the change which illness has brought. The hollow eyes, sharpened features, transparent pallor, bear little resemblance to the bloom and fulness of health; but these will return, and the effect is unfortunate if the visitor either speaks with tearful eyes and quivering lip, or exclaims: "How changed you are! Why, I never would have known you in the world."

One never knows just when and where the tug is to come from which shall pull terribly at the heart-strings. A girl whom I knew started off with high hopes to take a summer trip to the mountains and lakes with a party of dear friends. Midway she was seized with an illness which proved to be typhoid fever, and the rest of the party going on, a sister remained to care for her night and day until it was safe for her to go by easy stages to the distant home. Fortunately the sister had had some experience, and was tractable and open to suggestions, which enabled her to put herself into the doctor's hands as one obedient to orders. The longer I live the more I am inclined to think that the golden rule in life is readiness to obey. Certainly a nurse who knows more than the doctor is very much out of place.

Presence of mind is a valuable quality in times of health, but in times of illness it is beyond price. What are you to do if your patient faints? Fainting under great pain in great weakness is not in the least uncommon, but it is sometimes very alarming to the looker-on.

It is an indication that the heart is not performing its duty as it ought. A fainting person should be laid down the head a little lower than the body. Fresh air should not be excluded by bending over or crowding him too closely, and water may be sprinkled upon brow and lips. To dash a pitcherful of icy water over a person who has fainted is to invite another peril, for the drenching may bring pneumonia.

In case of burns linseed-oil and lime-water ought to be at hand in the mother's medicine closet; the two make an excellent and soothing dressing for the burned part. Every mother of boys needs to have sufficient nerve to be ready for the most unexpected casualties—to extract a fish-hook with its barbed point, if necessary, from the flesh into which an unlucky movement has thrown it; to bind up in cool swathing folds the foot which has been bruised on the stones in crabbing; to stanch the blood which a cut from the slipped knife is sending in great spurts from the heart. While the unready person is sending for aid, the other, with quick deft fingers and cool pluck, is doing whatever is requisite; not, for instance, binding the tight coil of linen on the wrong side of the wound while the victim bleeds to death, but holding it in place between the wound and the heart; not turning scalding water on the poor child who has been seized with spasms, but tempering the water to the right degree of tepidness.

In cases of apparently slight disease in children, where, for instance, the little one has mumps or measles or scarlatina lightly, the nurse needs more than ever to be watchful and on the alert; for, like an Indian fighter ready to spring from an ambushade, the lurking poison demon in the blood watches, as it were, to take advantage of carelessness. A relapse after a very slight attack of illness may be formidable if not fatal; or it may be that a very easily managed illness, in itself not very troublesome, may bring in its wake an almost endless series of complications. Incessant vigilance is the only safety.

After an infectious disease, such as scarlet-fever, every wooden or bisque toy, every book, every pencil, crayon, bit of paper, magazine, and in short whatever cannot be scalded in boiling water without injury should be burned. The most thorough fumigation of rooms and disinfection of bed and other clothing should insure the safety of those who may follow in occupation of the room. It is not possible to be over-careful here. After months and even years scarlet-fever germs, lying dormant in the pages of a child's book, have communicated the insidious malady, so that no other course except that of radical fumigation and the destruction of what cannot be perfectly fumigated is either honorable or decent. In nothing ought we to exercise more prudence than in the communication which we are forced to maintain with the outside world when contagious illness is within our doors. To confine it where it is, and see that it spreads no farther if endeavor of ours can prevent it, is surely our bounden duty.

When a child I recall overhearing, during an illness, the injudicious comments of a friend who had called to inquire for my welfare. The friend possessed one of those thin, metallic voices which are wonderful for carrying power. His questions came easily from the hall below, though the replies made were inaudible.

"And how is she?"

Interval.

Then: "Ah! symptoms very unfavorable. Three children died on Main Street to-day."

Interval No. 2.

"Very treacherous affair this. Keep up your heart, sir. We'll hope for the best. Good-evening."

As I was not supposed to have heard any of this very encouraging conversation, there was much surprise that I was suddenly worse. But a wise father, suspecting the true condition of things, set everything right in his own

cheery way. And I have always been careful since that no patient under my care should be injured by the possible overhearing of the talk at such an interview.

To while away the tedium of a child's convalescence, mother and sisters may take turns with the pleasant diversions which love can suggest. It is a rest to get out of bed and lie in papa's strong arms, to sit, all wrapped up in shawls, by the window, looking out on the now novel world of the street. Stories, if not too long, a little reading, a little singing, a little, in brief, of everything till strength is re-established, will help to pass the time. The first drive, when the invalid is carried down-stairs and out of the door, will seem like an excursion to fairy-land.

PEOPLE'S HOBBIES.

BY GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

AMONG the recreations and distractions of life, none perhaps are more absorbing, and certainly none are more various, than the riding of pet hobbies. The true collector of relics or other things curious and rare is one of the most persistent and passionate of hobby riders. What an amount of time he uses up! what sums of money he lavishes! how dearly he cherishes the objects of his infatuation! and with what miserly fondness he clings to objects which in the eyes of the world in general are most often looked upon as worthless! Your true collector, too, is born, not made. He has nothing in common with the person who gathers together a mass of blue china, or walking-sticks, or historic pipes, or odd engravings, simply to show them off to others, or to be in the fashion of the day. Still less has he in common with the speculators who search for rarities of a thousand sorts, with a view to a speedy cent. per cent. He cares little, very likely, whether the unappreciative world ever gazes on his peculiar treasures or not. Indeed, he prefers that people who cannot admire them as he does should not look at them only to sneer and turn up their noses. If, however, a fellow-collector, fired with a kindred passion, comes to brood with him over his gleanings, then he grows ready and expansive, and with proud eagerness reveals them. Nor does he in the least care whether his hobby is fashionable or not, or whether his treasures are up or down in the market. He looks with indifference upon the fact that his rare books or antique cabinets, his china or his autographs, his relics of great writers or collections of coins, which he has bought, perhaps, from time to time for "an old song," have risen suddenly to fabulous prices. Money to him is only the means to procure that which above all things delights him, not to be taken for objects which for him are without price.

Yet we know that the idiosyncrasies of hobby riders have in the course of time created a market of barter and trade, and afford an avocation to hundreds and perhaps thousands of people. From the professional collectors of rare "old masters," of Faust and Caxton books, of saints' bones and Oriental amulets, to him who keeps an exchange for autographs or postage-stamps, a thriving business is carried on for the ministering to the tastes, various almost beyond computation, of the hobby riders. The risk of these traders on odd tastes is great, but sometimes a lucky find or a sudden turn in the fashion of collecting brings them in sums large enough to reward them for many bad speculations.

It is well known that there are in Europe and the United States several hundred dealers in old postage-stamps. The collecting of postage-stamps is principally indulged in by young people, yet it is singular to what proportions it has risen, and what prices are often paid for these soiled little bits of paper. Sometimes a stamp which was issued at two or three cents will bring two or three hundred dollars, just as certain rare ten-cent pieces

and quarters will bring the lucky finder a thousand times their face value. The value of the stamps, moreover, does not in the least depend upon the beauty of their execution, or often even on their historical significance, but solely upon the fact of their rarity. And so well organized has the business of buying and selling stamps become that a rare stamp is quoted at the same or nearly the same price the world over.

There is another business, acting not only upon the enthusiasm, but upon the credulity as well, of curiosity or relic-hunters, which is less commendable than those referred to. This is the manufacture and sale of spurious mementos of persons or places. Not long ago there was a rage in some parts of this country to possess napkin rings made of the trees on Sir Walter Scott's famous domain at Abbotsford. Forthwith, as a New York paper wittily remarked, there was "a serious drain upon the forests of Maine." At another time there was a desire in England to collect articles made of the olive-trees of Palestine, whereupon the importation of olive-wood from Portugal perceptibly increased. Despite such facts, it is rarely found that a collector is led to disbelieve in the genuineness of his own treasures. Others have probably been imposed upon, but *his* relics are certainly authentic.

In ancient times a large number of staffs in different regions of the East were declared to be that which Adam leaned on in Paradise. The multiplication of relics in England in the time of the Crusades called forth the energetic protest of the Church itself. This multiplication was brought about by the fact that the Crusaders, on returning from the Holy Land, not only brought with them Saracenic standards and trophies, but also little bits of wood, cloth, metal, and bone, which were made sacred by some association with the times of Christ. "It was pointed out," says a recent writer, "that not more than two feet or as many hands of the same saint could be accepted as authentic, and only one skull; that portions of the bodies of seraphim, and especially of cherubim, were inadmissible; that such articles as bottles filled with the darkness that afflicted Egypt could not be conscientiously recommended to the veneration of the devout."

In later times, as the fashions of collecting have veered this way and that, the trade in spurious treasures has shifted from one article to another. At first the articles obtained as relics, or for their quaintness, antiquity, or beauty, are real enough. But old Japanese ornaments, Oriental china, pictures, coins, armor, sculptures, weapons, furniture, and even books and autographs are soon imitated with artistic skill, and the imitations are foisted as real upon the credulous community. The old masters have been manufactured again and again, and so deftly that only the most acute connoisseurs can detect the fraud. It has been shrewdly calculated, for instance, that if Cavaletto had painted every picture claimed to be his, he must, doing each day a heavy day's work, have attained at least to his two-hundredth birthday.

To return, however, to the irrepressible zeal of the hobby riders themselves, it is clear that when the passion of collecting once seizes upon any one it burns as fiercely as an anthracite coal mine, and evolves an amount of energy which, otherwise directed, should lead on to fortune. In the ardor of his pursuit the collector sometimes dulls the edge of his moral qualities, and becomes somewhat regardless of the *meum* and *tuum*. The tomb of Juliet in the retired little garden at Verona has been nearly demolished by the eager worshippers of her legend, who have chipped off pieces of it for years with little compunction. When Carlyle died his house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, was fairly assaulted by ravenous relic-hunters, who attacked yard and house for some memento of the grim author of *Sartor Resartus*. Garibaldi used laughingly to declare that he would not possess anything which he might call his own, so indefatigable were

his adherents in their resolve to possess some souvenir of their hero. On one occasion Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, was assailed by a large party of admiring Spanish dames for keepsakes, and had to turn his portmanteau inside out to satisfy them. We all know how Longfellow's residence was long besieged for similar relics. When the great Earl of Beaconsfield died his stately home at Hughenden had to be actually put under guard, to protect it from the depredations of relic-hunters, who did not seek, indeed, for anything of intrinsic value, but would perhaps have torn the house down in order to possess the splinters. There is a perennial rush of people to the park of Hawarden Castle to obtain chips which have been scattered on the ground by the lusty blows of Gladstone's axe. Mount Vernon would have been dismantled long ago but for constant watchfulness on the part of its guardians. Once a party of visitors to Brigham Young at Salt Lake City, on passing through the hall on their way out, took possession of all the prophet's hats they could lay their hands on, and carried them off.

The rage for collecting, it is needless to say, often takes forms the most eccentric. A grotesque instance of this infatuation was that related of a certain well-to-do old gentleman in the West, who diverted his later days by collecting *echoes*. Whenever in his searches he found a piece of land where there was a good echo, he promptly bought it up at any price, until a large fortune had been spent to gratify his strange fancy. After he died, echoes were found to be heavy in the market, and his heirs found themselves in possession of a vast number of acres of unsaleable land.

It is most often, perhaps, hero worship which excites the absorbing passion of the collector. With the religions devotee this hero worship takes the form of obtaining and preserving the relics of saints, and even sometimes of modern popular preachers and fathers of the Church. With others it reveals itself in the collection of mementos of great generals, statesmen, authors, or men of science. Sometimes the hobby is to get together every article possible which has pertained to some single man of eminence; sometimes the pursuit is of the belongings of as many celebrities as possible.

The most common and on the whole the most enduring form of the passion for collecting, as stimulated by hero worship, is the gathering of autographs. The world in general rather despises autographs as worthless, and the autograph collector as an eccentric person whose taste is unaccountable. Yet there are doubtless more autograph collectors than of all the people devoted to other hobbies put together. The market for autographs is probably the most extended and the most steady in prices. All persons who reach any degree of eminence receive many letters asking for autographs, and it is interesting to observe the widely different receptions which such applications get. The poet Longfellow always sent polite replies; the poet Tennyson never deigns to take notice of such requests. The value of autographs, too, depends more strictly on their rarity than on the comparative eminence of the writers. Thackeray's autograph recently brought in London a much higher price than Goethe's. Three letters of Mr. Gladstone fetched thirteen shillings (English), while one of Paganini brought thirty-one. There is something to be said in favor of autograph collecting despite the abuse which is often heaped on it. A lad or young girl who spends leisure time in collecting autographs is very apt to acquire a taste for biography or history from the pursuit. Just so collecting postage-stamps, which seems less reasonable than autograph collecting, has been known to stimulate in young people a love of geography. Thus even hobbies may have their uses, though very likely in most cases they are of little value except to occupy the leisure of leisurely people.

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LOVE'S VALENTINE.—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

AN HOUR WITH THE A B C.

BY R. W. McALPINE.



ONE evening after we had all settled down about the fire, Captain Cartridge occupying his accustomed seat, the grown folks of the family flanking him on the left, and the youngsters carelessly diffused here, there, and elsewhere, a question arose between Uncle Dick and Aunt Ella touching the correct pronunciation of the letter *c* in Italian. The discussion, which has not yet been closed, suggested a happy hint on the part of one of the disputants. "Come," said she, "this is of little interest to the others; so let's finish the quarrel some other time, and give up the evening to something in which all can take part. Suppose we leave Italy and cross to our own land. What say you all to an hour or two with the English alphabet?"

"What! the A B C's, auntie?" said Edna, in wonderment. "We all know them except Birdie, and he knows 'most all." "All but C, and G, and Q, and a lot of funny ones," said Birdie, from the Captain's lap.

"I can't teach him W, Captain," said Katie. "He will call it *double-me*."

"He's an egotist," said Grandpa Bently, beaming upon the youngest of the wide-awakes.

"What's an egotist, grandpa?" said Harry. "You mean our Bird is a chicken? If you do, you're away off."

"An egotist, Harry, is one whose favorite letter seems to be I." "Oh!" exclaimed Harry, at which everybody laughed.

"That reminds me," said the Captain, "of a real egotist, of whom a funny man wrote:

"He is, without a doubt, a most conceited dunce;
And it is often urged
That if his *I's* should overflow all at once
The land would be submerged."

"And that reminds me," said Uncle Dick, "of Miss Alice Darley at Somerville. She had a remarkably smart parrot, and was bored by the attention of a remarkably stupid but talkative admirer. 'Pa,' she said one morning to her father, 'please don't bring Mr. Softly with you any more.' 'Why?' asked Mr. Darley. 'Because I am afraid that Jocko, who is talking so well now, will soon be unable to say anything but *I* and *me*. He is so imitative, you know, and I don't want him to be an egotist.'"

"Mr. Softly should have been thrown into the society of Dr. Johnson a few times," said the Captain. "To a self-conceited flatterer he said, with his usual bluntness, 'Sir, you have but two topics, yourself and me; I am sick of both.'"

"It may be," said Aunt Ella, "that so many persons make such liberal use of *I* because it is so small and means so little. It is the smallest in the Hebrew and Greek alphabets too, is it not?"

"Yes, it is the Greek *iota*, which we have adopted into our language to mean a speck; and that is from *god*, the name of the smallest letter in the Hebrew alphabet. This too we find in our speech, as in the fifth chapter of Matthew: 'Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.'"

"If it is little," said Harry, "it's very useful. We couldn't spell *icicle* without it."

"And how about *Mississippi*?" said Ada.

"I know a joke about *I*," said Bart.

You observe that our youngsters were not silent when talk was in progress, nor was it intended that they should be. Between dinner and bedtime, except when especially enjoined to maintain absolute quiet, they are not only permitted but expected to take part in the conversation if they have anything to say. I notice that children brought up with this pleasant privilege very seldom say silly things, and manage somehow to acquire a better knowledge of their language, and of a great many other things too, than those who are dumb as oysters among their elders, and "get their learning" at school.

"Let's have the joke, Bart," said grandma.

"There was a young doctor waiting for a patient, for he hadn't had any practice, and a blind man came along, and his partner

said, 'There's a blind patient.' The other young doctor said, 'Yes, he is a patient without an eye; that's patent.'"

Harry's joke was duly applauded.

"We've drifted into the A B C without any trouble," said Uncle Dick. "Here we are having fun with the ninth letter of the alphabet, and I thought we were going to begin at the beginning."

"Suppose we begin at the other end," said the Captain; "or, what is better, take the letters up as they are suggested in the course of our powwow—our little feast without a bill of fare."

"A very good suggestion," said Grandpa Bently. "Our little feast without a bill of fare." By-the-way, there's only one letter's difference between a fast and a feast."

"But much less between man's laughter and manslaughter," said Aunt Ella.

"Of course," said the Captain, "there are many words in our language spelt exactly like other words, but bearing very different meanings. Take *bear*, *cape*, and others like them. It is on this close resemblance that hinges the success of certain plays on words, as in the case of the boy who wrote a composition on the goat, in which, among other things, he said, 'The goat is very good as a milker, but much better as a butter.' This was almost as good, but in another way, as the closing sentence of another boy's composition on politeness: 'There are two reasons why some folks can't mind their own business: first, they haven't any business; second, they haven't any mind.'"

"Then, again," said Aunt Ella, "in all languages whose alphabets contain few letters there must be many words in which the same letters are used, although not in the same order. In ours we have *calm* and *clam*, *horse* and *shore*, *idoltry* and *dilatory*, *merit*, *mitre*, and *remit*, and scores of others in pairs and triplets containing the same elements, but bearing different meanings. It is not altogether the letters that give significance; it is their arrangement as well. In no language is this more apparent than the English and the Hebrew. In the latter, whose regular verbs, the roots of the language, are formed of three consonants, words continually occur which when spelt backward give not only different but in many cases exactly opposite meanings. *Laban* is white, shining; *nabal* means fool, senseless. *Tabal* is to dip; *tabat* means to cast down. *Dabar* is to speak; *rabud* means to spread the bedclothes. *Malak* is to rule; and *kalam* means to hurt."

"There are no many letters in our alphabet," said Uncle Dick, "and it's a very serious matter sometimes to leave one out when it ought to be used. Think of calling Mobile 'the fourth coffee pot in the world,' when the writer intended that Mobile's importance as a *port* should be duly recognized. And what would Milton say could he read in some paper that his 'immoral works' would be read as long as a knowledge of the English language remained among men?"

"Yes," said the Captain, "the dropping of a letter, a letter out of place, or the substitution of one for another, makes a printed sentence very ludicrous sometimes. The youthful poetess of the Fudge family, or for whom Tom Moore wrote so touchingly, was a victim of a printer's blunder. In one of her letters from Paris she wrote to a friend:

'When I talked of dew-drops on the freshly blown roses,
The nasty things printed it freshly blown *noses*.'

But worse blunders than that have occurred in the composing-room, and a list of them would fill a volume as big as Webster's Dictionary."

"The difference between a fast and a feast is only *e*; isn't it, grandpa?" said Harry.

"That's all, my boy, till you come to enjoy one after trying the other. By-the-bye, it seems odd that we have not paid any attention to that busiest of all our letters—that little *e*, which is used so much more than any other letter in the alphabet. It would be no easy matter to write a sentence of twenty words without an *e*. Did you ever try it, Captain?"

"No, sir; but I have tumbled away in a corner of my memory three curiousanzas of about thirty words each in which the letter *e* does not appear. If Katie will take it down as I dictate it, the others may make copies of it for distribution."

Katie's nimble fingers were soon gliding over the pages of a convenient pad, and in a minute or two read from it these lines:

"A jovial swain should not complain
Of any buxom fair
Who mocks his pain, and thinks it gain
To quiz his awkward air.

"Quixotic boys who look for joys
Quixotic hazards run:
A lass annoys with trivial toys,
Opposing man for fun.

"A jovial swain may rack his brain
And tax his fancy's might;
To quizz is vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right."

"There is something else noticeable about these verses," said the Captain. "In each stanza you will find every letter of the English alphabet, barring our useful and supposed-to-be-indispensable *e*."

"They are certainly very ingenious, if they are not poetical," said Aunt Ella, taking off her glasses after a short study of the lines. "Where did they originate, Captain?"

"They are credited to an English journal, the *Northampton Mercury*, and are said to have been published first in 1879. I think, though, that the last stanza was written many years before 1879."

"Uncle Dick," said Katie, "what were the letters you saw on the wall of the little church in England? Under the Commandments, you know?"

"Oh, you mean a long string of consonants and no vowel to speak for them. Is that it? That's a good one; and if the youngsters will get their slates and take it down, it will give them something to do for a while." Slowly and distinctly Uncle Dick gave out the letters:

P R S V R Y P R F C T M N
V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N.

"Insert vowels in the two lines, and let's see what you make of an admonition that is always timely," said Uncle Dick; and every little brain was busy.

While the older folks were chatting, the scratching of slates was unceasing for some time.

"I have it," said quiet little Alice, slipping from her chair and bringing her slate up to Uncle Dick.

"Don't tell! don't tell!" was the cry from half a dozen.
No, Allie; give the rest of us a chance," said Bart.

A little whispering between Allie and Uncle Dick, and the bright-eyed little maid with her cheeks aglow went back to her seat. It was not long before two or three more claimed the honor of having completed the lines.

"As Allie was first, she will read the lines as completed," said the Captain; and Allie's sweet voice rippled musically over these words:

"Persevere, ye perfect men,
Ever keep these precepts ten."

"Did you do it, Bart?" asked Grandpa Bently.

"Yes, sir," said Bart, proudly.

"How did you do it, Bart?" asked Harry.

"Oh, I did it with *es*," said Bart; and the impromptu play upon words, so to speak, was the occasion for much merriment.

Bennie, who had thus far taken little share in the entertainment, came to the front with an astounding challenge. Said he, "Cross Trimbley, that helped in the corn the other day, told me that there were ever so many short ways of spelling words; and he said, Captain, that he didn't believe there was any call for A B C's."

"Did he show you any short way of spelling words?" the Captain asked.

"Yes, sir," said Bennie, laughing. "He spelt *teapot* with three letters, and *pea soup* with four letters, and *emblem* with four, and *demand* with four, and—well, I can't remember any more just now."

"How do you spell *teapot* with three letters?" said Uncle Dick, with a look of incredulity.

"P-o-t—pot," said Bennie. "And you can't make anything else out of it, Uncle Dick. It's *teapot* as soon as you finish it. Spell *son-p*, Harry."

"S-o-n-p—sonp. Oh, I see," said Harry. "And what were the other words? *Emblem*—four letters? B-l-e-m—blem. Of course. But it's funny."

"And m-a-n-d—mand," said Bennie, to clinch the nail.

"Now," said Captain Cartridge, "it's growing late, and I must stump along toward home; but before I go I'll dictate to you the following

LETTER PUZZLE:

"I have long maintained a distinguished station in our modern days, but cannot trace my origin to ancient times, although the learned have often attempted it. After the Revolution in 1685 I was chief physician to the King; at least in my absence he ever complained of sickness. Had I lived in ancient times, so friendly was I to crowned heads that Cleopatra would not have died as she did, but would have got off with a sting, and her cold

arm would have felt a reviving heat. I am rather a friend to sprightliness than to industry, have often converted a neuter pronoun into a man of talent, and amused myself with reducing the provident ant to indigence. I never meet a post-horse without giving him a blow. To some animals I am a friend, and many a puppy has yelped for aid when I have deserted him. I am a patron of architecture, and can turn everything into brick and mortar, and so honest withal that whenever I find a pair of stockings I ask for the owner. I adopt always the system of interrogatories; I have always taught my hat to ask questions of fact, and my poultry questions of chronology. With my trees I share the labors of my laundry; they scour my linen, and when I find a rent, 'tis I who make it entire. In short, such are my merits that, whatever yours may be, you can never be more than half so good as I am."

(The answer to this puzzle will be given in "Our Post-Office Box" next week.)

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

II.—GRAVITY.

THERE are two kinds of matter in the world—that which is or has been alive, and that which has not. We have nothing to do now with matter that is living. Life is a hard thing to explain, but it is usually not hard to recognize. So you can easily be sure what we are *not* studying about.

You know that matter which is not living cannot move of itself. Suppose you were reading from a book which was lying flat upon a table before you. If the book should suddenly move from under your hand you would jump, but the next minute you would begin to look in order to find out what had moved it and how it had been done. You would at once suspect that a mischievous hand was somewhere near; that is to say, whenever you see anything which is not alive move unexpectedly you at once believe that there is somewhere a power at work which caused it to move.

Your book is lying flat before you on the table. You do not have to put anything on top of it to keep it from flying up into the air. You do not have to put things around it to keep it from moving in one direction or another. Now *why* must something be beneath it, like a table, to keep it from falling down? Did you ever stop to think why this is so? If things move freely in one direction and not in any other, it cannot be a mere matter of chance: there must be a reason for it; there must be some power that pulls them in that direction and in no other.

It would not be at all strange if you had never thought about this; you have always known that things went down if there was nothing underneath to keep them up, and that they did not move in any other direction apparently by themselves. The things we see happen every day we are apt to take as mere matters of course. It took the world a long while to find out any reason why things would fall, or even to see that there was anything wonderful in it to find out.

A great many guesses had been made from time to time, some of them foolish and some wise guesses, but until about two hundred years ago no one had discovered the way this wonderful force called gravity worked. The world is still as ignorant as ever as to what gravity is: all that we know is *how* it acts.

A story is told of Sir Isaac Newton, that he was one day sitting in his garden, when his thoughts were turned, by the falling of an apple, to this subject. It is said that he thought and pondered over it till he discovered the laws by which gravity acts. Apples had been falling since the days of Adam without bringing about any great discovery; it was the head the apple fell upon in this case that

made the difference, and it matters very little whether the story is true or not: apples or no apples, Newton would probably have reached the same end. He would have seen that things moved in one direction only, and would have been sure there was some power or force at work to cause such motion.

Gravity exists wherever there is matter. It is the power which every particle of matter possesses of drawing every other particle to itself. As you stand on the earth you are drawn down toward it. If some one were to lift you

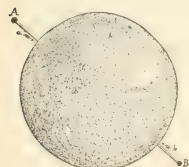


FIG. 1.

up and then let you loose, you would fall; in other words, you would be drawn strongly toward the earth beneath you. On the other side of the world, which is round like a ball, is another country where people live. Almost opposite where you are standing now is the Cape of Good Hope. There are children standing there with their feet to the earth—upside down, to your notions.

Take an orange or ball; stick two pins straight into the opposite sides as in Fig. 1. Let pin A be you, and pin B be some little Hottentot in South Africa, the heads of the two pins your two heads, and the points your feet. Though the Hottentot child is upside down to you, he is all right to himself, for the earth is beneath his feet; if he drops a stone, it falls toward the earth in the direction of the arrow *b*, as your stone does in the direction of arrow *a*.

The earth draws you down toward it very strongly, but just as truly you are drawing the earth up toward you. The earth is very large, and its pull is strong; you are very small, and your pull is very weak. Each body pulls everything else in proportion to its weight.

If allowed to fall freely, all bodies fall equally fast. This is the first law of motion which Newton discovered, and it can be proved to be true, though at first sight it does not seem so. In order to explain this by this little experiment, take a sheet of common tissue wrapping paper, dividing it exactly in half, or, better, a piece of thin tin-foil; hold both halves at the same height from the ground in the same position, and let them fall; they will reach the floor at the same time or very nearly together. Now fold one of the pieces into as small a wad as possible; let them both fall from the same height, and the wad will go directly down, while the open sheet will balance and sink more slowly. This seems to prove Newton's first law false, but it does not, because these two bodies did not fall freely. Between the paper and the floor there was something—something that you cannot see, that you cannot feel, unless it is in motion—and this is air. When you hold up a piece of down from a feather and let go your hold, it does not fall, but floats about, and only sinks after a great while. This is because the down weighs very little, and is very large for its weight; so the air buoys it up as much as gravity draws it down. The paper wad falls quickly because it is small and has not much air beneath it to buoy it up, while the open sheet of paper, though weighing no more, is yet so large and flat that it has a great deal of air beneath it to push against in falling.

You know how water buoys up things. Wood which is lighter than the same sized quantity of water will not sink. But even with things that are heavier than water, the *shape* they are of makes a difference in the time they take to sink.



FIG. 2.

If you want to try this, get a flat tin pie plate or pot cover and a spoon of the same weight and material—iron tinned over—in the kitchen; lay them both flat on the top of some water in a tub: the spoon goes straight to the bottom, like the wad of paper, while the plate balances and dips sidewise and goes down more slowly, like the open sheet of paper.

In these two experiments, with the paper in air and the pie plate and spoon in water, I have chosen two things of

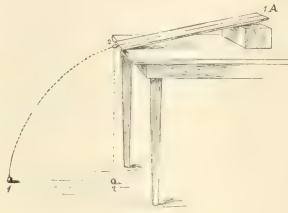


FIG. 3.

the same weight and material, so that you may see that even where everything else is exactly the same, the *shape* makes a difference in the time of falling, because both air and water buoy up things, and the more the thing is spread out the more slowly it will settle. But where there is no air or water, it makes no difference what size or shape or material they are, "all things fall equally fast."

Newton's first law can be proved in this way; a long glass air-tight tube is made with a stopcock at the top, a bullet and a feather are dropped at the same moment, and the bullet reaches the bottom first; when all the air is sucked out, and the stopcock *a* (Fig. 2) is shut so that no air can rush in, it is found that when the tube is turned upside down both bullet and feather fall to the bottom side by side and strike at the same moment.

I want you to make, or have made for you, a very simple little piece of apparatus, not for this time only, for we shall have to use it often again, so I want it made carefully.* Get a smooth board about six or eight inches wide, and one yard (thirty-six inches) long; have a shallow groove made in the middle from end to end, or have two narrow strips of wood tacked far enough apart as a groove to allow a marble about two and a quarter inches



FIG. 4.

around to roll easily in it (Fig. 3). On one end of the board put in a screw eye or loop of wire so that another marble of the same size as the first can just balance without falling, and at the same time be so placed that a marble rolling down the groove from 1 to 2 will touch it and make it fall. Now tilt your board four and a half

* This board and everything else you use in these articles put carefully away, for they will all—marbles, ball, shot, as well as the grooved board—come into use again and again. Save any pieces of looking-glass, or plain glass, corks, small bottles, leaden sinkers or weights, pieces of old clocks or worn-out watches, or any other things that are useless to other people, and that seem as if they might come in useful later on.

inches at the far end; put one marble in the screw eye 2, and roll the other marble from the tilted end A. This rolling marble will shoot out, the other will drop, and both will reach the floor together. If one thing is shot out into the air (so that it is not shot upward) and another drops straight down, the same law governs both. They fall in equal time. It seems scarcely possible that a cannon-ball shot forward and one dropped from the same height as the cannon's mouth would reach the ground together, but they do. One cannon-ball will go a quarter of a mile, and the other perhaps only six feet in the same time.

It is true that all bodies fall equally fast; it is also true that they go faster and faster every second they are falling, and according to a fixed law or rule. No matter where a thing begins to fall from—the top of a house, or a balloon, or a table—it falls so fast that at the end of one second it is going at the rate of about thirty-two feet a second, at the end of two seconds, at the rate of about sixty-four feet a second, and so on regularly, faster and faster. That is the reason why a fall from a high place is so much more dangerous than one from a low place: you are going so much faster when you strike the earth. This is Newton's second law: *The rate of a falling body is in proportion to the time it has been falling.* If you are falling at a certain rate (or a certain swiftness) at the end of one second, you will be falling twice as fast at the end of two seconds, and three times as fast at the end of three seconds, and so on.

Take the grooved board and mark it off into inches and half inches on one side of the groove, numbering the inches from one to thirty-six, or tack a tape measure firmly, cutting off the end. Lay it on the table again, and tilt up the end marked 36 about four and a half inches on some books or a block (Fig. 4); put a clock near you, and begin to count the ticks from one up to ten, and over and over again, till you naturally count at that rate without thinking of the clock—two counts for every second; set something against the lower end of the groove at B, against which a marble will make a click—a strong glass bottle will do. Now, counting all the while, put your marble at the high end of the board in the groove at 36 A; count one, two, three, etc.; as you count one, let go the marble; just as you count six the marble will strike the glass. Now put it at 25, beginning to count at one when you let it go; as you count five the marble will strike the glass. Next put it at 16, and as you count four you will hear the click. Then put it at 9, and you will hear the click as you count three. Put it at 4, and the click will come as you count two; and at 1, you will hear it as you count one.

Don't be discouraged when you read all these figures; they are very simple, and will help to make other things simpler as we go on. Six times you let the marble roll from certain points on your board: it took six counts for the marble to roll over six times six, or thirty-six inches; it took five counts to roll over five times five, or twenty-five inches; it took four counts for it to roll over four times four, or sixteen inches; it took three counts for it to roll over three times three, or nine inches; it took two counts for it to roll over two times two, or four inches; and it took one count for it to roll over one time one, or one inch. You see there is a regular rule or law here, though it is not as easy and simple as the other two. I would not care so much about your getting this clearly fixed in your mind if it was only *gravity* that worked by this law, but it is not: sound and heat and light all have the same law; the words of the law are put in a little different form, because they are different kinds of things, but the numbers are the same in all, and the principle is the same too.

These laws of moving bodies not only control the falling of the tiniest sparrow pierced by an idle shot, but they

are universal, and are obeyed by the moon as she moves around the earth, by the earth as she moves around the sun, by the planets and by the stars in their courses through the heavenly spaces.



HURRY UP!

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

GRACIOUS sakes, chile, hurry up!
 Can't stan' this no longer;
 Couldn't—you's so hebby—if
 Bofe my legs was stronger.
 Hurry up an' make yo' ch'ice:
 Take some brown or yaller
 Taffy, or a pep'mint stick,
 Or a big smash-maller,
 Or some choc'let ca'mels, or
 Some them lumps wat's sour,
 Or a cokenut-cake. Dear me!
 Seems yo' bin a hour.
 Hurry up! I'm wobblin'! Oh,
 I don't b'lieve that enny
 Udder chile took such a time
 Jes to spend a penny.

LITTLE LADY BETTY'S VALENTINE.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

THE "nine summer days" for which the second month of the calendar is proverbial held true two hundred years ago as well as it does to-day, and the 13th of February, 16—, was so soft and balmy in "merrie old England" that one felt sure the spring must be close at hand, while the country roads in a certain county not a hundred miles from London were so wet and muddy as to be highly distasteful to such a tidy little maiden as Frances Corning, who shortly before sunset came daintily and

carefully picking her way along the thoroughfare leading from the town of B—— to Corning Manor. Very deftly she avoided the pools of water, and jumped from hillock to hillock, until just as she came to a particularly moist spot, and gathering up her skirts was preparing for a spring across a huge puddle, a merry voice shouted suddenly from behind the neighboring hedge, "Ho, there, Fan! ho! look before you leap." With a startled scream she lost her balance, and went down ankle deep in the mire, while her camelot cloak was plentifully besprinkled with dirty water.

"Lack-a-mercy, Harold! is that you? How you frightened me! And out upon you for an unmannerly lad, for see what a mess I am in, all owing to your foolishness in crying out so sudden!" And a pair of reproachful blue eyes were turned upon the roguish boy, who now lightly vaulted over the hedge and came to assist the distressed little damsel to a firmer foothold.

"Ha! ha! ha! You did get a ducking, and no mistake, Fan. But really I couldn't help it, you did look so prim and precise, tiptoeing along like a neat little pussy cat afraid of wetting her feet. And well I know you are too good-natured to make a coil about a simple bit of fun."

"But indeed I am not, sirrah," persisted Frances, "and vexed enough am I with you. My new cloak is all spotted, and a pretty figure I shall cut in the eyes of my fine Lady Betty Temple."

"Lady Betty Temple?"

"Ay, sir. She is expected this very afternoon at the Manor to join in our valentine party to-night, and they tell me there is no more keen-witted girl of fifteen in all London town."

"Forsooth but that promises well for sport to-night!" said Harold, turning to accompany his young friend and help her over the remainder of the muddy way. "I would I might draw her for my valentine."

"You would get your match then, no doubt, for I hear that at Mr. Pepys's house last year she drew a rich old bachelor, and sent him the rib of some small animal, all smartly tied up with bows of white satin ribbon, and inscribed, 'A timely hint from Eden.'"

"Ha! ha! but that was a rare joke, truly," laughed Harold, "and I shall at once set to work to think of some trick to play on her ladyship."

"Ah, Harold dear, pray don't do anything rude or rash," pleaded Frances; "and do try and quit your pranks when in May you go to court to take your place as one of the Queen's pages, or else mayhap you will feel her Majesty's fan on your saucy ears."

"Thanks for your advice, sweet Mentor, but it would not be your old playfellow Harold Gresham without a spice of mischief in his make-up. But here we are at the Manor, so run in to welcome Lady Betty, and I will away home to don my best silk suit and silver vest to do honor to your valentine party."

Gay enough was the company assembled that winter night in the comfortable country home of Gerald Corning, and fair as a lily looked his winsome little daughter Frances as she moved about the long low drawing-room, forming a most striking contrast to her guest, spirited, sparkling Betty Temple, who could be compared to nothing but a bright-eyed bird of brilliant plumage in her smart lace-trimmed gown and kirtle, with pearls about her neck and "heart-breakers" set amidst her soft dark curls.

A warm friendship had at once sprung up between the two girls, and they indulged in the most confidential of chats as they promenaded the great hall with their arms about each other's waist, for Frances quickly discerned the warm, generous heart that beat beneath the city maiden's fashionable attire and rather artificial manner, while Betty was completely captivated by the sweet flower face and dainty ways of her young hostess, and was much interested in all country sports, while she inquired par-

ticularly about Harold Gresham, of whom she had heard from her cousin, who was maid-of-honor to Queen Catherine.

"He is the likeliest, bonniest boy," said Frances, "and has been my playmate since we were babies together; but he loves mischief better than his supper, so be on your guard, for I feel sure he means to play some sort of a prank on you."

"Faith, and I think I can hold my own against any young rustic squire, even though he be a rich man's son, and I as poor as a church mouse," said Lady Betty, drawing herself up proudly.

"You poor!" exclaimed Frances, gazing at her companion's fine dress.

"Ay, sweetheart; few poorer, though I be well born. My uncle sends me to school and gives me my clothes, but 'tis a red-letter day when a piece of pin-money finds its way into my pocket. But who is the gallant young swain just entering?"

"Oh, that is Harold himself!" cried Frances, darting off; and five minutes later Lady Betty was led out on the polished floor, and was treading a stately minuet with Master Harold Gresham.

Song followed dance, and dance song, and the hands went merrily around the clock until the hour for drawing the valentines chimed, and good Mistress Corning ranged the company in two long rows, the gentlemen and boys on one side and the ladies and young misses on the other, and bade them come forward and drop the names they had written on slips of paper into two beautiful Barbary dishes which she had ready for the purpose, and which were afterward stirred up and handed round by Frances and Harold, the former serving the gentlemen and the latter the fairer sex.

"Oddsfish, boys, are you not coming to me at all?" cried Lady Betty at last, as the dames and maids on all sides drew their slips and still she was passed by.

"In one moment, my lady," and an instant after Harold fell on one knee before her, holding up the dish, which now only contained two folded papers, one blue and the other pink. "Take the blue, sweet Lady Betty, take the blue," he implored, "for, you know,

"Blue is true
Since the world was new."

"Nay, then, verily I will not," cried Lady Betty, determined to be contrary, and snatching the pink paper she hid it beneath the soft lace that veiled her bodice.

"Cruel Lady Betty!" sighed Harold, appearing crestfallen; but a moment later he was laughing in his sleeve and whispering to Frances: "You see I am practising for court, Fan. That's the way to manage girls. Tell 'em to do one thing, and they're bound to do the other."

Radiant was the rosy dawn on St. Valentine's morning, and radiant the face of little Frances Corning as at an early hour she danced into the room of her young city guest and awoke her with a loving kiss. "Wake up, Betty, wake up," she cried, "for 'tis the goodliest day you ever saw. And whom think you I have drawn for my valentine? No other than your sedate uncle Sir Sidney Lester."

"Good! good!" exclaimed Lady Betty, starting up and clapping her hands. "You shall give him a lock of your pretty yellow hair braided into a ring, and he shall return it with the richest gewgaw to be found in B——. Now let us see who my true-love is." And drawing the pink paper from beneath her pillow, she unfolded it and read the name.

As she did so a flush crept over her small patrician features, extending to her dark clustering curls, her eyes flashed, and with a quick, passionate movement she flung the paper from her, crying, "I'll let Master Harold Gresham know that Lady Betty Temple is not to be mocked and made sport of, in this fashion!"

"Oh, what is it? what has he done?" gasped Frances, almost too frightened to speak.

"Done! done!" said Lady Betty. "Why, he has tried to turn me into ridicule, and has forced me to take this—this!" And snatching up the paper, she held it out before Frances's eyes while she read the name, "Dicky the turnspit."

"Dicky the turnspit!" repeated Frances, bewildered. "Why, how came his name in the dish?"

"Because your fine friend put it there, forsooth! Then there is such a person?"

"To be sure—Dicky Trot, who lives across the meadow, and comes up every day to turn the roasting-jack. But think no more of it, Betty; it is nothing but Harold's nonsense."

"Nevertheless, since I have drawn Dicky the turnspit, Dicky is entitled to the fine valentine I have ready for the one falling to my lot." And from her box the whimsical girl produced a sheet of embossed blue paper, on which was inscribed in gold letters, "For Lady Betty's Valentine," and beneath, "Generous and True." "Will Mercer writ it for me," she said. "It is much like one he made for Mistress Pepys. And well will he laugh at me when I go back to town and tell him who got his fine work."

So shortly before noon the wilful girl descended to the great kitchen, where she found the fat cook berating a small wizened-up little fellow who while he turned the spit basted the roast with his tears faster than with the gravy.

"Hoity-toity, woman! what's all this to-do about?" asked Lady Betty, coming briskly forward, at which the cook's manner changed in an instant, and she replied, quite meekly:

"Tis naught, my lady, but Dicky Trot, who is the laziest jackanapes this day that ever I set eyes on, and blubbering and snivelling over the meat as though it were his grandam's dead body. I am fairly worried out with him."

"This is a sorry account, Dicky, to hear of my valentine," said Lady Betty, turning to the little urchin, who now stood gaping in open-mouthed amazement at this little beribboned dame with the silvery voice, which was increased when she placed the pretty blue and gold favor in his hand, and told him she had actually drawn his name—his, Dicky the turnspit—from Mistress Corning's beautiful Barbary bowls. "And now, since you are my valentine," she said, "you must tell me what makes you cry; for I would I could give you a more substantial gift than a bit of paper and a sweet motto."

After much kindly urging Dicky confessed that his tears were caused by the loss of a fine young tortoiseshell kitten. "A real Spanish cat it was, my lady," he sobbed, "and a gentleman over at B— promised me a new gold guinea for him on the day he was six months old."

"Then you meant to sell your pet?"

"Ay, my lady, and buy physic for my old granny, who, the leech says, will verily die without it. But yesternight I had the misfortune to beat Nat Barlow at a game of quoits, and the ugly jack-pudding was that mad he poisoned my beautiful tabby out of spite. Alack! alack! and now mayhap my granny will die as well for want of the dear physic."

"Nay, nay, lad, talk not thus and so. Who knows what may happen? Am I not your valentine? And though I have but a shilling to give you, I will set my wits to work and see what can be done to help the poor ancient of whom you seem so fond." And with a bright nod the gay little lady fluttered off to walk with Frances in the lane, leaving poor Dick with her last coin held fast in his grimy little fist, and a happier glow about his

heart, as he merrily whirled the jack and basted the roast till it was done to a turn.

Meanwhile, as the two girls, well cloaked and hooded, wended their way, laughing and chatting, down the path, they suddenly spied Harold Gresham approaching from the opposite direction, who, gayly doffing his cap, called: "Good-morrow, young daniels. I trust, Lady Betty, that your St. Valentine dreams were to your mind."

"And no thanks to you, Master Gresham, if they were," retorted Betty, tossing her haughty little head.

"And why, pray? Did I not beg you on my knees to take the blue slip, while now I come, like Cupid's messenger, flying to you with a message from your own true-love?" And with a mocking bow the mischievous lad placed in her hands a small packet, which on being unfolded revealed a funny little picture representing a chubby cherub turning a spit upon which were impaled two hearts, while below was written in a boyish hand:

"Methought my heart a-roasting lay
On Cupid's kitchen spit;
Methought he stole your heart away,
And laid it next to it;
Methought my heart began to melt
And yours to gravy run,
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And melted into one."

"Faith, sirrah, I think you are adding insult to injury!" exclaimed Lady Betty, turning pale with rage, and tearing the valentine to fragments, while Frances cried, "Oh, Harold! Harold! you are going too far."

And before long the youth began to think so himself, as the pretty bright girl, whom he really liked, turned away with tears of wounded pride and mortification in her dark eyes, and he tried to make amends by saying, in his most wheedling tone: "Verily, Lady Betty, you who have visited at King Charles's court, must have seen many such stupid jokes, and learned to take them in good part too. Pardon me, I pray, and then a secret I will whisper in your ear."

Now Betty Temple's flashes of temper were generally brief, and at this sudden change of tone a slight smile curved her lips, and with some curiosity she said: "I mis-doubt it being aught but some of your nonsense."

"Nay, nay; 'tis a capital secret."

"Well, tell it, then."

"I did draw you for my valentine."

"Is it indeed so?"

"Even so; and now you have but to choose the favor you most desire, and 'tis yours if I can get it. Say, what shall it be—a fairing ribbon or a box of comfits fresh from the pastry-cook's?"

"Aha, this is well," thought Lady Betty, and then, with an innocent air, she said, "Faith, Master Gresham, since you be so courteous as to give me a choice, I would fancy a fine young Spanish cat above all else."

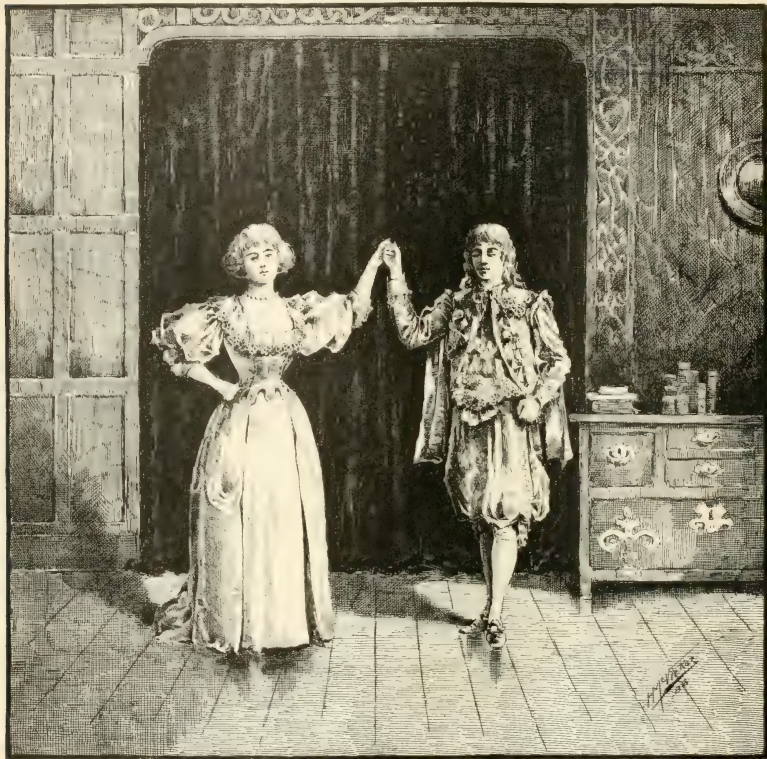
"A Spanish cat!" cried Harold, in dismay. "Alack! they be very rare in B— and almost unobtainable."

"There be a plenty in London."

"But London is a full day's ride away. Will nothing less suffice your ladyship?"

"Nay, nothing. I have set my heart on a tortoiseshell puss, and surely you will not be so ungallant as to disappoint me. 'Twould not sound well at court, should it be there reported that the Queen's new page was not a lad of his word, and refused a valentine token to the lady he had drawn. Come, Frances, 'tis time we were returning." And the little maids started homeward, leaving Harold much discomfited, for he knew he must lose a grand hawking match planned for the morrow, and expend all that remained of his last quarter's allowance.

So it chanced that for three days Harold Gresham was missed from the Manor, but on the third evening he ap-



"LADY BETTY WAS TREADING A STately MINUET WITH MASTER HAROLD GRESHAM."

peared, weary and travel-stained, and with the best grace he could command presented to Lady Betty a dainty hamper, from which popped out the prettiest of tabby cats, with bells about her neck and ribbons in her little ears.

"Thank you kindly, Master Gresham," cried the little lady. "This seems a fine specimen, and you will add to the favor if on your way home you will leave it at Dame Trot's cottage with word that it is for Dicky the turnspit, from his valentine, Lady Betty Temple."

"Now, by my father's periwig, this is too much!" exclaimed Harold. "To think that I have spent three days and as many guineas to please you, and now you calmly ask me to carry the gift to a miserable little jackanapes, who —"

"Will be 'generous and true,' and will turn it again into gold that he may save his old grandam's life," put in Lady Betty; but the incensed boy did not hear her, for he had stamped out of the room and out of the house, leaving the little cat behind him.

Nevertheless Dicky received Mistress Tabby the next day, and happy as a lord started at once for B—, where the gentleman willingly paid him the promised guinea for the London kitten.

The buds and blossoms of spring, however, had long bloomed forth in the hedges before Harold Gresham forgot his mortification and anger, for "diamond cut diamond" was not at all to the young fellow's liking; but on his going to London to assume his duties as page at the court of Charles the Second, Frances begged him to see Lady Betty and carry her a packet she had to send. This he finally agreed to do, and over it the two mischiefs enjoyed such a hearty laugh that their vexation vanished with a merry chuckle, and they formed a warm friendship that was never broken. For the bundle contained a love-token from Dicky the turnspit to his valentine, in the form of a queer little fur tippet fashioned by granny from the skin of the unfortunate feline which fell a victim to Nat Barlow's spite.



LILACS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, R.A.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 262

LILACS—A VISION OF SPRING

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I'VE seen the pussy-willows
 With dainty furry faces;
 I've found the pretty violets
 Abloom in shady places;
 The jonquil and the crocus
 Have told me of the spring,
 And in the orchard up and down
 Has glanced the bluebird's wing.

But here's the purple lilac
 That lifts its fragrant plumes,
 And sends a waft of sweetness
 Through homely cottage rooms,
 Its hardy branches tapping
 Against the farm-house eaves,
 The flowers it gives us growing
 In generous waving sheaves.

I'm sure the mother robin
 Is very glad to see
 The lilacs' screen about her
 Wee nest and fledglings three,
 And father wren is singing
 In pure delight to-day
 That spring is here already
 And summer on the way.

And I am glad our Father
 Whose love is over all,
 Who counts the stars by number,
 And sees a sparrow fall,
 Has sent again the lilacs
 To make the garden fair,
 And waft their honeyed sweetness
 Upon the wandering air.

PUSS AND THE HAWK.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

IT was in the town of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, and not very long ago, that a Maltese cat met with the following remarkable adventure, and proved what a valiant creature a cat can be under stranger circumstances, I fancy, than ever one was placed in before.

Puss was the property of a gentleman named Simon Clay, and was sitting quietly sunning herself in the back yard where some chickens were kept. It had been known for some time that there was a hawk about, hungry as hawks are always supposed to be, and the towns-people had taken good care to see that their chickens were protected from the fierce bird of prey. But nobody thought of protecting puss.

Suddenly, just as she was enjoying her forty winks in the most peaceful fashion, there was a sudden rush of feathers just above her, a number of sharp claws pierced her back, and she found herself being carried away through the air at a quicker pace than she had ever travelled before, with all her quick ways.

Puss woke up. She was no gentle, harmless chicken unable to do anything in the way of fighting beyond a little mild pecking with her bill. Puss was well armed with teeth and claws. As soon as she discovered the situation she twisted her little body about and went to work. Feathers flew in all directions. There was a biting and a scratching that must have astonished the hawk beyond anything that ever came within his experience before. So sudden and violent was the attack, in fact, that he dropped his hold upon his prey, and poor puss began to descend earthward with a rapidity that must have been her death had nothing interfered.

The hawk, however, had reconsidered the case. He did not wish to lose his dinner in spite of the eccentric ways of this strange fowl. One more sudden swoop. Puss's fall is arrested, and the hawk has her this time securely in his claws again. But neither is puss's pluck exhausted. Strange as events are, she

has plenty of fight in her still, and while the talons hold tight there is a furious combat in mid-air, puss's teeth and claws clinging firmly to her adversary's throat, and the strong beak of the latter darting wildly at the glaring eyes, so different from those of the poor fowls which are generally the fierce creature's victims.

As the combat goes on they are all the time nearing the ground, fortunately for puss. The claws keep a firm hold, and the sharp teeth tear away at the throat of the great bird of prey. Soon he is able to fight no longer, and puss feels herself once more upon *terra firma* just as the great wings droop and the wild creature collapses in death.

It had been a wonderful conflict. At one time the hawk had risen to the height of a hundred feet with puss in his grasp. Had he loosed his hold then, the fall would have ended poor puss's days in terrible fashion. Indeed, had the creature not recovered itself so rapidly from the first astonishment at the savage attack made by the cat, and with that lightning-like swoop peculiar to its kind recovered its prey, the story would have ended quite as fatally for puss. But the victory was all upon the other side. Puss escaped with some rather severe but by no means serious wounds.

We are told that her equanimity was not very much disturbed either by the combat or by the admiration she has since received as the result of her heroism. When those who had witnessed the battle in the air reached the scene, she was sitting calmly by the side of her vanquished foe licking her wounds, and looking as if a fight with a creature three times her size and in mid-air was an undertaking quite to her liking, and not by any means upsetting to her nerves.

Of course puss is a heroine and the pride of the village. Mr Clay thinks there never was such a cat, and the farmers round about are loud in their praises of one who has so valiantly encountered and destroyed the enemy of their barn-yards.

CAPTAIN POLLY.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "very extraordinary girl" who was destined to furnish many an item for the English boy's American notes looked for one startled moment at the impressive warning printed upon the brick, and then she hopped lightly over the stone wall, and ran like a deer in pursuit of the thrower.

"Good wind and a clean stepper," said the English boy to himself, enthusiastic if inelegant, as he watched her. "I do like a girl who can run. But can she be running after the blackguard who threw that brick? Nick Hiffley, she called him, or some such name. Perhaps, however, she is a Revolutionist too. I think, perhaps, I had better go on. She seems perfectly able to take care of herself, and I shouldn't like to get mixed up with treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Polly, for her part, was not thinking of Lord Brentford at all. She didn't even wonder what he thought of her, as Del would have done. She had seen an old hat and a pair of stooping shoulders rise for an instant above the wall, and her first impression was that they belonged to Nick Hiffley. The next moment, however, she was seized by a suspicion that it was a more familiar figure than Nick's. It seemed to Polly a perfectly natural and proper proceeding to try to find out. A crouching figure was hurrying along, apparently almost on all fours, close beside the wall; as the sound of footsteps reached its ears it arose to an erect position, and set out upon a rapid run. It was an ungainly, slouching figure, and as it ran a pair of long coat tails were spread to the breeze.

"Cainy! Cainy Green! stop this moment!" called Polly. The ungainly figure still ran on, but with backward glances, and some slackening of its speed, until at

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 478.

length, just as Polly's "wind," which Lord Brentford had commended, was almost spent, it came to a halt. Cainy was evidently deliberating between surrender and a short-cut across the wettest part of the marsh, where even the dauntless Polly would come to grief.

"If you *don't* stop, Cainy Green—" cried Polly, her temper increasing as her breath shortened. Then she remembered that Cainy was apt to be impervious to threats, and tried a different method.

"I want to ask you a question, Cainy," she called, as calmly as was possible under the circumstances.

And Cainy, either because the marsh was most uncomfortably wet, or because he knew that Polly was persistent and reckoning-day would come, decided upon surrender. He stood awaiting her, in an attitude that was half defiant and half guilty, with his hands in his trousers pockets, and his crossed eyes apparently surveying the tip of his nose with deep interest.

"Yes, I throwed it," said he, desperately forestalling inquiries, as Polly reached him. "I cumposed it, and I wrote it, and I throwed it, and there wa'n't nobody else that had nothing to do with it; and you may believe it or not, it wa'n't so much because I was afraid of bein' took up myself as I was afraid of other folks bein' took up! If I come and told you, why, then you wouldn't believe me. I thought you'd think somebody else throwed it, and mebbe you'd be scairt."

"Why shouldn't I have believed you, Cainy?" said Polly, severely, seizing the opportunity for a moral lesson. "Well, I—I'm common folks, and I've been town's poor," said Cainy, meditatively digging his heel into a bog hole. "Folks ain't apt to believe town's poor."

"You *know* that has nothing to do with it. If no one believes a boy, it is the boy's own fault. It must be *dreadful* not to be believed. It's almost the unmanliest thing in the world to tell lies. Cainy, if you'll promise me solemnly to try never to tell another, I'll promise to begin this very day to believe you. Wouldn't it be comfortable for you to know that somebody did?"

Cainy looked up quickly, swallowing meanwhile a lump in his throat. Then he grinned broadly, but the grin was evidently somewhat forced, and soon faded.

"Folks has threatened to lick me for lyin', and folks has promised to give me suthin' if I wouldn't, but nobody never promised to b'lieve me before. I ruther guess I'll agree to that."

"It may be pretty hard at first for both of us," said Polly, frankly, "but I'll do my part."

"You was always better to me than any of the rest of 'em, and I was sorry the other day when you was adrift on the *High-Flyer*. I was, honest; if—I hain't forgot the time that they said I drowned the kitten that fell into the old well, and you was the only one that believed I didn't."

"Oh, poor Spotty!" said Polly, with a pang of recollection. "No, I never believed you were so bad as that."

"Diantha says I'm a limb, and I expect I be, but I never drowned Spotty," declared Cainy, solemnly.

Polly suddenly returned to even heavier troubles than the untimely fate of Spotty.

"Cainy, do you know who burned grandpa's barn?" she said.

A "no" arose to Cainy's lips, but was suppressed—an immediate tribute to the strength of his new agreement.

"A fellow might know things that he hadn't no right to tell, and then again he mightn't," said Cainy, strictly non-committal. "Anyhow the Guvnor means to find out; there's an awful big reward offered, and he's just *a-tearin'* round."

"Cainy, when you hinted about some one's being arrested, did you mean— Whom did you mean?"

"When there's such goin' on as there is in this town, it might be one and it might be another," said Cainy, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Did you mean that Syd had anything to do with it?" said Polly, with an effort.

"He never had nothing to do with it," said Cainy. "He never knew 'twas goin' to be did." Polly drew a long, long breath of relief. "But the fellows that belongs has to stick by one another," added Cainy, shaking his head solemnly.

"Syd would never stick by any boys who did such things as that," cried Polly, in the confidence which had come with her sense of relief.

"Fellows that's took oaths has to stick to 'em, I tell *you*. Girls don't understand such things; the fellows say they don't. They're awful mad at me about your seein' that paper. They was goin' to turn me out. I guess I ain't smart enough for 'em anyhow; they only let me belong 'cause I lived here, and they thought they could find out things by me. There's things they'd darst say to me that they wouldn't darst say to Syd."

"Oh, Cainy, if they want to turn you out, why don't you let them? They're wicked boys, and you'll get into dreadful trouble if you go with them."

"Well, I thought I didn't care if they did at first, but I be a Revolutionist, you know; them's my principles; and then it ain't safe to know so much about 'em and not belong to 'em. That's one reason why I give you that warnin'; that and 'count of Syd. Bruce Bennett he wanted to make a plan to get hold of you and make you take an oath, but Nick Hiffley said he wouldn't have any such foolishness. He's gettin' kind of sick of Bruce Bennett; he says, Nick does, that Bruce thinks it's all foolin'. I guess he didn't know, him and Syd, when they joined that the Revolutionists was in dead earnest. I heard 'em talkin' together, and Bruce he said he was afraid it wa'n't goin' to be so much like a story as they thought. You see, in a story a fellow never comes out at the little end of the horn, but in truly livin' he's awful apt to, 'specially when he gets with a lot of older fellows that makes him do jest as they say. And I'm one of them kind that always gets found out. Fellows in stories never do. I'll tell you what, Miss Polly, Diantha she says I'm a limb, and I expect I be; most folks thinks so; but if I didn't belong to them Revolutionists, why, then I wouldn't."

Polly hailed this avowal with delight, as a sign of improvement in Cainy's morals; but he showed her that he was influenced rather by a fear of consequences than by a love of virtue by immediately adding, with great feeling: "It ain't no joke for a fellow to get took up. And when the Guvnor gets down on a fellow he jest goes for him like a thousand of brick. The Revs they think they're safe, 'count of havin' the Guvnor's grandson amongst 'em; he wouldn't like to see him shet in jail; and Bruce Bennett, his father's a lawyer; but I can't feel safe nohow. I'm such an awful unlucky fellow. You see them two fellows wouldn't be 'lowed to leave, and I expect they'd think 'twas kind of mean to, even if the goin's on was more'n they bargained for."

"Oh, what a dreadful thing it is for boys to get into bad company!" said Polly, with a despairing accent. "There seems to be no end to the trouble that it makes."

"They ain't no cowards, them two fellows ain't," pursued Cainy, ignoring the moral reflections which experience had taught him were apt to have an embarrassing personal bearing. "Nick Hiffley told 'em they mustn't be scairt if they found that the Revs' guns was loaded with more'n powder."

"Oh, Cainy, they *don't* have guns?" cried Polly, her face paler than it had been on board the wreck.

"I can't say as they do, and I can't say as they don't," said Cainy, changing rapidly from one leg to the other: "but I'll tell you what, Miss Polly," mysteriously lowering his voice, "there's more things than guns that goes off and kills folks."

"I think you are only trying to frighten me, Cainy."

If things are really so bad as that, of course I *must* go to my grandfather and tell him all I know," said Polly, in great distress.

"I didn't think you was one to break a promise anyhow, Miss Polly," said Cainy, in quick alarm. "And I only *said* that, true as you live, I did. They never told me they had nothing that would go off, true as I'm settin' in this chair." (Cainy had evidently quite forgotten in his excitement that he was standing, first on one leg and then on the other, almost over shoe in the marsh.) "All that made me say it was something I overheard Bruce Bennett and Syd talkin' about. They seemed to have something or other that they could blow folks up with, but they didn't say they was a-goin' to. I'm a-tellin' you the livin' truth now, if you don't believe it." It was evident that Cainy was so unaccustomed to being believed that he never expected to be, under any circumstances.

"But you will remember that I shall believe every word you say?" said Polly.

Cainy regarded her with serious incredulity.

"I'll try not to get you into no scrapes by it, but I'll tell you what, Miss Polly, when a fellow is so used to it as I be, lies kind of tell themselves; they do now, honest."

"It is very easy to tell lies sometimes; I have to try hard not to."

"You don't now, honest? You ain't foolin'?" Well, I never!" exclaimed Cainy, regarding her with open-mouthed astonishment.

"You didn't suppose you were the only one who was ever tempted to tell lies, did you, Cainy?"

"Well, no; but I expect I be the biggest liar that ever was; don't you, Miss Polly?" asked Cainy, anxiously.

It was an acknowledged fact in Dr. Damer's household, and indeed in all Green Harbor, that Cainy was without



"HE STOOD AWAITING HER, WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS TROUSERS POCKETS."

Roy and the young Englishman were coming up from the beach; they passed at a little distance, talking earnestly together; the latter gave Polly a quick, curious glance, perhaps with his notes on American girls in his mind, but Roy found entomology always a more satisfactory study than the ways of girls, and it struck him as nothing unusual that Polly should be talking to Cainy. He had not yet begun to share the young lord's suspicions that Polly was a Revolutionist.

Polly only glanced absently at them.

"I do believe you, Cainy," she said. "But you needn't warn me again. I'm only afraid for Syd—and you. Papa had great hopes of you, Cainy."

Cainy looked shamefaced, and was evidently moved, although he tried to grin recklessly.

"I don't calc'late I'll ever be anything but a limb," he said, with a real sadness in his voice.

a rival in this particular, and Polly was somewhat embarrassed for an answer.

"So much the more credit to you, Cainy, if you stop lying altogether," she said. "And, Cainy, do get out of that dreadful society." And away ran Polly.

Bess came to meet her.

"Oh, Polly! grandpa has found out who burned his barn. It's a gang of boys; and they burned the mill, he thinks, and there's a warrant out for their arrest. But grandpa acts so queerly about it. He was as white as a sheet, and he looked all of a sudden like an old, old man. I told him so, and I asked him what was the matter, and he said, '*Elizabeth*, go into the house!' and there was the English boy standing by. Grandpa *never* spoke like that to me before. Polly, what do you suppose makes him feel so?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Where Cupid took his Valentine:

"I'm getting sick of Valentines,"
Said Cupid to his brother,
"And do you know I almost think
I carried one a year ago.
To little Rosebud May,
And found that twenty more or less,
Had come for her that day.
Now when you send a Valentine,"
Said Cupid, "what's the fun
Of knowing that it simply counts
As number, twenty-one?"
"I know a child," his brother said
"A little friend of mine,
Who never yet in all her life
Has had a Valentine."
"I'll take her one," cried Cupid,
Springing lightly to his feet,
"Tell me the number of her house,
And kindly name the street."
And only waiting to be told
The best and shortest way
He spread his shining silver wings,
And flew without delay,
He found the little girl and stood
Before her in surprise
For shabby gowns and ragged cloaks
Were strange to Cupid's eyes.
This lassie had a sweet round face,
A dimple in her chin,
But ah, alas! her shoes were worn,
Her dress was old and thin
One moment Cupid stood amazed
Then with a bow as fine
As any ever seen at Court
He gave the Valentine
"For me!" the little maiden cried
Her eye alight with joy
"I never had one in my life,"
Oh, thank you, little boy!
"The thanks are mine," said Cupid,
Still bowing very low
"I'll always be your Valentine
If you will have it so."
"Oh dear, how nice!" then with a blush,
"I'm very poor, you know,"
"Oh that's no matter," Cupid cried,
And smiling turned to go.
Now every year that little lass,
Whose dress is poor and old
Receives the prettiest Valentine
That can be brought for gold
And Cupid tells his brother,
When e'er they chance to meet,
That rich or poor it matters not
When a little girl is sweet.



"For me!" the little maiden cried.

Cupid gives the Valentine



CUPID AIMS HIS ARROW.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

I WISH I could have all the Post-office Box children, east, west, north, and south, over the sea, and from the prairies, in my house for a day or two, that they might see for themselves how many of them there are to write letters. I don't believe any ordinary house would hold them; in fact, I am sure mine would not. But I almost despair, dear little people of ever being able to convince you that to insert everybody's letter every week is impossible, because the fact is that there are so many letters that the whole paper would not be large enough to contain them. If you write several times before seeing your letter published, just say to yourself, little Lella, Kathie, Johnny, and Jamie. The Postmistress read my letter, but she couldn't make room for it this week. Some time I'll write again, and she'll publish my letter if she can, I'm sure of that."

NEW YORK CITY.

I have a little girl eight years old. I go to school every day, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, and history. This is my first letter to the Postmistress, and I hope I will see it in print. I have a little canary bird named Puff. He has a lovely voice, but I notice that he has stopped singing for several days, and scarcely sings. Mamma went to the bird store to find some medicine, and the man told her to give him very fresh seeds. One Sunday we were out at church, and when I came home I found my bird-cage pulled apart and his water and seed scattered about. Poor little Puff was perched outside of his cage, so frightened, for the cat had come upstairs, pulled down his cage, and chased him all around the parlors. Oh, how glad he was to be hung up safely out of the cat's reach! I have an old little lizard, who swims about in the water, making leaps and darts. I often take him out to let him walk, but he is not very interesting. I have a Japanese bulb that grows in water, and will soon have lovely white blossoms. I take care of all my pets, except my kitten Tabitha, who has now grown a great deal and loves to scratch. I have a great many dolls, and my baby doll is bigger than a real baby. I love to read your paper, and wish you would send me your first letter. From your little friend,

LILY M.

I am often surprised to find that a great many things which happen to the children's pets, or in the children's homes, are so very much like the things which happen in my own house. For instance, Lily, one evening I heard a great fluttering and commotion in the room where my pet mocking bird lives in his big cage. Going in, I discovered a great gray cat, which had stolen in from the street, and had driven my poor bird almost frantic. He did not sing for weeks after the fright. I shall never forget the conscious look of the great robber cat as he rushed downstairs at my appearance on the scene.

ASHVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

Ashville, North Carolina, where we are spending the winter, is a large but very scattered town among the mountains in the western part of North Carolina. It is a journey of twenty-six miles from New York to Asheville. The journey is very beautiful, for the track winds up and around the mountains, and the view from the car windows is very fine. At Round Knob you can see the track, almost opposite the part

you are on at the time, but one hundred feet higher. In one place the track can be seen before and behind in four or five different spots. The track winds up and around a pretty little river which runs near it is crossed eighteen times. There are several tunnels on the road, the Swannanoa Tunnel being the longest. The road is kept in order by negro convicts, guarded by men with loaded guns. The convicts also are at work around the tunnels and are taking away the stones from the track. Once a tunnel caved in, and buried several convicts and some mules in the ruins. The houses here have never been repaired. The rocks and sand were very strangely colored in layers of bright red, orange, yellow, purple, and pink. There is a great deal of soil in the south, and in one place where the train stopped for a short while, the brakeman jumped off and brought us a glass of water. It was very clear and cold, and tasted strongly of iron.

After ascending the mountains for some time, the train came down a little way on the other side, for Asheville is on the side of a mountain. It lies in a sort of basin, surrounded by mountains, the prettiest of which is Mount Pisgah; it is a very high mountain, and in color a deep blue. Until to-day there was a great N in snow on one side of Pisgah, but now it is so warm that it has disappeared. Next to Pisgah is the Rat. This is a mountain the top of which is shaped like a large rat's tail and it looks just ready to climb up Pisgah.

There are many beautiful drives around Asheville, and the roads are very pretty. They are made of rocks and stones, covered with the feet of very thick red mud. There are stepping stones at every corner. The drive up the "Beauties" or Beaufort, is a very beautiful one, and the view from the top of this mountain is very fine. Asheville lies far below, with rolling hills beyond, and then the mountains. One road leads down from Beaufort, and is called the "V" road, and is very steep, and is cut by deep gullies, where the wheels stick and nearly come off. The day we tried this road the earth was frozen, which made it very dangerous. The drive to the Bee Farm is also very pretty. The farm lies on the mountains on the other side of the French Broad River. The house is built into the side of the mountains, for fear of high winds. The river is very lovely when looked down upon from these hills. It is a very broad river, very smooth, but the banks are so high that the water looks like the banks there are high trees, which lean far over the water. The river is very rapid, with a strong current.

From some places on the mountains we can see Mount Mitchell. It is so far away, though, that it does not seem very high. The Buzzard's Nest is another mountain. There is a deep, cup-shaped place on the top which looks something like a nest when seen at a distance, but only a very large buzzard could live there.

JEAN B. G.

Thank you, Jean, for your charming letter.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a boy twelve years old, and I have taken Harper's Young People for more than three years, and I like it very much. My favorite stories are "The Flamingo Feather," "Derrick Sterling," and "Uncle Peter's Trust." I wish you a happy New-Year. At present I am sitting at an antique oak writing-desk that I received for Christmas, together with the *Personal Memoirs of General Sheridan* and also *The Lion of Solmi*. The latter is a very interesting story, it was founded by the Dutch in 1610. It received its charter as a city in 1686. Albany has gone under several names; it was first called Fort Orange, afterward Beverwyck, and then Schenectady. It was captured New Netherlands it was changed to Albany. Another story of the name Albany was that Dutch burghers on their expedition to New Amsterdam always said to their good wives, "All-boney," which means all good. I am afraid this is too long, so I will say good-by.

ROBERT LIVINGSTONE A.

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—In all of the four years in which I have taken this delightful paper, I have never written a letter to you, and I thought I would partake of that pleasure now, as my cousin, Laura K., is also writing to you. I am now in New York city, and at present am spending the holidays with my cousin. I received a great many beautiful presents, just what I had been wishing for. The one I like the best is a nickel-plated tricycle. Horseback riding is one of my favorite exercises, and Laura and I generally inquire in a ride before breakfast for about two hours.

ROSE F. L.

FISH STATION, NEW MASS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—It is a long time since I wrote to you, but I am still a reader of the *Young People*, and enjoy your talks and answers to the letters so much. My mother likes the articles you write very much. She thinks HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE is the best magazine for young people that she knows of. I will tell you of a trip I took last summer with the post commandant, his wife, and two of his sons, and some sailors for assistants. We went to a small river far from trout up in the Sierra Blanco Mountain (or Mountain White, as the Mexicans always say things backward). We spent a very pleasant and fully, fishing, hunting, climbing high hills (one was half a mile high, eating trout, and I enjoyed the sleeping in a tent, and we always slept well, for we were in a place where the night came, and you to suggest a name for our baby boy (now two and a half years old), and you said Guy, so we called him George Guy. I remain your friend,

I feel very much complimented that the dear baby boy received a name from me.

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly six years, but have never written to you before. The only pet I have is a big Maltese cat, named Jumbo. I had a letter from Mrs. Richardson, of Woodside, telling me about their Christmas tree. I live in a city in the southeastern part of Massachusetts. It is a very pretty city, and used to be known as a very large factory, where they cut glass is made. It is the only factory where Burmese ware is made. Queen Victoria ordered a set. A year ago I called on you, and was very sorry not to see you, but had a pleasant chat with the Editor. With much love, I remain your little eleven-year-old friend,

ALICE S. N.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write to you, as I never have written before. I am just getting over the whooping-cough, which is not a very pleasant thing to have. I go to the Public-School (but I study at home now), and study arithmetic, language, geography, physiology, writing, drawing, reading, spelling, and I am in the Low Fourth Grade. I have three sisters and one little brother. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it has been published, and we have all the years' bound except 1888. This is a pioneer town, and we celebrated its one-hundredth birthday last 7th of April, 1888. My cousin wrote to Harriet, and she was not long ago, but her letter was not published, but I hope this one will be. I have read of Miss Alice's books, *Little Women*, *Little Men*, *How to Write*, *How to Cook*, and *How to Be a Fashioned Girl*. Good-by.

RACHEL Y. D.

LEADVILLE, COLORADO.

I have taken your lovely paper for four years. I was twelve years old Christmas Eve. This is my first letter to you. In all this time my favorite stories are "A New Robinson Crusoe," "The Colonel's Money," and "Uncle Peter's Trust." For pets I have two birds, one big dog (his name is "Price") and a cat. I have a very nice play-house upstairs over the barn, and we have lots of fun with them.

SIDONIA S.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken your lovely book for three years, and I think it contains beautiful stories. I live in Columbus, Georgia, a very pretty city, and I have a very nice house, and I am very fond of cooking. I know how to make "delicious candy," as mamma says. I would like very much to join the Little Housekeepers. Will you please tell me the receipt for "candy" "bird eggs." I would like to see this in print. Lovingly,

NELL W. (aged 13 years).

Which of my little cooks and confectioners can send Nell the receipt she asks for?

JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My grandmother has given me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, for a Christmas present, and I enjoy having it come very much. Jacksonville, where I live, is a small city, and it has a very nice school, and many inhabitants. It has very broad streets, and many plots and a line of maples and elms all the way up. Our town has very good methods of education, and is very nice. The western part of it is great many of the State institutions are located here, and we have a very pretty little city. I am very fond of riding horseback, and am to have a new pony in the spring. The western part of it is so mild here that one of my friends went horseback riding New-Year's Day.

CLARA B. (aged 12 years).

POST JERVIS, NEW YORK.

I saw in one of the numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE that you would like to see the names of our Christmas presents, so I thought I would tell you about mine. I received a little Dutch doll and a work book for *Virginius* for my year, the games of Parcheesi and Ring Toss, over

two yards of hand-made lace, a silk handkerchief, a watch case, a whole suit of clothes for a doll, two scent bags, a bottle of perfumery, a box of candy, some cards, and a good many things? I do.

I like to read the letters that come from India, and South Africa, and California, and England, and all those places. One of the girls from South Africa who wrote, said she liked to watch the monkeys at the back of the house. Wouldn't it seem funny for us to see the monkeys run wild? There has not been any snow here for so long a time. Well, this winter, so we cannot ride downhill. I study arithmetic, geography, grammar, spelling, and reading, and am eleven years old. I am very fond of music, and I am taking lessons on the violin. I like to read very much, and have read nearly all of Miss Alcott's books. I have read *Dorothy's* *Topple*, and it is very interesting. My favorite stories in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* are "Derrick Sterling," "The Household of Glen Holly," and "Uncle Peter's Trade." I think I have read. I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* three years, and my sister took it three or four years before me. I have six volumes, and enjoy them all over and over again. ANNA E. W.

I wonder whether Anna remembers that her mother once brought her to see me when she was a tiny tot, and also whether she knows that I have her picture, holding in her arms a doll, which looks as though she might be Dutch?

HILLSIDE FARM, SARATOGA COUNTY, NEW YORK.

I receive *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* from my uncle Dan, of Brooklyn. My mamma reads to me, and we all love it. I live on a mountain, ten miles from Saratoga. I have six volumes, and have and any quantity of all kinds of berries. From our front windows we can see Saratoga Lake, the Schuylerville Monument, and Mount McIntosh Hotel. I am nine years old, and go to a District School; my grandpa is a trustee.

CHARLIE E. S. W.

PETERSBURGH, ILLINOIS.

I am a boy twelve years of age, and live in Petersburg, Illinois. Mr. Edward Eggleston's story, "The Graysons," is local history. Old Salem is not far from here, and was the early home of Abraham Lincoln. The foundation of the mill and the cellar of the house still remain. I have a collection of stamps of about three hundred varieties. I also have collections of Indian relics and coins. I have a pair of skates, a sled, a foot-ball, and a rolling hoop, with which I have a very nice time. I go to school, and pursue the common branches. We haven't had any snow here yet, and no skating. I have two figure-frog traps, and one of steel, with which I trap rabbits. I take lessons on the piano, and enjoy it very much. I send you some riddles for the puzzle box and a piece of the foundation of Salem Mill. THOMAS L. H.

HEWICK, KANSAS.

Did you ever cross your fingers when school was dismissed? I keep from doing it, and I do every night. I like to go to school. Winnie and I call our teacher papa. We raise lots of pop-corn in the summer. We had a Christmas tree in our school-house, and we made the notions of string pop-corn. I spoke a piece out of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, as did several others. We have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for a long time. I think it is the best paper in the world. Winnie, my sister, went home with Elbel tonight. While she is gone I thought that I would write this letter. With love to all the letter-writers, and especially to you.

E. ESTELLA B. (aged 10½ years).

I don't think I ever heard of crossing one's fingers to keep from being tagged. I thought the only way not to be tagged was to walk very slowly, and keep out of the game, but I should get out of breath directly if I attempted to play tag at my age.

BAVONER, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy ten years old, and I want to tell you how much I like your papers. I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since 1883. I enjoyed the stories of "The Flamingo Feather" and "Derrick Sterling" very much. We have a very large dog named Queen; she is very gentle with children, and she is a very fine mastiff.

ALEXANDER S. W.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

Montreal is two hundred years old, and is called the "City of Churches." It is a very large city. One of our chief attractions is Mount Royal. The drives and walks are so beautiful, and by many it is supposed to have been a volcano, because of the great lava flow that found its way to the pumice-stone. There is a fort on the island, also an old block-house. The river St. Lawrence is

beautiful, but rather dangerous. I enjoy reading your paper very much. I was born in Halifax, but lived in Denver, Colorado, and think it the nicest city I ever lived in. Did you ever go down a toboggan slide? There are a great many here. It is a very exciting but dangerous sport. We are going to have a carnival this winter, if there is a snowfall. I wish I could see it, and you included. I wish I could describe how grand and beautiful it is. If you can, my letter is fit, I hope, to be in the paper.

LENA MCK. R.

PEYTON, KENTUCKY.

We had one week's holiday for Christmas, and we all enjoyed it very much, but I think it was the quietest Christmas we have had for a long time. I read the letters in the Post-office Box every week, and enjoy them immensely. I read all of the paper, but mean to say I like the letters in the Post-office Box. I wish I could see it, and you included. I wish I could describe how grand and beautiful it is. If you can, my letter is fit, I hope, to be in the paper. I have three brothers, Paul, John, and Stanley. I am the only girl, and will be sixteen in a few days. I have been to school every day. I have only missed three days this term, and then I was ill. The girls and boys often tell of their pets, but as I have none I will have to content myself with something else. I have a farm of one hundred and six acres. We have a very large stable and everything very convenient. We were looking for our aunt, but the day so disagreeable that I don't think she will come.

MAUDE K. L.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Here in Oakland we could see the eclipse very plainly. We could see eleven-twelfths of it; had it been twelve-twelfths, it would have been total. When the eclipse was at its best, there was only a pale yellow light. It looked very ghastly, and there were a few stars shining, but they were not for about thirty minutes. In Cloverdale, about ninety miles from here, it was total, and the hens, roosters, etc., went to roost. I enjoyed it very much. I forgot to say the diamonds and the twenty-five dollars when I was total, so it was awfully cold. In San Francisco they have some tame deer in the park, and the other day I went over and fed them. They have dairy houses, where you can get milk, coffee, etc. The milk is very good; I had some. The dairy is built of pure stone, "Capitol Hill," in the first number, is splendid. HATTIE E. G.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I have just begun to take you, and I enjoy you very much. I have just come home from New York. We live in the country in the summer, and I have a little donkey and cart. The donkey's name is Pedro. I saw him have sugar in his pocket, and he tries to get it, but he can't. He will always go better when he has a lump of sugar or some bread. I go out riding whenever I want. I am twelve years old. I have one sister, and she goes to boarding-school. I have two rabbits and three cats at the farm.

ESSIE B.

My observation leads me to think that yours is a very saucy donkey. Sugar and bread are better persuasives than blows, and you are a wise little maiden to see this.

Cousin Dorothy's Class.

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 17TH.

The Timid Woman's Touch.—Mark, v. 25-34.

The Master was on His way to the house of a man whose dear little daughter was lying at the point of death. The poor father thought that if the great Physician would only come and see his child she would at once recover her strength. Jesus did more than merely save this child from illness. We are told that before He reached the ruler's house the angels were brought that the little maiden was dead. But our Lord could give life to the dead, and He raised the little one up from the sleep of death, and gave her back to her parents. How much must have loved Him, and her life long. If she lived to be an old, old woman, how she must have tried to be good and faithful, and devoted to One who had been so very kind to her.

While Jesus was going to the ruler's house to see the little sick girl, He was surrounded and followed by an immense crowd of people. Among this crowd was a woman who shrunk away from those around her, and hid herself amid the throng. She had been ill for many years, and her disease was of a nature which people could not cure. It is probable that she was shut out from friendly companionship even with her own family through this affliction.

We may fancy her saying to herself, "I have spent all the money I possess. I have parted with my jewels. I have gone to every doctor in the land, but I get no worse and worse instead of better. I wonder if I see the new Rabbi, who does so many kind things, would cure me if I should ask him?" And I wonder if she felt that it might only made well and pure and strong once more! But if I venture near His disciples they will send me away. I dare not speak. I will touch the hem of His garment, and I know I shall be made well.

So, shy and timid, trembling and blushing, she put out her hand and just touched the fringe that hung from the loose outer garment which, like the Jews of His day, our Master always wore.

And as she touched, her illness vanished, and she was again what she had been in her young days—bright-eyed, strong, and oh, how glad! Please take your Bibles and read very carefully verses 30, 31, 32, and so on to the end of the lesson. You see that the Lord knew, without seeing her, that He had healed this poor woman. His question, "Who touched my clothes?" does not imply that He did not know; it only gave her a chance to confess what she had done. Then the Master called her, as it is not told in that He anywhere else called a woman in this world. "Daughter!" She was the first "Daughter of the King" so mentioned in the New Testament. He commended her for her faith. She had believed in Him, and He bade her go in peace.

We should imitate her in this full, sweet trust in Christ. We too are in need of healing. We are sinful, and sin is a sort of sickness of the soul. One touch of Jesus, one clasp of His garment's hem, intelligently and sincerely, and we shall be purified and made fit for the kingdom of God.

Don't think, my boy, don't think, my little girl, that you can be saved from sin and its effects in any other way than by touching the Saviour. It won't do to stand a great way off. You must give yourselves to Him; press through the crowd to reach Him; ask Him to bless you. Though we do not see Him, He is just as near us now as of old He was to those who needed His Divine healing, and just as ready to bestow good gifts on all who ask.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer, composed of 57 letters, is a quotation from English history. The 1, 2, 3, 9, 5, 17 is a theme. The 34, 8, 4, 20, 7 is a band made of twigs. The 6, 35, 29, 32, 28 is a sentence prefixed to a work, but not a book. The 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57 is the entire sum. The 27, 33, 22, 31 is empty. The 25, 30, 24, 37 is an article of office furniture.

CYRIL DEANE.

No. 2.

WORD SYNOPSIS.

1. Take evil from a large naval force, and leave a Spanish fleet. 2. A masculine nickname from a beetle, and leave to frighten. 3. A domestic animal from folded and leave employed. 4. A virtue existing throughout eternity from redundant, and leave moulding. 5. To place from torches, and leave a place of several species. 6. A vase from a journey and leave an instrument for showing the hour of day by means of the sun's shadow. F. S. F.

No. 3.

CHARADE.

When first the winds of March come blowing, And violets their blue eyes are showing, You'll know my first is here. My second no English word can give. Gave a bright theme—at once you'll know it. With Pope's wit shining clear. With my whole your trunk secured may be. Without the use of any key. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 482.

No. 1.—Discriminate. Catastrophe.

No. 2.—(Clippeway. They are pit-a-tats, (Pity Pats), Is a word, and a He was a He was sorted to a cascade (casside-aid). On its-elf. Ha-ha!)

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Ethel Strong, Gordon Dunham, Grace Taggart, Clara Dose, Eunice S. Hallberg, Frank S. Perry, Amy O. Fritz, Willis E. Dowd, Jun. H. M. McQuinn, Hugh King, and others. R. H. G. Jean, and Little King, Ch. G. Gregg, David Edward R., Rosa Fanning, Barclay James, and Lawrence Thomas.



A NEW CAPITAL.

TEACHER "WHAT IS THE CAPITAL OF TURKEY?"

SMALL SCHOLAR. "PLEASE, 'M, I KNOW."

TEACHER. "WELL, 'PAMINONDAS, WHAT IS IT?"

SMALL SCHOLAR. "T"

A MAGNIFICENT BRAIN.

THERE was a young damsel in Maine
With a large and magnificent brain.

The reason you wish?
Well, her diet of fish
Made this large and magnificent brain.

MUCH ALIKE.

The locomotive doth seem to us,
As to other intelligent folks,
To be quite like a very bad boy
Who not only whistles but smokes.

AN ACUTE SENSE OF HEARING.

He called his puppy Birch because
He thought it quite a "lark"
To tell his friends how he had *heard*
Birch bark.

A MATTER OF LENGTH.

"What! Robbie in trousers!" quoth
the minister. "How long have you
worn trousers, my boy?"
"Not very long," replied Robbie;
"only down to my knees."

HE WISHED HE COULD.

Willie was to take a disagreeable
medicine one day, and as he watched
his mother pouring it out a bright
idea came to him. "Say, mamma,"
he cried, "can't I shut my throat and
not taste it, same as I shut my eyes
and don't see?"



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AT THE ZOO--THE LION RECEIVES A COMIC VALENTINE.

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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"'THAT'S THE QUEEREST-LOOKING GIRL I EVER SAW,' JOE SAID."—SEE PAGE 271.

COOTS.

THE STORY OF A DAY'S DUCKING.

BY JOHN FRANCIS ADAMS.

PART I.

MACKENZIE ROGERS and little Joe Harmon were going down the middle staircase of the old North Middle College quite slowly and carefully, for, doubtless from pure politeness, they did not wish to wake the mathematical tutor, who occupied the room just below them, and the old staircase will creak unless you step warily. They carried their guns, wore heavy high-top-boots, and over dog-skin jackets and shooting-coats they had their thick overcoats; the pockets of Joe's shooting-coat were full of cartridges, and Mac had under his arm a large tin cartridge-box. It was pitch-dark, for it was only five o'clock in the morning on the 25th of November, and the sky was more than gray with clouds—it was coal-black.

"I don't see much sign of a fine day," Joe said, stopping in the doorway and turning his chubby face up to the leafless dripping branches of the elms on the campus.

"You won't usually in the middle of the night," Mac answered, rather grimly, as he marched past him out of the dry darkness into the wet one. "It doesn't rain."

"How long since?" Joe asked. "I know it was pouring when you hauled me out of bed."

Mac splashed on through the puddles in silence.

"Is a hurricane good duck-shooting weather?" asked Joe, in an offensively humble and innocent voice, as a tremendous blast of wind came sweeping up Chapel Street just as they were crossing it.

"Yes. Coots can't fly high in a wind." The tall dark figure strode on steadily in front, and did not even turn his head as he answered.

They found the early Shore Line train on time, and when they left it at the little flag station near Bennett's Bay, the cold dark gray dawn was slowly coming. Ten minutes' walk brought them to the shore. Long rocky points stretch out into the sea on each side of the little bay; a reef of black rocks, visible at low tide, lies in the entrance to it; but the shore close at hand is a smooth sandy beach on which the boats are drawn up at a safe distance from the tide. Beyond the reach of the winter storms the sand is scantily covered with coarse grass, and there stands a little weather-stained house. Mac knocked on the door of this house, and a hoarse rough voice answered, "Come in."

There was only one room on the ground-floor of the house, and that served every purpose. Behind the cooking-stove a line of rough coats and overalls was drying, in one corner lay a heap of nets, all the household provisions were in sight either on shelves or hung from the ceiling, and at the further side of the room was a bed, where, under three old patchwork quilts, lay a man with weather-beaten face, rough gray hair, and long grizzled beard. A strong smell of fried pork and coffee pervaded the room. Beside the stove stood a girl, perhaps fifteen years old, with black hair which hung in elf-locks round a dark colorless face. She was dressed in a scant rusty black woollen gown, with a little shawl of the same material pinned about her shoulders. She neither looked up nor moved as the young men came in.

"Why, Uncle Davy," Rogers said, with most unusual cordiality in his tones, "I haven't often found you in the house. What's the matter?"

"Rheumatiz," Uncle Davy only turned his eyes to the speaker, expressing by his immovableness how fast the said "rheumatiz" held him.

"Oh, that's too bad! I've brought my friend with me—this is Mr. Harmon, Mr. Beunett—and I wanted you to go out with us yourself."

The old man looked pleased, and so far ignored the claims of the rheumatism as to stretch out a horny hand to Joe in acknowledgment of the introduction.

"Happy to see you, sir. But there ain't no shooting for me to-day. It caught me last night as I was a-hauling up the boats, right in my back, and I'm just as fast to this 'ere bed as if I was a-nailed here."

"Well, that is hard lines, Uncle Dave. And it's hard lines for us too. But isn't Eliphalet here?"

"There, now, that's agin ye too. 'Liphalet's off—he went away yesterday up to his wife's folks. There's a funeral among 'em there, I believe."

The boys' faces fell.

"He'll be home by arternoon, I reckon," said the old man.

"And then the birds won't be flying," Mac answered.

"Not jest then; but they'll come back along o' sundown."

"No doubt they will, and so must we. No, Uncle Dave, that won't do. I'm not going to lose getting up in the middle of the night and coming out here before the crack of dawn. If you can't go with us, we'll have to go without you. Which boats shall we take?"

The rheumatism seemed to increase. Uncle Dave groaned and made no answer.

"It's a splendid day for the birds," Mac went on, after waiting a moment. "This wind will keep them down to short range. Come, Joe"—taking up his gun. "Which boats did you say, sir?"

"Young gentlemen," said the old sailor, solemnly, "it's a good enough day for the coots—they can stand it, and they know the ways of the sea—but I misdoubt me very much if it's a good day for you. There's a very heavy sea on—I hear it as I don't hear it here once in a dog's age—and the weather ain't by no means not to say settled."

"It's stopped raining."

"It's got to air round to the norrard afore it 'll settle. An' it 'll do it with a squall. I kin see enough sky out o' this here little wider to tell me that."

"Supposing it does, haven't you often told me that nothing that floats is safer than one of your flat-bottomed boats?"

"Ay, they're safe. Land's safer still."

"Now, Uncle Dave, at that rate there'd never be any shooting. Isn't the land always safer? A good many people think so. But all the same, people do go on the water, and we are going now. We're not afraid."

"Ay, ay," he said again, shutting his eyes as if exhausted with the discussion. "Them that knows nothing fears nothing."

"It's getting late. Which boats will you let us have?"

"Mr. Rogers"—looking up at him seriously—"you don't know what it is to row a boat in such a sea as this, with the wind agin yer."

"The tide's for us, anyway; it's going out."

"Ay, ye'll go out. It's the coming in I'm thinking of."

"Well, the tide 'll favor by that time; we'll come in with the tide."

"Reckon ye will," he said, again closing his eyes. "Drowned folks do."

"Now, Uncle Dave, you don't really think we'll be drowned; you know you don't. You can't say you do."

"No, Mr. Rogers, I won't say I think you'll be drowned," the old man answered, with some dignity. "I won't forecast misfortune; it's unlucky. But ef you go, sir, you go agin the judgment of an old sailor."

"You but we'll likely come back again all right."

"Mayhap ye will," he answered, slowly—"mayhap ye will. Future things ain't never sure."

Mac laughed. "The rheumatism makes you low-spirited, Captain," he said. "If it wasn't for that, you'd be out on the bay this minute yourself, and enjoying it. Sorry you can't go with us. We'll choose our boats our-

selves, shall we?" And both young fellows took up their guns and went out, bidding him a laughing good-morning.

"Charlotte," said the old man a moment after the door closed, "*Baby Bell's* strained at the seams; she needs calking; and *Lily* ain't certain; she wants looking to. They mustn't take them. You run right out and give them *Alice* and *Aunt Patty*. Quick!"

So, before the boys had reached the boats, a little black figure with hair flying in the wind was beside them, and, without saying a word, pointed out *Alice* and *Aunt Patty*, and then ran back across the sand, the corners of her black shawl flapping like wings.

"That's the queerest-looking girl I ever saw," Joe said, standing still and staring after her.

"Yes," Mac answered, without looking up. "Lend a hand here, will you?"

"What is she?"

"Eliphalet's daughter."

"What's her mother?"

"Never had any."

"That seems likely," Joe answered; "she doesn't look human. She looks like—like— She's just a black duck; that's what she is. I presume," he went on in a moment, "that Eliphalet married 'a pretty little duck'; it seems a natural connection. And that explains his going to a funeral among his wife's folks on a duck-shooting day like this."

"There was a pretty big funeral among 'his wife's folks' the last time I went out with him," Mac answered, without looking up; "and he took it with Christian cheerfulness. Come, old fellow; now we're off."

The flight of the birds to the feeding-ground was perhaps a little delayed by the wind, and although it was daylight when the boats were anchored well out in the bay, the sport was capital.

But old David Bennett did not spend a pleasant morning, nor did Charlotte. The boats had not been gone from the shore three minutes before he ordered her to look out and see where Mr. Rogers was now. The poor girl came near not getting the breakfast things washed at all. It seemed to her that she had to stop between each plate and the next to look after those foolish boys, and assure her anxious grandfather that they were "all right."

"An' still a-rowin' on, Charlotte?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be they rowin' on still?" he asked, two minutes later, and Charlotte left her dish-tub in patient despair, and reported that they were.

In a few minutes he repeated the question. The girl looked again and gave the same answer, and again, and again, and again.

"Oh!" groaned the old man, "why won't they stop? They can get all the birds there that they've any business with."

"More further out, gran'ther," Charlotte answered, briefly, scrubbing away at the frying-pan.

"Hevn't they anchored yet?"

The frying-pan was not cleaned, but it had to wait while Charlotte went again to look out.

No; they were still rowing.

"An' past the White Rock! They won't leave leeway enough atween them and Slater's Reef to go about in with no sea at all—not if they get out and walk. The first gust that comes will throw them right on the rocks—and sarve 'em right. Look again now, Charlotte; git the glass; you can't tell 'thout whether they're anchored or not."

"It's in the stoop," she said, and went out. Yes, they were anchored now.

"How fur out?" he demanded.

"Pretty well out," he said.

So the morning wore by. He was very unreasonable with Charlotte, constantly sending her to look when

there could be nothing new to see, "unless," as she privately thought, "they'd gone to the bottom just on purpose," and he continually watched the clouds as they drifted across the bit of sky which was all he could see from his window.

"I'm an old fool to watch 'em," he said, gruffly. "There ain't the first thing can be done for them boys, no matter what happens! 'Liph's gone, and there ain't a man that can row a boat nearer than Craddock's, a matter o' four mile away—that landlubber at the depot's no more use than a baby—and they knew it afore they went. Ain't them coots through flyin' by now? Go an' look, Charlotte, an' see if them pesky idiots ain't comin' in now. Well, be they?" he asked, when she came back, before she had time to speak.

"No." Charlotte was somewhat tired of her new vocation. "Watchin' a couple o' puppies," she called it in her own mind, for Charlotte had a mind, though she seldom spoke it—"a couple o' puppies as got no sense, and better been drowned afore they had their eyes open, 'stead of waitin' till now."

And now a black wind cloud was coming swiftly up the sky.

"Go and look, Charlotte," he shouted, though she was close at hand—"go and look. Anything but nateral-born fools 'll see that an' start for the shore."

"They haven't started just yet," Charlotte reported. "I reckon they will right away. I've forgot to fetch in some wood." For Charlotte was human, after all, and the strain was becoming more than she could bear. She caught up her hood and beat a retreat to the wood-shed, and staid as long as she dared—staid till the storm broke and she heard her grandfather calling her in a voice that rose above the roar of the wind; then she hastily picked up a few sticks and obeyed.

"See where they are, Charlotte—see where they are. It can't be—it can't be—it can't be me, a-lyin' here like a log, and them boys a-goin' to destruction. What d'ye make out, child? Where be they?"

"I can't quite tell," she answered, slowly; "it's some considerable rough. Wait a bit."

He groaned, and groaned. Charlotte could not bear it. She shut the door, and stood outside on the stoop watching.

When the boys left the shore the sea was rough and heavy, as the old man had said. Outside the reef it was rolling tremendously, breaking constantly into foam, and a sound like thunder reached their ears in the pauses of the fitful gale.

About ten o'clock, when the flight of the coots was almost over, Mac's keen eyes suddenly spied some broad-bills among them. The morning had been great fun, but if they could now bring down a broad-bill or two, that would indeed be sport, and they watched with intense eagerness for the final shots.

Then suddenly there came down upon the bay a terrific blast of wind. It struck the water with a roar, and at once the waves leaped higher and roared back in answer. The boats were driven before the sudden rush of waves and wind. One might as well try to row up the rapids at Niagara as against such a sea as that. The anchor lines were of no account; the boys never knew whether they snapped or dragged. On the boats swept toward the fierce sea outside. They were not very far apart, but the noise of the storm completely drowned the boys' voices. Once in the raging waves outside the bay, what was their chance of life? Was there anything between them and that awful sea?

Nothing but the reef. That was there, its rocks and jagged points looking all the blacker for the foaming of the breakers which dashed around it. Would there be any choice between being swallowed up in the raging ocean outside and being dashed to death against those

rocks? None, except that, if the rocks were passed, life might last a few minutes longer. A moment more and Rogers's boat swirled on toward the largest rock. Those few minutes, then, were not to be his. On the boat went, under the dashing spray, close to the rocks. Straight and smooth they rose—how hopelessly smooth! No chance for a hold there; he felt himself already utterly helpless in the seething whirlpool. The surge carried the boat in again, but not just as before; it swerved a little, a lower ledge was before him, and with the crash of the boat against the rocks he made a spring, and clutching for dear life, held fast to a fissure in the wet and slippery rock, while the shattered boat was drawn back again by the waves. He held on; he felt for a place for his feet; he reached higher for another hold; he worked himself up with marvellous strength, as a man does work for his life. The next wave only reached his feet; his hold was firm enough to withstand it. Before the next came he had climbed beyond its reach, and then he turned to look for Joe. His boat was not very far away; it was tossing close to a low point, now seen, now disappearing under the great waves, and drifting to the open sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOYHOOD IN OTHER LANDS.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

SOME LITTLE NORSE FOLK.

FAR up in the north country, in the land beloved of the brave old Vikings, dwell two young cousins, Gustavus Harold Olaf Andersen and Eric Adolph Gotfried Knutt Siljiström. Very much alike do they appear, having the same fresh rosy complexions, light flaxen hair, and bright blue eyes; yet because one lives on the west side of the Norriska Fjällen Mountains and the other on the east, they are of different nationalities, Gustav being called a Norwegian, and Eric a Swede, while their language differs in many particulars.

Very high-sounding names, you see, these young Scandinavians possess, and these were bestowed upon them when only a few days old. They were bound hand and foot with bandages, decked out in baby finery, and by their godmothers carried to the village church, where the clergyman baptized them by pouring water three times over their little round heads, and then wiping them off with a towel.

This ceremony over, they passed their infancy in an extremely calm and placid manner, swathed like small mummies, and hung from a springy pole, or else laid in a cradle suspended by a spiral spring from the roof, while they were sung to sleep by some such lullaby as this:

"My baby lies a warming,
Warming its little hands,
The kettle is in a sputter,
The churn is bringing butter,
The horse is safe in a pasture,
The goats are playing among the rocks,
And the sheep are browsing heather."

Gustav's father is what is known in Norway as a Bonder, one of the class between a gentleman and a peasant, and he owns many acres of land near a beautiful fiord or gulf, where the water is so clear that shells and starfish may be seen hundreds of feet below, resting on the white sandy bottom, and this fiord is a great amusement to the lad and his brother, who are very expert with the water-shoes, a contrivance like our snow-shoes, except that they are longer and fastened together by an iron bar. The toes are slipped under small clamps, and on these curious sliders the boys are able to stand on the surface of the water and propel themselves along by means of a light paddle with a blade at each end, often going so swiftly that they can beat a row-boat with ease.

Gustav delights to work in the fields, and in summer often spends many days up at the *saters* or mountain pastures, where the "creatures" are kept during the warm weather, under the charge of two or three dairy maids and men, who there make the butter and cheese for the winter. And many are the merry-makings which go on in these green highlands, especially on Midsummer Day, the 24th of June, which is a great holiday in Norway, when gardens are gay with arbors formed of green



A LITTLE NORSE BOY.

boughs and flowers, bonfires blaze on every side, and the men and maids dance on the grass to the music of a rustic fiddle.

The school-term of Gustav and his brothers and sisters is only about nine weeks in the year, for a "circulating school" is the only one they have in their district; that is, an itinerant teacher comes to the house for about two months, the boys and girls for several miles around meet there each day, and they are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and the catechism. They study hard during these nine weeks, and then begins the long ten months' vacation, during which we hope they do not forget what they have been taught.

"Learning religion" is much thought of in both Norway and Sweden, but it does not seem to have driven out the old Scandinavian superstitions, for Gustav and Eric devoutly believe in elves, fairies, red-capped dwarfs, giants, and *Nisser*, or household sprites, and never fail on Christmas Eve to set out cakes and ale on the table for the droll little Trolls, who are supposed to visit mortals at this season, while if Gustav falls sick two eggs are immediately deposited in an ant-hill; or if it is his father or mother who is ill he himself goes to where two cross-roads meet and seeks for a white worm, the fat of which he thinks will surely restore the invalid to health.

Eric's home across the Doree Field is much plainer than Gustav's, for his father is but a better class of peasant and has but a small farm. It is, however, scrupulously neat and clean, and the floors are sprinkled with fragrant fir twigs, while the rosy little Swede is as attractive as his cousin, in his black cap with a red tassel and dark jacket and breeches. He attends school, too, much more than the Norwegian boy, and is most careful to behave well both there and at church, for when he is fifteen he will be confirmed, after which, to procure a situation, he will require a written character, or *betygg*, from his school-master and pastor, and on this will be recorded all the incidents of his youthful days. At his school, too, which is a stationary one, gymnastics are highly thought of; so he cultivates his muscle as well as his mind.

Long and dreary enough are the winters in Sweden, but Eric enjoys himself coasting on his *kälke* (pronounced *cheltka*), a small wooden sledge somewhat resembling a toboggan, and then it is brightened by the merry "days of Yule," which last from Christmas until Twelfth-Night, when white curtains are hung at all the windows, tables are covered with snowy cloths, gifts are thrown through the door for old and young, and there are pretty games and feasting in every home.

Bright and early on Christmas morning does Eric pop out of bed and goes to church at four o'clock, when, for the only time in the year, the sanctuary is brilliant with candles, and shortly after sunrise he assists his father to fasten a sheaf of corn on a

high pole as a banquet for the birds, while his mother sends bread to all her poorer neighbors. His birthday and name-day too are always remembered with presents and bouquets set out on a table tastefully wreathed with evergreens, and in the afternoon the birthday cake, a sort of sweet bread flavored with saffron, is eaten with coffee.

So the Swedish boy's life is cheerful and happy, though a homely one, and he knows and loves every feathered songster that frequents the pine and birch wood near his home, and will tell you many a fanciful legend about them, as that the lapwing was once the handmaid of the Virgin Mary, but because she stole her mistress's silver scissors was transformed into this bird, whose tail is forked like a pair of shears, and was condemned to cry "*tyil! tyil!*"—"I stole them! I stole them! He foretells the weather by the notes of the green woodpecker, and is sure the tiny titmouse in the spring calls "Little hay! little hay!" because the cattle have eaten all their winter stock, and the new has not yet come.

Still farther to the north, however, among snowy peaks and icy glaciers, lives another young Scandinavian, whose lot in life seems not so favored as either that of Gustav or Eric, and indeed these boys would probably look down upon him as "only a miserable Lapp."

Truly, poor little Swase is rather a comical object, with his long light hair falling about a broad brown face with high cheekbones, his pale gray eyes, low forehead, and insignificant nose, while he wears the quaintest of costumes—a tall cap with a gay scarlet band around it, a *kappa* or blouse of sheepskin, blue trousers tied with red, and great turned-up shoes formed of deer-skin and stuffed with grass. Comfort in dress is more considered than style in Iceland; but Swase's home would seem to us most uncomfortable, being only a sort of tent, called a *káta*, which the Laplanders carry from place to place as they follow their herds of reindeer. His food consists principally of reindeer meat, reindeer milk, and reindeer cheese, coarse oat-cakes, a porridge made of dried and powdered blood mixed with flour, and, above all, coffee, of which he is extravagantly fond, and which he stirs with a curiously cut wooden or horn spoon.

The reindeer are the principal wealth of these people of the cold, and Swase's chief employment is following the herd on his snow-shoes, accompanied by a pack of lean, half-starved Lapp dogs, and seeking for the little white Iceland moss to dry for their use, while he is most expert with the lasso, throwing it at a distance of thirty feet over a doe and bringing her suddenly to a stand-still when he wishes to milk her.

Little Swase, too, is not entirely ignorant, for he can spell out words in the big Bible and psalm-book, the only volumes which grace the dirty, smoky tent, and has been instructed in the rudiments of the Lutheran faith; for his father embraced Christianity under the great missionary Lestadius, who went and preached "the white Christ" to the Lapps and Finns. When Swase was only a tiny "swaddling" he was carried each Sunday as far as the church, although he was

not allowed to pass the door, but was left with the congregation of babies outside, each one of whom occupied a hole in the snow, and kept quite snug and warm until service was over.

A dreary existence, truly, this seems to us; but with all its hardships, its frost and cold, Swase would not exchange his snow-crowned peaks on which the aurora-borealis plays in weird fantastic beauty, his wondrous glaciers, and, above all, his reindeer, for the fairest vale in all the world, and more even than the little Norse folk of Norway and Sweden does he love the north country known as Scandinavia.

CAPTAIN POLLY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XII.

POLLY answered Bess irritably, and pushed her aside almost roughly.

"Oh, don't ask me, Bess! How do you suppose I know? Go away, Bess—do go away!" And she ran by her in search of her grandfather. She should not dare to ask him any questions, she knew; but if she could see his face she thought she could judge as to how deeply Syd was involved in the trouble. But he had gone away in the di-



"DEL, IN A VERY STRIKING TENNIS COSTUME, WAS SEATED UPON THE RAILING OF THE PIAZZA."

rection of the village, Simeon said. Roy and the young lord had also disappeared. Del, in a very striking tennis costume, was seated upon the railing of the piazza, talking in a somewhat excited tone to Aunt Katherine and Kate, who were quietly devoting themselves to their embroidery.

Polly looked back to where Bess stood, looking cross and injured, and heaved a sigh.

"I wish I were not so excitable and cross. I dare say grandpa was only worried in a general way, after all. There doesn't seem to be anything the matter."

Certainly Aunt Katherine looked serene, and so did Kate; but then they almost always did. Del seemed to be troubled; she was gesticulating energetically with her tennis racquet; but Del's troubles were apt to be fashionable ones. Polly, like the boys, held them in utter scorn.

"Roy knew that the Swaseys had asked us to play tennis this morning, and he knew it was almost the only place in town where I cared to take Lord Brentford, and he went and planned that excursion across the bay, after Indian arrow-heads and such rubbish, and *made* that boy say he would rather go there. He has been here four days, and he hasn't been anywhere or done anything that I have planned; he hasn't been *entertained* at all; and none of you seem to realize how absurd it is to treat a lord in this way. And I asked Harry, before he went, to put a little item in the papers, here and there, just to say that we had him, and he put on a horrified air and said he was ashamed of me."

"And no wonder!" said Polly, heartily.

"No one is talking to you, child," said Del, with cutting carelessness. "What he thinks of us—"

"But he is only a boy, Del, and he seems to be enjoying himself in a boy's way," said Kate. "I quite congratulated myself on the good time he was having."

"Good time! well, if sleeping his soul in bugs with Roy and romping with the children is a good time!" said Del, with great scorn. "But it isn't as if the question were altogether of *his* good time; if he were properly managed, as Jeanne said in her last letter, he would have made us well known in society everywhere. We might have gone to Newport and New York and Washington and been received—"

"Oh, Del, do wait until the preserving is done!" laughed Kate.

"That's it; that's just the trouble," said Del, indignantly. "It's a dreadful thing when the eldest daughter of a family has no social aspirations. One would think we might have some position when grandpa has been Governor four or five times. Jeanne says that ought to count for a great deal, and she knows; but we never get our names into the paper, no one in society ever heard of us, and grandpa—well, if all the crowned heads of Europe should visit grandpa he would ask them to sit down on the back porch and have a mug of cider."

"Oh, Del Damer!" cried Polly, indignantly. "I think grandpa has *beautiful* manners."

"It might be just what the crowned heads would like best," said Aunt Katherine. "To give of yourself as you really are is the best way to entertain people. It can't be any pleasure to them to see you struggling painfully to ape the fashions to which they are accustomed."

Del reddened indignantly.

"I'm sure I don't try to ape any fashions," she said. "I'm only trying to bring this family up to a little more civilized standard; and I'm sure it's discouraging enough without being hindered by—by any one else."

Aunt Katherine looked kindly at the red and angry face of her niece.

"You have certainly done well in some ways," she said, gently. "Polly and Bess, and even the boys, are much more careful about their dress than they used to be; and

I know the credit is largely due to you, because your mother has told me so; and I see various little dainty touches about the house that your ambitious little fingers have made; but oh, Del dear!"—Del's little smile of gratification faded as she began to see that there was to be a pill in the jelly—"I wish you would see how wicked, how vulgar, this struggle after fashion and display is. There is nothing in it but envyings and heart-burnings and vexation of spirit, and it poisons all the sweet and simple and wholesome pleasures of life. To see girls as young as you given up to it, as one does everywhere nowadays, is enough to make one heart-sick."

Aunt Kate was not given to such "preachments." Kate looked at her in astonishment, and Del had, for the moment, no answer ready.

"You found no pleasure in going to play a delightful out-of-door game with your friends this beautiful morning," pursued Aunt Katherine; "you were thoroughly angry and miserable because you could not have the glory of displaying a lord as your guest. It was not that you cared for the society of the boys—"

"Indeed it wasn't!" interrupted Del. "Boys of that age are apt to be simply a nuisance."

"They are as old as you ought to be; and Roy is remarkably well informed, and I have found the young lord very interesting, because he seems a simple, honest, manly boy, and because of his rank too, for it has given him surroundings and opportunities of great advantage. They might have injured some young persons, but, thank Heaven! the boys are still more sensible."

"Aunt Katherine," said Polly, solemnly, and with a great sigh, "I don't think you could possibly think boys were sensible if you knew them as well as I do."

"It is simply that you don't understand," said Del, who had recovered herself. "And I might as well try to show colors to a blind man as to make you and Kate understand society. Kate is perfectly contented to live out of the world."

"Dear me! I thought I had hosts of friends," said Kate.

"A very mixed lot," said Del, contemptuously. "And Fanny Hunter, whose grandfather was Vice-President and a foreign Minister, and who has lived in Paris almost all her life, is just the same to you as Prue Philbrick, who worked in a factory to get through Bates College, and teaches school at the corner now to take care of her paralytic old shoemaker grandfather. You would be quite as likely"—Del waxed warmer as Kate's numerous perversities appeared before her mental vision—"quite as likely to invite Prue to meet very distinguished people as Fanny."

"More likely, perhaps," said Kate. "I shouldn't be able to resist giving Prue an opportunity to learn something. She's such an eager little soul."

"I suppose you think that's very nice, but it isn't the way of the world, and it isn't sensible, and you'll see what you'll come to."

This somewhat vague prophecy being received only with half-suppressed smiles by her aunt and sister, Del continued:

"I am thankful that Jeanne Higgins is coming. I shall have somebody to stand by me, and I want Lord Brentford to see that we know *some* stylish people, though I don't feel sure that he knows the difference. He doesn't seem to notice grandpa's grammar in the least. Yesterday grandpa said something horribly bad, and he had occasion to say it just afterward, and he said it in the same way—not making fun a bit, but perfectly serious. There's a pretty story for you—an English lord talking bad grammar!"

"I dare say you might find many a one who did," said Aunt Kate; "but Lord Brentford speaks unusually good English for a boy, and I think it was very delicate and polite for him to do as you say he did."

"I thought afterward that perhaps he did it on purpose, though I didn't know quite what to make of it. I suppose he does see how many mortifications I have to bear that none of the rest of you seem to care anything about. Jeanne has trouble like that: her own father is a dreadfully rough, ungrammatical old fellow, but he has made lots of money, and they keep him out of the way."

Aunt Katherine's brows contracted as if something hurt her, but Del seemed quite unconscious that she had convicted her friend's family of either vulgarity or heartlessness. "I wish you had invited Ruth Grafton instead," was all that Aunt Katherine said.

"Ruth Grafton—I might have asked her for Polly," said Del, with great scorn. "She's like a little girl, if she is almost sixteen. She never appears when there's company, and she has never had a silk dress or a bit of real jewelry in her life. They're very aristocratic, they're one of the oldest families in Massachusetts, and they can trace their ancestry back to William the Conqueror, and I like to know Ruth, but I must say I've got beyond her. I think a girl who is almost sixteen ought to have some society, if she isn't really out, and she certainly ought to have something to wear. I want you to see the bracelets that Jeanne's aunt sent her from Paris."

"I used to know her mother in Byfield," said Aunt Katherine. "She was Hannah Jane Walsh."

"Yes, and that's Jeanne's name; that's another of her troubles; but she writes it H. Jeanne Walsingham. Of course it is changing Walsh a good deal, but it sounds so much better, and she says she really *has* to, although her grandfather doesn't like to have her, because Higgins sounds a little common too. You can't blame her for that, Aunt Katherine, for I've heard you say you thought every girl ought to have a pretty name."

"There are better things than prettiness," said Aunt Katherine, who was evidently not disposed to make any allowance for H. Jeanne Walsingham Higgins. "I like to see a girl have some sentiment about the name her parents gave her, especially if it's her mother's name."

"She hasn't really changed it," said Del; "and I think that is very nice of her, for she used to cry because her name wasn't Gwendoline. Jeanne is so sensitive! And she has red hair, almost as red as Polly's, though I don't think it quite so bad a shade."

Polly winced a bit at this sisterly frankness. She didn't like her hair, although grandpa had privately assured her that it was the most beautiful color in the world, and he was glad that one of them had grandma's hair.

"And she has it done so stylishly that it looks—oh, quite differently from Polly's, of course. Her mother's maid does it. I'm sure I don't know how she will get along here; and I know she won't think much of Lord Brentford. She's *quite* beyond him. But she will like to say that she has met him."

Aunt Katherine's brows contracted again, but Del was too much absorbed in her own affairs to observe it.

Polly was regarding Del critically, with her head on one side, wondering if she could be the same Del who only a year ago had liked the wildest kind of a romp, and cared no more for style than the others did. Polly fervently hoped that she should not be sent to Boston to a fashionable school. Del never seemed to have a bit of a good time now, and she was very ridiculous; she called her (Polly) a child. When one is thirteen and a half one does not like to be called a child. And when the person who puts on such airs is "shaky" in her multiplication table, and constantly asks help of the "child" in the matter of French verbs and German umlauts, it is especially aggravating. And then about the red hair!

Polly "kept in," but was very red in the face, and she kicked her heels against the steps on which she sat, until Aunt Katherine looked up in surprise at the clatter. And

she had almost forgotten about Syd and all the trouble, until Aunt Katherine, who evidently did not care to say all she thought about the aspirations of Del and her prospective guest, suddenly changed the subject by inquiring whether either of them had seen Syd. He had not appeared at breakfast, and his grandfather had been searching for him in vain, and she supposed that he must have gone fishing, although the day was not very favorable.

"Oh, that reminds me," exclaimed Del, "that I woke very early this morning—it couldn't have been four o'clock, for it wasn't fairly light—and I saw Syd and Bruce Bennett going out of the driveway with a handcart such as the ragmen have. It seemed to be full of something, and it was covered with an old sail. They handled it carefully, as if it were something breakable or very precious. I heard Bruce Bennett say, 'It's awful risky; it may be the last of us.' They went off toward the village. I didn't think of it when grandpa was asking for him. I wonder if he hasn't been at home since. Don't look so frightened, Aunt Katherine; it's only some of those boys' nonsense. Nothing ever happens to them. There's that old carriage from the landing. If it isn't coming here! It can't be Jeanne. I really believe it is. Oh, why didn't she let me know? What will she think? That's always the way when distinguished people come, while if it's old Aunt Abigail from Cherryfield we get there with a coach and four." Del rushed down the steps as the clattering, creaking old vehicle turned into the driveway, while Polly, even with her heart full of anxiety about Syd as it was, peeped curiously from behind a sheltering pillar of the piazza for the first possible glimpse of H. Jeanne Walsingham Higgins, with the stylish red hair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GINGERBREAD-TREE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

O H, do you know, and do you know,
The tree where risen doughnuts grow,
And in a shower come tumbling down,
All sugary and crisp and brown?

And did you ever chance to see
The plum-cakes on this charming tree?
And reaching o'er the fence, perhaps
A stem just strung with ginger-snaps?

The house stands close beside the street;
Around its roof the branches meet.
If you look up, about your head
Fall down great squares of gingerbread.

Once when I went in the door,
Through the wide window to the floor
A lough came bending all apart,
And tossed me in a jolly cart.

Whoever lives there, I must say,
Though he is lame and old and gray,
What a rare gardener he must be,
And, oh, how happy with that tree!

My mother says that very few
Gingerbread-trees she ever knew,
And none shook down, it seems to her,
Like this, an apple turnover.

Some days it drops upon the ground,
Soft, soft, a frosted heart, and round,
And sometimes, when the branches stir,
Such cookies rain as never were.

And you can guess—oh, you can guess—
That if 'tis too far at recess,
Yet all the children, as a rule,
Go slow there coming home from school.

THE PAINTER RUBENS AND HIS CHILDREN.

BY CARMOSINE

II

WHEN Rubens left the studio of Van Veen in the year 1600 he went, as was the custom, to Italy to complete his studies, and his master gave him a letter to the Arch-Duke Albert and the Infanta Isabella introducing the young man as his favorite pupil. But as a contemporary Italian writer (Bellori) says, young Rubens himself possessed the strongest of recommendations in "the elegance of his bearing, his noble and affable manners, and the abundance and variety of his conversation." Thanks to these remarkable social qualities, Rubens, in after-life, was charged by sovereigns with many delicate diplomatic missions. There is a story told that a disdainful ambassador at the court of Charles I., where Rubens had come on a diplomatic errand, seeing him at work at his

easel one day, said, with a curl of the lips, "I see Monsieur the Ambassador amuses himself by playing the painter."

"On the contrary," replied Rubens, "being a painter, I amuse myself sometimes by playing the ambassador."

Nevertheless this "prince of painters and of gentlemen," as the English diplomatist Sir Dudley Carleton called Rubens, was never happier than when he was living calmly in his splendid house at Antwerp with his wife and children. Furthermore, he was never happier in his art than in the figures that he painted with his wife or his children for models, especially his beautiful second wife Hélène Fourment, whom he often painted with her little son on her knees. The two pictures engraved here show how wonderfully he caught the fugitive expression of dimpled children's faces and that smile of childhood which is like the blooming of a flower. The baby girl, dressed in her Sunday best and all bedecked with lace, bracelets, necklaces and crosses, slashed sleeves and bows of ribbon, is a marvel of life-like expression as she sits in

that funny old arm-chair with her cake on a tray in front of her. She is a true Flemish baby, with a fat fleshy face of delicate rose and white complexion, and when her hair grows it will be blond like that of the other little body whose portrait we have engraved, with her soft sunny hair brushed up and tied in a droll topknot of whose funniness she herself seems half conscious.

The former of these portraits is in the Frankfort Museum, and the latter in the Harrach Gallery at Vienna, and in both of them, simple as they are, we see displayed Rubens's love of richness of color and his delight in beautiful stuffs that give pleasure to the eye and to the touch. The dress of the baby in the arm-chair, the mere folds of drapery over the shoulders of the little girl with the topknot, are such as we might expect from the painter whom Otho Van Veen had taught to love splendid vestments of velvet, silk, and satin.

In our own days, when usage and fashion deprive men of the joy of wearing fine clothes, and permit them to display at the most a speck of color only in their necktie or in the ribbon of a straw hat at the sea-side, it requires an effort of imagination in order to realize the case of Otho Van Veen teaching Rubens to love sumptuous apparel and fine tissues. This is an element of joy which has almost disappeared from our modern civilization, but which was highly appreciated by our forefathers, as we may see from their household furniture, as well as from their costume. In the Middle Ages the ladies who lived in feudal castles spent their time with their serving-women weaving and embroidering beautiful stuffs; in the convents quanti-



PORTRAIT - FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS IN THE FRANKFORT MUSEUM



PORTRAIT—FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS IN THE HARRACH GALLERY, VIENNA.

ties of splendid materials were woven and embroidered by the nuns; indeed in the treasures of the churches, of the monasteries, and of the princes of those days, when money was rare, rich stuffs are noted as so much capital, just as we find in the Bible a man's riches reckoned by the numbers of his flocks and of his changes of raiment. But it was the Crusades that above all opened the eyes of the Europeans to the charms of rich stuffs. When once the rude conquerors of Palestine had seen the marvels of the East they were no longer content with a little, but all wanted Saracen carpets, stuffs interwoven with gold and silver thread, glass and arms from Damascus, gold ornaments and jewelry from beyond the seas. To satisfy this demand regular commerce by sea was established with the Levant, and great fairs were established all over Europe, at which were sold all the products of the East and of the West; for it must not be supposed that the collecting of beautiful objects is a modern craze, or the frequenting

of auction sales an amusement which we of the nineteenth century have invented.

Auction sales were very much in fashion in the sixteenth century. We have an account, for instance, of the sale of the goods of a fine gentleman, Claude Gouffier, which took place at Paris in 1572, and lasted for a whole fortnight. This sale was attended by the Queen Catherine de Medicis and her maids of honor, by the King's brother who afterward became Henry III., by the Cardinal de Bourbon, by the Duc d'Aumale, and all the "swells" of the day. But what surprises us most is to find the Duc d'Aumale buying at second-hand a court mantle, Madame de Chavigny a velvet dress, and the Queen herself bidding for robes and linen. Nowadays a lady would scarcely think of buying a worn dress at an auction sale, much less body-linen, but three hundred years ago ceremonial dresses and fine body-linen were wonderfully worked, extremely durable, and very costly.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

THE mother of George Washington had been five months a widow; she was a busy lady indeed, with the care of the plantation and of her four young children upon her. She was not the mother of George's elder brothers; they were her step-sons, and had become well-to-do farmers on plantations upon the Potomac River, not far from her own on the Rappahannock. Lawrence, the elder, was arranging to occupy the land which he afterward called Mount Vernon, and Augustine lived at Wakefield, in Westmoreland, the homestead of the Washingtons, where she herself had once dwelt, and where George was born. Augustine Washington had employed a teacher from England, Williams by name, and she determined that George should have the benefit of his instruction, as he had gained a name in all that country for excellence in his profession.

So when the late summer of 1743 was over, and the wheat had been trodden out by the feet of her oxen, the corn husked by the hands of her negroes, her tobacco cured and stored, and the harvest completed in her dominion, George was made ready to enter the neighborhood school at the old homestead of his infant days, the house of his brother Augustine.

He was then nearly twelve years old, and had had some tuition at the parish school of Hobby, the sexton of the parish church, near Palmyra, on the Rappahannock. Hobby afterward boasted that it was he who between his knees laid the foundation of Washington's greatness. George was now above Hobby's capacity to help him. He bade farewell to Will Bustle and the parish lads with whom he had read, spelled, and counted in school, and wrestled and raced outside—farewell to the mimic battles of French and English. He had turned his face outward from home toward life and its real battles.

The Christian name of Washington's new teacher, Mr. Williams, has not been handed down, but he had been an usher or assistant-teacher at Wakefield Academy, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, which still survives, and sends annually six students free to the English universities. John Washington, Augustine's ancestor, had resided at one time at South Cave, not far distant from Wakefield, and had doubtless formed an attachment for the academy, and he bestowed its name upon his Westmoreland plantation. The place still retains this designation, and it was lately used in the christening of the steamer built to ply between the city of Washington and Washington's birthplace.

To school at Wakefield came the boy George Washington in the autumn of 1743. Tradition has handed down the names of a few only of the pupils of Mr. Williams. Richard Henry Lee, who was afterward sent to the great Wakefield Academy in Yorkshire, and who came back to be immortal as one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; William Fitzhugh, with whom it is said Washington often quarrelled in his youth, as he did afterward during the military movements against the French about Braddock's time; Lawrence Washington and Robert Washington, distant cousins of George, from Chotank—were among his school-mates. But the school comprised many more, and the boy Washington has left us with his own hand, if not portraits, shadow pictures, the old-fashioned "profile" rather than the modern photograph.

These pen-pictures may be seen between the lines in Washington's rules of conduct which he drew up while at Mr. Williams's school. They have seldom been connoered over, most of them never published, and this description of rude boys at school which we copy from his school-boy's book is now given first, nearly a century and a half

after it was written, to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Washington is picturing the boy whose manners he should avoid, and the roughness of some of the boys in those days could not be more strikingly portrayed. He writes:

"Do not Puff up the cheeks, Loll out the tongue [so he spells it] rub the hands or beard thrust out the lips or bite them or keep the lips too long open or Close.

"KILL no vermin as Fleas Lice ticks &c., in the sight of others. If you see any filth put your foot Dexterously upon it. If it be on the cloaths of your Companions Put it off privately, or if it be on your own Cloths return thanks to him who puts it off.

"SHAKE not the head Feet or legs rowl not the Eyes, lift not one eyebrow higher than the other wry not the mouth and bedew no man's face with your spittle by approaching him while you speak.

"PUT not off your cloths in the presence of Others nor go out of your chamber half drest.

"SHIFT not yourself in the sight of others nor Gnaw your nails.

"KEEP your Nails clean and short, also your Hands and Teeth clean, without showing any great concern for them.

"WHEN you Sit down Keep your feet firm and Even without putting them one on the other or crossing them.

"If YOU Cough Sneeze or yawn do it not Loud but; privately and Speak not in your Yawning, but put Your handkerchief before your face and turn aside."

The Wakefield mansion, Washington's birthplace and his school, was burned on Christmas Day, 1779. Washington was with his army, huddled on the heights of Morristown, the darkest Christmas of the Revolution, amid cold and threatened hunger. The family at Wakefield suffered cold that day as severely as the soldiers at Morristown. Some sea-cotton in the attic caught fire, and the Wakefield Washingtons, driven from their home, crossed Pope's Creek on the ice, and, almost frozen, found refuge in a farm-house two miles away. At this fire most of the school-books, maps, and charts of Washington's school-days were destroyed; but they lived in a new form, translated to the brain of the great commander that was thinking and planning amid the Morristown huts. The school-house was a short distance from Pope's Creek, and about a mile and a half from the Potomac River, and stood amidst trees among which a hackberry, still standing, towered pre-eminent. A large pear-tree and a clump of fig-trees were the striking features of the grounds close to the house. The building itself was a Virginia farm-house of early days, one story high, with an attic in the centre, a steep roof sloping to the sides, and flanked at the ends by huge brick chimneys. It was a comfortable house, but far from an elegant one. Here Washington studied, worked his examples, examined maps, wrote copies in penmanship, and was a school-boy like those who now enjoy a holiday on his birthday.

His sports have been mentioned by his biographers—his studies never. Most of his few school-books have perished, but the school-boy Washington made record himself of his school work, and the record, in his own handwriting, still exists.

Meanwhile let us remember that in those days, and even half a century later, school boys and girls wrote out the epitomes of geography and the rules of arithmetic, and made manuscript ciphering books in which to record their "sums." The superb geographies with their graphic maps and talking pictures were not for Washington. A terrestrial globe, a great wall map, with a huge quarto geography, as big as a family Bible, as a reference book, were all the facilities which Mr. Williams had to instruct his pupils in geography. They wrote out text and tables, and the older pupils made their own maps. Here is a

page, out of many, in the geography which Washington wrote, and we copy it from his own hand in his own book:

America is bounded on ye East with ye Atlantic Ocean on the West with ye Pacifick Sea on the North without Bounds on the South by ye Megellanica Sea

It consists of two viz North & South America
The Provinces of North America are

New France	New Jersey	Carolina, North & South
New England	Maryland	Terra Florida
New York	Virginia	Mexico or New Spain
Pennsylvania	The chief islands are	
Iceland.	Hispaniola	Jamaica
Greenland	Cuba	Barbadoes and
California	Porto Rico	the rest of ye
		Caribbee Islands

There are many pages of this geography, reciting all the countries of the then known world. He makes too some pages of astronomy, with lists of the constellations and number of stars in each. A celestial globe must have formed part of the school apparatus at Wakefield, for Washington records in his book many problems with the globes and the methods of solving them. While at school he wrote his "Rules of Behavior in Company and Conversation." When, years ago, the venerable Mr. Sparks read them over he thought most of them too boyish for publication, and he told those who read his books that some of these rules were "unimportant, and suited only to form the habits of a child." These he omitted entirely, and others he thought "of higher import, fitted to soften and polish the manners, to keep alive the best affections of the heart, to impress the obligation of moral virtues, to teach what is due to others in the social relations, and, above all, to inculcate the practice of a perfect self-control." These he published, and until Dr. James M. Toner, of Washington, made his re-examination of the writings of Washington it was not discovered how much of boyish soberness, and vivacity too, had been left behind in the portrayal of Washington's character. But Mr. Sparks, and Washington Irving too, wrote for men. None of the writers (except Parson Weems) who have pictured Washington for boys and girls seem to have had access to any unprinted sources of information. The young people of to-day shall see the boy Washington face to face as he looked at himself in his school-days.

When he came to school he went first into the kitchen; all the boys did so. The kitchen was at one end of the sloping-roofed house, and was the common entrance. At the side of the kitchen the wide, deep, high fireplace—a little room in itself—gave the little fire needed for summer cooking a vent without heating the apartment, and afforded room for the great genial roaring fires of winter. This was the common meeting-place of the household and outsiders; its corners were nooks of comfort; and in front hung the meat or fowls that were roasting for the family meal. A glance at such a fire as this gives a zest to the boy Washington's rules for fireside behavior. He writes:

"Spit not in the Fire nor Stoop low before it neither Put your hands into the Flame to warm them nor set feet upon the Fire especially if there be meat before it

"At Play or at fire it is good manners to give place to the last-comer, and affect not to speak louder than ordinary."

Of all Washington's school exercises, his work in numbers claimed the greater share of his attention during the first weeks with Mr. Williams. The exercises in arithmetic and in the application of mathematics to the practical work of measurement are still to be seen in large number. In fact they fill the greater portion of his "sum book."

When he came first from the tuition of Hobby he worked a simple exercise in long division in this way:

$$\begin{array}{r} 372 \overline{) 478 \ 950 \ 1760} \\ \underline{372} \\ 2060 \\ \underline{2060} \\ 1904 \\ \underline{1904} \\ 1655 \\ \underline{1632} \\ 230 \end{array}$$

Very soon after he had been under the tuition of Mr. Williams he shortened his calculation to this form:

$$\begin{array}{r} 372 \overline{) 478 \ 950 \ 1760} \\ \underline{372} \\ 206 \ 9 \\ \underline{206} \\ 1655 \\ \underline{1632} \\ 230 \end{array}$$

Here is a copy of his numeration table, with his own line, words, and figures:

Mr. Williams seems to have taught Washington to avoid computations with common fractions or denominate numbers, and at once to bring every variety of counting to decimals, and carry on his work with out paying attention to infinitesimal values.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDNA WITH THE RED CLOAK.

BY MARY E. B. EMERY.

ONE day the clock ran down, the kettle boiled over, and the careless maid broke a fine china dish. The shoemaker's wife began to cry and say: "There is no longer any good fortune in this world. Yesterday I stuck the scissors into my thumb, to-day the dishes break, and to-morrow perhaps the shop will burn down, and my Jacob will be killed. Then I shall die of grief, and my little Edna will be left alone in the world, with no one to care for her or see that she gets a good husband. How sad it is!" And she cried till the tears ran down her face, while the apple-pie in the oven turned black as a coal. So there was another misfortune.

Now the grapes had just been gathered, and Edna went that afternoon to carry some of the finest bunches to her good friend the Doctor.

Ronald, the Doctor's son, with his military cap and bundle of books in a long strap, stood at the house-door throwing nutshells at the pigeons. "This is a fine day," said he, gayly, "and to-night is Halloween, when whoever goes through the woods to the great rock by the withered pine and stays till the clock strikes twelve will hear her sweetheart coming after her." His dark eyes danced with mirth, but Edna listened quite soberly.

"That would be a good thing to do," she thought to herself as she trudged off homeward. "Then the next time the bread would not rise, and my mother began to cry, I should say to her, 'Have no care about me, mother; I shall do very well with—'" And here she tried to think of a name to call him, but could not find one to suit her; so she thought: "Never mind; if he has not a good one, and is not in every way kind and agreeable, I will not have one word to say to him. On that I am quite determined. 'There is no time like the present,' says the copy-book. I will at once set off upon my journey."

It was now near sundown, and the air was cool and chilly. She pulled her warm red cloak close about her as she walked along, and pushed back the pretty yellow locks that fell upon her shoulders.



A FLAT SPECIMEN.

LITTLE MISS ANTOINETTE, of Paris (and of wax), to paper Doll. "Who's SAT DOWN on YOU?"

As she went by Brian the butcher's, the yellow sheep-dog Guard came down the lane, and stood looking wisely up and down the road. When the little girl approached, he thought, "She is all alone; I will take care of her." So he crossed the lane and walked along by her side.

"This is quite as it should be," said Edna to herself. "Now I am like Una with her lion." And she spoke kindly to the old dog, who wagged his tail and looked proudly at her with his honest eyes.

The road grew lonely as they went on, and they met but few travellers by the way.

First came a rough boy hurrying his cows home. He had spent too much time hunting for nuts, and now feared a beating from his master. "Come, Guard," he shouted to the old dog, who paid no heed to him, but marched by Edna's side. So the boy with the cows passed on.

Next came a dirty tramp with a bundle slung over his shoulder by a stout stick. He had an evil face, and leering at Edna with an evil smile, he started to cross the road toward her; but Guard bristled up his hair, and opening his wide mouth, showed all his wolfish teeth, snarling at the same time in so frightful a manner that the tramp slunk back to his own side of the road, and went on, muttering with rage and darkly scowling.

Then came a great rattling of wheels as an empty market wagon came rolling on. The farmer had sold his apples and squashes for a good round sum that day in the city market, and was going home with a store of big silver dollars in the little canvas bag so carefully buttoned inside his coat. He was shouting some words of a song, for he could sing no more than a crow, but he roared,

"Hurrah! hurrah! ring out the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis the flag that sets you free!"

The wagon rattled, the horses plunged awkwardly forward, and the driver, a red-faced, good-natured fellow, smiled and nodded at the pretty little girl walking by the way, and Guard growled softly under his breath as they swept rapidly by and were lost to view.

In the narrow wood road it was dusky dark, and the thick leaves rustled under their feet as they passed. A partridge, perched upon a low branch, flew up with a startled whirr at the approach of these strange travellers.

As they went farther into the wood it grew darker; the path grew steep, and she stumbled every moment over the projecting roots that lay in her way.

"No pains, no gains," thought Edna. "I will not go back now, at any rate."

At the top of a cliff, by a huge rough boulder, stands the withered pine. It is a landmark for all the country

round. Close by the great rock, with Guard at her side, sat Edna among the drifted leaves. She leaned her head against the shaggy ruff upon his shoulder while he licked her hand once or twice, as if to say, "Never fear; I'll take care of you."

Before them the face of the cliff opened seaward, where lay the black sea-marshes, miles on miles, while far away, where the dark ocean stretched to meet the sky, flashed the red gleams of the great revolving light. Guard sat up very straight, like a soldier on duty, but Edna soon slipped down into her nest of soft leaves, and fell asleep as if she were in her little bed at home.

The shoemaker's wife had a great loaf of brown-bread and a pot of beans for supper that night.

"Where is Edna?" said father Jacob, as he looked at the blue plate and shining mug and the empty chair beside his own.

"The Doctor will bring her home in his carriage," said the wife. "They have kept her to tea, no doubt. How glad I am she wore her blue dress!"

It was far into the night when Ronald was awakened by his mother's shaking him, and holding a bright light in his face as she said, "The shoemaker's Edna is lost, and no one can find her."

Down-stairs he could hear Jacob's questioning voice, his father answering, and the sobs and cries of the mother, who never stopped exclaiming: "There is now nothing more to live for! My Edna is dead—drowned in the river, with her beautiful new dress and gold chain. When the looking-glass fell, I knew something was coming." And she screamed and cried and beat her hands wildly about, so that they had to hold her.

Then Ronald thought of the withered pine. Had she gone in all the darkness? So many times his mother had said, "A liar must be punished." And he had been sorry, and said, "I only said it in fun; I didn't mean it." He dared not tell his father or any one, and his teeth chattered with cold and fright as he stole softly out, seized the stable lantern, and set off on his dismal journey.

All the lights were out in the village, and as he went by Brian the butcher's the dogs set up a most dreadful baying, so that he ran as fast as he could into the wood beyond. There the darkness was still more lonely. Every rustle of the dead leaves by the side of the road made his heart throb hard and chokingly. He heard his own loud panting breath as he climbed the steep path, but he saw by the light of his lantern a little ball of red wool that had fallen from her pocket. "Edna! Edna!" he cried, as he reached the great rock. Guard barked and sprang up, wagging his tail joyfully, and beyond, half hidden by the fallen leaves, he saw the red cloak of the little maiden.

So Ronald with the lantern, Edna with the red cloak, and Guard the yellow sheep-dog, all went home together.

And the shoemaker said to his wife, "Surely our trials are little and our blessings great." And she answered: "I am a very foolish woman. God gives me every day four times as many good things as I ask for."

LEFT IN THE LURCH.

BRIDGET went off suddenly one Monday morning early and left us in the lurch. That was what mamma said, and Trottie heard her and began to cry, because she said she didn't want to be left in the lurch; and when Hardie asked her why the lurch wasn't good enough for her she said she didn't mind for herself, but papa might

come home and not be able to find us. But Trottie is only five, you know.

It was very wrong of Bridget, because mamma paid her, oh! dollars and dollars a month, and she broke more china and glasses than she was worth—so papa said; and he said too that he wished she'd drop her head on the kitchen range some day and break *that* for a change; and Hardie laughed at me and called me a goose because I thought that papa truly meant it. Hardie is my brother, and he's an awful tease.

Well, Bridget went off suddenly in a temper, and the expressman called for her and her trunk in a wagon, and after she'd got into the wagon she seemed to hesitate, and then she climbed down and rang our door-bell, and when Hardie opened the door she rushed past him into the sitting-room and caught up little Trottie and kissed her over and over, and said, "Shure an' I cudden leave yez

without givin' de swate little angel a last kiss—bless her, the darlint!"

Then she bounced out of the house as if she was in a worse temper than ever, but I saw she had tears in her eyes, and she loved Trottie, and I don't think she could have been a really altogether bad woman, after all; do you?

It was great fun doing our own house-work. Mamma did the cooking, and I made the beds and tidied up the rooms, and then went and swept up after Trottie, who was a regular little plague. Hardie washed the dishes, on condition that he staid away from school. He never likes to go to school on Monday, and I'm sure I can sympathize with him, poor fellow!

It was great fun for about two days, but I think we shall all be glad to see the new girl who has answered mamma's advertisement in the newspaper.





A LITTLE HOUSE-KEEPER.

THE great John Ruskin, among other good things which he thinks elms ought to learn, includes the duty of "feeding people in dainty ways." Our Little House-keeper in the picture has just made a pie, and she intends it for her papa's supper. It looks nice enough to please Mr. Ruskin himself, and I am sure that papa will be delighted. Maybe he will give the dear little cook a gold dollar. Perhaps she will be sufficiently rewarded with a kiss, and a "Thank you, dear child."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—We have a dachshund called Waldal, and a canary called Gretchen. I am eleven years old, and have a sister called Annetrie, who is seven. My favorite authors are Sir Walter Scott, Miss Yonge, and Dickens. We went to Rouen last year, and saw the great Cathedral and many magnificent churches. The Cathedral is very old indeed. Some statues on the outside had lost their heads and arms. There was also the great organ, but we did not hear it played, and a lovely rose-window is close to it. Then there is the tomb of the Cardinals d'Amboise. The two cardinals are kneeling, with figures exquisitely cut out of stone all round them. The Seine was winding along, with fertile life on the islands in its midst far beyond, all verdure; and then the great old town, with the grand old Cathedral conspicuous among the houses, lifting its tall spires high above the rest of the city. The Church of St. Ouen is noted for its beautiful stone-work. The old custom of tolling the Curfew-bell is still kept up, at eight o'clock every night. On the place where Joan of Arc was burned is the fountain of the Pucelle, with a statue of her in the middle. There is also the prison in which she was confined. We went to see the Palais de Justice, and the Church of St. Godard, which were both lovely. We also saw the statue of Kollo, near St. Ouen.

PAULINE MARY T.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—We have two brand new volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and have enjoyed the stories and Post-office Box so much that I am going to write to you. So many of the letters are about places the Wetters have visited that I am going to tell you about where I was last summer. We have spent most of our lives, but we were here long enough to remember anything. In Virginia, and we went there to spend our vacation last year. The farm is a very large one, comprising many hundred acres, and the river flows through it. The house is called Woodlawn (a pretty name, isn't it?), and the house is large and old, with a long irregular yard, divided into several drives by box-heds. The box-bushes on each side nearly reach to the

top of the house, and are as large as trees. The garden is off on one side, and slopes down in terraces, with stone steps. In it there are fruit trees of every kind, pear, apple, plum, mulberry, peach, and figs, and every sort of berry. The upper part is devoted to flowers, with box-bush borders to each bed. There is a greenhouse and two old arbors entirely covered with roses. My aunt is devoted to cows, and she has about forty beautiful Jerseys with great soft eyes. She has numbers of sheep, fowls of all kinds, six dogs, and several horses. The village is four miles from the farm, and almost every afternoon some of us would drive over for the mail. It consists of two or three stores (the post-office being in one of them), a lively saloon, freight-house, and probably a dozen dwelling-houses. My sister and I had some dresses to be made, so we went over to the milliner's to wait for the dress maker. The milliner is a tall, stout woman, with a long braid of black hair, greasy curl-papers, and a sun-bonnet always on. Her wares are a few shelves of hats, faded flowers, out-of-date ribbons, odds and ends of silk, and a little of everything. The milliner's usual seat is on the counter, where she holds long and tedious conversations with her possible customers, and before then decide what would look best on her green muslin, or how Mary Jane's hat should be trimmed. So, talking of the crops, the latest fashions, the temperance meetings we whiled away the time until the dress-maker, a little meek-looking woman, came in. She took us in the back room, a little box about six feet square, where the family was a stoop and bent over to measure us. There is much more to tell of my very pleasant summer, but fearing I have already taxed your patience, I will stop and write again some other time. I may, and send one of my stories, as I am devoted to writing.

MARGARET C. H.

GEORGETOWN, ONT.
We are two sisters, and thought we would write a letter to you. We were born before, but we are disappointed in not seeing it in our dear paper. We have plenty of good reading, as we subscribe for HARPER'S WEEKLY, HAZARD, and MONTAIGNE. We like the paper very much, and this very interesting paper; then every Christmas we get *St. Nicholas* and *Wide Awake*, bound. We like Howard Pyle and Mrs. Little best. For pets, we have three dogs, two cats, and a beautiful parrot. Hoping this new year has been a happy one so far to you, and that the rest will be so, we remain ever your constant readers.

IDA AND NELL W.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—We have intended to write to you for a long time, but never have fairly started to do it. We think "A New Robinson Crusoe" a very nice story also. The House-keeper in the picture is a very large place, and in summer is very pleasant, and also very warm. We belong to a cooking club, and have very nice times at it. Hoping you will see this letter in print, as it is the first time we have ever written to you, we remain your loving readers.

NELLIE H. and JEANNETTE M'.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I thought I would write to you. I live in Tusculum. It is a small village, with not many people. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I have been trying to learn to skate this winter, and I think it is great sport.

MAGGIE L.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
I am always interested in the descriptions of themselves. Would you like to know how I look? I am rather tall (five feet five inches), with dark brown hair, hazel eyes, combed down. I have been going to the High School. I have a faculty for getting into mischief, and average about six frowns a day from my teacher, if it doesn't go farther. I will graduate next year. My studies are Latin, algebra, philosophy, arithmetic, and ancient history. We will take up botany in a few weeks, which I enjoy very much, especially going botanizing. Perhaps you would like to hear about our city. It is a small, very pretty place of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, surrounded by very beautiful hills, and was founded in 1815 by the Rapaports, who formed a community. Many of their old buildings still stand. It is a very classic town, and is called the Athens of the Watah. We have a very fine Public Library, with the best books in the State, of about six thousand volumes. We are very proud of our town and our people, and though we live in Essex County, I assure you we consider ourselves a very intelligent and enlightened people. So much for myself and surroundings. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so much, and I always intervene in the Post-office Box. I like the *Liars' Little Stories*, and am just now interested in "The Household of Glen Holly," though I get impatient waiting for the next number, as it is my habit when I begin a

book to read it through right away. I think Louisa M. Alcott such a grand woman, judging from her books. I liked Nell R. B.'s letter of a few weeks ago very much, and believe that in her I have found a "little sister." I hope she will write again to the Post-office Box. I think you would get very tired looking over all the letters which come to you. KATHARINE M.

PASC CHRISTIAN.

I am a little girl who has written to you twice before. I am now at Pass Christian, Mississippi, but when I write before I will be at New Orleans, Tennessee. I go to school, and study arithmetic, education, spelling, geography, grammar, and French. I am about ten years old, and weigh one and a half inches tall, and weigh 103 pounds. I have dark brown hair and eyes. I had a lovely little white rat, but a mean old cat caught it. I have two now that I got in New Orleans. I went to New Orleans a short while ago to see Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett play *Hamlet*.

GEORGINA R.

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.
DEAR POSTMASTER.—I am a very nice young girl. I have no pets. It is the first time I have ever written to you. I have an older brother; he is fourteen years old. I go to a Public School North Clinton Street. We live in Montclair, New Jersey. It was right at the foot of the Orange Mountains, and was a very little place. We live on Park Avenue, near Arlington Avenue. I have a safety bicycle. I like the paper very much. I hope you will print this letter, as my father and mother know nothing about it. ROBBIE L. H.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.
As the present year will be the seventh that we have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and as I have never written to the Post-office Box, I thought I would write to tell you how much we all (in the family) like it. We have enjoyed this lovely paper. We like it better every year. My favorite stories are "Nan" and "The Colonel's Mound." A. E. W.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.
I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly a year. I like it very much indeed. I have never written to you before. I have one very large Maltese cat named Funch. I have a very small cat, named Peter, but he ran away. My favorite stories are "Held for Ransom," "The Household of Glen Holly," "Uncle Peter's Trust," and "Captain Holly." HARRY S. J.

BEULAH SPRING, CALIFORNIA.
DEAR POSTMASTER.—I am the only one in Beulah that takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Miss Essie T. of Los Angeles, California, for whom I am named, sends the paper to me, and I am always anxious to get it. I have one sister named Lenore, and two brothers, Edson and Charlton. We live on a ranch. My father built a beautiful little lake, and has his tail of carp. He is busy now cutting up ice. We had a lovely Christmas tree in our Sunday-school, and had the *Christmas Tree Cantata*. I own a little Jersey calf, and her name is Belle. ESSIE E. S. (10 years old).

ALMA CRAIG, OREGON.
DEAR POSTMASTER.—Seeing your valuable paper at a school-mate's house, I thought I would write you a letter. I am twelve years old, and I passed for the High School last summer, and got a knife and two dollars for doing so. I have no brothers or sisters. I can skate, swim, play baseball and cricket. I have had ten wheelchairs, and am going to get a bicycle. I had a season ticket for the Ice-Skating Rink here last winter. The river Sabie, or Au Sabie, flows by this village, and there is skating on it sometimes. I live in a brick house, and we have one horse, one cow, two dogs, two cats, two canary-birds, and some hens. Our school began on the 7th of this month. I do not go to High School yet, but will go next fall, I think. JNO. S. K.

BEULAH VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA.
As I am now one of your new subscribers, I thought I would write you a letter, and tell you how much I am delighted with HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I love to read the children's letters and the story of "Captain Holly" very much. I first got the reading of your paper from Dick A. and his brother, ten years old, and liked it so well I thought I would take it myself. I am a girl of fourteen years, with long yellow curls and blue eyes. I am about ten years old, and weigh four feet six inches tall. I go to school, and have eight studies. GUSSIE P.

TERRYTON, NEW YORK.
I would like to join the Little House-keepers if I may. I have four big dolls (their names are May, Elsie, Fannie, Edith) and a great many lit-

the dolls. My big doll Fannie came from France. I like to read Harper's YOUNG PEOPLE and the letters in the Post-office Box. I like to play with my dolls and put them to bed. I make dresses for all my dolls. I can make candy, and will send you two receipts. For pets, I have two cats: one is a little Maltese kitten, and my big cat is black and white her name is Minerva. Can you tell me a pretty name for my kitten? There are six children in our family, three boys and three girls. I am the youngest. I have a mamma, and grandma. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic, French, grammar, drawing and writing. School begins at nine o'clock, but at one o'clock. I do not like school very much. I hope I will see this in your paper. Good-by. Your little friend,
ELEANORE SOPHIE K.

CODWATER, MICHIGAN.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly two years, and think it is a very nice paper. I am very much interested in the story of "Captain Polly," although the stories are all good. I think that is the best, so far as I have seen. I like to read the story of the little bird in a very pretty part of this town. It is lovely here all the seasons of the year, for in winter the snow on the small branches of the evergreens is beautiful to look at in the morning. The little English sparrows come here too, and make music out doors. We have several plants, out few are in blossom. We have a begonia in bloom, and I think it has a very queer name. I would like to join the Little House keepers. I can sweep, cook, and do almost every other thing in house keeping, but I like. It is very nice to join. I am eleven years old, and was going to tell about the farm I live on, but I am afraid my letter is too long already. Good-by.
GRACE S.

Quite enough I answer to your question about the Little House-keepers. Baking will be learned in time.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—As the saying is, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." I think I will try again. I should like to see your paper. The first time I wrote to you I wrote in February, 1886, and my letter was printed. About a year ago, and also in last July, I wrote, but my letter was not printed, so I thought I would try again. I will be thirteen on the 18th of February, and expect to have a small party; there will be no boys. I take St. Nicholas, and also the Farming paper. I have taken your paper since October, 1883. Mamma has had all the volumes bound for me. I had a charming time Christmas, and got many things in mamma's stocking. I would not hang up my letter, but I have hung up hers for me. I have seen Little Lord Fauntleroy, and think it just lovely. I have been to the opera five times, and enjoyed myself very much every time. Excuse once, when I saw Prophete. I think "A Captured Santa Claus" was one of the best stories I have read since "Chrysanthemum, Jack, & Co." As I fear my letter is getting too long, I will close. I am, as ever, your faithful reader,
EMILY B.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—On the 1st of January I received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from whom I do not know. I should like to know that I might acknowledge the kindness. My grandfather, who died four years ago, in his seventy-fourth year, often told me of the big firm of Harper & Brothers; he was named for Mr. James Harper, his uncle.
ARTHUR A.

HONEY BROOK, CHESTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have often thought of writing to you, but never succeeded in doing so. We take your delightful paper in the Honey Brook Grammar-School, and if I know some of the other girls who do not take the paper, I would advise them to get up a club and ask each member to give ten cents, and if you have not enough money to get the paper, kindly ask your teacher to pay the rest. I think he would do it if he knew what a charming paper it is. I have a few pets: two cats, a black one named Tabby and a Maltese one named Minky. Sometimes, when I have dinner for her meals, and she will not come, I will call her Nizze, and then she comes bounding. While I am writing to you they are having a party on the back porch. Do you not like cats? I have a pet cow; her name is Hummie. She is red and white spotted, and she has very small horns, but she dislikes anybody that touches her horns, so a good deal of damage, and I wish you could see her when mamma goes to milk; if she has cabbage or anything the cow likes, she will jump up behind her and lick her. I have two white pigs; they are very tame. We have about fifty chickens, and if I go out in the yard I can pick them up without feeding them, as they are used to it. I have two mice, one is very pretty; one Soil and the other Poll. They lay eggs and hatch little squabs. I send the squabs to market, and sometimes get forty and fifty

cents for them. Sometimes the neighbor's dog comes to see me; his name is Poke Shaffer.

MABEL I. F.

Your plan of forming a club is a good one so far as a class paper is in question, but I think a better way is for every family to have its own copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, even though something else is done without. The beautiful paper helps you in study and play, gives you fifty times its money value in new ideas, lovely pictures, and good thoughts, and will make its readers stronger, brighter, and richer men and women. If you are a very young child, it costs you, subscribing by the year, a little less than one car-fare a week. If you live in the country, you can earn its price by raising and selling chickens, or picking berries in summer. I wouldn't be without it myself for anything that I can think of, and I wish that every child in the land could have it for his or her own. The serial stories are interesting to you all, and as for the puzzles, sketches, and poems, they are unexcelled.

ANSWER TO LETTER-PUZZLE.

The answer to the Letter Puzzle, in "An Hour with the A. B. C.," in the last number (page 255), is the letter W. The key is found in the following words:

William.	Whack.	When.
Wasp.	Whelp.	Wholes.
Warm.	Wall.	Washes.
Wit.	Whose.	W.
Want.	Whom.	

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 27TH.
The Teacher and the Pupil.—Mark, vi. 1-13.

In some of the features of His life on earth, that Master was very unlike most of His followers. He is never had a settled home. The poorest of us is better off than that. You know those words of His, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Suppose, dear little Mary, that you had no home of your very own; that in the whole world there was a place that belonged to you, no seat at the table that was yours, no little bed in a pleasant chamber that you could always go to when night came and you were tired and weary. So it was with Jesus, though He was Lord of all.

In this lesson we find Him going back to Nazareth, the place where He spent His childhood and youth—the time of His life. He had known what it was to be at home with His mother, and to be her child. Here, with the twelve, who were His companions. He returned after raising the little girl from the dead, and if you will read the beginning of the lesson, you will see that having been in "His own country" day after day, and week after week, He went to the "synagogue," or Jewish church, and taught the people.

One would think they would have been very glad to listen to the Master, but poor, stupid people, they were too dense to perceive His greatness. They could not forget that He had worked in their sight at the carpenter's bench; that He had been, so to speak, one of themselves, toiling for daily bread during quiet years, in which none of His greatness had shown.

Here, let me say that, dear little Mary, by His example, and by everything He said and did while in the world, dignified labor. Let no foolish boy or girl look down upon honest work as unworthy. The hard hands, the tired feet, the thoughtful brow, are badges of honor in God's sight. Don't fancy that one sort of work is necessarily more noble than another. The thing is to do clean work, honorably and thoroughly. Like to have the fresh, clean shavings in a carpenter's shop, remembering that the blessed Lord of heaven and earth once helped a carpenter at his daily work.

One of the strangest things in the Gospel story is told just here. Although Jesus had done so many wonderful deeds of love and kindness in other places, in Nazareth the people were doubtful about the blessings He might have given them by their own unbelief. He marvelled at their lack of faith, and in answer to their unbelief He said: "He could do no mighty works because of their unbelief."

Our own determination not to take a gift from a Divine hand may to-day put us in the same position with the Nazarenes. Nothing good comes to us, except as we have faith.

From this point Jesus sent His disciples out, to go from place to place, to heal the sick, and preach the word. They were to go very simply, depending for shelter and food on the kind people they might meet, and not even taking their staffs. They were to take this journey in faith, and perhaps one reason among others was that they might show the unbelieving people that the Master's friends would be cared for though without

rich clothing or money in their purses. It was also quite common in those days, when there were few laws, for people to trust to the hospitality of the country.

Jesus gave them power to do many of the things He had done Himself, and they set out on their missionary journey trusting in Him.

The lessons for us in this account are these:

1. To honor the Sabbath and the house of God.
2. To pay respect to honest work, and call no thing mean or trivial that is honest and thorough.
3. To believe in the Lord wholly.
4. To go on Christ's errands, in faith that He will provide the means, if we are in the way.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

Primals spell the home of city in England.
1. A lake in Switzerland. 2. A river in France.
3. A desert in Africa. 4. A river in Russia. 5. A bay in North Carolina. 6. A city in France.
S. R. K.

No. 2.

ENIGMA

My first is in bear, but not in hog.
My second is in whip, but not in letting.
My third is in catch, but not in take.
My fourth is in scythe, but not in rake.
My fifth is in coat, but not in heath.
My sixth is in field, but not in path.
My last is in gander and also in goose.
My whole a machine which is much in use.
J. H. M.

No. 3.

MALTESE CROSS.

Upper square.—1. A stupid fellow. 2. Single in number. 3. A beverage.

Left-hand square.—1. Fruit covered with shells. 2. Of value—utility. 3. Nine + one.

Right-hand square.—1. A small serpent. 2. Branch of ocean. 3. Touch lightly.

Lower square.—1. To pinch. 2. Anger. 3. An instrument for writing and place to keep pigs.
LOUIS B.

No. 4.

TWO HALF-SQUARES.

1.—1. A strict disciplinarian. 2. Excited. 3. Plundered. 4. A vegetable root, as a potato. 5. A river in Bavaria. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. A masculine nickname. 8. A consonant.

2.—1. An opinion or assertion apparently false or absurd, but not really so. 2. Worship. 3. Aftermath. 4. Any open surface. 5. A cave. 6. A bone. 7. A consonant.
F. S. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 483.

No. 1.—	A							
D	R			S				
U	I			T				
N	E			O				
E	S			U				
S	P							
I	N	A	N	E		A	I	B
L	D							
E	D							
I	I			H				
R	G			P				
O	I			F				
R								

Perimeter.—Asteroid. Wheel.—Spaddles.

No. 2 -

S	H	O
H	A	L
A	L	E
D	E	S
D	E	V
S	E	A
S	O	N
S	T	O
E	N	D

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Janet B. Gillies, Marie H. Canon, Florence A. Fosdy, H. M. Rochester, Albert Porter, Eugene MacArthur, Marshall L. Robin, Mary-Pearce, Marie and Gladys Leighton, Rose Duncan, Dorothy C. Laura James, John Richard, Christopher Poley, John Prentiss, Rupert T. P., and Dave MacDonald.

A GEORGE WASHINGTON STORY THAT DIDN'T COME TRUE.

WHERE HE TOOK UP
RESIDENCE

TEACHER (in historical class). "Where did George Washington live after he retired from public life?"

No one seemed to know.

TEACHER. "Was it at Washington or at Mount Vernon?" Still no reply.

TEACHER. "Come, children: some of you must know."

SMALLEST SCHOLAR. "I know, teacher; he lived in the hearts of his countrymen."

"Mamma," said May, "I—"

"Yes, dear," answered mamma, as May hesitated.

"Oh, never mind," said May, after a minute's thought. "I wanted to ask you something, but it fell out of my head."

THE MILD WINTER.

We're told that the beautiful flowers

That set all the garden aglow
With ripple of color last summer
Are sleeping serene 'neath the snow.

But as I have yet seen no snow-drift

Across the trim beds wildly sweep,

Oh, tell me, Sir Poet, pray tell me,
Where *now* are the flowers
asleep? R. K. M.



IT WASN'T A JEWELER'S.

BOY. "MISTER, I WANT ONE OF DEM NICKEL WHISTLES."
SHOP KEEPER. "WE DON'T HAF NO NICKEL WHISTLES. VE HAF TIN WHISTLES."
BOY. "NAW; I MEAN A FIVE-CENT WHISTLE, YOU KNOW."

SCIENCE AT HOME.

Grandmamma had been explaining to the little girl how our earth is kept from flying off into infinite space by the attraction of the sun, which is constantly trying to draw the earth toward itself, while the latter always keeps its distance.

"Grandma," said the little girl, "I should think the sun would get discouraged after a while, and let it go."

A PATIENT CRITIC.

A minister's little daughter, who had been to church for the first time, and heard her father preach, was questioned by him on reaching home as to how she liked his sermon.

There was an embarrassed silence; then the little maid, tired out with the long strain of "being good," and yet anxious not to offend in any wise, made answer, with a little long-drawn breath of patient resignation, "You preached awful long, papa, but I beared it."



INGENIOUS DEVICE OF THE BOYS TO MAKE OLD CALEB GIVE THEM A SLEIGH-RIDE.

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WILHELMINA, PRINCESS ROYAL OF THE NETHERLANDS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KAMERY, OF THE HAGUE.
SEE PAGE 286.

"STRETCH IT A LITTLE."

BY FRANCES J. DYER.

TRUDGING along the slippery street,
Two childish figures, with aching feet,
And hands numbened by the biting cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old,
Hurrying homeward at close of day
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed nor seemed to care
For the little ragged shivering pair;
Nobody saw how close they crept
Into the warmth of each gas jet
Which flung abroad its mellow light
From gay shop windows into the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks, and fell
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold.
"Tain't very big, but I guess 'twill hold
Both you and me if only I try
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth, and halve the pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little," O girls and boys
In homes o'ertlowing with comforts and joys;
See how far you can make them reach,
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,
Your gifts of service and gifts of gold:
Let them stretch to households manifold.

LITTLE GREAT PEOPLE OF THE WORLD.

IT is a curious fact that four of what the world calls the great people of the earth should be in reality very little people. One great nation is ruled by a baby who will not be out of the nursery for several years to come. He is known as Alfonso XIII., King of Spain. The heir to the throne of the vast German Empire is little Crown-Prince William, who is nearly seven years old. The heir to the throne of the united kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia is the Archduchess Elizabeth, who is only five, and whose father, the Crown-Prince Rudolph of Austria, met a tragic death by his own hand only a few weeks ago. Had this little girl been a boy she would have been heir to the Empire of Austria as well as to the two kingdoms, and it may even yet be that the Austrian government will set aside in her favor the law which forbids a woman to ascend the imperial throne.

Last comes the Princess Royal of the Netherlands, whose portrait is given on our front page. Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria was born on the last day of August, 1880. Thus she is eight and a half years old. Her father is King William III., who is seventy-two years old, and her mother Queen Emma, who is many years younger than her husband. The old King has for the past few years been in very bad health—so bad, indeed, that it is expected that the day will come very soon when little Wilhelmina must be told that she has lost a father and gained a kingdom.

Holland is the smallest kingdom but one in Europe, but it is also one of the richest. Its principal cities, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, are great marts of trade; in its colonies in the East Indies are harvested many of the products of the earth which are most highly prized; its history enriches the literature of the world, and the works of its artists are found in every public museum and most of the great private galleries of Europe and America. The people our little Princess will be called to rule are a thrifty, contented, home-loving people. If the lot of a Queen can ever be a really happy one, it would seem that Wilhelmina's prospects are brighter than those of any of the

other "little great people" of the time. The small size of her kingdom may prove its safeguard—that and the character of its people. Her portrait shows a sweet yet thoughtful face; her childish attitude suggests little of royal dignity; but the day seems to be very near when the fair soft hair will be pressed by a crown; and if destiny is not kinder to her than to many in her high station, before many years have passed the childish brow may be furrowed and clouded by the cares of government.

CAPTAIN POLLY.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE was only a glimpse to be had of a stylish travelling dress, and a dainty veil and ribbons, as Del whisked H. Jeanne Walsingham Higgins off to her room, amid a chorus of highly extravagant adjectives with which each seemed to be trying to deafen the other. Polly had seen enough to convince her that the red hair was redder than hers, but she had not decided whether that fact was consoling or not, when Syd appeared, coming across the lawn, whistling carelessly, with his cap on the back of his head, and his hands in his pockets.

"Yes, I have seen my grandfather," he returned, somewhat shortly, to Aunt Katherine's inquiry, "and I've had all the breakfast I want—a lobster and some cheese down on the wharf." ("Oh, boys!" groaned Kate, while Polly had a vague but comforting feeling that a boy must have a conscience at ease to relish such a breakfast as that.)

"What are you staring at a fellow like that for, Polly? Your eyes are big enough and round enough anyhow, without making saucers of them," said Syd, crossly. And he went by her, still whistling, around the corner of the house, toward the old wing.

Polly wished very much to follow him, and try to discover the nature of his interview with his grandfather, but discretion was necessary in getting along with Syd, so she restrained herself, although she strongly suspected that his indifference was affected. There was a look about his face which showed to Polly's practised eye that something was much amiss with him.

Bess was troubled by no such scruples. As soon as she caught sight of Syd from the cherry-tree where she was endeavoring to console herself for Polly's crossness—"something sweet in the mouth" would console Bess very speedily—she jumped down and ran after him.

"Oh, Syd, what did grandpa want of you? You must have been doing something dreadful, I know, by the way he looked," she called.

Polly could not hear the answer, if Syd vouchsafed one.

"Polly, if you *could* stop kicking!" said Kate, with a slight trace of irritation.

"Oh, Polly, come and see what Syd is doing!"

Polly thought she might go, but she must not only restrain her tongue, but her eyes.

The windows and shutters of Syd's room in the old wing were thrown wide open, and the curtains were drawn aside, and he was coming from the carriage-house with some paint and a brush.

"Come up! come right up!" said Syd. "You won't have to sneak and spy round here any more!"

"Oh, Syd!" said Polly, reproachfully. She thought he ought to remember her generosity about the key, but it was evident that he didn't.

She turned to go back, but anxiety and no small amount of curiosity mingled with it were stronger than her pride.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 478

"What an awful smell!" said Bess, as they entered Syd's room.

"It's like chemistry days at school, and something like a dentist's shop, and a *great deal* like a fishing-smack."

"And cold tobacco-smoke," added Bess.

Polly had perceived that odor with a shudder, but she had refrained from mentioning it. It would do no good to make Syd angry.

He was vigorously painting out the highly colored device on the door, and took no notice. Bess investigated closets and drawers.

"I don't believe he has had anything here but just common boys' rubbish," she said. "He only wanted to have a secret. Boys are often silly. When I was very small, Kitty Park and I had a secret, and we made the girls half crazy because we wouldn't tell them; and Daisy Jones cried; and it was only that Kitty was going to marry Dr. Gunsaulus, when she grew up, because he had a monkey. I don't believe Syd's secret would amount to any more than that if you found it out."

"Syd, has any one been arrested for burning grandpa's barn?" asked Polly.

"Yes, Nick Hibley," answered Syd, not looking at her, but apparently having great difficulty in painting the door just to his mind. "But he'll be discharged before to-morrow night. They can't prove anything."

"How do you know?" asked Polly, and her effort at self-control made her voice deep and impressive.

"I do know, and that's enough," said Syd, reddening angrily. "And I know too"—Syd stopped painting and faced her, and spoke very deliberately—"I know too what I think of a girl who is ready to suspect her own brother of the very worst things—"

"Oh, I'm not! I don't! Oh, Syd, I would be so thankful not to!" cried Polly, incoherently, half strangled by the great sob in her throat, which she would hold down, for Syd despised a "cry-baby." "I don't think you have done anything wicked yourself, but you go with those boys who do wicked things."

"I've told you before that a fellow sometimes gets into a tight place where he can't help himself, and then it's just like a girl to come nagging and fretting him. Why can't you have a little faith in me?"

"I won't nag at you any more," said Polly, humbly. "I didn't mean to do that, but I got so dreadfully worried. There's no one I think so much of, Syd. You were very good to me when we were little, before you began to feel above girls, you know, and we were always together."

"You've always been a pretty good fellow yourself, Pollys, and I think a lot of you now," Syd put his arm around her—a most unusual demonstration for Syd; "although, of course, I don't care about going with girls now. But I say, old Polly, you mustn't get sentimental and weepy; no fellow can stand that. You never used to be like that. And you must have had as good grit almost as a boy when you were cast away in that old boat. That was tough." Syd gave her a really heartsome hug, remembering the acuteness of his suffering, which had surprised himself, in those hours of suspense.

"It was different," said Polly, immensely consoled by the hug. "But I'm not crying, and I will believe you are doing the very best you can. I will never doubt you again, never!"

Syd gave her a long, queer look. Polly did not understand, but afterward she remembered it. He opened his lips as if to speak impetuously, but Bess's voice broke in:

"Who is doing the very best he can? I can't say it seems a bit like Syd. Oh, Syd, is this little nickel chain the one that you fastened your gray squirrel with when you carried him in your pocket? I wish you'd give it to me. Why, Syd, your eyes look as red as if you'd been—"

"Go away, Bess; take anything you want, only go. What if my eyes do look red? I've been out in the sun.

Maybe you think I've been crying, like a girl!" said Syd, savagely.

"That's the third time this morning that people have told me to go away, and I sha'n't do it," said Bess, indignantly.

"You'd better both go, and tell Roy that he can get the glass set in his private entrance, because he won't need to use it any more," said Syd. And as it was evident that no softening of his mood could be expected after he had been suspected of shedding tears, Polly went, and Bess decided to follow her.

"What were you and Syd talking about?" asked Bess. "I'm sorry I staid so long with those old traps and things; there was nothing new except some bottles of queer stuff as black as ink. I thought I could find out what he and Bruce Bennett had been doing there, but I couldn't. Did he tell you anything? I *knew* he had been crying; I saw the tears in his eyes, but of course I had more tact than to say so."

(Perhaps it was from having been long advised to cultivate that quality that Bess had come to fancy herself possessed of a great amount of tact.)

Polly listened absently. She was wishing that Bess had not interrupted them in that softened mood of Syd's which was so unusual. Ordinarily Syd made one feel that he had hidden his real self away under lock and key; there was no getting at him. And the bottles of "queer stuff as black as ink" which Bess had seen reminded her of the strange bubbling sound which Roy and she had heard in that room; that sound was always connected vaguely in her mind with the three witches in *Macbeth*, with their caldron and their "double, double toil and trouble"; she had seen them at the theatre when she visited her aunt Augusta in New York.

But, on the whole, she was greatly relieved. Syd had looked so honest and true, and she was firmly resolved to keep her word and to believe in him, although appearances might be against him.

As they went around the house—Bess, with ruffled dignity which Polly was too absent-minded to soothe—they saw the dingy old steam-boat carriage with its antiquated steed again standing at the door, and from it was alighting, with difficulty, a little elderly lady, with a very large nose and a pair of sharp twinkling black eyes.

"Oh, horrors! it's Aunt Augusta," gasped Del, who was peeping through the closed blinds. "She has swooped down to see what we're up to."

"Eh? what? Why does it matter that I came in the hired carriage? I'm not a sugar-toy of a woman that a little jolting should put me in danger," said Aunt Augusta, in answer to the exclamations that greeted her. "It was weary waiting; but a bit of a thing that was all fuss and feathers hired the carriage before me, and when she and her airs were in, what room was there for a plain, decent body like me?"

Aunt Augusta *was* plain in respect of her dress, which was of gray homespun, short and scanty, and altogether unfashionable in make; but she wore a large amount of crisply curled false hair, and her hands, only partially concealed by lace mitts, were shining with rings.

"I do wish we might have had some one who is a credit to us just now! Aunt Augusta is a thing of shreds and patches," said Del, disrespectfully, after Aunt Augusta had retired to her room to repair the ravages of travel. "I think it must be the Scotch blood, of which she is always boasting, that makes her so thrifty that she won't buy anything to wear except jewels that are always valuable. Her diamonds are superb; Jeanne will admire those; but if she went to an elegant reception she'd be sure to leave them at home, and she always wears them in travelling, because she feels safer about them. I don't suppose she ever goes anywhere, however, except to industrial homes and orphan asylums. With all her money,

and as many different countries as she has lived in, she ought to know somebody. She might be of use to us." Del's last clause was added in an aggrieved tone.

Roy and Lord Brentford appeared in the doorway at that moment, and Del perceived, somewhat to her discomfiture, that they must have overheard her. But Del never meant that any one should see that she was discomfited; she generally tried to conceal it by being flip-pant and talking at random.

"You are having a great opportunity to see queer Americans," she said, turning to the young lord. "The very queerest one of us is here now. I only wish Kenneth had come too; he is her son. He is a little fellow, with a turn-up nose, and he carries his head in the air, and is frightfully conceited; says rude things to every-

body. Polly always took to him, and *she* calls it being frank. He snubbed her dreadfully too. She used to invite him to go everywhere last summer, when he was here, and get up parties on purpose for him, because the rest of us couldn't bear him, and she thought he was sensitive about it; and he told me he *had* to snub Polly because she tried to superintend his movements; he couldn't have any girl ordering him about."

"What a puppy!" exclaimed Lord Brentford.

"Isn't he? And Polly will like him still. She says he cares for people's rights, if he doesn't for their feelings, and he will do, at any sacrifice, what he believes to be right."

Polly thought the English boy must be thinking about setting down this example of an American boy's conceit in his note-book, but he looked at her very gravely, and remarked:

"I think Miss Polly is inclined to believe in people always, and see only the best in them. It's a beautiful trait, but I'm afraid it isn't always wise or safe."

It sounded as if he knew about Syd. Polly's heart beat quickly under his serious gaze. But how could he know? She had no time to think now, for Del's friend appeared, radiant in a stylish costume and grown-up airs and graces, and monopolized the conversation with a history of her journey.

"There was the very funniest little old frump of a woman on the steamer," she said. "Her clothes must have come out of the ark, and she had the queerest top-knot of a wig, and she was knitting all the way on a great long stocking; and fancy! she wore as many diamonds as if she were going to a ball. I suppose they were paste."

Even Jeanne Higgins shrank back in dismay as from a corner of the room, dressed in an ancient black satin, short and skimpy, but so stiff that it set out around her like a balloon, Aunt Augusta bore rapidly down upon her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW A BOY TRAINED A MUSTANG.

BY JOHN M. BRIDGES.

THERE are a great many kinds of ponies, but the species I prefer and the kind I intend telling you about is the "mustang," or cow-boy pony. In their wild state they are very vicious and hard to control. Not only will they cut at you, kick, and roll on you, but they have a vicious habit which is known as the *mustang buck*, and which I shall speak of later. Mustangs, indeed, are very difficult ponies to break, but after they are broken they are very good, and can stand any amount of hard travel. The principal food of mustangs is buffalo-grass, and that is why they are so hardy and strong, their stomachs not being ruined by grain before they are matured.

It requires great skill and knowledge to pick a good pony. Here are some simple rules:

First look well at his frame, regardless of flesh, because as a rule they are not fat.

Be sure to get one with a high wither.

If you want him for riding, look closely at his head and judge for yourself if he has a good disposition. This is very important.

If he is broad between the eyes and has a prettily shaped head, with bright, intelligent eyes, square nose, and large red nostrils, his coat being silky and veins prominent, you may be sure that he is well bred and has a good disposition.

My pony came in a drove from Texas to Pennsylvania. Stubborn was no name for him. He would straighten his front legs, prick up his ears, and look like a goat. He was as obstinate as a government mule. After working with him for nearly two hours I at last succeeded in getting him to lead. I soon found that I could do more with



MISS JEANNE WALSHAM HIGGINS AND DEL.

him by coaxing than in any other way; so, after coaxing him some time in front of the stable, I succeeded in getting him inside, but he would not eat or drink. He got very thin, and I thought he might die in a few days. So after holding a consultation with the hostler I concluded to put green spectacles on him and feed him sawdust. This did not work. After thinking over the pony's habits, and what he had eaten on the prairies, I got some grass and mixed it with oats, gradually decreasing the amount of grass from day to day. In about two weeks he ate tolerably well.

When you have got so far with your pony's education, put the saddle and bridle on him very cautiously, taking great care not to frighten him or cause him to kick. Repeat this half a dozen times before you attempt to ride him. After he seems pretty tame, mount him. The opinion prevails that if you tie a sand-bag on his back over the saddle and turn him loose it will help a great deal in breaking him, but I found that as soon as he was bridle-wise it was best to mount him myself. Provided you are a good rider and can stand the "buck," you would better follow this plan. At first the mustang will stand and snort, and possibly kick up his heels or rear. Then he may begin "bucking," or start out on a "dead run," stopping suddenly every now and then. This is very hard on the rider. If he bucks, throw yourself on the left side of the saddle, so that your right leg is perfectly free and out of the right stirrup. Then you can let him buck against your knee-joint.

Before going further, I will describe to you the "mustang buck." The first indication (if there is any) is a snort and a pricking of the ears. The pony will then put his head between his front legs, hump his back into a perfect point, and then to "cap the climax" throw his heels in mid-air. You may imagine how difficult it must be to ride a buck. Sometimes he will buck for a quarter of a mile, only stopping to catch his breath. Then he will start off at a dead run, and stopping short, throw up his ears, snort, and put down his head. Then look out, for this is the hardest kind of a buck; it is almost impossible to keep one's seat. After three or four days of hard riding, your pony will become more subdued, and eventually become tame and obedient.

And now as to "gaiting" him. You require a gentle, regular lope for easy riding. Some people prefer a single-foot rack, pace, trot, or fox trot. The mustang can be taught any or all of these gaits. The one I have has mastered all the above gaits, and I can change him from one to the other at my own pleasure. After all, the lope is the easiest gait, especially for long-distance riding. To get your pony to lope, put a curb bit on him, and start him on the gallop. Then try to shorten his strides. Working that way from day to day you will gradually produce a very pleasant gait.

You will now have your pony in fair condition for training in other directions. We will begin by teaching him to lie down. Put the bridle on him, taking off the left rein. Tie this around the left foot just below the fetlock, and bring it over the wither. Then take hold of



THE MUSTANG IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

the bridle with the left hand on the right side of the pony, and hold the strap which is fastened to his foot on his back with your right hand. Turn his head toward you and coax him to lie down.

If he won't lie down, make him step forward. As soon as he does this, pull on the strap in your right hand. Then coax him again to lie down, and if he still persists in being stubborn and standing on three feet, take an extra strap and tie it around the right foot. Thus you have a strap on each of his front feet. Then start him forward one step, and pull up the left leg and jerk out the right with the strap in your left hand. This will put him on his knees. Now he may attempt to rear, but tie the straps leading from his front legs together over his back and turn him loose. He will soon give up, and lie down and keep down. You should work this way until he will lie down easily and not rear. Then you may remove the strap from his right leg, and only use the one on his left. By-and-by you can take off the left also.

Let me say right here, always talk to your pony and be very gentle. Teach him to love you and he will do anything. You can accomplish more by talking to him than in almost any other way. Pet him whenever he does what you want him to do. Patience is one of the greatest things in training a pony. Never get provoked or angry. If you do, put him immediately in the stable, for it will be useless to proceed, and you may spoil him for further training.

If you want to teach him to jump a fence or hurdles of any kind, get a board about twelve inches wide and one inch thick, and tack spruce twigs or paper along the upper side, extending above it about six inches. Then start the pony about ten rods back, and bring him up on a gentle lope, hurrying him as he hears the hurdle. As soon as he is off the ground ease your rein and lean backward. If this proves successful, try him on something higher or over a stream of water.

The mustang is very intelligent, and may be taught many other tricks which readily suggest themselves.

ONLY A DOG.

BY S. BAYARD DOB

HE was only a dog. And yet that is hardly a fair thing to say, for a dog's thoughts are so different from ours, and his feelings so hard for us to understand, that perhaps he thinks and feels and knows more than we give him credit for. At any rate, Tim was sure that Roland could think, and he never regarded Roland's lack of speech as any disadvantage, for they understood one another perfectly, and though the conversation was all on one side, so far as spoken words went, yet more than half the time Tim was really speaking for Roland.

There were no other children besides these two in the lonely farm-house, and they really did not feel the need of any others. Early and late they were to be found together. Tim would sit with Roland by his side watching him whittle or work by the hour; or Roland would follow him about as he did the small chores that fell to his lot. When a fair chance offered to go fishing, Tim would say, "Roland, shall we have a fish?" And Roland would answer with a frisk and a bound.

"And I want to go round by Clover Hill, where that old woodchuck lives which I came so near catching the last time we were out. I nearly had him by the tail; I could smell him strong, I was so close on him; and while you fish I will dig for him, and this time I will have him sure." All this Roland would say, as clear as words could tell it, when he would start with a yelp and a bound, with ears erect, straight for the brook by way of Clover Hill, running forward and then back to hurry Tim on to the fun.

Life was one long holiday to these two, and they never by any mishap came to a disagreement as to how they should spend it, which so often takes all the fun out of a holiday.

Tim was a thoughtful boy, though he was so full of animal spirits, and more than once he wished that his playmate could share in his books as well as in his sports. Poor boy, he was not very broadly cultured, nor old enough to read such books as touch upon the great battle of unbelief, though he had read Bunyan's *Holy War*, and he had read by proxy quite a number of books. Of these his favorites were some rhymes from "Mother Goose," some of the old-time fairy-tales like "Jack the Giant-killer" and "Cinderella," some of the *Arabian Nights* and the King Arthur legends, *Robinson Crusoe*, and chief of all, *Pilgrim's Progress*. These he knew almost by heart—knew the text so well that the few wood-cuts enabled him to carry on the story without bothering with the text.

He was somewhat confused, it is true, in his notions regarding these different classes of books, yet he did make a distinction in his own mind between Christian with the burden on his back and Sindbad with the Old Man of the Sea, though it would have puzzled him to define it; but Christian with Giant Despair and in Doubting Castle was all one to his way of thinking with Jack the Giant-killer in the ogre's dungeon.

There was one broad distinction that was permanent—*Pilgrim's Progress* was the only one of these delightful books that could be read on Sunday; and on Sunday he could not go fishing, skating, or nutting; and it was a very dull day for Roland.

Hence Tim conceived the idea of making use of Sunday to try the effect of *Pilgrim's Progress* on Roland. He read him several passages sitting in the apple orchard behind the house; that is, he repeated the text to Roland as nearly as he could retain the antiquated forms of speech—the main incidents were all there. At first Roland looked him in the eye with a serious attention that promised well, but finding that all this had nothing to do with fishing, woodchucks, rabbits, or rats—in fine, that not one of the rather limited number of English words familiar to him came to the surface—he soon lost all interest, his eyes as-

sumed a vacant stare and then began to blink, and finally he let his head drop and nestled his nose between his fore-paws with the evident intention of going to sleep.

Then, reflecting that his own interest was due largely to the pictures, Tim concluded that Roland should not be put to any severer test than himself, and that he ought to try the effect of the pictures on him.

So he presented to him the page where the uncouth but ferocious lions are displayed as ravening on Christian and barring his progress, and by way of exciting a livelier interest, as he held up the page, shouted, "Sic 'em, Roland!" But Roland, missing altogether the moral lesson, started up and bounded down the orchard in search of rabbit or chipmunk that might offer a sufficient reason for this stirring call to action.

After this utter roll of his plans Tim felt that he must tread the path of *Pilgrim's Progress* alone, as Christian had to do when Pliabie forsook him; and all that Sunday afternoon he called Roland Pliabie, but Roland would not answer to the name. Yet Tim comforted himself with the reflection that dogs were not required to know as much as children, and perhaps were no worse off on that account; for with all his instruction Tim found it so hard to learn obedience, while it seemed to come natural to Roland.

He was sorry that there were no dogs in *Pilgrim's Progress* except the cur that frightened Mercy, and he belonged to Beelzebub. He thought to himself that Christian would have fared ever so much better on more than one occasion if he had had a good dog with him. Roland would have fetched his roll for him when he left it in the arbor, and would have surely waked him and Hopeful before Giant Despair could have caught them; you could not catch Roland asleep. What fine work he would have gotten in, too, on the calves of the mocking crowd that caged the poor pilgrims at Vanity Fair! And he would have harried Apollyon in the rear while Christian fought him face to face. In fact Tim went all through the wonderful allegory, and made the journey, in imagination, with Roland at his side.

So you can see for yourself how true and fast the friendship of these playmates was; for everything that a dog and a boy could do together they did, and where the dog could not follow, the little boy took him along in imagination.

But one day Roland hung about the door in vain: Tim did not come out. The day was fresh and fine, in early spring; it was the beginning of the trouting season; the brook was in first-rate condition; Roland had been there in the early morning. There was really no reason that a dog could think of why Tim should not be ready. Roland did not stop to think of reasons; he simply knew that Tim was not there, and it was high time that he was. He could not think of anything else, nor settle himself comfortably on the door-mat: he was restless and uneasy, whined around the door, and looked up at the windows. He would not go off anywhere for fear of missing Tim. He sniffed all around the house, and found plenty of trails of Tim, but they were old ones; the scent was stale, and they led nowhere.

About two hours after the proper time for Tim's appearance his mother came to the front door, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked anxiously down the road, taking no notice of Roland's whine, which said, as plainly as dog could say, "Where is Tim?" She might have answered him if she had not been so absorbed in watching for some one, with a troubled look that seemed to make her forget everything else. Then Roland, not to be put off, pushed himself against her, and added a still stronger appeal by licking her hand, and in doing so was rewarded by a whiff of Tim. Then she smiled sadly, patted Roland, and said: "Poor old fellow, you miss your playmate, do you? It will be a long time before you and he can play together. You love my Tim, don't you, Roland?" She

leaned down and caressed him, and as he lifted his great eyes the wistful look in them filled her eyes with tears; for Tim was the only child of his mother, and she was a widow, and he was sick, and cried, as the son of the Shunamite cried, "My head! my head!" and she feared that it was to end as that had ended; and there was no prophet of God to restore her son, and then what should she do?

But it did her good to talk to Roland, and it did Roland good; for as she caressed him he knew by his wonderful gift of scent that her hand had fondled Tim; and he did not know that the little head was hot and aching, and the little brain was full of the fanciful pictures of delirium, and Tim was on a Pilgrim's journey, with Roland by his side, and there was a confused medley of the dog and the demons and the shining ones that sorely distressed his poor mother.

So after this talk Roland was sure that his playmate was in the house, and quietly settled himself on the mat at the front door, certain that Tim would come out some time; and it did not once cross his mind that he might be carried out, never more to come back again. If it had, Roland could not have lain down so comfortably.

As it was, he was soon disturbed by the Doctor's coming—not that the Doctor would have seriously disturbed him, for he felt no such anxiety regarding the Doctor's opinion as Tim's mother did. Roland did not think much of doctors' opinions anyway. But he liked the Doctor as a man, because he was hearty, cheery, and fond of dogs, with a good word and caress for an honest dog as well as for the children. But here was the rub: the Doctor kept a dog, and did not always keep him at home.

Neither did Tim; but that was a very different affair. Wherever a boy went a dog had an equal right to go—except, of course, to church or Sunday-school; for all the other goings and comings of a boy are for fun; and a boy can't have much fun without a dog. But with a man, and above all a doctor, the case was very different; and the Doctor's dog had no right to go wherever the Doctor was called. The services of the Doctor were needed; those of his dog could be dispensed with. Roland therefore always had an unpleasant duty to perform when the Doctor's dog came along. At first Rover (his very name had a common, vagabond sound to Roland) would discreetly remain outside the gate; but in a few moments he would lay aside his good manners, and (would you believe it?) come inside the gate and actually dig for Roland's buried bones. This was more than any dog ought to stand, and Roland would make for him; a skirmish would ensue, and then Rover (this was the most exasperating of his tricks) would run out and take refuge under the very feet of the Doctor's pony. This pony would not touch Rover, but was quick with both tooth and heel to let Roland know that he would not tolerate any other dog taking liberties with him.

In unutterable disgust at such cowardice, Roland would turn stiffly, with his hair standing straight up all down his spine, walk two or three times around the gig, inviting Rover to come and have it out, and then march slowly up the front walk between the prim box edgings, looking back from time to time with growls of unutterable contempt.

Then he lay down on the door-mat and waited for the Doctor's coming, with an eye on Rover. But when the Doctor came he could gather nothing from his manner, for the Doctor was a firm believer in the proverb that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine" (and sometimes better), and never looked sad, no matter how sad he felt, and was careful to encourage those who were inclined to be anxious with cheerful words and hopeful symptoms. So far as Roland could see, there was nothing much the matter; but no words of cheer could make Tim's mother forget the two which he had spoken in the sick-room, "Scarlet-fever"; and Roland got no notice at all.

The next day it was the same dull, hopeless waiting for

Tim, and he did not come. And soon the small comfort to be gotten from seeing his mother and gathering such news as he could from her face, and receiving at least the renewed assurance that Tim was alive—even this was denied to Roland, for Tim's mother did not leave his room. All that he knew or could guess was that Tim was in the house; he went all around every morning and assured himself of this. But he moped and was miserable, walking with drooping head and listless gait; and if the end was to be that poor little Tim was to lie under the church-yard sod, then would the faithful Roland shortly follow him.

Poor little Tim! how the fever raged in his blood, and he knew little except how uncomfortable and sick he was; but not a day passed that Roland was not in his thoughts, as he was in Roland's. And one day, as the faithful friend below wandered disconsolate on his walk around the house, he heard his name. The voice was strangely unnatural, yet there was no doubt in Roland's mind that it was Tim's voice; and he gave a quick, sharp bark in response.

Under ordinary circumstances he was a well-behaved dog, but there are times of high excitement which make us forget ourselves, and this was one of those moments for Roland. He rushed to the front door and scratched violently, and Tim's mother, passing through the hall on her way to the sick-room, startled by the unusual sound, opened the door, and in bounded Roland, and stopping for neither remonstrance nor command, rushed up to the sick-room, and up to the cot where Tim lay, and with his fore-paws on the edge of the cot looked once more on the face of his friend.

You could see with what mingled feelings he beheld his playmate—the same, and yet not the same—for Roland's eye was wistful, and his lifted ears said, "What's the matter?" and he sniffed inquiringly at Tim, and yet his tail wagged slowly, with a sedate joy. It was surely Tim, but "what ails him?"—this puzzled Roland, whose experiences in life were limited.

Tim's mother hurried upstairs to put him out; but this was not so easily to be done, for Tim had thrown his arms around his neck, and Roland's head was down on his breast, and they were caressing one another.

"Roland is here, and if I fall asleep on the enchanted ground he will keep watch; won't you, Roland?" And Roland said, "Yes, indeed I will," with his tail.

"Come, Roland;" and Roland took his paws off the cot and turned to go, but very slowly and unwillingly; and when Tim said, faintly, "Roland!" back he came and laid his chin down tight on the edge of Tim's cot, where the hot little fingers could reach the cool nose or play with the soft ears. And when Tim's mother called again, "Roland!" he did not lift his chin, but only rolled his eyes with a pleading, deprecating look, and wagged his tail all the harder the more entirely he had made up his mind not to stir, as who should say: "No, madam; excuse me; I cannot. I beg your pardon humbly, but I am obeying the highest of all laws—the law of love." And as the thin fingers were twined in his ears, he was certainly right; they held him "like hooks of steel." And further to prove that he was right, those silky ears were more potent than the Doctor's sedatives, and as the mother watched the pair, and prayed earnestly that God would spare her child, the sight of that true affection comforted her, as sympathy always does comfort. And it did more than this: the little eyes that for so many days and nights had been staring wide open, and the little nervous hands that had picked in an ominous way at the coverlet, were quieted by the loving presence, silent and soothing. And as the boy murmured softly to his mate playmate and toyed with his ears, the wakeful eyelids drooped, the panting breath changed to the soft regularity of natural sleep, the muscles relaxed, the skin grew moist, and all the while



"THE BOY MURMURED SOFTLY TO HIS MUTE PLAYMATE AND TOYED WITH HIS EARS."

the patient fellow stood by his playmate, never stirring, content to fill this humble place.

The mother, keen to note the signs of the sleep that she had prayed for, watched with the stillness of a tense strain on mind and body, until the beating of her own heart seemed loud enough to break the light sleep of her child. How she watched Roland! how she wished that she could impart human sense to him, and make him feel the importance of not stirring! Bless her heart! she need not have worried. He had sense as good as human; at least he had that kind of sense that kept him quiet, as if a magic spell had been laid on him. Every now and then he would softly wag his tail as the little fingers wound themselves more closely in his hair. It was beautiful to see.

This was only the beginning of his services as sick-nurse. After he had shown how well he understood the business it would have argued both folly and cruelty to shut him out of the room—cruelty to all parties. He had just as much right there as any one has to the place which he shows himself worthy to fill; for that is the highest of all rights—fitness.

Then, too, the Doctor approved of his being there, and said it was better than giving the child drugs, for the drugs only gave sleep by stupefying the mind through the lowering of nervous force, and that was like sleep from without coming on the man; but such a nap as this

was gotten by soothing the mind, and that was sleep from within, the quiet of the soul stealing out over the bodily senses. But, pshaw! this Doctor had all sorts of queer notions that came from nobody knew where: certainly he did not find them in books. He said he got them by reading people; but we know that this often means saddling your own ideas on some one else, and then finding them again. But he did know boys and dogs like a book, as the boys say, and he said that nothing could be better than to have Roland come up and spend a good part of every day in Tim's room, for there was no danger; he had never known a single case of a dog's having scarlet-fever. So Roland came, and when Tim was asleep he would lie on the mat in front of the open wood fire, which the Doctor insisted on having in the room, partly for ventilation, but more, he said, because it was such a cheerful thing, and boys loved to watch a fire, and to this sick boy it would be a constant amusement, without excitement, to lie on his cot and look at the fire and build castles in the air—another of his queer notions.

When Tim woke up and wanted to talk, there was Roland ready to listen and to respond to all his play-fellow's advances. It was a stupid kind of life for Roland; but then Tim had to stand it, and why shouldn't he? To be sure, any boy of Roland's size and lively disposi-

[Continued on page 294.]



"DRINK, PRETTY CREATURE, DRINK!"—FROM THE PAINTING BY O. TOJETTI.

[Continued from page 292.]

tion would have moped under such conditions, and would not have seen the sense of two fellows having to be miserable because one was sick, when no particular good could come of it. But then Roland wasn't a boy; he was only a dog, as we said at the outset. But, oh! how Tim loved him! and Tim's mother thought him full of the graces of a Christian.

One Sunday, as Tim lay on his cot in the twilight, watching the fire rise and fall, and seeing in the red coals of the hickory logs all sorts of things that a boy sees, and thinking, in the roving way that a boy thinks, now of this near by, and then of that far off, he saw in one corner an ogre's castle with gates and windows barred, and Jack, he knew, was inside. Then remembering that it was Sunday evening, out of respect to the day he shifted the scene to Doubting Castle, and peopled the dungeon with Christian and Hopeful. Then again came over him the pity of it that Christian, when he was weak and weary, did not have the solace of a dog like Roland.

Of all the friends of Christian, Tim thought Faithful came the nearest to Roland, and consulted his mother as to giving Roland this name; but his mother was opposed to it, and said, "Whatever he is called, my boy, he is Faithful; but it would worry him to have his name changed." Then Tim gave up the idea at once, but concluded to use it as a middle name, and after this often called him "Roland F."

And when, under Roland's faithful care, Tim grew strong enough to come down-stairs, and at last out of doors, Roland frisked about him with such delight and gladness as though he knew how large a share he had had in bringing about the result. The Doctor said he had some qualities as a sick-nurse that you could not secure in the best trained nurses from the hospitals. Queer man this Doctor. But Roland was not as prudent as a sick-nurse ought to be: he wanted Tim to be off fishing or chasing rabbits and squirrels long before he was fit for any such work, and made his proposals with such tempting dashes toward the gate, and to the shed where Tim's fishing-tackle was kept, and one day brought Tim's creel in his mouth and laid it at the boy's feet, and looked up so wistfully in his face, wagging his tail the while, and crouching ready for a leap and a run to the brook, that Tim was sorely tempted, and if he could have summoned the legs with which to do it I am afraid he would not have stopped to ask permission. And this would have been very bad, and gotten them into trouble by Tim's relapse.

Not to be balked, however, one day when Tim came down after breakfast, and, wrapped in a warm shawl, was seated on the porch, Roland came trotting up, wet, muddy, and delighted, for nothing could exceed the look of pride and affection with which he laid at Tim's feet a rabbit, the trophy of his early morning's chase. He had gone hunting before breakfast to have this game ready when Tim came down, to remind him of the old days, and assure him that there were good times coming when he grew strong again.

And as Tim grew stronger they did have fine times together, in which Roland was of further service in helping along Tim's recovery.

It would be nice to end this story as the fairy-tales always end, "And so they lived ever afterward happily together." But this would not be true, for, as Dr. Brown says: "The misery of dogs is that they die so soon, or, as Sir Walter says, it is well they do, for if they lived as long as a Christian, and we liked them in proportion, and they then died, he said that was a thing he could not stand."

And yet if we leave these two in the dew of their youth, happy and blithe and gay, loving and beloved, it will be like the pleasant fairy-tales, for they will live as long as this story lives, and after that nobody will care whether they are dead or alive.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

Part XX.

DURING his school-days, though by no means foppish, Washington was exceedingly neat in his person and clothing. Here are two rules that he wrote out for himself on that subject while at school:

"WEAR not your Cloths foul unript or Dusty but See they be Brush't once every day at least and take heed that you approach not to any uncleanness.

"IN your apparel be modest and endeavor to accommodate Nature rather than procure Admiration Keep to the Fashion of your equals Such as are Civil and orderly with respect to Times and Places."

In Washington's boyhood all the ordinary computations of money were in pounds, shillings, pence, and quarters or farthings (fourth-ings). The payments of the time were nearly all in tobacco notes or orders on the tobacco warehouses established by law in all portions of the colony. Tobacco notes rated tobacco in those days at twopence per pound in Virginia currency, forty pounds of tobacco being rated at one shilling. A tobacco note for 2400 pounds of tobacco had the value of £20 Virginia currency, which was usually of 33 per cent. discount from sterling or English money.

Washington's books are full of reductions of £ s. d. to decimals of the £, and of the reversed process. At first he proceeds after the ordinary method, but he found a shortcut to the result, which he writes down in his sum-book as follows:

A more compendious way. Double the first figure (or place of primes) and it makes so many shillings & if the next figure (or place of seconds) be five or more than five for the five add another shilling to the former shillings and then for every unit in ye seconds place count ten and to that add the figure in ye 3rd place and reckon that so many farthings, but if this make above 13 abate one & if it be above 36 abate two & add the remaining farthings to the shillings before found.

Example. Let .695 of a Pound be reduced to shillings, pence and farthings.

.695 £ =

First double you 6 and it makes 12, then take 5 out of 9 & for that reckon another shilling and it makes 13s and the four remaining 4ters and the 5 makes 45 which being above 36 you must there fore cast away 2 and there rests 43 farthings which is 10 pence and $\frac{3}{4}$ so the answer is

S	D
13	10 $\frac{3}{4}$

Washington's MS. arithmetic has plain rules; any boy can understand this one; and this is more than can be said in favor of many of the printed arithmetics of more modern days.

Washington has left no record of his boyish sports. Parson Weems, who caught the traditions of them when they were fresh, is their only chronicler. He says: "As soon as he had got his task he would run out to play. But such trifling play as marbles and tops he could never endure: they did not afford him exercise enough. His delight was in that of the manliest sort, which by stringing the limbs and swelling the muscles promotes the kindest flow of blood and spirits. At jumping with a long pole or heaving heavy weights he hardly had an equal. And as to running, the swift-footed Achilles could scarcely have matched his speed."

At the time when Washington wrote his Rules of Behavior his gentle breeding and good taste had often revolted at the roughness of table manners among some of the lads into whose company he had from time to time been thrown. His rules for table etiquette seem to prohibit only the grossest offenses against good-breeding. We copy them.

"BEING at meat scratch not neither Spit cough nor blow your nose except there be a necessity for it.

"TAKE no Salt nor eat Bread with your knife greasy.

"If you soak Bread in the Sauce let it be no more than what you put in your Mouth at a time, and blow not your Breath at Table but stay till (it) Cools of it Self.

"Put not your meat in your Mouth with your Knife in your Hand neither Spit forth the Stones of any Fruit pye upon a Dish nor cast anything under the Table.

"Put not an other bit into your Mouth til the former be Swallowed let not the Morsels be too big for the jowls.

"Cleanse not your teeth with the Table Cloth, Napkin, fork or Knife, but if Others do it let it be done with a pick tooth.

"KISSE not your Mouth in the Presence of others."

Almanacs were not then as common as now, and the use of calculations to find the golden number and Dominical (or Sunday) letter formed part of his arithmetical calculations, and are recorded in his book. We copy from his book the solution of the problem "What is the golden number of the present year 1746?"

$$\begin{array}{r} 1746 \\ 1 \\ 19 \overline{) 1746} \quad 9 \\ 37 \\ 10 \end{array} \quad \text{Ans 10 the Golden Number}$$

He also calculated leap-year inter-periods in this way:

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \overline{) 1746} \quad 436 \\ 114 \\ 26 \end{array} \quad \text{Ans 2 years after leap year}$$

This is the way in which he determines without an almanac the question "What is Easter Day in year 1746?"

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \overline{) 1746} \\ 436 \\ 4 \\ 7 \overline{) 2186.2} \\ 312 \\ 7 \\ 2 \\ 5 \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} 5 \quad 29 \quad 21 \quad 29 \\ 4 \quad 9 \quad 20 \quad 1 \\ 9 \quad 20 \quad 1 \quad 39 \end{array}$$

Ans. 30th of March

He calls all mensuration gauging, and sets out this problem:

Suppose a quantity of Oates [so he spells the grain] be by 64 Inches Broad 50 inches Deep 97 inches long I require how many bushels is contained in said Quantity.

$$\begin{array}{r} 64 \\ 59 \\ 3290 \\ 97 \\ 22400 \\ 28800 \\ 273 \overline{) 310400} \\ 384 \\ 1120 \\ 320 \\ 48 \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} 8 \overline{) 1111} \quad 142 \\ 34 \\ 21 \\ 5 \end{array}$$

Ans 142½ bushels of Oates

There was a special exception to his general rule of calculating all amounts by decimals. The exigency and exactitude of money payments did not admit of the omission of even trifling remainders, and in his calculations of interest there is no reduction to decimal forms. We select and copy two examples of his work:

If 100 gain 6 in 12 months what will 75 gain in the same time:

$$\begin{array}{r} £ \quad £ \\ 11 \overline{) 100} \quad 6 \quad 75 \\ 6 \\ 100 \quad 450 \quad 4 \\ 50 \\ 20 \\ 100 \overline{) 1000} \quad 10 \\ 0 \end{array}$$

Or thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 75 \\ 6 \\ £ \overline{) 450} \\ 20 \\ 10 \quad 00 \end{array}$$

He prepared or copied long interest tables showing the amount which £1 will produce at interest for a series of years at varying rates.

A large portion of his time was occupied in the measurement of areas of land and of distances with the eye, with the step, with the foot, as well as with rods and compass and chain. In the theory of this kind of work tradition represents Mr. Williams as being specially skilful. Washington's first fame was won by his quick and accurate eye for measurement, and in this it is said he excelled not only all the boys at school, but also his teacher. His first work in the calculation of the relation of straight and of curved lines is simple, and is thus recorded by him.

If the circumference of a circle be 132 inches what is the diameter?

$$\begin{array}{r} 132 \\ 7 \\ 22 \overline{) 924} \quad 42 \\ 44 \end{array}$$

Ans 42 inches the diameter

If the diameter of a circle be 42 inches what is the circumference? [He multiplies by 22 and divides by 7.]

$$\begin{array}{r} 42 \\ 42 \\ 84 \\ 84 \\ 7 \overline{) 924} \quad 132 \\ 22 \end{array}$$

Ans 132 inches the circumference

From these simple calculations he proceeds on through geometry and trigonometry, giving special attention to those portions necessary to a thorough knowledge of the principles of land-surveying. The school-boy's efforts now reach the limit whence they develop into the man's work. "He left school," says Sparks, "in the autumn preceding his sixteenth birthday. The last two years had been devoted to the study of geometry, trigonometry, and surveying, for which he had a decided partiality. It is probable, also, that his friends encouraged him in yielding to it, with a view of qualifying him for the profession of a surveyor, which was then a lucrative employment and led to opportunities of selecting valuable wild lands."

The moral influence of school—the results of the environment of school life upon him—may perhaps best be told in his own words as recorded with his own hand in his manuscript from which we have drawn these examples of his school lessons. These words are found in some quaint rhymes, smacking of the country boy. They seem to give his view of what he should make of the life before him. They appear to be original; they may be borrowed; but the boy, as he looked forward from his school door into life, recorded them and made them his own.

"These are the things which once possessed

Will make a life that's truly blest
A Good estate on healthy soil
Not got by vice nor yet by toil
Round a warm fire a pleasant Joke
With Chimney ever free from smoke
A strength entire a sparkling bowl
A quiet Wife a quiet soul
A Mind as well as body whole.
Prudent Simplicity certain friends
A Diet which no art Commends
A Merry Night without much Drinking
A Happy Thought without much Thinking
Each Night by Quiet Sleep made short
A will to be but What thou art
Possess'd of these all else defy
And neither wish nor fear to Die."^{*}

* This is taken from Washington's MS. book, 1746, in which his arithmetical exercises are recorded. — W. F. C.

COOTS.

THE STORY OF A DAY'S DUCKING.

BY JOHN FRANCIS ADAMS.

Part II.

MAC threw himself across a cleft in the rock; he slid; he rolled; he went he did not know how. He was at the end of the rock before the *Alice* had passed it.

"Hold on, Joe! Courage, my boy!" he shouted.

In utter despair, not knowing what he did, Joe stood up in the tossing boat, and stretched out his arms to Mac with a wild cry for help. In that instant the boat cap-

sized, the boy was in the dashing waves, just slipping from the rock, but reaching out toward his friend. Mac, quick as lightning, made a desperate reach for him; he caught his wrist, he grasped his arm, he dragged. In a moment more the two were on the rock above the reach of the surf—safe.

Joe's color came back. "I knew you'd get me out of it somehow, old fellow," he said. "They'll see us from the shore, and come and take us off, won't they?"

Mac did not look at Joe, but he answered, "Yes."

The gust lasted but a few moments, and then followed a short heavy rain, which beat down the waves a little. It too was soon over; the wind blew evenly from the northwest; the clouds were breaking.

And Joe began to sing. He sang "The Dude that Didn't Dance" as he would have sung it at a glee-club concert, and other college songs followed in quick succession. Mac hardly heard him. Joe was confident that they would be seen from the shore and rescued. Who would see them and come? Old David Bennett, helpless in his bed? The child Charlotte? He tried to remember when Elphalet was expected back, and the time of the train by which he might come. If he came he might look for them, he might save them; that is, *if he came in time*. When was low tide? He could not remember even that, but it came into his mind that Elphalet had told him once that now it was half-tide, for the reef was just hidden.

This, then, was certainly the end of life. When the boat was dashing against the rock all hope was not quite gone; there had been still a chance. But if he had been drowned then, at least his fate would have come upon him quickly. Now was he to sit still and see Death creep slowly up to him for hours? His mind recoiled from that idea; he could not face it, and he tried to listen to Joe, who was just beginning to sing the well-known college words to "The Watch on the Rhine."

"Bright college years, with pleasures rife,
The shortest, gladdest years of life."

How short they were now they were gone! How little he had made of them! And whose fault was that?

"Oh, why doth time so quickly fly?
The seasons come, the seasons go,
The earth is green, or white with snow."

The next time the earth was green it would be over his grave. Would he have any grave? Would his body "come in with the tide"?

And the singer's voice rang out with—

"But time and change shall ne'er avail
To break the friendships—"

If it had not been for his "friendship," Joe might have been safe in his college room now. He could bear it no longer, though the anguish he was enduring did not soften his voice as he said, "I wish you'd stop your singing," and followed it up with what he did not mean to say—"Is the tide flood or ebb?"

"I'm singing to keep warm," Joe answered, in his usual cheery tone. "Tisn't pure happiness."

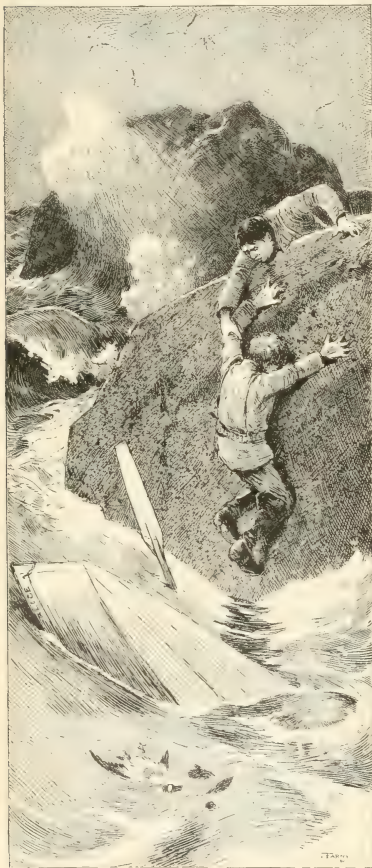
Mac set his lips firmly together; he could not trust himself to speak; he would not groan while he could help it.

"What's the matter?" Joe asked. "I don't know flood from ebb. What good's the tide anyhow? We've no boat to go in. It's nothing to us."

Mac made no answer. Then it all broke upon the younger boy. He shuddered, turned to Mac, and hid his face upon his shoulder. "Oh!" he said, "what will my mother do?"

The shame of having given way made Mac strong again, and he answered, bravely: "Tisn't all over yet. We have a chance still. Don't give up."

But the tide had certainly turned, probably some time



"IN THAT INSTANT THE BOAT CAPSIZED."

ago. Mac saw that the low rocks were entirely under water now. Each wave broke a little above the last, and the time for rescue was going, minute by minute. The water was very high now; the high rock on which they were was the only one to be seen. And the sun had come out and was shining brightly; the waves were blue—those cruel, creeping, deadly waves. He lifted his eyes for one more look at the land which he would never tread again.

"Look, Joe! look! A boat! a boat!" he cried out. "They are coming for us now."

There was only one rower in the boat, and it did not come quickly, though, thanks to the heavy shower, the waves were not so high as earlier in the day. Indeed it came slowly; it was not strongly rowed. But it was really coming; it was near. The tide was near too, and that came quickly. Even now, would it be in time? The rock was so horribly smooth—no chance for holding on. They watched every stroke of the oars: it was a race with the tide.

It was not Eliphalet. It was a little figure, in a rough coat indeed, but with a white hood tied closely round its head. For it was Charlotte—the "black duck," as Joe had called her—who "knew the ways of the sea," as her grandfather had said. She had seen them on the rock; she knew just when the rock would be washed over by the tide; she knew just when her father would come; just how much too late he would be. She had not gone back to tell her grandfather; she had had no time for that. She had only tied her hood tighter over her head, and chosen her boat and pushed it to the water, and gone to the rescue, not at all sure she could get there, but because there was no one else to go—a simple reason which had been enough to Charlotte's simple mind. She knew the rock too; she came up to it at the only point where she could do so. When they were in the boat and a few strokes away from the rock, a great wave washed clear over it.

It was a long row back. The wind was against them, and the boys found themselves strangely weak and languid as they tugged at the oars. Charlotte had done her part; she could not have done much more. She sat and steered, her dark little face paler than ever. Mac tried to thank her, and she said never a word in reply. Joe added: "It was very brave of you. I wonder you weren't afraid."

"Who said I warn't afraid?" she snapped back. "I was afraid—scared to death. I ain't a fool."

And not another word was said until they reached the shore.

Eliphalet had come, and there was hot coffee ready for them. Uncle Dave was up and sitting by the stove. When he had called and called and had no answer, with dreadful effort he dragged himself out to the glass door, where Eliphalet had found him, bent almost double with the pain in his back, watching through the glass to see Charlotte's fate.

Eliphalet had made the bed ready for the boys. They drank their hot coffee, and slept while their clothes were being dried, and they went back on the evening train.

When they were gone, Eliphalet turned to his daughter. "My little gal!" was all he said.

Charlotte smiled—she could smile for her father. "I had to, dad, y' know. There warn't anybody else. But I ain't—not to say sure—that they, both the two on 'em, was wuth savin'."

Mrs. Harmon thought differently, for she sent Charlotte a check for five hundred dollars, with a letter for which Eliphalet says he would not take five thousand.

Mac has no parents—only a guardian who never heard anything about it. He did his own thanking, and by a good deal of self-denial paid for the lost boat out of his allowance.

Charlotte had another testimonial; her grandfather also expressed his mind, not hurriedly, but the next day about noon. "Charlotte," said he, "you done well."

Mac would not speak of the adventure to the other fellows, and he did not say an unnecessary word for a week after. Then late one night, when he and his chum were alone, he rose from his chair suddenly and leaned against the mantel-piece and looked at Joe.

"How did you feel on that rock?" he asked.

"How did you?"

It was hard for Mac to speak; there was a choking sound in his voice as he answered: "Well—somehow—things—were different. They—weren't worth much—except some things—and those were—the things I hadn't done." There was a long pause. "When I'm there again—" Mac began, slowly.

"There again? I won't be there again. In the words of our preserver, 'I ain't a fool.'"

"Not on the rock," Mac said, "but at the end of—of everything. When a man is face to face with—Death—he learns something, though he may have been a fool before. And when I am there again"—he spoke out of the depths of his heart, and there was the strength of a great resolve and the promise of a noble life in his few words—"when I am there again, *I will have a different record.*"

Charlotte was wrong. One at least was "worth saving."



KEPT IN.

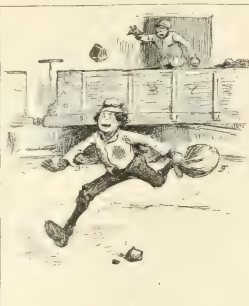
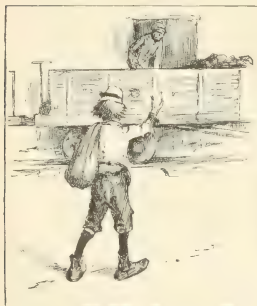
DENTISTRY AND MONKEYS.

IN the series of amusing pictures here given, Mr. Culmer Barnes shows a monkey in Central Africa with a toothache. His friends and neighbors, moved to sympathy by his wretched condition, take measures to relieve his sufferings. The treatment is what is sometimes called "heroic," perhaps because the patient must needs be a hero to stand it. Mr. Culmer Barnes, of course, is only "funning"; but, for all that, monkeys do really have the toothache, as well as other ills which human flesh is heir to. A New York paper says:

"Kitty Crowley, the star performer of the Central Park Menagerie, New York city, had the toothache the other day, and the efforts of her keeper to get the offending tooth out were intensely interesting to a group of children and highly annoying to Kitty. The actions of the monkey were actually childlike in their expressions of pain and irritability. She kept up an incessant movement from one side of her cage to the other, every now and then putting one of her forepaws to the side of her face and moaning in a way that was distinctly human. She resisted for several hours the attempts of her keeper to extract the tooth, but finally had to submit to superior force."



DENTISTRY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

THE O'HOOIHAN BOY WHO IS OUT PICKING UP COAL SEEKS TO IRRITATE MR. MCGINNIS BY CALLING HIM OLD SMUDGE COAL-HEAVER, ETC.

AND IS SUCCESSFUL TO THE DEGREE OF CAUSING THAT GENTLEMAN TO HURL SEVERAL LARGE CRUNKS OF COAL AT HIS HEAD.

THIS IS PRECISELY WHAT THE O'HOOIHAN BOY MOST DESIRED HIM TO DO, AND PRESENTLY HE RETURNS, AND QUIETLY SLIPS THE COAL INTO HIS SACK.

VOCAL TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

BY FRANK H. DAMROSCH.



NATURE has given to every normally constituted human being a voice. Let us see whether this gift is properly used and appreciated, and whether we derive from it all the benefits which it is able to afford us.

The voice should enable us not only to make known our thoughts, but also to give expression to our feelings. Ordinary

speech will suffice for the former, but as soon as we desire to express any emotion even in speaking, the musical faculty of the voice must be called into play, and it is this faculty which, though most able to serve us, has been, generally speaking, most neglected.

Aside from the fact that a well-trained speaking voice is in itself a valuable means to convey our thoughts to others in an impressive manner, and thus becomes not only an accomplishment but even a practically useful factor in our social and business intercourse, there is nothing that will afford us so much satisfaction and pleasure as the ability to use the voice for a purely musical purpose.

It is needless in this place to enter into a discussion of the merits of music as an art and of its influence upon mankind. It will be generally conceded that music is one of the chief aids of civilization; that it serves to beautify and elevate our life and to ennoble our nature. If we admit the truth of this, it stands to reason that music must be considered an important part of the education of children, at least as important, indeed, as the purely scientific branches, since it forms not only a means of mental but also of moral and æsthetic training such as no other single branch of education affords. Therefore we cannot but acknowledge that what has been done and is being done to-day in this direction is not only insufficient, but too often radically wrong.

In order that the study of music in our schools should really accomplish the full results of which it is capable, we must in common justice afford it the same care and attention that is given to other branches of education; but we are very far from doing this, and there is no subject which is taught so superficially and in such an incompetent manner as music. Many parents find no fault with this, thinking perhaps that it is more a matter of private and individual training than part of the general education; but if they knew what a wonderful and many-sided influence for good a true conception of music and the ability to sing songs at sight would be to their children, they would think differently. The idea prevails with many that any musical talent which may exist in a child will be most readily brought out by teaching him to play some musical instrument, usually the patient and long-suffering piano, and parents are generally well satisfied if, after many years of study and a large outlay of money, the child has learned to repeat some more or less hackneyed compositions. This is an "accomplishment" expected of nearly every girl—the boys, it is assumed, have no need of music in any form. The thought that every boy and girl has an instrument in his and her throat far more capable of rendering beautiful music than any mechanical device can ever be, rarely enters their heads; and yet if parents but taught their children to use this glorious instrument, the voice, the term *music*, so often misapplied to a senseless jingle of sounds which does not deserve the name, would stand for the natural expression of our

own, our nation's, of mankind's grandest and best thoughts and feelings.

Much more might be said as to the desirability—nay, the necessity—of making music, particularly vocal music, an important feature of our school education, but within the limits of a single paper this would be impracticable; and therefore, taking for granted that this need is recognized and an improvement in this direction desired by those whom it interests most, namely, parents and educators, we will proceed to examine its feasibility, the difficulties to be met, and finally the methods that have been used hitherto and those that should be adopted in the future.

In the first place it will be argued that music is too much a matter of special adaptation, a natural gift not given to every one, so that a more thorough instruction in this art will benefit only a small class, the unmusical majority (?) losing valuable time meanwhile which might be used for other important studies.

General as this view is, it is radically wrong and founded upon ignorance of the capabilities of children. If, indeed, we allow children to grow up without music, there will be many who, at a more advanced age, will be incapable of developing musical perceptions, and will remain all their lives in this cheerless condition. But it is the experience of the writer, and of all those who have taken pains to investigate and test it, that if a child begins at a sufficiently early age, the keenest perceptions of tune, pitch, and rhythm can be aroused and cultivated within him, no matter how dormant this faculty may seem to be at first.

It is granted that some children will develop musically more rapidly than others, and will attain better results than those less gifted by nature, but this is the case also with mathematics, and yet we do not despair of teaching the intricacies of the multiplication table to all children. Every normal child has a voice, a brain, and the senses of sight and hearing, and with these means at his disposal he can learn to sing, and not only to sing as the birds do, instinctively or by imitation, but consciously, from his own knowledge of sounds, rhythm, and their representative characters.

As to the difficulties that might stand in the way of producing these results, few or none will be met if the right means be employed. The obstacles that have hitherto hindered progress in this direction are chiefly indifference on the part of parents and teachers (except in isolated cases), and also a misapprehension and underrating of the musical abilities of young children. It is this latter cause which has led to a most superficial treatment of the subject by teachers, which is perhaps to this extent pardonable, that every one dislikes to labor in a field which seems to promise only barren results and little credit in the end. If these teachers only knew that a child of seven years, of average intelligence and average vocal talent, can be taught in one year to sing any simple song, written in any one key, at sight, they would apply themselves to their task with more hope of success, and consequently with more energy and confidence. But such results are impossible at present, owing to the utter lack of method in teaching vocal music in schools, or, if a method is employed, it is usually based upon unsound principles.

It is not the purpose here to censure all the various methods of teaching music as bad in themselves. On the contrary, nearly all of them are excellent, if used in the proper way, and with children of a certain degree of natural musical talent; but the objection to nearly all is the fact that they are not based upon true educational principles, and are therefore unable to reach all classes of children, the intelligent, the dull, the gifted, and the untalented. As this may appear to be a vague state-

ment, it will be necessary to explain its meaning more clearly.

The old method of teaching any subject consisted in causing the student to memorize a series of facts, which were stored away in his brain indiscriminately until it finally became a perfect lumber-room of knowledge, full of facts true enough in themselves, but without the necessary connection between them whereby one would illuminate the other, and without the order and symmetry which is necessary to build up the unshakable pyramid of conscious knowledge. This old method of relying entirely upon the child's memory for the acquisition and retention of knowledge has to-day been discarded by all progressive educators in all subjects except music.

Modern instruction aims to arrive at knowledge through experience, not the experience of others transmitted through books—in so far, at least, as fundamental facts are concerned—but individual experience. Anything which we can appreciate through our senses we can become familiar with, and we shall learn to know and to recognize it if the object should again present itself to us. Knowledge so gained will be of a definite character, and will serve as a firm foundation upon which to rear the most elaborate structures of scientific and artistic aspirations.

But besides the experience of the senses we have also that of the reason, which causes us to note the phenomena of cause and effect, and thus enables us to evolve by combination or by analogy other facts from certain known facts.

The gist of all this amounts to the following principle—that instruction is to be a process of familiarizing the mind with concrete objects through the medium of the senses, in conjunction with the reasoning faculty, and from the simpler mental objects thus created to develop the more abstract and less self-evident truths.

As was before remarked, this principle is now largely, if not universally, applied to all branches of study except to music. In music, instruction usually begins with the teaching of the staff, the notes, the signatures, etc., namely, with that part of the subject which has no meaning in itself without a knowledge of that which it represents, viz., sounds, rhythm, etc. In other words, the instruction begins at the wrong end, and no wonder that children can form no definite idea of the real meaning of signs which represent nothing to them but dots and lines and dashes and hooks.

Such singing as is done is usually mere parrot-like repetition of songs, too often faultily sung by the teacher; or if any attempt at sight singing is made, it rarely accomplishes much, for the reason that at the start no definite idea is created in the mind of the student of the relation of sounds to each other.

Why, then, should we not apply those principles which have been found so efficient in other studies to the study of music as well? To Mr. H. E. Holt, of Boston, belongs the credit of being the first to base a method of teaching vocal music in schools upon this principle of objective teaching, and wherever this system has been correctly and conscientiously applied it has achieved the best possible results. The excellence of this method is not to be found in its novelty, for it contains little that is in itself new. Indeed we find nearly all the material, in one form or another, in older methods; but its chief excellence lies in the consistent adherence to the principles of objective and evolutionary teaching by means of which even the dulllest and least musical child must obtain a clear idea of the relation of musical sounds to each other, and how to produce them.

To give an exhaustive explanation of this method would be impossible in this place, but a cursory glance at its

main features will suffice to give the reader some idea of its general plan.

In learning to read at sight it is assumed that two mental operations are necessary, namely, to gain a correct conception of the *relative* pitch of sounds and of the *relative* length of sounds. To establish the first, pupils are taught to sing by imitation the major scale with the syllables, *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do*—ascending and descending.

Children of five or even four years of age will learn readily to sing this scale, and when this is accomplished a unit of measurement of pitch has been established, from which the child can himself deduce the relations of all sounds within the scale to each other, without any assistance from the teacher other than systematic guidance.

Having learned to *sing* the musical sounds contained in the major scale, we proceed to *name* them. (The syllables, *do, re, mi*, etc., are not names, but merely arbitrary combinations of consonants and vowels to facilitate the proper connection of sounds with speech, and also to aid in producing a pure quality of tone upon the various vowels.)

The teacher now sings the scale with the numerals 1, 2, 3, etc., and thus *names* the sounds of the scale. The object of this will be readily seen when we consider that these numerals clearly define the position of each tone. The pupils having become thoroughly proficient in singing the scale and in the names of the sounds, thus having created in their minds a clear picture of the same, we now proceed to bring the various sounds into relation with each other by a series of dictation exercises.

Taking the principal sounds of the scale, the first, fifth, and octave, as objective points, all the other sounds are brought into relation with them, and the class is thoroughly drilled in this way until it becomes familiar with the various intervals. To facilitate the dictation exercises a diagram is used representing a ladder with eight rounds, but this is, of course, not essential.

These exercises are continued until all the intervals contained in the major scale have been learned, but during all this time the teacher should not sing at all, except perhaps to correct coarse or unmusical singing by comparison with pure and gentle sounds. The pupils will have no difficulty in singing the intervals correctly without any assistance, provided they are introduced in the proper manner and order.

It is now time to teach the names designating the *positive* pitch of the sounds, the numerals hitherto used only giving us the names for the *relative* pitch.

Again the scale is sung, this time with the text, *c, d, e, f, g, a, b, c*. The pupils are cautioned to think of these pitch names while singing the dictation exercises. Thus, being called upon to sing *5*, they will sing "sol," and being asked "What is the pitch?" will answer "G." All the different major scales are taken up successively and treated in the same way.

We are now ready for the final step in the study of musical pitch, namely, the representation of the sounds by characters—notes.

To do this the teacher calls for a sound by its name, the class sings it, then gives its pitch name, and thereupon its character is written upon the staff by the instructor, who informs the class that this note is the sign or picture of the tone they have just sung.

Notes learned in this way will represent something definite, and will carry more meaning to a child than when they are taught before a knowledge of the sounds themselves has been acquired, when they are nothing but hieroglyphics.

Briefly summing up the essence of the foregoing explanation of a small portion of this method, we find the following three steps to form the basis of instruction: 1, *do*

the thing to be learned; 2, name it; 3, represent it. If this plan is consistently adhered to in every detail of musical instruction, there will exist few difficulties for either teacher or pupil. The latter is simply guided by the former to go from that which he already knows to the next step by applying the experience he has gained in climbing the previous steps. In this way the student is not made the passive or unwilling receptacle of a lot of facts poured into him and never properly digested, but he moves upward through his own efforts, gradually evolving every detail of the science of music from the small beginning of a major scale; and all this time he is not merely learning theory, but is actually producing music, the latter invariably preceding the former. After a short period the pupil is able to read simple exercises at sight; soon he can read a simple song, and as his knowledge progresses the exercises and songs become more and more elaborate and interesting, until there is nothing in all the realm of song that he may not use at his pleasure.

Before closing this article there are one or two points more which should be at least touched upon as essential to the subject under discussion. Objection is frequently made by parents to their children's singing in school at all, especially if the child is naturally endowed with a good voice, for fear that this may be ruined by use in a class or chorus singing. Unfortunately there exists some ground for this fear in such schools, at any rate, where shouting and screaming are permitted—nay, often demanded—in lieu of singing. In most schools, however, a gentle and pure quality of tone is insisted upon, and wherever this is the case no harm can come to children from class singing; on the contrary, a moderate and judicious *daily* use of the voice in this way is more advantageous than the less frequent and more artificial efforts at solo singing sometimes encouraged by proud parents.

School singing, to do the greatest good, should be done without an accompanying instrument such as the piano or organ. For one thing, the school piano is rarely well tuned, and even if it is, the class is better off without it. The children should learn to sing independently of any supporting instrument, and besides, the effect of two, three, and four part singing is far better without an accompaniment than with it.

It is almost needless to say that the musical material should be selected with the greatest care, and with a view to creating a taste for the best and noblest music. Yet we find much that is cheap and trashy in the schools, and here also improvement is desirable.

Experience has proved that, when properly taught, *every child can learn to sing*. What a glorious prospect that opens, when we consider that the time may come when everybody will be able to sing! We like to do that which we are able to do well; therefore, when every child in our schools shall have been properly taught to sing, a new interest in music will be awakened, a new musical era will dawn upon the earth. There will be a thousand times the number of singers than there are to-day, and then what grand choral singing we shall have! And having fine choruses of musically trained singers, there will arise great composers who, inspired by and growing out of the musical atmosphere around them, will surpass all previous masters, and— But it is fruitless to try to enter further into this musical Utopia, for are we not very far from its gates as yet?

Let us, for the present, recognize the fact that our children can all learn to sing, and that a way has been discovered to teach them to do so; then, if we earnestly desire that music should enter our hearts, our homes, our lives, it will not be long before means will be found and efforts made to give it that place in the education of the young which it deserves.

THE BOYS' ROOM.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A SEPARATE room for every member of the family should be contrived wherever it is possible, and separate sleeping quarters may usually be managed by a convenient arrangement of screens, if the importance of privacy is recognized. The mistaken economy which sacrifices the sleeping-apartments to the drawing-room sometimes obliges the delicate child to share the bed of the stronger one, or permits a young girl to sleep with an invalid or an aged person. Always unadvisable, in the latter case, there is real peril to the younger, whose life forces are insensibly drained, and who grows ailing and pallid while the other derives new strength. In our present knowledge of sanitary science we have learned that the babe sleeps more comfortably in its crib than on its mother's arm, and we look well to the ventilation of our chambers, shuddering as we think how stuffy and close must have been the sleeping-rooms of our ancestors, with curtains drawn around the couch and every precaution imaginable taken to exclude fresh air.

But if the boys are obliged to share a room, let it be a large one, and give each his own bed. There are homes in which any place is supposed to be good enough for the boys. Theirs is the old threadbare carpet voted too shabby for the girls' use, and worn to the last verge already in some other apartment. No furniture in the house is so mismatched, so unsightly, perhaps so uncomfortable, as that given to the boys.

"What if it be hideous?" says the dainty elder sister; "the boys are very little in their room except to sleep, and they wouldn't appreciate it if we made it beautiful. What do boys—great rough creatures—care for graceful rooms? They are never in the house when they can help it, except to eat and sleep."

Whose fault is it, if this be true?

"What do the boys want of a new mattress?" the father observes, on hearing that the affair on which Bert and Jamie repose is hard, lumpy, and in the mother's opinion unfit for service longer. "They are so tired when night comes that they are asleep in two minutes after their heads touch the pillow. Besides, it is not well for boys to be coddled. Let them get used to hardship while they are young."

I never hear without a protest the statement that boys, *per se*, are rough, coarse, or ill-bred. Their good or ill breeding is, like that of their sisters, entirely dependent on the home environment, and as a very plain-spoken but very sensible woman once observed in my presence, "If you treat a boy like a clown, you cannot expect him to behave like a gentleman." I should be always as scrupulously courteous, as gently considerate of my boys as of my girls, and remembering how full the world before their feet will be of temptations to take the wrong path, I would do my utmost to make the home a refuge and a delight.

Choosing for the boys as large a room as I could conveniently spare, with an exposure to the morning sun, I would do all in my power to make that room attractive. A carpet in any sleeping-room is an article of doubtful comfort, and in the boys' room a painted or oiled floor, with large rugs which can be easily shaken and kept free from dust, is immensely the better thing to have. Fur rugs are very luxurious, but the Smyrna rug, comparatively inexpensive, and almost as elegant as the costly Persian or Turkish carpet, will satisfy any reasonable boy. There are tasteful and durable rugs of home-made manufacture which are warm to the feet, bright and restful to the eye, and while answering every other purpose, are extremely cheap, being composed of ravelled ends of old carpet and odds and ends from the rag-bag, woven in cunning designs by the deft fingers of mother herself.

A fireplace where in winter the boys may have a cheery blaze on the hearth, an open Franklin stove, which is the next best substitute for the glow on the hearth itself, a grate if neither of the former can be allowed, or, failing everything else, some hot-air contrivance to warm the room, should be considered essential to its occupants' comfort. Short summers and long winters prevail over wide latitudes in our country, and it is too much to expect of boy nature that a boy shall spend a large proportion of his time in a room where the temperature stubbornly sinks to freezing or even to chilling point. The items of fire and light are among the most important, and gas-burners or a cheery lamp should be regarded as prime requisites. Boys are gregarious, and a boy ought to have a room into which he can freely at his pleasure invite the "fellows." Every mother who cares more for her boys than for her polished stairway or velvet carpeting feels a thrill of satisfaction when the boot heels of her sons' comrades tap on her floor. She is a wise little mother if, like Caroline in *Magnum Bonum*, she sets her children first, and cares a great deal less for the properties and appliances of life than for life itself as it daily blossoms out in her growing sons.

A mother to whom her son is a man in embryo can tolerate with serene philosophy the shouts of mirth which reach her from the den above her head, and the occasional tumultuous rush and whirl, the far-off echo of the wrestling match in which the lads are having a friendly tussle to see whose is the stronger muscle, will not greatly disturb her. Wrestling bouts are bad for carpets, but rugs can be kicked aside, and the oiled floor will be none the worse, which furnishes another argument against the carpet.

A boy usually passes through several stages, during which collecting is one hobby on which he rides delightfully. From postage-stamps, the collection of which teaches him geography, history, and political economy, every stamp being one token of some advance in civilization, and a sign of the fraternal union of the race, the transition is easy to the birds' eggs, pebbles, butterflies, moths, and rare plants which evince the taste for natural history, of all tastes the safest and most wholesome for a boy. Let him have cabinets in his den where he may label and preserve his specimens, and see that no careless hand wielding a reckless broom or duster ever displaces or mars these. A boy has a right to expect that his possessions shall not be ruthlessly invaded in the interests of house-cleaning or curiosity.

What shall I say of the honesty of a mother who, generous with the goods of another, despoiled her son's cabinet of its curios and treasures whenever the whim seized her, saying, airily, "Oh, Leo can easily procure others; take this, dear, if you like it," to some small marauder who had gazed longingly on Leo's collections?

This brings me to the suggestion which I am thankful few mothers need, that the law of ownership should be rigidly respected as regards our children's wealth. Nobody has a right to give away what does not belong to her without asking and gaining its owner's consent. The owner's relationship to herself gives her no claim upon his goods, and by no means excuses either petty larceny or highway robbery.

A boy has sometimes the taste of the bibliograph, and likes to gather books about him in dainty dress, perhaps in rare editions. To encourage him in this he should have shelves whereon to arrange his books, and, pursuing the line of thought just indicated, neither sister nor cousin should borrow his volumes without leave, while to borrow or lend them to any one else should be a criminal offence.

In the home we should respect the rights of one another. Only in the home where there is due regard for the rights of everybody can there be constant opportunity for

the exchange of gracious amenities and amiable courtesies. Privilege and right are quite different terms.

The boy who has a mechanical turn and is handy with tools, if he cannot have a regular tool-shop somewhere on the premises, should be allowed to keep and use his tools in his room. Of course he will not abuse the permission, and saw and plane will never break in on his mother's afternoon nap, nor rasp the nerves of a convalescent in the next chamber.

I am not sure that anybody is such an acquisition to a house as a man who is deft and skilful, mending a hinge, replacing a window-cord, setting a pane, hanging a picture, repairing a broken chair, upholstering a cushion or a couch. The boy who has a turn for carpentry or mechanics will by-and-by be that sort of man, saving dollars upon dollars in the yearly income, holding the plumbers at bay, and giving no end of agreeable surprises to his wife in the way of handy helpfulness.

As a rule, a boy does not care to accumulate bric-à-brac, and his den will have few small articles to dust and arrange daily. But a really good print or two upon the walls, a few well-chosen photographs, a picture cut from a favorite illustrated paper and neatly mounted and framed, will add grace to his apartment and relieve the monotony of bare walls. His rifle if he be a sportsman, his violin or banjo if musical, his base-ball and bat, tennis racket, chess board and men, all belong to his own room. They are part of his resources, and all help to bind him to the home which is dearer to him than the corner on which homeless boys congregate, or the street where they take lessons in evil and crime.

Homeless boys! There are too many of them with good clothes on their backs, good shoes on their feet. With enough to eat and to wear, they are practically as badly off as the boys who live in the narrow and crowded tenements to whom home is a mere name. For to the latter the boys' club or lodging-house opens wide a door to something of interest, some entertaining game or attractive study. The homeless boys who spring from the family table and fly to the street, who think of home as only a shelter, if not as half a prison, move my profoundest sympathy. What will they come to when a half-dozen years shall have deepened the lines around the boyish mouth and bronzed the beardless cheek!

A boy's home can be the strongest influence to bind him to the kingdom of heaven. And one of the most prized elements in making his home all that home should be is a boys' room.

TO A CHILD.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

THOU little lover of green slopes
And wavy woods and sliding brooks,
Whose sprightly joys and sunny hopes
Are mirrored in thy happy looks,

Whence, tell me, comes thine insight deep,
That straight to Nature's secret goes,
Nor wonders why the bruised leaves weep,
Or why the worm torments the rose?

Thou takest Nature as she is,
With all her puzzles, all her charms,
Her beauties and her mysteries,
Her soft compassions, wilful harms.

To thee all's well, and thou canst go
Untroubled, calm, by field or wood.
Methinks thou dost in some way know
That every process works for good.

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YOUNG GERMANY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY KARL HERTEL.

HOME STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

A HOME-MADE "ZOO."

ON a cold winter evening I once overheard the conversation of two London newsboys who were watching the antics of a "happy family," as a street showman called his collection of live animals. The cage, not much larger than a barrel-organ, was warmed by a sort of charcoal stove resembling the "peanut roasters" of our New York hucksters, and contained a couple of kittens, a fur-clad little monkey, a young badger, two puppies, several guinea-pigs, an assortment of speckled rats, and two pet jehennums that kept the whole assembly astir with their restless zigzag rushes.

"Hi, Dandy," said one of the boys, poking the ribs of his younger companion, "wouldn't ye give forty new shillings if ye owned that cage?"

Dandy sighed. "I couldn't find half that money," said he, with a lingering glance at the pets; "but I'd give my right hand if I owned that box and could watch those critters a-playing every day."

An American country boy might enjoy such privileges at a much cheaper price. Our woods abound with hardy little creatures that would have no use for a peanut roaster, and their boarding-house could be constructed from the boards of any old dry-goods box. My boy Willie started a "Zoo" of his own three years ago, and estimating the value of a boy's circus ticket at ten cents a day, he claims that his pets have given him more than a hundred dollars' worth of fun, but the direct expenses of their menagerie never amounted to a hundred cents. A few years ago we had just packed our satchels for a return trip from a three weeks' outing, when a Tennessee mountain boy offered to sell us a nestful of young fox-squirrels for five cents apiece, and a nickel extra for a handy little cage he had whittled out of sticks and split pine shingles. There was no resisting that offer, and after we got home Willie at once went to work to accommodate his pets with a roomier lodging. With an array of old boards and a wisp of hay he soon fitted them up a comfortable little tenement, partitioned into play-rooms and bed-rooms, and first thought of lighting their top story with a few panes of thick window-glass; but after several experiments we found it a better plan to face the whole front with a sort of close wire screen that can be bought at six cents a square foot.

That arrangement provided for light as well as ventilation, and besides gave our little boarders a good chance for exercise, for they were not long in ascertaining the fact that the loops of the wire screen could be used like a staircase in clambering from their bedroom into the attic and down again. They always slept in their hay nest, and lined it with handfuls of wool and cotton, but had a foolish habit of filling their bed with all sorts of provisions—nuts, crackers, and half-eaten apples—till Willie betought himself of a way to teach them a better method of house-keeping. After removing every straw and rag of their bed he put a small tin box full of nuts into the opposite corner, and at the same time treated them to a liberal breakfast of sweet crackers—six ounces more than their usual allowance. They could not eat half of that, and soon scampered up and down the cage to find a depository for the scraps of their banquet. But every room of their boarding-house had been cleaned out on purpose, and the moment they discovered that nut box they seemed to recognize its fitness for a savings-bank, and soon filled it to the top with broken crackers. While they were busy playing around the attic of their cabin Willie watched his chance to half empty their bank to make room for future deposits, and then gave them another big lunch. This time they carried their scraps straight to their storehouse. Necessity soon confirmed that habit, and they never afterward muddled their nest with a crumb of food.

Before the end of that summer our little boarders got a couple of new playmates—two flying-squirrels that Willie had caught in a hollow tree, where they had stored up a lot of acorns for winter use. They were hardly half grown, but at once tried their sharp little teeth on the wire screen of their prison, and then at the tin door, evidently resolved to break jail at the first opportunity. In spite of their owl eyes they turned out for breakfast with the other boarders, and by their nimbleness secured the best tidbits; but, a few minutes after, a hubbub of shrill squeals announced the outbreak of a domestic squabble. Their flying springs gave the new-comers a temporary advantage, but in a rough-and-tumble fight they had no chance against the

stout teeth of their red-haired kinsmen, and soon had to seek safety in flight. Round and round the cage they dashed with the agility of lizards, hotly pursued by a male fox-squirrel that seemed to champion the rights of his tribe, and might have turned the sport into grim earnest if Willie had not rescued the little owl-rats in the nick of time. How they ever came to offend the red champion seemed a mystery, for the quantity of the breakfast was more than enough to give them all a fair share; but in the course of their restless gambols the little gray-coats might have approached that tin box and alarmed Captain Redjacket about the safety of his provision store.

"They will grow nearly twice as big," said one of Willie's playmates, "but so will the foxies; so you had better keep those little chaps safe if you don't want them to get their heads bitten off some fine morning. Suppose you kill that old biting fox, or put the gray kids in a separate cage?"

But Willie had a better plan of his own. With a bit of wire and a couple of stout tacks he managed to tighten the entrance to one of the attic partitions, leaving just room enough for the owlies to squeeze through, and relying on their nimbleness to get a good start of their big enemies. That simple contrivance settled the difficulty. In the course of the next night the little owl eyes discovered that loop-hole, and at once made a dash for it whenever the lower rooms were getting too hot for them. In their little garret fort they could defy the wrath of their pursuers, and actually seemed to take a delight in picking a quarrel for the purpose of starting a race and then save themselves by a sudden retreat through the gate of their citadel.

The old be-fox gradually got so fierce that he could scatter his playmates at the first charge, but found his match when Willie one morning caught a brown weasel that rushed about our rat-rat like a wild-cat in a bear-pit. The moment he got in the zoo cage he made a dash for the squirrel nest, and coiled himself up with a snarl resembling the whirr of a grindstone, but after a while poked out his head to study the architecture of his new quarters. Something or other about the top of the wire screen seemed to attract his special attention, and presently he slipped out, and nosing about like a little ferret, made his way up to the edge of the ceiling, where he spent several minutes in a persistent attempt to squeeze his head through a wrinkle in a corner of the screen. The stout tacks, however, refused to yield, and seeing his mistake, Master Brownie slipped down and began to make himself at home. After taking a good drink at the water-trough he picked up a crumb of cheese and kept nosing about the floor till he excited the suspicions of Captain Rowdy, as the boys called the quarrelsome old fox-squirrel. Something or other about the prompt, rapid movements of the weasel seemed to make old Rowdy more careful than usual; but he kept at the heels of the new-comer, and every now and then sprang forward with a chattering bark, as if to express his displeasure at the liberties the stranger was taking with the household goods of his landlord. The weasel paid no attention to these insults till it reached the west corner, where it suddenly turned and faced its pursuer with chattering teeth and a jerky movement of its short tail—a plain warning to retreat in time to avoid a declaration of war. Captain Rowdy failed to take the hint, and in the next minute the weasel had him by the throat, biting away with a fierceness and rapidity that decided the fight at the very onset, for the Captain at once turned tail and ran away.

From that moment little Bobtail became a privileged member of the community, and soon proved that he had a talent for fun as well as for fight. After a good meal of milk and bread he would dash up the wire screen and down again with bewildering rapidity, and whenever his next neighbors showed any inclination for a romp he would accommodate them by grabbing the wildest and rolling him over and over on the sawdust, pushing, wrestling, and tumbling, but all the while taking good care to avoid the use of his teeth. Nothing, though, seemed to please him better than a chance to hide in the nest or behind the tin box, and then by a sudden dash scare some passer-by out of its wits. One of the young owl-squirrels was his favorite butt for such tricks, and his joy was complete when Willie got a birthday present of two young guinea-pigs. The absurd little squealers could be scared into a racing fit by a mere rustle in the hay, and after dashing around the cage like a pair of blind chickens, would often huddle together in a corner and bewail their affliction in gurgling squeals.

All sorts of new guests have since been added to the population of Willie's "Zoo," but the weasel has held its own against all comers, and the guineas have equally well maintained their reputation for cowardice. Even a young speckled rat, not one-tenth their weight, can scare them into headlong flight, and a

pet opossum has a trick of darting forward with a hissing snap that once actually scared the female guinea into convulsions. Our 'possum is not over-fond of company, and passes most of its time in a nest corner of its own, but now and then redeems itself by an unmistakable talent for gymnastics. In the middle of the ceiling, above the play-room partition, Willie has hung up a little brass ring, and on that flying trapeze little Possey will act tricks that would puzzle the acrobats of a circus.

After a week or so any new-comer is generally recognized as a regular member of the association, and permitted to get a fair share of every meal; but we found it the safest plan never to cage up birds with our four-footed pets. Four-footers soon learn to treat each other as more or less nearly related cousins, but refuse to acknowledge even the most distant kinship to a feathered fellow-creature, and vie in plaguing such absolute strangers as craw-fish and insects. Reptiles fare even worse. A little green tree-snake which one of Willie's playmates managed to slip through the loops of the wire screen was at once attacked as a common foe, and even the guinea-pigs crowded around with grunts of exultation when the intruder was at last forced to retreat through a chink in the bottom board.

But the closest bond of zoological friendships is a hard frost. Against that enemy of all animal life the most dissimilar creatures form an immediate alliance, and on the morning after a cold night Willie's pets, from the biggest fox-squirrel to the smallest white rat, can often be found sleeping peacefully together under the cover of the same woollen shawl.

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

III.—WEIGHT.

GRAVITY is always pulling upon everything on the earth. We have seen what it does to a body that is not supported. Such a body moves downward faster and faster; it falls, and falls according to a regular law.

Take a book between your finger and thumb, lift it up, and a few inches below it hold your other hand out flat; let go your hold on the book: it falls till it rests on your other hand, and there it stops. You feel something on your hand; this is the weight of the book, which is only another name for the pull of gravity upon something that is supported so that it cannot fall.

Now, instead of grasping the book, let it rest on your whole hand, and move it about. As long as one end or the other is all that is supported, the book tips and falls; but put your hand under the middle, it rests firm and secure. Balance it on four fingers, then on three, then on two, and finally on one. The smaller the support is under the book, the less steady it becomes, till with one finger you have to shift it back and forth before you can find just where to balance it. You have found what is called the *centre of gravity* of the book. Every solid body has one point which has to be supported, and then the rest of the weight will balance around it. The pull of gravity, when you support only this one point, comes all through that point. The book is as heavy on your one finger as it was on your whole hand; it is no heavier, no matter how it may feel. Your finger is not so strong as your whole hand, so the book may feel heavier, but it would weigh the same in a balance whichever way it was supported.

Take some shot and drop them in a large flat box—this is only to keep them from rolling away; a table-top or the floor is just as good. Each shot comes to rest for itself; each one has its own centre of gravity supported. Now pour them into a pill box. You can hold that up on the unsharpened end of a lead-pencil. Each shot is not supported, the pencil is under only the middle ones; the box keeps them from rolling away, and the box of shot acts as if it was a solid body. You have found the centre of gravity of all the shot, not of each one separately.

You may never have heard of the centre of gravity, but you know a great deal about it, for all that. Every

time you balance a pencil on your finger you are making an experiment in finding it. Every time you walk or skate you prove that you have learned by experiments made long ago that you have a centre of gravity, and know how to keep it supported.

When you carry a heavy weight and lean over to the other side you are balancing yourself and the weight you carry around the centre of gravity of both.

Take an ordinary lead sinker with wire loops at the two ends; mine cost three cents and weighed two ounces (Fig. 1, B); cut it in two along the line D; tie a strong thread into the larger end, making it when it is done eleven and a half inches, string, lead, and all. You have A, which will answer as a plumb-line now and as a pendulum later on. A plumb-line always points straight to the centre of

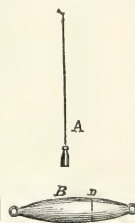


FIG. 1.

the earth. I want you to use this to find in some common object the exact *point* which is the centre of gravity. In the book there were many points above your finger; only one of those was exactly the centre of gravity. Take a common blotter or even a postal card, cut holes in any two corners not diagonally opposite, hang the card by corner D so that it can swing freely, and over it your plumb-line. The line will cut across the card from D to d. On this dotted line lies the point which is the centre of gravity. Hang the card by corner A and the line over it; on this line too is the centre of gravity. There is only one point in the card on both these lines, and that is c, where they cross; c, then, is the centre of gravity. In a regularly shaped thing c is the middle point.

When only the centre of gravity is supported a body is not very steady; the least touch or weight on either side will tilt it over, because any weight added to a body acts as if it were a part of the body itself. Balance a lead-pencil crosswise on your finger; put a rubber strap over one end; you will see it tip toward that end, and to balance it with the strap on it you must slip your finger a little toward the weighted end. The centre of gravity shifts as a weight or push is added to any part.

In balance scales just the point where the centre of gravity comes is supported, so that they will tilt one way or the other with the least difference of weight in the scale pans. It is necessary that at least the centre of gravity shall be supported to make anything stand. The larger the support the steadier the thing will be, because any weight or push that comes in on one part of it is not likely to throw the centre of gravity outside of the base.

Take a piece of board—the bottom of a fig box or salt box—and divide it up with a pencil as in the figure (Fig. 3, A) by six lines crossing at the middle. Number these like the face of a clock. Make a four-legged table of it by sticking pins into 2, 5, 8, and 11. The base of this table (B) is the square drawn in the figure; the other parts are unsupported. A pressure outside the white square would tilt the table; inside the square a pressure will not tilt. Remember this is a frail little table, and you must not press hard enough

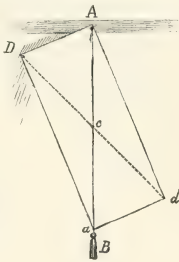


FIG. 2.

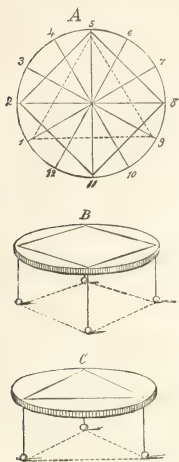


FIG. 3.

more apt to fall than when he walks on his own two feet. His base is smaller; but besides that the weight is higher up, and the least tilt makes his centre of gravity fall outside his base, and over he goes.

Take a large cork, draw a circle just the size of the end of your plumb-bob in the middle of each end, shave the cork up toward the smaller end, and round it toward the larger to the edges of the two circles. You find it will stand about as well on the smaller end as it will on the larger (Fig. 4, C); the white parts are those shaved off; the shaded pear-shaped middle is the cork as it remains. Cut deep down into the cork in the direction of the dotted line, and take out the piece; into this hole push the small end of your sinker that was left after cutting off the plumb-bob. Now by standing your cork on the smaller end, if you have shaped it properly, it will turn a somerset and land on the bottom each time. I took such a cork, cut it a little differently so as to go in at the waist, sewed a round light dress button by the shank into the top of the cork, ran up a little dress of lace, marked eyes, nose, mouth, and hair on the button, and had, with ten minutes' additional work, an irrepressible baby (B) that refused to be tilted over to A, or to lie down, or to stand on its head, but whichever way it was placed was sure to "bob up serenely," and came always "right side up," with care or without it.

If you can manage to get your centre of gravity even lower than the point where you support a thing, its hold is very secure. Try holding a thimble on the end of a knitting-needle; this is very easy when the weight is below the point where the needle holds it. Turn your thimble upside down, and you will be almost as good as the Indian

to destroy the support. Take your pins out and put three of them in 1, 5, 9; you have a three-legged table (C). The only portions supported are a three-cornered space between the dotted lines on A. Any pressure outside these lines will tilt the table. You see from this why a three-legged table is less steady than a four-legged one. When there is only one leg in the middle of the table, which spreads out at the bottom, the size of the base is *not* the point supported, but the base on the floor.

The leaning tower of Pisa was built straight, but the foundations sank, and it tilted over so that it looks as though it must fall; but the centre of gravity still falls within the base, and so it has stood tilted for hundreds of years.

You can easily see how much more difficult it is to balance a thing when the centre of gravity is high than when it is low. When a boy walks on stilts he is

jugglers at balancing if you can hold it that way. Take a cork; cut a slit across the larger end through the middle point of the top; fasten to each end of a piece of fine wire half a yard long a dress weight, or anything small and heavy, and alike for both ends. Slip the middle of the wire through the slit (Fig. 5), and you will find you can hold the cork on the sharpened point of a pencil. The weights are *lower* than the point of support.

I want you now to give me all your attention, for I am going to try to explain something which grown people do not always understand. Take your plumb-line, just eleven and a half inches long, and hang the loop on the upper end to a gas or lamp bracket or a nail on some table edge, so that it can swing free. Now plumb aside the leaden weight three or four inches and let it swing; watch it, and you will say that it goes more and more slowly. So it does, because it does not swing so far as it did at first; but it swings just so many times each minute from first to last. Put a watch or clock before you and count, and you will find your pendulum gives nearly if not quite sixty swings a minute; it is very nearly a *seconds pendulum*; by carefully making the string a little bit shorter or longer you can after a while get it exact. The longer your pendulum is the fewer beats it will give a minute. Look at Fig. 6. This shows the pendulum in its three positions; when it hangs quiet it is at A, when it swings it goes from B through A to C, and then back again. Let it hang at A it remains quiet, for gravity is pulling it to the lowest point that the string will let it go. Draw it aside a little way to B, and let it go.

You have not only drawn it aside, but you have lifted it too as much as B is higher than A, and it falls; if it had no string it would fall straight to the ground, but the string keeps it from doing that, and it falls to the lowest point the string will let it, which is to A. Falling, it goes faster and faster, and when it gets to A it is going so fast it cannot stop, so it goes beyond A up toward C; but now it is pulling against gravity; it is going *up*, so it goes slower and slower. At C the pull of gravity is too much for it, and turns it back; then again gravity helps, for it is falling again; going down from C to A, it goes beyond A back to B, or nearly there; and so it swings back and forth. The push against the air as the pendulum swings, the rub of the string on the nail it hangs from—all these things hinder a little bit on every trip, and at last it stops. If it had no hindrance like this, men of science tell us, the pendulum would swing forever. A pendulum for a clock is made round and flat, with sharp edges; this is done for the same reason that the bow of a boat is made sharp, so that the water may be cut easily and flow off at the sides and not hinder the boat. The pendulum has to cut the air and let it flow off on each side, and this shape is to make the hindrance of the air as little as possible.

Just think what a world without gravity would be. The water would not stay in the oceans nor run down the river channels. Things would fly off anywhere, up into the clouds, if you made a mistake and gave them a little push in that direction. In fact there would be no world for people to live in, and no people to live in a world. All our weariness in lifting heavy weights, in walking and climbing, is only the shadow side of a wonderful gift that makes it possible to live in this beautiful world of ours.

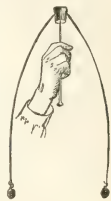


FIG. 5.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 6.

CAPTAIN POLLY.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XIV.

II. JEANNE HIGGINS, although she shrank from the threatening danger, bore the shock very well when it came. Aunt Augusta stood directly before her, and gazed at her steadfastly with her little piercing black eyes, and the girl arose with a pretty little air of deference, and looked calm, although her cheeks blazed.

"Introduce your friend to me, Delphine," she said. "I have a word to say to her, and I wouldn't be unmindful of etiquette, for I'll be bound she thinks a deal of it. Indeed I have a good opinion of it myself, as a preserver of the decencies of life. Little girl—for ye *are* a little girl, though I've no doubt ye think yourself a young lady," she continued, impressively, after Del had duly presented her friend—"there are, no doubt, a deal of things that ye have to learn, but there's one thing in partecular"—Aunt Augusta always showed her Scotch blood in her speech when she became excited—"one thing in partecular that ye'll do well to take great pains to learn, for many a one goes to his grave in ignorance of it, and that's the difference between paste and diamonds. Ye may say what ye like about the old frump ye saw in the boat—perhaps she struck ye no worse than she was struck by ye—but take heed that ye learn the difference between paste and diamonds. And now who's the strange boy?"

Del made the presentation with alacrity, thankful that Jeanne had escaped so easily.

"So you are an English boy and a lord? Well, an English boy is me cousin, whoever he may be, and ye've a fine honest countenance!" And Aunt Augusta imprinted a kiss upon Lord Brentford's blushing brow. "And how are ye all behaving, with the father and mother gone? I promised meself a peep without giving any warning. 'When the cat's away the mice will play.'" Aunt Augusta seated herself, with no further sign of displeasure against Jeanne Higgins than a slight turning of her back upon her. "And the papers are full of stories of the evil doings of the strikers—rioting and burning buildings and making disturbances generally. With all that and ye too upon his hands, yer grandfather must be driven daft!"

"Oh, we never make grandpa any trouble. We take care of him," said Kate, innocently. And Polly almost envied Kate those pretty soft blue eyes of hers, which never discovered anything disagreeable. "But these troubles worry him very much," continued Kate. "He looked more careworn to-day than I ever saw him. I have been thinking that a party of us ought to drive out to The Bend and cheer him up."

The plan met with great favor. Every one wished to go that afternoon—every one except Syd, who had a previous engagement. Syd seldom went anywhere with the others now, but had Bruce Bennett as an inseparable companion. It was understood that Kate was to go with the two aunts in the family carriage, Del was to drive her friend and the two boys in the phaeton, and Polly and

Bess were relegated to Carrots and the donkey cart. But when they were ready to set out it appeared that the young lord had set his heart upon the donkey cart, and as Carrots frantically took the lead, after his inevitable habit, he and Roy were discovered seated in the back, in high glee, with their legs dangling out.

"I'm afraid it wasn't polite," said Lord Brentford; "but I don't know how to get on with young ladies yet. And she is *such* a howler! I'm more afraid of her than your sister."

Del was very much discomfited.

"He is rude, if he is English," she said. "Although I can't say that he has ever been so before."

"I consider it very rude," said Jeanne; "but who cares about a boy like that, since his being a lord won't signify where we are going?"

"I have a great big paper of caramels in my pocket," said Del.

"Put them right here on the seat between us; there is nothing much better than caramels," said Jeanne, heartily, taking off one of the lemon-colored kid gloves which just matched her dress.



"THE YOUNG LORD HAD SET HIS HEART UPON THE DONKEY CART."

Carrots was in one of his best humors, and Bose, who had chosen to cast his fortunes in with the cart, had challenged him to a race, and the donkey cart was quite out of sight of its followers before they were out of the village.

"I'm glad that bobbing, clattering thing is out of the way," said Jeanne Higgins. "A donkey cart is so childish! How ridiculous those great boys are in it!"

Del assented, but she heaved a little sigh. She couldn't help remembering what good times she had had in that donkey cart. Sometimes it did seem, as Polly often told her, a mistake to try to be grown up so soon.

The day was bright and beautiful, with a cool breeze to temper the July heat, and the pony, though fat, was lively. They drove along a wide street, shaded by great elms, whose branches met above their heads; there were smooth lawns and pretty flower-gardens on either hand, and the houses, although modest in architecture, were cheerful and home-like; and flashing through the trees came glimpses of bright blue water.

Jeanne found the houses "hideous," or "ugly à faire peur," or "impossible." "Oh, but that's the Wheelock's; such good times as we have had there!" said Del. "I

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 478.

always thought—of course until I knew better—that it was a beautiful house; and that's the Clarksons'; we thought so much of little Betty who died; and that's the Burbanks'. Oh, I suppose it is an ugly house, but such an attic as they have, with great trunks full of elegant old things to dress up in, and such a hall for a dance or a rainy-day romp! and there are ten children, and oh, when they're all at home it's delightful!—or I used to think so; I don't know that I should like it now. I wonder if they know it's an ugly house. They think so much of their home," she added, meditatively.

"I suppose they're—you won't mind my saying it, if they are your friends?—rather common people," said Jeanne.

"Yes, I suppose they are," said Del, doubtfully. "They've never been abroad, or even to Newport, and I'm not sure that they ever heard of Tuxedo. The boys will go to Bowdoin, and the girls to Bates or perhaps up to Wellesley, and if they ever go abroad it will be to study. Jack is wild over a violin, and Mary paints very well; Ruth wants to be a doctor, and Nan declares she will be a nurse."

"Horrors!" ejaculated Jeanne.

"Well, she was born so," said Del, apologetically. "She used to keep a hospital for sick dolls when she was little, and she has been nursing all the poor and sick old women in town ever since she's worn long dresses. And there's Horace, he won't be a lawyer, like his father, because he knows he can be a better mechanic. Ashamed? Oh no, they're not ashamed of *anything* of that kind. They are very hospitable, and they're the life of everything about here; but I don't think they would ever be likely to get into society."

"It's a great pity, for I suppose they have some money."

"Oh yes; not a great deal, for so many, but by pinching in some ways they might live much more fashionably."

"Some people have so little ambition!" sighed Jeanne.

"But I do like the Burbanks," said Del, loyally; "they will do anything for other people. They think so much of helping everybody, especially poor and lonesome people, if it is only to a good time."

Jeanne looked somewhat contemptuous.

"Queer, 'cranky' people, aren't they?" she said. "I should think one might have good enough times here when one is a little girl, but it must be dreadful to live here when one gets old enough to come out. And you haven't any one to ask you about, have you?"

"We don't seem to know any one who is really in society," said Del, sorrowfully. "Mamma is so much of an invalid, and papa cares for nothing but his horrid old scientific books."

"I shall look out for you if I can; of course it will be difficult, but we know every one," said Jeanne, grandly.

"Oh, Jeanne, if you only will!" exclaimed Del, eagerly. "If I only could once go somewhere where things are different from Green Harbor!"

"Of course it isn't easy to get invitations for a visit for a stranger," said Jeanne; "and, besides, there are some places where, if one isn't out, one is kept in the background, so that it is only an aggravation; but I know some houses where there are no young girls, and they like to have them, and they'll bring you forward. Mamma doesn't mind; she likes it; she'd bring me out, only she thinks people would talk."

They were driving through a beautiful woods road now. Soft birds' notes and drowsy insect hummings mingled harmoniously with the gentle rustling of the leaves, and every breath was sweet with the fragrance of the fir-trees and the innumerable delicious scents of the woods; and those girls—Jeanne occupied with her little vain boasts, and Del with her forehead puckered with anxiety—were

unconscious of it all. A squirrel, all bright eyes and bushy tail, that had rushed along the fence beside them, looking and listening, suddenly darted off with a great chattering to his friend in the top of a tall pine-tree, and I have every reason to believe that what he said to his friend was, "Oh, how silly girls can be, and how much more sense we squirrels have!"

I am glad to tell what happened afterward, although Jeanne said she was really so dreadfully mortified that she should never get over it.

They turned from the woods road into a broad, smooth turnpike, and The Bend was in sight. A great white house, ancient and home-like, under sheltering elms, stood on a knoll, surrounded by orchards and gardens and fields of grass and grain. A little river, a tributary of the Penobscot, made a sharp turn behind the orchard, and wandering away among the fields, reappeared in front of the house; it looked from the spot where the girls came in sight of it like a tiny band of blue ribbon.

"Why, it looks like an ordinary farm-house," said Jeanne; "but of course it has been in the family for generations, and that makes a difference."

"Oh no—" began Del, with an honest impulse, but paused suddenly. How stupid it would be of her to confess that grandpa was born in that little old tumble-down one-story house on the other side of the river, near the mill, and that his father was the miller! She had already told her about grandma, who was of aristocratic Huguenot descent, and had inherited some priceless china and the smallest hands and feet in the State.

As they turned in at the great gates, and drove along beside the orchard wall, Jeanne caught sight of something which made her forget for the moment all social concerns.

"Oh, what great *big* cherries!" she cried. "And see, at the very top of the tree they're ripe!"

"That's the black-heart tree; they're the most delicious cherries. I didn't think they had begun to ripen yet."

"Aren't any of the servants about? Can't they get us some?" asked Jeanne.

"The men are all haying down in that field, I think, Aaron and all. Aaron manages the farm; he lives in that little house, all by himself; he won't have a woman to do his work, and you should see him knitting his stockings and darning his clothes!" Del was preparing to drive on.

"I *must* have some of those cherries! The donkey cart is fastened over there by the house, isn't it? And there comes the carriage. Just wait a minute, and let them pass; they'll think we want to let the pony eat some of this clover. Now, Del!"—as the carriage drove by—"there's a long ladder, and I'm going to get some of those cherries."

"You'll spoil yourself," said Del, regarding Jeanne's elegant attire and her own white gown doubtfully, yet with a lingering look at the cherries.

"We can pin up our dresses." Jeanne hopped over the wall, and Del followed, leaving the fat pony contentedly munching the clover.

The long ladder was heavy, but their combined exertions soon placed it in proper position, and up they both went.

"We have got to go beyond the ladder, away, 'way up into the tree. I believe this is the very tallest cherry-tree that ever was. There are none ripe on the lower branches, except out at the very end where we can't get them," said Del.

"Never mind; it's great fun. Go on," said Jeanne.

"Oh, Jeanne, aren't they lovely? And such a lot!" was the next remark. "I wish we had something to put them into."

"I'm sufficiently provided," said Jeanne, with her mouth full.

"There are more up here—oh, bushes! but I've scratched my face dreadfully," said Del.

"Never mind. I've torn a great lock of hair out by the roots, and it's all hanging down; but I do love to be up in a tree. I'm afraid I shall never get over liking it— Oh oh, dear! Oh! Oh!"

A great crashing accompanied Jeanne's exclamations.

"Oh, what is the matter? have you slipped?" cried Del.

"The branch broke that I was standing on. I'm clinging to another, but my foot is caught in a crotch, and I can't get it out. Come quick and see if you can."

In the haste of her descent Del hit the ladder, and down to the ground it fell with a crash.

"Oh, Jeanne, the ladder is gone, and I can't get to you! There's no way, now that the limb is broken. Oh, what shall we do? I must call for help."

"Don't you do it; I'll never forgive you if you do. I should die of shame to be caught in such a ridiculous plight." Some frantic wriggings on Jeanne's part followed these words.

"Oh! oh dear! I can't get my foot out, and it's beginning to hurt, and my hair is all twisted into a branch and pulls dreadfully."

"And I can't get a good foothold, and it's frightfully slippery here. And it seems so high now the ladder is gone! What shall I do?"

"Holler!" said Jeanne, desperately.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WASTE OF WORDS.

BY MARY BISSELL WATERMAN.

"PRETTY Robin Redbreast! Why, what are you doing? Hie thee back to South-land. 'Tis no time for wooing Out among the snow-flakes in this wintry weather.

Love and roses, song and sunshine, always go together."

What do you think that saucy bird gave me for an answer? Balancing and swaying like an airy ballet-dancer, He just cocked his head at me, with a nod provoking—

"Tweet-tweet-tweet," and "chee-chee-cheep," and "quit quit quit your croaking."

"Oh, you foolish birdie! Such temerity is shocking.

Cupid will not wade through drifts without shoe or stocking— Cannot shoot an arrow with his hands and wings frost-bitten. Heed my warning, Robin dear, or you may get the mitten.

Not a nest to put her in, not a worm to give her!

See! she turns and looks at you in a fluff and shiver.

Can she live on icicles that from the branches glitter?"

"Tweet-tweet-tweet," and "cheep-cheep-cheep!" came back her answering twitter.

Down she hopped beside him. Then I heard them mocking:

"Love is sweet-sweet! worms are cheap-cheap! Quit-quit-quit your talking!"

So I left him to his fate and a frozen dinner.

That was all the thanks I got from that little sinner.

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

"How odd a single hobgoblin's nonentity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity."

Don Juan.

I.

PETER BURCH and his sister Sally, bachelor and maid, aged about fifty and fifty-one, of unmixed African blood, though some years back enfranchised, dwelt in a humble two-room cabin near the main church, the graveyard being in an oak grove beyond the road which led into the village. They owned a couple of acres of ground, which under industrious culture yielded good crops of eatables. The brother was a man of all work, and picked up a good deal with the plough, the hoe, and even the jack-plane, the saw, and the hammer. The sister, besides taking care of the meeting-house, made and sold ginger-

cakes and spruce-beer when that beverage was called for after the season of persimmon and honey-locust, and I have not a doubt that as long as I live I shall continue to believe that, as a provider of such luxuries on a scale anywhere near the reasonableness of hers, the superior of Sally Burch this world has never seen.

Everybody thought well of Peter and Sally Burch, free negroes though they were, and all except the oldest were accustomed to address them as Uncle and Aunt. Even Tom Pullen, the longest, gawkiest, most thoughtless boy in town, fond as he was of teasing them, especially the brother, in ways that he regarded as harmless, never omitted these prefixes when in their presence.

Uncle Peter, as I shall call him henceforth, was a professed believer in ghosts. Many years of residence hard by a graveyard may have intensified a superstition that always has been held to by the negroes of the Southern States. Not that he had any fears for himself from those disembodied things that he called "spayits," although his sister Sally had.

"Sisally," he said, "she's a 'oman, I spec you know, en when she see a spayit she don't know how ter manidge wid 'em like I does, en she git skeert, en she run in de house, en slam de do', en I don't know de times I has tole her dat spayits o' no sort, nother black ner white, dee ain' gwine to hu't nobody widout dee give 'em sass er dee ben doin' some'n mons'ous pow'ful bad; but Sisally, des like women does, she consate mayby she ben doin' some'n she oughtenter, en den she start to run, en dat jes make de spayits shake dey side a-laughin' en dancin' round to see how peert Sisally, fat 'oman like her, kin git over groun'."

"What kind of lookin' things are they anyhow, Unk Pete?" asked Tom Pullen, one Saturday morning, as the man was about starting in order to do a job at the Pringles', a mile northward out of town. Tom, a bold unbeliever in such things, liked, especially when in company with other boys, to halt this humble sight-seer and indulge in unseemly jestings.

"What kind you axin' about, Marse Tommy, white spayits er black spayits? percase dey is deffer'n." He answered, with respect, yet solemnly.

"Both; but I thought all of 'em were white."

"In gen'l dee is; but some un 'em is black, an' dem's de kind dat, ef I had my 'druthers, I'd rather not come up wid 'em sildom."

"Why so?"

"Percase in de dark a body come up wid 'em suddenter en a unexpecteder, en he don't know whe'r dee is some wile warmunt er some mean oudacious runaway nigger, en den a body's mind git so frazzled up, a body don't have time to flop hisself down en make a cross mark on de groun', which ef de does en dee don't give 'em no sass dee ain none of 'em gwine projick wid yee."

"And you make out like you ain't afraid of 'em?"

"No, sir; not me, widout I wuz to happen to run up agin one of a suddent, which I ain' niver done yit."

"Well, Unk Pete, it's astonishing what big tales you folks can tell, old and young, about sperrits, as you call 'em, when you know you never saw one in your life, and I haven't a doubt, if you was to see one, you'd be scared out of your senses, and run like a turkey. I've got the notion in my head that you in particular tell such tales to scare old Aunt Sally, to keep her from visiting and gadding about o' nights. I wonder you don't git ashamed of yourself, so nigh the grave."

"Ah, well, Marse Tommy," he answered, with cold respect. "Sisally know I don't try to fool 'long wid her, en your own ma'll tell yer Sisally ain' no gureat wisitor, ner she ain' no gadderbouter which you mind to call 'em, night-time ner day-time."

"That's so, certain, Uncle Peter," said Jimmy Beazely, a year younger and a foot shorter than Tom Pullen.

"You oughtn't to talk so, Tom. Everybody knows that Uncle Peter is not a man that makes a practice of going about telling lies about what he has or hasn't seen. My opinion is that if he's never seen a sperrit, he think he have seen things that look very much like 'em, and that he wasn't any more scared than he says he was. As for there being of sperrits, I've never yit made up my mind on that subject, a notwithstanding that I never did keer so very much about usin' around a graveyard in the night-time, a never havin' no particular business thar as I knowed of. And as for Aunt Sally, I'd just be willin' to take a oath that when she run, she were shore in her mind that

"What would they do in such a case, Uncle Peter. I'm askin' entire for information." Feeling the reproach of his mates, he now spoke with as much sincerity as he knew how to employ.

"Ah, Marse Tommy Pull'n, you have to ax dem about dat. I don' know. De good Lord in heb'n know I don' know dat. But befo' I come from ole Firginny, long time befo' you wuz boorned, I heern tell of a man whut gin sass to a black spayit, en de black spayit hit des only say, 'Nuver your mind,' des in dem words, en de vay naix week one dat man's young chilluns hit tuck sick en died, en de naix year atter dat dat po' man's own wife, she



UNCLE PETER AND AUNT SALLY.

the best thing she could do were to take herself away from that place, and, Tom Pullen, a boy that have been give to my knowledge as many pieces of cake as you've been give by as good a woman as Aunt Sally Burch, he oughtn't to talk about her and make fun of her in that kind of way."

"That he oughtn't," said several other boys.

"Oh," said Tom, doggedly apologetic, "I was just a havin' a little fun out of you and old Aunt Sally. I didn't go to hurt your feelin's."

"T'anky, my young marster, en my good hopes is you mayn't come up wid no spayit o' no kind, en, but ef you does, you mayn't make 'em mad by sassin' 'em, percase I tell you, man, sass is a thing a spayit won't take from nobody, black ner white, en as fer niggers, dee knows better'n to try to sass 'em."

did, she whirled 'em, en she done de same, en de Doctor couldn't do no nuffin fer nary one un 'em. Dar now."

"Why, I should have thought the old thing would have took *him* instead of his wife and child," said Tom, with a wink.

"Ah, yes, my young marster, but you must 'member dat was *day* business."

"He's got you there, Tom," said Frank Tolly.

"Nonsense! Did the fellow ever marry again?"

"Dar it is agin, Marse Tommy. You axes another queschin dat hit's too much fer me. You see I warn't dar, en I come clean outen old Firginny befo' I niver heerd ef dat man got him another wife er he didn't, but my 'pinions has always been evy sence I heerd de tale dat dat man niver sassed spayits no mo' atter dat. But bless your soul! I got no time to tarry here. To-morrer's Sun-

day, en I want try to finish up by dark a job I got at Marse Jimmy Pritchett's."

"What time you expect to git back, Uncle Pete?" asked Tom.

"I in gen'l gits back home uv a Saddy night by a quarter pass half after eight o'clock. Dat fetch it 'long close on ter nine o'clock, don't it?"

"Somewhere about there: a quarter or such a matter."

"I 'lowed it were somewhar 'long dar."

"That is, provided no sperrits stop you on the way."

"Ah, Marse Tommy bound to have he fun. I don't bodder wid spayits, ner dee don' bodder much wid me. Sarvent, Marse Tommy; sarvent, my young marsters."

When he had gone, said Tom: "What a blatherin' old idiot he is! If he was to see anything he thought was a sperrit he'd run like a rabbit. I'd be willin' to go a cool hundred I could scare him out of his senses with a white sheet."

"Well, now, Tom," said Frank, "if you've got a hundred dollars, that's more'n I thought was in the town this time o' year, except maybe in Bland's store and Fann's grocery between 'em, but if you'll come down to a dollar, I'll go that on your not being able to run old Unk Peter with a sheet."

Tom's hesitation raised a general laugh, and one said: "He won't take you up, Frank. If Tom Pullen was to see himself in a white sheet at night just down yonder in the level, he'd run himself, much less make old Unk Pete run."

"Well, now, gentlemen," Tom retorted, with spirit, "if you all say so, I'll try old Pete this very night. I got no hundred dollars, of course, nor one neither, as to that; but if you'll all agree to come down here and stay by the meetin'-house well, I'll borrow one of ma's sheets, and when we hear the old fellow a-comin', as you know we can by his everlastin' singin' o' nights, I'll slip down in the level, and if I don't scare him, and that bad, I'll agree to give Frank Tolly the first dollar I get—specially if I find it in a pig track."

"All right," said Frank; "I'd be about as apt to get the dollar that way as any other out of you. What do you say, boys?"

All agreed except Jimmy, who said that they were so strict at home about his leaving the house at night, it was doubtful if he could get away; but if he could, they might depend upon him.

The well was situate a few rods equidistant from the Burches' and the meeting-house on the side looking across the road to the graveyard. It was by another road leading at right angles to this that Peter was expected. The

lads, some half dozen in number, all except Jimmy, assembled according to appointment.

"Poor Jim!" said Frank, generously compassionate; "he couldn't get off well without stealing off, and he didn't think that was very safe, so— Listen! That's old Uncle Peter opening up already at the Pritchett gate. Try to be cool, Tom, and don't hurt the old fellow, if not for his sake, at least for Aunt Sally's. My sakes! You do look skeary!"

"Oh, I'm cool enough. I wouldn't hurt the old fellow by no manner o' means; but don't any of you peach on me and spile the joke."

"Certainly not," said all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MOTHER'S JOY—AFTER THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

THE SIX "WIDE OPEN" PROFESSIONS.

BY JOHN S. WHITE, LL. D.

I.—ARCHITECTURE

"WHAT shall I do with my boy?" is one of the questions which I am most frequently asked. Nearly all the professions and most lines of business are so overcrowded to-day that the young man who has reached that point where he must choose his life-work stands dazed and halting, unless somebody's empty shoes are ready for his feet. Possibly I may help with a few bits of advice, for there appear to me to be half a dozen professions which are calling in ringing tones for men to enter. These are architecture, railroading, electrical engineering, politics, the ministry, and secondary education.

To the boy who possesses a patient and independent spirit, a taste for drawing, a correct eye for proportions, and a spice of originality, the grand profession of the architect now presents the most enviable opportunities in varied fields. It is said that in 1850 there were three men in New York city who were taxed for \$1,000,000. In 1880 there were five hundred and twenty persons worth the same or a greater amount, and before the beginning of the next century there will be over one thousand of them.

The inference to be drawn from these striking facts will be clear with a moment's consideration. Until within a few years a man proposing to build a house has aimed to get the largest, best, and most convenient structure with the expenditure of the least possible amount of money, cutting down the architect's figures when presented, mutilating his beautiful designs, chopping off a tower here and a gable there, altering this method of approach and that extension, with a view to save money. It is not fifteen years since Henry Hobson Richardson, one of the most brilliant architects of the century, exclaimed one day, in desperation: "I will hereafter draw no plans for private houses, but devote my entire work to buildings intended for public or business purposes. I will no longer endure to be treated like a salesman behind a dry-goods counter, and be told to take down this or that piece of goods at the whim of some buyer." Art that is hampered is worthless; it is no longer art. James Russell Lowell has called rhyme in poetry the "coop of thought," suggesting the impossibility of clearness and ease of expression if the poet is compelled to rhyme his sentences; but the artist or architect is worse off than the poet if he is forced to accomplish a definite purpose and be limited by a want of proper means for its execution.

Did you ever stop to think at what epoch in any nation's history its peculiar school of art springs up and begins to flourish? There is probably no greater average of artistic talent in any people of one age rather than another; but it would be clear to any mind that art could not flourish until there were purchasers of works of art, and in a new country developing great agricultural and mineral resources, where the opportunities of making money are constantly presented, the crude business spirit overrides all considerations except those of utility, and affords little encouragement to talented young men except in its own direction. But as wealth accumulates, and the chances become fewer for making fortunes rapidly, all this is changed. A brief glance at the history of Italy, Holland, Belgium, and France will show you that their respective schools of art and architecture sprang up when the people became so wealthy and the opportunities for investment at lucrative rates of interest so few that men began to lose their greed for gain, and were willing to devote part of their fortunes to the erection of beautiful homes and the purchase of works of art. The demand speedily found a supply. The wonderful Flemish school of painting began to make itself known when the rate of interest fell in Holland to two and a half per cent. per annum.

You will see from all this that hereafter the architect in America will have a wider scope and freer play for his imagination and talents. The increase of means and the improvement in taste of our people are already so great that they are willing to build homes which are beautiful as well as appropriate and consistent in design. To-day, when a Stanford White, a Peabody, or a Barlow is asked to plan a home, he finds himself dealing with a client who appreciates—nay, almost reverences—his taste, and who will spend with a liberal hand to enable the architect to work out a consistent and beautiful whole. And we may yet have a Sir Christopher Wren or a Michael Angelo, for the people are already willing to build churches, not alone to secure a temple in which to worship, but to produce "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Nobody has ever defined art very skillfully. It seems to me impossible to do it; but certainly fitness or adaptation to its purpose is the first essential to the architect's plan. Lavish expenditure is by no means necessary. The cheapest is often the better plan; but harmony and fitness must never be sacrificed merely for the sake of economy. Among the noblest specimens of architecture which illustrate this principle of fitness some widely different examples might be quoted. There is the magnificent cathedral on Fifth Avenue, New York city, whose spires have just been completed. There is also the building of the Manhattan Storage Company on East Forty-second Street in the same city—most wonderfully perfect for its purpose, and therefore artistic and beautiful. I might mention also the great warehouse of Marshall Field in Chicago, and the symmetrical and almost daintily perfect railway stations, designed by Richardson, which line the Albany Railroad in the suburbs of Boston.

Architecture and its kindred arts of engineering, bridge-building, and the construction of ships are eminently professions for men, not for women, involving as they do a vast amount of out-door work and hardship, a practical acquaintance with the use of heavy materials, and, not least, a faith in the strength of tested materials which must be based upon experiment acquired in the same way. A novice can hardly credit the strength of a gossamer-like structure such as the Kinzua viaduct on the Erie Railroad, or the wonderful aerial curves of the Elevated railroad in New York city at the northwest corner of Central Park. And yet they were built with implicit faith in their safety by the great engineers Clark, Reeves, & Co. from a series of experiments made mainly on paper, which went to show that the limit of strength in the structure would be four and a half times as great as would sustain a continuous train of engines and loaded cars.

The boys of America may be sure that the increasing wealth, taste, and opportunities of their country are going to make the architect's profession one in which triumphs may be gained far superior to laurels that can be won on the field of battle. Time was when every master-carpenter felt himself competent to plan the house he was asked to build, but the future is going to demand an architect of profound education, marked originality, correctness of judgment, and brilliancy of imagination. The representative of this new era must not only be a thorough scholar in the forms of ancient construction, of the progress and growth of the Middle Ages, in comparison with whose grandeur this branch has hitherto seemed a lost art, but he must have an expert knowledge of the strength of materials and the processes of testing them, the adaptation of wood to brick and stone and of stone to iron—that marvellous new factor which has already made a revolution in the art of building. And I am fain to prophesy that the new race of architects in the coming century, by their wise improvements in the manner of constructing houses, their intelligent discoveries as to the methods of heating and ventilation, will eventually add years to the average life of civilized mankind.

AUNT GLORY'S WEDDING-CAKE.

BY MARY S. MCCOBB.

THAT the ten dollars was in gold made it all the more alluring. That it was in two five-dollar pieces gave it the look of even a larger sum. Dillon Carter clinked them together, tossed them on the table to see if they "rang true," and smiled a broad smile of satisfaction. Then he put them in a small chamois case which had been made for his watch, tucked the case into a wallet, the wallet into a box, the box into the secret drawer of a writing-desk, and snapping a brass key upon them all, "Lie there till you're called for," he said, blandly, and smiled again.

On the first day of June would come the jollification. Ten dollars' worth of fireworks! Would not that be a show? No "whirligigs," no "pin-wheels." Only rockets that would soar, Bengal-lights that would blaze. For the first day of June would be the anniversary of "The Carter Cannoneers."

"Never you mind if the company has been formed only six months," said Dillon. "We'll call it an 'anniversary'; and mind you keep the powder dry, Corporal Jones."

Powder? Certainly. There was a cannon attached to the artillery company. Hence "cannoneers."

During January and February the boys had drilled in Dillon's barn. Now that the March sun had melted the snow, they marched and countermarched in Corporal Jones's father's pasture, and they dragged the cannon up and down to the great disturbance of Corporal Jones's father's cow, who—or which?—had come out to sniff the spring breezes. She had gone up to the cannon to find out if it were fish, flesh, or fowl, and while her guileless nose was wandering along its back—boom! the monster had roared, and Clover went nearly mad with fright.

That put it into Corporal Jones's head to use her as "the enemy," and to "charge" her up and down over the stubble. That was on an afternoon when the Captain was absent. The next day the lively joke was resumed, but Dillon put an abrupt end to it.

"None of that!" cried Captain Carter, energetically. "If you want an 'enemy,' take a human. There are plenty of fellows in Cat Alley who'd come up here for the asking. But you shain't badger a beast. Close up your ranks! File right, and behave yourselves."

"Oh, don't talk to me," said Aunt Glory Toothaker that very afternoon. "I can't endure boys. I know their habits. Pestering dumb animals, fetching mud into the house, making more noise than they're worth, and appetites like so many boa-constricted serpents. Don't talk to me, Anna Fairweather! If you want a pack of boys to come to your wedding you must get married somewhere else than in my house. That's certain."

"Oh, Aunt Glory!" began Anna, clasping her hands. But Mrs. Toothaker held up her long noisy forefinger.

"Don't talk to me. No boys. I know their habits. And Amasa Smith's folks won't be invited either. Mrs. Smith needn't flatter herself I've forgotten her remark when I buried Mr. Toothaker. 'A blessed release,' indeed! And Mrs. Barker she spoke similar when my second husband, your uncle Fairweather, died. 'He's fair-weathered the Gale and got to a haven of peace at last,' says she, and thought herself mighty witty. Salathiel Gale, my first partner, was the likeliest of the three men; that I'll always hold to, if the Hitchingses did manage to cheat him out of the four-acre lot. No, Anna, you may be married and welcome. But no Smiths nor Barkers, no Hitchingses nor boys, come to my house. Seven pounds more raisins to that wedding-cake, *Mehitable Waters*, and mind you git out every stone. Only Dillon Carter, he bein' your cousin on the mother's side, you may invite him, even if he is a boy."

Aunt Glory put her head in at the door to add this last, and then disappeared into the kitchen.

Anna could hear her issuing her orders like a full brigadier-general.

"Six pounds in all?" No. Sixteen. Nobody shall have a chance to say I'm stingy over Anna Fairweather's wedding-cake, and she niece to my second. Don't spare the citron, neither. I'm thinkin' some folks will wish they hadn't remarked quite so spry. But boys! No boys; I know their habits. Throw in an extra handful o' currants, *Mehitable Waters*. Not a boy will I have except Dillon. Double those raisins, *Mehitable Waters*."

"Oh, Aunt Glory, if you only would—and if you only wouldn't!" sighed the little bride-elect. "Oh, Dillon, is that you? Come in. It's a cruel shame. I did want all your company to come to my wedding, but Aunt Glory won't let in a single boy excepting you."

"Why, the boys are counting on being asked," said Dillon, agast. "We voted to wear our uniforms, so as to make things lively."

"Of course you did. And I like boys. So does Mr. Raymond. But you might as well try to move the State-house as Aunt Glory. She says she knows boys' habits. And all the time she's worrying me so, she's getting up such a wedding-cake! Dear! dear! Aunt Glory never does things by halves."

"Neither does a blizzard," said Dillon Carter, grimly. Dillon took it upon himself to break the dismal news to the Carter Cannoneers. It was not often that a wedding took place in the village, and the boys had set their hearts on a rare treat. Moreover, the bride was a prime favorite among them all. It was her advice they had taken in having a blue rather than a red uniform. It was she who had made their flag with her own hands. It was she who had contributed one of those five-dollar gold pieces toward the "anniversary." And now they were to be banished from her wedding. It was heart-rending.

"She says she can't endure boys. She knows their habits," reported Dillon.

"(She)" did not mean Miss Fairweather, and they all knew it.)

"What does she mean by 'habits'?" demanded Corporal Jones, savagely.

"Chasing cows, for example," answered Dillon, quietly.

"Once is not 'habits,'" argued Corporal Jones. "Does she think I sit up nights and stop at home from church Sundays to chase cows?"

Corporal Jones was fiercer than any of the boys. He grew gloomier and gloomier as the day approached, when, "all in white, with a long lace veil" (so report stated), Anna Fairweather would become Mrs. Raymond.

"And such a wedding-cake!" grumbled Corporal Jones, who was blest with an appetite.

Suddenly a gleam came into Corporal Jones's eyes. No one saw it. He was alone. But the gleam was there all the same. His mouth took on a determined expression. He brought his right hand down on his knee with a resounding slap.

"Glory!" exclaimed Corporal Jones. Whether or no he referred to Mrs. Toothaker, who could tell? For there was no one there, as I said before.

The wedding day dawned bright and clear. Mrs. Toothaker was up betimes, and no one had much chance to sleep when Aunt Glory was astir. The blinds were thrown wide open. The parlors were brushed up afresh. From the closet were brought the very best dishes, including relics from three mothers-in-law. Madam Gale's Wedgwood pitchers; Madam Fairweather's pink platters with fluted edges; Madam Toothaker's gold-sprigged cake platters.

And now the minister had arrived. The bride, crowned with a wreath of snow-drops, and looking like a flower herself, was led into the parlor. Under an evergreen arch she and Tom Raymond were married, while Aunt Glory stood by, her keen eyes alert to make sure that all was done properly. And if any one could know from

experience how a marriage service should be performed, that person would be Mrs. Gale-Fairweather-Toothaker.

All went smoothly, and her face relaxed.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she announced, in resounding tones, "you will now pass into the adjoining apartment and partake of refreshments."

There was quite a breeze of admiration as the loaded table burst upon the view. Aunt Glory had certainly done well, so far as meat and drink went, by her second husband's niece.

In one corner of the dining-room stood a small, round table covered with a napkin. The bride, evidently according to previous orders, took up her station near this table, and stood smilingly expectant.

Once more Mrs. Toothaker's voice: "Mehitable Waters, fetch that *weddin'-cake*!"

Mehitable vanished, like the cat in *Alice's Adventures*, her "grin" disappearing last.

There was a hush. Every one had heard of that marvellous cake. The guests knew all about the raisins, the currants, the citron, the "sugar and spice and all that's nice." Old Sea-captain Stokes was heard to smack his lips, and, being nudged for his rudeness by his wife, smacked them again to show *he* was master in *his* family.

Every eye was on the kitchen door. Every breath was drawn softly. Only one woman in town knew how to make a *real* wedding-cake. Aunt Glory's moment of supreme triumph was at hand.

Suddenly the door flew open. On the threshold appeared a trembling form, a deathly white face, terror-filled eyes.

Mehitable Waters gasped once, gasped twice. Then her voice burst from her choking throat.

"Mis' Toothaker—*there ain't no cake*."

"Gone?" cried Aunt Glory.

"Gone?" echoed Captain Stokes.

"Gone!" repeated Mehitable, and sank down in a little heap.

"Gone?" "What?" "How?" "Where?" "When?" Everybody was talking at once.

In the midst of the hubbub there was a tremendous peal from the front door bell. Mehitable Waters staggered to her feet and crept into the hall. Presently she returned with a note, which she handed to her mistress.

So bewildered was Aunt Glory, that she read aloud:

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith present their compliments, and thank Mrs. Toothaker for the slice of wedding-cake so politely sent to them."

Before any one could collect his wits, "Ding, ding, ding," went the door-bell.

Note number two:

"Mrs. Barker is greatly indebted to Mrs. Toothaker for her generous gift of wedding-cake."

"Dingle, dingle, dingle-gle-gle."

Aunt Glory pointed majestically to the door. Again Mehitable, limp and livid, crept thither and back.

This time the Samuel and the Mark Hitchings families desired to "return" their "grateful acknowledgments" for the "bountiful supply of wedding-cake," which had no less "surprised" than "delighted" them.

Thick and fast came the notes.

"Prime cake," wrote Simon Sullivan. "All the more welcome, mum, from being unexpected."

Miss Jenks, the village tailoress, had been "struck all in a heap" (so her lengthy epistle stated) by finding some cake left on the shelf in her workshop. "And me over to the Twickeneses' a-pressin' out of Jimmy's second-best trowsis. Which forgit the kindness will I never."

There was a knock at the back door, and there, all a-quiver with delight, stood Mrs. McGilvery, the lame washer-woman. "Bliss her for sendin' o' nine pieces o' cake, seein' it's sivin childer there is, an' me an' my old

man. 'Who brought it?' do ye ask. I guess 'twas an angel from hiven, good luck to him!"

The cake was gone—that was certain. Another evident fact was that every person in town who had not been invited to the marriage had mysteriously received a slice of the said cake, not a crumb of which passed the lips of any bidden guest.

What was singular, no one could find out who had taken the cake from Mrs. Toothaker's pantry shelf. Indeed I doubt if the truth had ever been known had not Corporal Jones become violently ill that very night. So did three others of the Carter Cannoneers.

Corporal Jones's agony being intense, he thought he was going to die. So he sent post-haste for his Captain and confessed his sins.

"She knows our 'habits,' does she?" said Corporal Jones, stoutly. Then, as the deathly faintness seized him again: "I took the cake, Captain. Hope I'll get forgiven—if I die. We had a picnic down to Hitchings's four-acre lot. Me and the other fellows." The suffering once more abating, Corporal Jones broke into uproarious laughter. "You ought to have seen the Smiths and the Barkers! You never saw such a surprised lot in *your* life. She'll find out another of our 'habits,' I'm thinking. Oh! oh! what a pain! Oh! make it square—oh! make it square—oh! oh! *make it square with her when—when I'm dead!*"

"Make it square with her."

Dillon Carter meditated on that request. Absurd, ridiculous it might all be, but, on the other side, one of his company had done an outrageous deed.

"You're a pack of blackguards," said Dillon, addressing the Carter Cannoneers, drawn up in line. "You may think it was a neat little joke, but it was an abominable *steal*. You ought to be court-martialled, every mother's son of you. I can't do that. But I've made up my mind. You come with me. March!"

To the sound of a solitary drum, "rat-tat-tat," the Carter Cannoneers marched solemnly up the street.

"Halt!" cried the Captain.

The boys found themselves in front of Mrs. Toothaker's house. On her front door-step, as if expecting them, grim and gaunt, stood Aunt Glory herself.

Dillon advanced. He held in his hand a small cham-ois bag. Therefrom he took two gleaming five-dollar gold pieces. He looked at them lovingly—disconsolately. But in firm tones he spoke:

"I apologize to you, ma'am, in the name of the Carter Cannoneers, for that cake business. I offer to you, ma'am, these ten dollars which we were going to spend in fireworks. Of course that—that won't—*pay* the full price, ma'am; but it's to show we will—never do so again."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Toothaker.

And did she take those precious ten dollars?

Truth compels me to own that she did. She held them tight between her thumb and her hardened forefinger. She knocked one of them with her bent knuckle.

"I shall use this cash," said she, frigidly, "to buy a barbed-wire fence to put round my pear-trees. I know your habits."

Was there ever an angrier set of lads than were the Carter Cannoneers?

"We never touched her old pears!" declared Corporal Jones, hotly.

"You touched her cake," said Dillon, wrestling with his feelings. "That has put us on a level with pickpockets and sneak thieves and any sort of rubbish."

Corporal Jones must needs take the rebuff as best he might. Moreover, when his chevrons were taken from his sleeve, and he found himself degraded to the position of common "private," he was a sadder and a wiser boy.

It was observable that he no longer considered it a joke when some one slyly asked, "What became of *Aunt Glory's wedding-cake*?"

THE PEARL PRINCESS.—BY MARY E. WILKINS.

AND once there lived a Princess
In her palace by the sea;
Was plain of face and scant of grace,
Though a royal dower had she.

But friends nor lovers came her near,
For all her store of gold:
None loved a dame so ugly-faced
And bitter-tongued and cold.

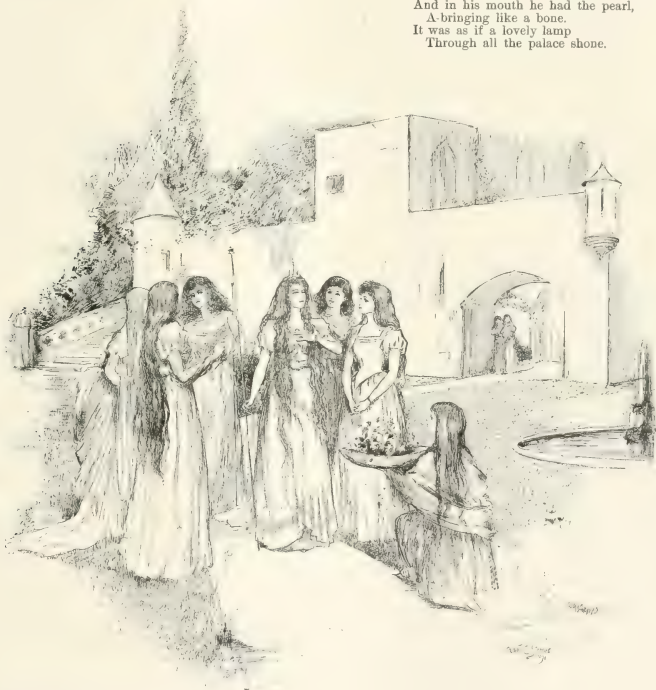
The Princess leant from her sea window
One fair and sunny day,
And saw a little fisher-boat
Below at anchor lay.

"Yet ask I more," the fisher called,
"Before the pearl I bring;
Give me the love that is giv'n to thee
By some fond living thing."

"In all the world, O fisherman,
No living thing loves me,
Save the dog that guards my palace gate,
And I'll sell him not to thee."

The fisher swung his boat about;
The Princess wept in her bower;
The dog that kept the palace gate
Came whining to the door;

And in his mouth he had the pearl,
A-bringing like a bone.
It was as if a lovely lamp
Through all the palace shone.



And in the boat the fisher sat,
A-holding up to sight
A pearl that flickered like a lamp
With green and rosy light.

"Pull quickly in, O fisherman,
And give that pearl to me."
"Not so, O Princess proud and cold,
Until the price I see.

"Give me your palace, gold, and lands,
The titled name you bear,
And go you forth a beggar-maid,
With naught but rags to wear."

Before the Princess' eyes there flashed
Pearl colors green and red;
Then "Take it all, O fisherman,
And bring the pearl," she said.

The Princess 'mongst her maidens stood
With the pearl upon her breast,
And all her sweet and tender face
A loving soul expressed.

For the pearl-light o'er her features played,
And made them soft and fair,
And the pearl-light turned her harsh dun locks
To radiant golden hair.

And ever after—so it runs,
The legend quaint and old—
She was beloved in the land,
Held fairer than her gold.

She wedded with a splendid knight;
And when for bridal dress,
None were as angel-fair as she
With the pearl upon her breast.



PANCAKE TUESDAY

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

Our first letter this week is from a lady to whom the Postmistress wrote long ago wrote, asking her that she would write to you. This dear lady is not able to go about as you do, children. Years have passed since she was able even to stand upon her feet. She spends her life in the bed from which her letter is dated, and from her pleasant room directs the work of the beautiful mission concerning which she will now talk to you.

See No. 9, February 19, 1895.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, It is always a pleasure and a privilege to be called upon for a talk to the young folk, especially when it is about my beloved work, and so I gladly respond to the request of the Postmistress for a letter concerning it for your magazine. The Mission of Flowers has such deep meanings, has in it such shine and beauty, so much cheer and brightness for the sick, the aged, the poor, the shut-in, and for the missionaries themselves, that I find my heart bounding with gladness whenever I see a need, or think of those who are in need. I want, in imagination, to have all of you in my room this morning, gathered around my sick-bed. You asking and I answering, about something God implanted in all of our hearts, and catching and sharing expressions of interest in your sweet faces. I will be enthused anew to tell you of this beautiful ministry of flowers.

I suspect you will first want me to explain "What is a Flower Mission?" and I answer, it is a mission whose aim is to lead burdened souls up to Christ, and to teach them to cast their cares on Him who careth for them; whose work is cheer and comfort for all who need a friend, and to help the poor to help themselves; and whose text is "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

The flowers are used merely as a *wedge*. Their beauty, purity, and fragrance teaching of God's love, who made them, and of the human sympathy which brings them, opens the heart to gratitude, and prepares the way for the entering in of the little text card which they most always have attached to them. They can do no good without this card, which must contain a message from *God's own Word*. Trust the flowers to do the wedding; they have inherent power for *God's* given growth to them by their Maker. The very gift of them implies a compliment which is quickly recognized, and tends to create self-respect, about something God implanted in all of our hearts which responds to their silent influence, and makes both giver and receiver the better for the gift. I have come to believe that it is for this very use the flowers were made, and we have been all this time finding out "God's Thoughts":

"God might have made the earth bring forth Enough for great and small, The oak tree, and the cedar-tree, And still it is a flower we have made."

"Then wherefore, wherefore, were they made, All dyed with rainbow light, All fashioned with supremest grace, Unsprinkling day and night?"

"To comfort man, to whisper hope When'er his hope is dim, For thence came to the flowers Will much more care for Him."

Think of one living shut in with pain, surrounded by the little indications of poverty, nothing to brighten or alleviate lonely hours, and of what it would be to have a tender-hearted woman or a bright-faced young girl come with a little knot of "something white, something bright, and something sweet" (my rule for making bouquets), and lay it on the pillow or in the hand,

Imagine a hospital, with row after row of beds filled with sufferers. Fancy the Flower Mission entering the ward with baskets of heliotrope, rose-buds, sweet violets, lilies, many-hued and fragrant, fresh and cool with the dew of the day. See how eagerly pale hands are outstretched to receive them, with what glad delight they clutch the beautiful blossoms and press them to their faces, as if to drink in the message they carry.

"They that can wander at will Where the works of the Lord are revealed, Like a guess what joy can be found From a cuspout slip of the field. Flowers, to these spirits imprisoned, Are all they can know of the spring; They brighten and sweeten the way to the spring, Like the waft of an angel's wing."

Can you not see now where their ministry begins?

Let us follow the Flower Missioners to the jail. We enter a dark and dreary prison, with walls of cold gray stone, floor under walls of iron, pierced at regular intervals by iron doors, closed and opened by a mechanical contrivance of bolt, lever, and bars, little oblong windows. Within these iron walls are poor degraded men and women, imprisoned in the cells, forsaken, disgraced, disowned. What, think you, can lead to these poor creatures, by the outer world neglected, to have gentle Christlike women come to them to tell them of how Jesus loves them, and how Jesus God heard in their better times, and they come with the ring of truth from Heaven and speak to them in tones of love. The Holy Spirit seals the impression, and eternity is the result.

I have appointed June 9th (my birthday) to be observed as the national and annual "Flower Mission Prison Day." On that day the Flower Missioners of every State visit the State and local prisons, reformatories, and almshouses within their borders. The workers secure beforehand the cooperation of the State and local Prisoners, and ask them to have the prisoners assembled in their chapel at a fixed hour. Having learned by correspondence the number of inmates, they arrange their bouquets to furnish each one with a bouquet, to which is attached the little card with the *Word of God* printed or written upon it. I have prepared the following form of service for Prison Day visitation:

Singing—"Jesus, Lover of my soul," to some old familiar hymn.

Prayer—Closing with the Lord's Prayer, in unison, in which the prisoners are asked to join.

Reading Scripture Text (which I arrange for this service).

Address to Prisoners.

Distribution of Flowers and carefully selected pieces of Scripture.

Close with singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," by the missionaries and prisoners.

Do I ever hear of any good resulting from "Prison Day" work? I will answer that question by an extract from just one of the many letters I receive from these poor fellows. It came as a New Year's letter, and as a confirmation strong of my Father's acceptance of the ministry for the incoming year of 1895:

"I have passed many a day in my life among the unfortunate men who through sin have fallen, and through the decree of the law are separated from society and placed under restraint, and as the years have rolled on, the longer grew my desire to be free, and to regain my liberty, and again take my place in life, assuming its manifold duties. I feel as if I ought to tell you how much comfort I receive from the bouquet of flowers and the kind message from Him who careth for sinners brought. I was free; never did I know before what that word meant. 'If the Lord will, ye shall be free indeed.' But thank God 'old things have passed away; behold all things have become new. Last June to share in His redemption, and the longing grew for the flowers and message; my heart was filled with thanksgiving and praise. For it is so much comfort to find that we are remembered; and the thought of it will ever stimulate me to a better and more devoted following of Christ. My life is consecrated to His service." How did this ministry of flowers come to me? In 1871 I read in the New York *Observer* a Flower Mission notice, and a city who went about amongst the destitute and the sick carrying flowers and texts of Scripture.

The idea seemed to take quick and deep possession of me, and the more I thought of it, the more and more intense to see such a mission established in my own city. I saw with my "inside eyes" its blessed opportunity, and I saw, in the words of the *Observer*, "the *all-out-throes*," to be found in these silent messengers of God's love. I had been an invalid then for ten years,

and it never occurred to me that I could do more than to tell it to others. But the Heavenly Father had His plans all laid in His own blessed way, and was preparing me, unconsciously to myself, to carry them on as I am filled with the following words from the *Observer*: "The first thing I was thought I could not recover. I was led to see that it was to be given to me to organize this work here. I have long since found the fault of God to know that *the very weakness* which I believed would prevent is my *greatest strength*. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for *my weakness* is made manifest in *weakness* not *gladly*, therefore, will I rather glory in my *infirmities*, that the *power of Christ* may rest upon me." It was four years after the Lord said unto me, "My grace is sufficient for thee," that I was organized, and that Miss Frances E. Willard was in Louisville attending a National Convention of the W. C. T. U. She was my sister's guest, and during the latter part of her visit—the very last morning—she asked me to tell her of my work. With that quick perception and ready insight for which she is so remarkable she saw how it might be grafted on to temperance work and bring forth rich harvests of good. She rose to her feet, exclaiming, "I have an *inspiration*! It is to establish a Flower Mission Department in New York City, and to place its head as National Superintendent." The very idea appalled me, and I felt that it was impossible for me either to take in more work, or to think of undertaking from the little corner a National Flower Mission. But it was another unfolding of "God's thoughts," and in a few months He opened my eyes to see how I might be made grown to take on more work, as does all work that has *God's call* behind it; and this week my secretary writes me that we have sent abroad through the land eighty-four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five text cards from January, 1888, to January, 1895. I trust, my dears, that I have not made my talk so long as to weary you of those lovely missions for that which I might desire that you will join hands with me for its growth. I had intended to give you some suggestions as to *how* you can help; but I have already said my letter should be so long, and I will not trespass further on your hospitality.

There are lonely hearts to cherish,

While the days are going by;

There are weary ones who perish,

While the days are going by;

If a smile we can renew,

As our journey we pursue;

Oh, the good we all may do

As the days are going by.

"Oh, the world is full of sighs,

And of sad and weary eyes;

Help your fallen brother rise,

While the days are going by.

"All the living links that bind us,

While the days are going by,

One by one we leave behind us,

While the days are going by;

But the seeds of good we sow,

Both in shade and shine will grow,

And will keep our hearts aglow,

While the days are going by."

Most tenderly "In His name," your invalid friend,

JENNIE A. CANNEDY.

216 EAST CHURCH STREET, LUCASVILLE, KENTUCKY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—Having noticed a request in your paper for your subscribers to write a letter to you, I thought I would try, but I fear my letter will not be printed. I think your paper is one of the best, and I have been glad to see that they come from all parts of the world. I have only two pets, a little dog named Ketch and a pony named Ketch, a little girl named Ketch, and sometimes when my little brother and I go to the pasture after the cows, he jumps from under us and leaves us sitting on the ground, but it does not hurt us.

FORTER A. B.

CLARETOWN, OHIO.
I am a boy of eight years, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four years, and like it so well I can hardly wait from one week to the next to have a new issue. I have a sister who is a very clever cat; he would have gone for Barnum's circus, but one day we missed him, and with all our searching never found him, and so I am with him now. I have a horse named Ketch, and I do not go to school, for I get ill after a few weeks, so the doctors say it is best for me to study at home with my mamma and grandma. Your little reader,

RALPH D.

OREGON, OREGON.
As I have never written to you, I thought you might like to hear something about our beautiful little city of Oregon. It is a summer resort, situated on Rock River, and on one side of the river are high mountains, and on the other are the Bluffs. We have also a beautiful spring, called Ganymede Spring. Situated about half a mile up the river is Margaret Fuller Island. Many

plenties are held on the bluffs, also on the island in the summer-time. We have a steam-boat called *Blanche Douglas*. I am ten years old, and go to school. We have three school-houses and four churches. We have two newspapers, one of which is published, and could not do without it. I have a sister and a brother. My papa is editor of the *Ogle County Reporter*.

LILLIAN E. J.

PUBLIC SCHOOL, CORONA,
NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I am a little boy aged eight. We have two little terriers, and I have a cat named *Tom*. We have a man named *Beauty*, and she has two foals. We have a garden, and a few fruit trees and grape-vines. There were big bush fires only about half a mile off, and the men could hardly put them out. I go to school. I study reading, writing, grammar, geography, Scripture, object lesson, dictation, drill, and arithmetic. I killed an iguana, members of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for my birthday, four days ago, and I liked them very much. I hope you will be long to go to my party. I am your little friend, ROBERT EDMOND H.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present from my Sunday-school teacher. I have a sister four, and every week we the numbers come, I find them in. I enjoy "Cousin Dorothy's Class" very much, and also "Captain Poly." I send you a conundrum: Is this? What is the difference between a blonde and a steam-engine? One has a light head and the other has a head-light. We have a parrot and a canary. The canary, named *Bob*, is very fat and greedy, and when anybody puts their hand in the cage he will fight. I should like very much to see my letter in print if you think it worth while. DUDLEY H. P.

There is a good suggestion in the next letter. Will all the children who belong to the King's Daughters or the King's Sons write to me, telling me what their Tens are doing. If they will do so, I will give them a King's Daughter number of the Post-office Box.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for six years. I receive it all bound every Christmas. I want to tell you about our gymnastic class. There are about thirty members, girls, from about fourteen to twenty-two or three, and we meet twice a week at a large dancing hall. Our costumes are blue flannel blouses, with skirts reaching a little below the knee, and blue trousers underneath ("some of the blue, clinging material," one of the papers called the flannel in describing our last entertainment). We have Indian clubs, dumb-bells, wands, and free-gymnastics, and a very pretty march. Besides doing us good, it is a great deal of fun. I belong to a King's Daughter's club. We meet every Thursday, and are now studying at the Foundling's Home. Don't you think it would be nice if all your readers that belong to King's Daughter's societies would write and tell what they have time to read all the stories, as, coming all at once, they make a pretty volume, but I always try to read the Post-office Box, and enjoy the letters from the older girls and those from abroad very much. I take drawing and music outside of school. I have no pets or sisters and brothers, and the "dear dolls" were consigned to the attic a few days ago. My school studies are Latin, Greek, and history, and my favorite books, or rather authors, are Dickens, Miss Alcott, Hawthorne, Eliot, Scott, Mrs. Little, Mr. Burnett, Miss Mayhew, and Thackeray, though I have read but two of the latter. I wish some of the girls would describe their own rooms. I have two, and take most of the care of them. With a great deal of love to the Postmaster, ANNIE B. K.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

I have never written to the Post-office Box before, and so thought I should attempt to write a letter describing our lovely little place of Montclair. It is only a short distance from New York, about thirteen miles, I believe; and bounding it on the west are the Orange Mountains, which are peculiarly beautiful in the autumn. Just five miles below the mountains, and therefore have the full benefit of their gorgeous appearance. In the summer-time we often take walks up to the top, and the other way down, so that it is perfectly clear, the Brooklyn Bridge and also all over New York city. When we went up last summer we found some beautiful flowers, and climbed up to the top of the fallen tree to see the scenery better. Last summer I spent a few weeks at Ocean Grove and one up in the country; at the one place I enjoyed myself, and at the other I was with the little pigs. A queer thing: the two men with the little pigs. I would think, but they were very small pigs, and they were very sweet. I am sure you also had a dog, and he would chase the pigs and then catch

hold of their tails, which were very short. He was a young pup, and as full of mischief as he could be. I was always after my shoe buttons, and one day tore a big hole in my stocking. I had to go to bed, and he looked at me so but had to forgive him, as he looked at me so piously, though I don't believe he cared very much. My letter is getting rather long, and I must close with much love. GENTLE.

CANADA, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am a little boy seven years old. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and my two brothers and two sisters. I have no pets excepting a pair of bantams and two cats. My school is not keeping now. When I go to school I study Third Reader and arithmetic, and I am having a real nice winter here; there is no snow on the ground and the sun shines brightly.

EDWARD A. B.

MAPLE GROVE, SOUTH ZIMBA, ONTARIO.

I am ten years old. I have four sisters and one brother, and he is a tease. I like the little girls' letters very much, and as I have seen so many little girls write I thought I would, as I have never written one before. I am the youngest in the family. One of my sisters is at Kingston; she went in July and is coming home in February. She is staying with my uncle, and my aunt. My cousin, my cousin's cousin, and I went away last summer to where there was a large river. We enjoyed bathing very much. We had a very pretty Christmas tree, and I got quite a number of gifts. I have two pets, a cat, and a dog named *Snap*. I had another cat, but it died last summer.

EDITH B. S.

DANVER, COLORADO.

Papa has promised me that he will buy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me every week. I am very glad. I like to read the pretty stories very much. I tried to make taffy candy, and it turned out very nice. Everybody at home liked it, and I am going to make it again, but I burned my fingers twice. It was the first time I ever made candy. I hope this letter won't be too long to print. I am nine years old. JUANITA C.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

We have just come from Rome, Italy, and have a number of relics found there. We have visited the Colosseum and the Arch of Titus, and many of the places of Rome. We came from Rome right to New York, but we did not stay long there, and then came here to visit our cousins. We each had a pony, and we intended to take lessons in riding. Next spring we will go, so we will have to wait for her to get a new one. We stop, with much love, hoping to have this published. PEGGY and PERRY.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I can remember. I am a girl, thirteen years old, and now it is mine. I am a great reader, and we take a good many papers, and have so many books. I am reading very nearly all the spare time I get. We live about a mile from the limits of Kansas City. My papa is a lawyer, and has to go to the city every day. So does my elder brother, who is eighteen years old. He is to be a lawyer too. I have three brothers and two sisters, one brother and sister older than myself and two brothers and one sister younger. We have been having spring weather, but I wish it was colder, as one of my Christmas presents was a pair of skates, and I would like to learn to skate. I have a large dog, a small dog, a pair of skates, and a large doll (you see I am fond of dolls yet) were among my Christmas presents. I went to Colorado and New Mexico this summer, and saw the Rockies. If ever I come to New York I would like to visit you. Your loving reader, JENNIE W. B.

Cousin DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR MARCH 10TH.

The Childlike Spirit.—Mark, ix. 33-42.

Cousin Dorothy wonders whether any of you have ever been unhappy because another boy or girl has had a prize when you did not receive one, has been given a more honorable place, has been in any way preferred. If so, then you have been like the foolish disciples, who could find nothing better to do, when walking in the company and listening to the discourse of the Master, than to dispute with him, and to quarrel with him. The Master told them, in effect, that nobody could be really great except by being good, by being kind, loving, gentle, and by being able to be great, one must be willing to help others. The motto of a King is sometimes, "I serve." Our Master came to minister, that is, to show His love in every possible way that He could to people who were unkind and unloving, and to make them love and make their lives glad and blessed. Then Jesus told them that they must be like

little children if they would enter the kingdom of heaven. Now, little children may sometimes be naughty, but the truly childlike spirit is always sweet. A little child believes in its father and mother, and obeys them, and is fearless, because it does not understand evil. A child loves Jesus as soon as the dear Name is mentioned.

Another thought: The least little thing you do for anybody whom Jesus loves is received and appreciated by Him as if you did it to Himself. Still another: Do not be ready to condemn those who are doing good because they are not doing it in precisely your way. The Master may see their hearts and accept their service.

Many of the other little children who are in and honor childhood. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Cousin DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DELETIONS.

1. Take a letter from rods with an axe, anciently carried before Roman consuls, and leave surfaces. 2. From a purveyor of a college, and leave a handkerchief. 3. From a verb, and leave a musical instrument. 4. From valued highly, and leave inspected curiously. 5. From to disclose, and leave to caress. 6. From to comport, and leave to reproach. CYRIL DEANE.

No. 2.

A STAR.

1 to 2. Wished for. 1 to 3. Charloeters. 2 to 3. Consecrates. 4 to 5. To disrelish. 4 to 6. Deduced. 5 to 6. Used with effort.

No. 3.

ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in servant, but not in cook. My second is in hawk, but not in rook. My third is in lean, but not in fat. My fourth is in rat, but not in vat. My fifth is in noisy, also in still. My sixth is in dale, but not in bill. My seventh is in man, but not in boy. My eighth is in No, but not in Roy. My whole is a name Evermore to be crowned with fame.

2.—In State, not in city. In sorry, not in pity. In arch, not in square. In brunette, not in fair. In live, not in home. In gent, not in gnome. In old, not in young. In talk, not in tongue. In shoe, not in gown. My whole is a beautiful mountain town.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A cotton cloth composed of eight letters. My 1, 2, 4, is twelve. My 3, 5, 6, 7, is a corner. My 5, 6, 7, is early. My 5, 3, 4, is evil. My 2, 4, is a girl's name. JEAN B. G.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 485.

No. 1.—"The time is never lost that is devoted to work." (Thesis. Withe. Motto. Reverent. Total. Void. Desk.)

No. 2. Flozina. Scramble. Plicated. Picomastic. Cressets. Diurnal.

No. 3. Spring-lock.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Robert L. Yeager, Amy Gray, Martin K., Ted C., Helen Crosby, Bianca B., Margaret J., Allen, Edith Owen, Florence Benson, Louise, Ernst, Herbert Albrecht, Mully Gray, Jean Elmore, Violet, Jean B. G., Louis Aud, Frederick Foster, Rose Eising, Maude D. Pro, James Vanstrand, Jerome Perry, Elsie Taylor, Eugene Lot, Eugene Holmes, Bernard Akers, J. L. Wilson, and Samuel Van Buren.



PERILOUSLY CLOSE.

BOY (reading). "MA, DIS TER PAPER SAY DIS 'TIC'LAR LOCALITY AIN' MORE'N SIXTEEN FEET 'BOTE DE LEBBL' OF DE OCEAN'."

MA. "SHOO! YO' DON' SAY! YO' BETTAH GO DRIVE DAT HOSS OTTEN DE 'A'D. FUST T'ING YO' ENOW HE CARE DE PLACE IN, AN' DROWN DE HULL LOT OB US."

A PLAINT.

THERE are no leaves on the maple,
The sun is mellow and warm,
And on the sill of the window
No icicles form.

The winter is soft and rosy,
And soothed by a gentle breeze,
And the buds are bursting golden
On some of the trees.

And my "bo-hoo" lightly floating
On every air is heard:
Here's a winter without a snow-flake,
And I'm a snow-bird! R. K. M.

GOOD REASONS.

"TOMMY," said his mother, "do you think you'll get a prize at school for being good?"

"No, 'm," said Tommy.

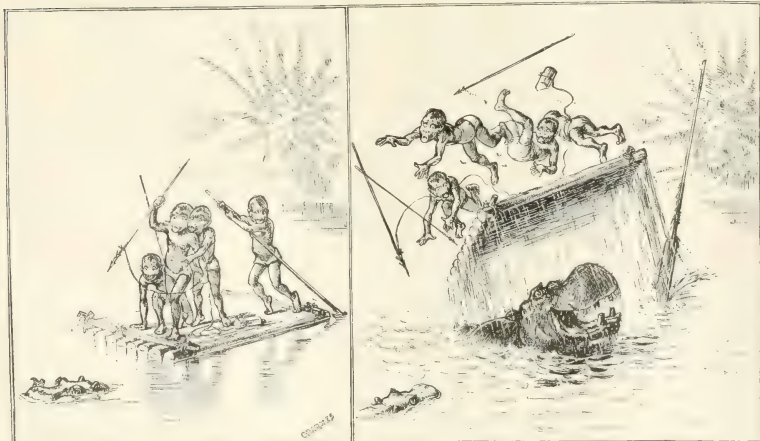
"Why not, sir?" asked his father, sternly, laying down his paper.

"Because they don't give any," answered Tommy, meekly.

"Do you ever fight at school?" asked the minister, who was visiting Jack's mother.

"No, sir," replied Jack; "I never get in a fight, because I am the smallest boy there."

A LITTLE girl was graciously permitted, one bright Sunday, to go with her mamma to hear papa preach. It was a time of great rejoicing and responsibility, and the little face was all alight with happy anticipation. Now it chanced that on this special occasion papa's sermon was of the "warning" order, and his earnest voice rang out solemnly in the Sunday quiet. After a moment of breathless surprise and horror, the little listener's soul was wrought upon with a great pity for the poor mortals upon whom so much wrath was descending. She rose excitedly to her feet, and, her wide reproachful eyes just peeping over the back of the seat, called out, in sweet chiding tones, "What for is you scolding all the peoples so, papa?"



SPORTS IN THE TROPICS.—A HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT.

HARPER'S
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"BLACK SPIRIT BEGAN TO MOVE SLOWLY TOWARD WHITE SPIRIT."—SEE PAGE 322.

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

II.



UNCLE PETER had spent the day at Mr. Pritchett's mending plough stocks, righting the hen-house, the gates, and other things in the condition of dilapidation. His work had been quite satisfactory, and in addition to the payment of the wage he had been treated by Mr. Pritchett to a supper of spare-ribs, souse, fatty bread, and coffee, so that it was

considerably past eight before he left for home. In that end of the village and for quite a distance up its one long street there was not a resident who (unless his hearing was impaired) could not have certified when he was a mile away to the advent of Peter Burch upon a Saturday night. He had been heard to say often that on such nights ghosts were most prone to come out of their secret places and roam abroad. One of his theories was that they were hostile to loud noises, especially those of a profane kind, but that they seldom made themselves visible to persons, even in most solemn and unfrequented places, who opened their mouths, the wider the better, in religious songs.

The way from Mr. Pritchett's led, just before reaching the village, along the lower side of the graveyard, whose border therealong lay in a level where several huge low-limbed red-oaks made the scene sombre even in daylight. In the deep of a black night travellers on wheels or horseback had to be guided by the instincts of their beasts, and when afoot by the feel of the road beneath their feet and the faint light that came down through the opening between the tree-tops. On this night a hazy half-moon hung above, and a mist was abroad such as Scottish poets tell of when ghosts used to move forth upon the solemn silence.

Peter Burch, contented in body and in mind, after opening the Pritchett front gate, shut it with a slam that made a lone whippoorwill on the fence hard by suddenly cease its moan and fly away as if for life. Pausing a moment and looking up to the heavens, he said, "High!"

What he meant by this interjection I know no more than you do; but with the first homeward step he lifted high his voice to the tune of one of the most spirit-stirring hymns known to both rural religious denominations.

"Look like old Unk Peter Burch's voices is in good chune to-night. I ben a-settin' out here in the peazer a-listenin' to him evy sence he left Jimmy Pritchett's, and that's a good mile off."

This was said by Mr. Humphrey, who dwelt on the corner opposite and below the Burches'.

"He want," suggested Mrs. Humphrey from within, "to let old Aunt Sally know he's a-coming, so she may have his supper ready time he git home."

"Not only that," replied the husband, "but he's a-singin' to keep off sperrits. I hurn him say that singin' o' hymes is good a way as he ever tried agin them."

"Well, if voices will keep off sperrits, Uncle Peter, a body would suppose, have a plenty o' them. I ben a-hearin' of him too, a-givin' out and a-singin' here in the house, a-i-onin' of clothes though I be, and I consate it sound right sweet."

The custom in all country churches in those times was, because of the scarcity of books, to "line," or read out the

hymns two lines at a time before singing them. Negroes, therefore, in spiritual singings, would have regarded it as almost a desecration to sing otherwise; and so, whether they remembered the words or not, they assumed to prelude and interlude, if need was, with high-toned and most plaintive mummings.

On this occasion the adjacent woods and hills heard and re-echoed first the announcement of the hymn beginning, according to Uncle Peter,

"Thow pit-eye Laws! thoo Laws forgives!
Nar let ee punchant sin--nais lives!"

And then with snortings tumultuous, alternately beseeching and threatening, he poured forth in song. The brief intervals in the music were refreshed with roaring grunts, as if to express satisfaction of the singer both with the hymn and his own consummate rendering. The whole way was enlivened and solemnized by such recitative and song. Just as he had reached the verge of the flat at the bottom of the graveyard he halted for a moment, and with becoming graduation mumbled low, before raising the beginning words of the next hymn. Then clearing his throat, he lifted high his open mouth, and as if feeling that he was about to enter the village in triumph, roared,

"Hm! I sees a wurl uv spay--wich brights
'N' who tase de pledg--yars dare!"

And just as the song was about to follow, suddenly from behind a great oak on a side of the path stepped forth something tall, clad all in white, and in sepulchral but intensely authoritative tone commanded the singer to come to a halt.

"High!" said the latter. "White Spayit!"

He stooped, and was proceeding to make his cabalistic symbol upon the ground, when, from behind another oak, nearer and on the opposite side, stepped forth a figure less tall than the first, and clothed all in black. It also, in tones if possible more sepulchral and more authoritative, cried "Halt!"

"High! Black Spayit!" said Uncle Peter, quickly adding, "you see dis ole nigger doin' des lak you says, bofe un you, Marse Spayits er Mistress Spayits, whichsonever you is."

For indeed, while White Spirit with its tall figure, although thus shrouded, would seem to belong exclusively to the male sex, on the other hand the briefer stature, besides the frock and the bonnet, in appearance much like those worn by mortal women, led Uncle Peter to suspect that Black Spirit was a female.

A moment after Uncle Peter's response was given to the double order, Black Spirit, turning from him entirely, began to move with remarkable slowness, silence, and solemnity toward White Spirit; but White Spirit, not disposed, as it seemed, to enjoy the society thus extended to it, after making an ejaculation of a kind not intelligible to Uncle Peter, turned itself with some abruptness and began upon a prompt and rather brisk retreat from the place.

"Didn't I tell you to halt?" demanded Black Spirit, in tones harsher and more terrific than had ever been heard before in that bottom, night or day. Then, flapping its garments fiercely in the night air, it dashed off in pursuit shrieking.

"Halt! halt! I tell you!"

"High!" said Uncle Peter. "Black Spayit takin' atter White Spayit! Go it, White Spayit! Black Spayit gainin' on you. Ef you don' make tracks peerter, she gwine fetch up 'long wid you." Then in lower tone he added, before starting on a run himself, "Sher! sich projeckin' gwine skeer Sisally mighty nigh outen de senses un her."

It is doubtful if a being of the breed of the one all clad in white ever exhibited greater regret for having

essayed to "revisit thus the glimpses of the moon." Not looking back, but made aware by the negro's warning words how closely it was pursued, White Spirit did its very best in multiplying the tracks that had been recommended so earnestly. The great shroud opened wide before the breeze that its wearer's flight had raised, and legs, looking in the pale moonlight for all the world like human legs, reached for conquest of the space lying between them and the church-yard well. Indeed, in the agony of its haste, White Spirit at length tore from its neck the strings of the garment which to a degree hindered its flight, and as it was wafted back, Black Spirit, now at the corner of the graveyard, uttered a laugh so hideous that the fugitive, not relaxing its gait, shouted,

"Oh dear, fellows! where *are* you all?"

"Here, Tom," answered all—"here at the well."

Then, at the sound of so many human voices, Black Spirit ceased pursuit and rapidly glided away.

"Where's old Uncle Peter?" laughingly asked Frank Tolly.

"Don't ask me about old Pete," answered Tom, between pantings. "Jes as I come out from behind the tree the worst-looking thing that ever walked this troublesome world came from another, and made straight for me! and if I hadn't got out of its way I'd have been a dead man by now. You all got any feelin's to be laughin' that way?"

At that moment Sally Burch came to the door of her cabin and cried, "In de name o' goodness, who dem makin' all dat racket out dar right by de meet'n'-house? You Br'er Pe—ter!"

The call filled all space for a vast distance.

"Here me, Sisally; bress yo' heart! don't you be skeert! Des some o' dem boys projekin'."

When he reached the group he said, "Marse Tommy, here your ma's sheet you lef' so keerless down dar on de aige o' de graveyard."

"Did you ever see such an awful thing, Unk Pete?"

"Hit did look right toler'ble survigous, my young marnin, en ef it hadn't 'a tuck atter you, dee—dee ain' no tellin'."

"I beg your pardon, Unk Pete, for tryin' to skeer you."

"Oh, dat's all right, Marse Tommy. You see people better study in day mind 'bout runnin' on projekin' 'bout de graveyard at sich a time, en git deeself run onter by spayits sho' nough."

"Boys," said Frank Tolly, solemnly, "I am goin' to get away from this place."

Then he broke into a run, followed by all his pals except Tom Pullen, who soon took the lead.

"Dat what dee got by sich kyar'n' on out dar by de meet'n'-house en de graveyard, en hit so nigh onter Sunday, en hit meet'n' Sunday et dat," said Aunt Sally. "I nuver, not sence I ben borned, I nuver heerd a boy holler so skeert es dat Tommy Pullen, a'most a man grown ez he are. Did you see dat spayit, Br'er Peter?"

"Yes, I see him, Sisally; but I know naye one 'em warn' no spayit from de way dee hollered en kyar'd on. En den, persides, I see Miss Beazley have on dat same bonnet dat las' un had on dis very mornin' in her gyar'din; en I heerd dat little Jimmy holler too often not know 'twarn't nobody but him, en he ben put up to skeer dat t'er boy when he tryin' to skeer me. I see inter dat soon I got to de well, en I notice all un 'em 'ceptin' o' dat Pull'n boy 'tendin' to be so qualm, en quol, en solemn too."

"Good for him! but ef you hadn't answered, I were gwine faint right dar in de do'. Bress my soul fer de badness ken git in long o' dem white boys! I don't speck to git nay drap o' sleep dis night. En dat same Pull'n boy he owe me, en been owin' I don't know how long, fur three gingy cakes an' five mug o' beer. Good fer him! Gwine atter skeerin' old people ain' badder'n long o' him, en—en git skeert hissef, en mighty nigh to def. I'm 'm glad an it, dat I is!"

A WORLD'S CHAMPION ON SKATES.

FOR so young a lad, Joseph Donoghue has appropriated to himself a great deal of fame that older persons would be proud to secure. He is only just eighteen years old, and he may fairly be called the champion long-distance skater of the world. He is a native of Newburgh-on-the-Hudson, where his father has a great reputation as a maker of "spoon-blade" oars. From his earliest childhood the great river has been Joe's highway at all seasons. In spring, summer, and autumn the keel of his boat ploughs through its placid or troubled waters; in winter, when the Frost Spirit has by his magic covered the surface of the river with an impenetrable armor of ice, young Joe Donoghue has strapped on his skates and sped over the glaring surface, glorying in the rapid motion. This he has done for many years. What marvel, then, that he is a wonderful skater?

I say advisedly that he has strapped on his skates, for be it known to you young gentlemen who have long ago discarded straps in favor of the more easily adjustable "Acme," that young Donoghue skates for speed and not for grace of movement. Possibly, too, he is at home on Acme skates of the latest model, and perhaps he could beat any of you, even the best, in the "double-three," the "grape-vine," or the "anvil and loop." But the fame that is his he has won by speed and not by figure-skating.

Last December Joe Donoghue went to Europe to take part in the skating matches in England, Holland, Germany, and Austria. In England he found just such a winter as he had left behind him; the famous skaters of the Cambridgeshire "Fens" had not yet thought it worth while to polish up their steel blades. And so the young American journeyed on to Amsterdam, in Holland, where matches to decide the championship of the world had been arranged. Here he met the best skaters of the Continent, and among them a famous Russian named Alexander Van Panschin. Then came two great struggles between the American eagle (who in this case was little more than a fledgling) and the Russian bear. There were two contests, and each of the two competitors won a victory, Van Panschin beating the American by two yards in the mile, and Donoghue turning the tables on the Russian in the two-mile race. The time for Van Panschin's mile was 2 minutes 59½ seconds, and for Donoghue's two miles 6 minutes 24 seconds, which beats the world's record by nineteen seconds.

From Amsterdam the two rivals proceeded to Vienna, where they met the Austrian champion, Van Blatter. The mile race must have astonished the Austrian, for he was hardly "in it" from the start, and again the match was a neck-and-neck struggle between the eagle and the bear. And the result was also as before, for the Russian won by only one-fifth of a second, both skaters having beaten the best record for a mile, their time being 2.57 and 2.57½. In the two-mile race Donoghue had an empty victory, for Van Panschin, remembering his defeat in Amsterdam, politely declined to meet the young American at the distance. The latter, however, went over the course alone, making the goal in 6.28½.

Having vanquished two national champions, Donoghue journeyed to Hamburg, where he met the German champion, Harms, and showed him an astonishingly "clean pair of heels" over a five-mile course, which the American covered in 16.45, thus breaking the record by thirty-two seconds—truly a wonderful performance, and especially so for a mere lad.

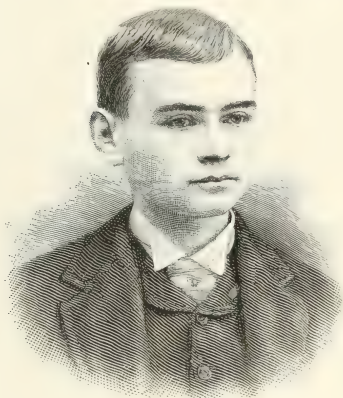
The result of these races is interesting as showing what can be done in athletic sports, when it would seem that the limit must have been reached. Who can say when a limit will be reached in any sport, and what it will be? We shall probably see faster runners than Myers, higher

jumpers than William Byrd Page, swifter skaters than Joseph Donoghue, whose performances in their respective branches of sport are a long way ahead of what any one else has accomplished. Who the successors of the first

of and friendly rivalry with his swift-footed brother to help him, he looks very much like a world's champion in process of formation.

This was shown in the races held at Newburgh on Washington's Birthday by the National Amateur Skating Association, in which all three of the Donoghue brothers took part. The principal race was over a five-mile course of fifteen laps. Fourteen persons started, including the three Donoghues. At the winning-post Joe led his brother Jim by only two feet, and Tim, the eldest brother, came in fourth. The time was very poor, compared with Joe's performance at Hamburg, being 18.44 as against 16.45; but it must be observed that the ice was very soft, owing to the mild weather; and soft ice is to the skater what a sodden grass course would be to the runner.

I have said that we shall probably see these wonderful records beaten, which now appear to have reached the limit of human possibility, but this does not necessarily imply that the giants of to-day will be pigmies to-morrow when the stop-watch shall have lopped off some seconds or inches from the record. Conditions and methods count for a great deal in all physical contests—conditions of weather and of health, methods of doing and of training, and even of making the things needed for the sport. The speed skater of ten years hence may despise skates of the pattern by which Donoghue has won his victories as much as the oarsman of to-day, with his sliding seat, pities his predecessor of twenty years ago, with his fixed seat and comparatively short reach. The improved track that some of our young readers may win intercollegiate laurels upon may not be of cinder, but of some material that will break all the records to flinders. *Fortes ante Agamemnona* is a trite saying. It means that the hero of the hour is not the only hero of all time. There were brave men before Agamemnon; there were great skaters before this Newburgh lad captured the world's championship, and ten years hence, when his records shall be overthrown, some of us who remember him will look back and say, "*Fortes ante Agamemnona*—ah, but Joe Donoghue was a great skater, for all that."



JOSEPH DONOGHUE.

two will be it is impossible to foretell; but if we look about for a skater who promises to dethrone champion Joe Donoghue, we find it in the person of his brother Jim. This boy is two years younger than Joe, being only sixteen. Already he is wonderfully fast on the ice, and with two or three years' more growth and the experience



SKATING RACES AT NEWBURGH, N. Y.—THE START.

CAPTAIN POLLY.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XV.

DEL lifted up her voice vigorously in obedience to Jeanne's injunction, but for a time there was no response, except from the robins flying above their heads, who had been defrauded of their feast, and were apparently rejoicing over the misfortunes which had befallen those queer creatures who clearly had no business to be in a cherry-tree.

It was Aaron who came to the rescue at length; a keen, dry old man, with a face like a baked apple, and a smooth and shining bald head which formed a curious contrast to it.

"Who be you, a-screechin' up top of that tree? I declare if it ain't a parcel of girls! I don't allow nobody up there. As if them sassy robins wa'n't tormentin' enough!" grumbled Aaron.

"Put the ladder up quick, and come up and help us, Aaron. Be quick!" cried Del.

"Well, if it ain't some of our own youngsters! Is that you, Del? Beats all nater how you ever got up so high! Who is the other little gal? I thought, fust off, 'twas our Polly, but I swum if it ain't a redder head than hern!"

"Aaron, will you hurry?" cried Del.

"I should like to know how I'm a-goin' to hurry when you've broke the ladder!" said Aaron. "Here's one side of it split clean in two, and I swum if it ain't the only one we've got, for the other two, the little one and the middlin'-sized one, was burnt up in the barn."

"Oh, what shall we do? Tell him to get us down some way directly," said Jeanne.

"Well, what be I goin' to do?" demanded Aaron, scratching his head in great perplexity. "Gals hadn't ought to climb trees; it's agin nater," he added, as if that fact relieved him from all responsibility. "I don't expect you can hold on, neither; women folks can't. You'll be a-tumblin' down here and breakin' your necks next thing, and the Guvnor 'll lay it to me. There comes the boys, Roy and that outlandish youngster. If ever I was glad to see boys! Here, boys, there's a couple of gals up top of that cherry-tree, and the ladder's broke, and they're considerable broke up themselves, and you've got to contrive some way to git 'em down."

Roy went up the tree like a squirrel. One good thing about Roy was that he never stopped to talk in an emer-

gency, and he soon released Jeanne's foot from its uncomfortable imprisonment, while Lord Brentford, after ascertaining that the nearest house was too far away to make it practicable to go there for a ladder, went to work to "splice" the ladder, which he did in a most workmanlike manner.

"Now you see there are only two rounds that it won't do to step on; by skipping those they can come down safely," he said.

"They can't skip nothin'; gals never can," growled Aaron.

But in spite of Aaron's assertion they did skip the rounds and came safely down, none the worse except for Jeanne's slight lameness, a somewhat soiled and dragged appearance, and a great loss of dignity. Lord Brentford privately confided to Roy that he liked that girl much better when her "togger" was all spoiled, and he thought her hair pretty when it wasn't all stuck up in little knobs and frizzled into her eyes like a Skye's. Roy didn't think much of girls anyway; he only remarked, "Didn't she



"RELICS" CRIED JEANNE. "IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE DON'T WANT IT'S RELICS."

holler, though?" and that he had picked up about a quart of hair-pins under the tree; he supposed she would want them, but he didn't exactly like to give them to her. He ungraciously added, after a few moments' reflection, that he hoped she would go home soon; Del could be silly enough without her.

Lord Brentford took out his note-book, and resting it upon the orchard wall, he set down his somewhat revised opinions of Miss H. Jeanne Walsingham Higgins. His lordship's notes on American girls bade fair to rival those on American insects, although his study of the latter, and

natural history in general, had become so interesting with Roy's companionship that he had persuaded his tutor, who was convalescent, to take up his quarters at the Green Harbor hotel for the summer. He added some notes about Polly, with slightly wrinkled brows, for Roy had confided to him something of the trouble about Syd which gave a clew to Polly's conduct. He still recorded his impression that, although probably not a Revolutionist, she was far too independent, and inclined to meddle with things not fit for girls, and ought really to have a governess or be sent away to school. He added some reflections on the strikers, who were dealt with far too leniently, and on the disturbed state of the town, which would not be tolerated in England for a moment; and he finished with some very sage doubts as to the practicability of a republican form of government.

And then he suddenly decided that it was not the part of an Englishman to be afraid of any girl, and resolved to go and talk to Miss Jeanne Higgins.

Roy, who had been lying on his back on the orchard grass looking at the shifting clouds through the tree-tops, and no doubt making philosophical reflections on the universe, made no objection to having this occupation interrupted, and they went into the house. There was no mug of cider on the back porch, but there was a lunch spread in the great cool hall which ran through the house. There was buttermilk, which Aunt Augusta had ordered, and coffee and cream for more ordinary tastes, cold chicken and daintiest pink ham, and great yellow bowls full of strawberries, and grandpa was full of kindly, if not elegant, hospitality.

Lord Brentford found an opportunity to place himself beside Jeanne Higgins. He produced some Indian arrow-heads from his pocket.

"These are very curious and interesting—remarkably so," he said; "but, do you know, if it hadn't been for the Indians I don't see what you would have done for relics."

"Relics?" cried Jeanne, fixing him with her bright brown eyes. "If there's anything we *don't* want it's relics. What a queer boy you are!"

And she turned her back upon him so far as circumstances would allow. He felt, as he afterward explained to Roy, "utterly crushed."

"I shouldn't have said such an idiotic thing if she hadn't got her hair done up again. When it was down her back she seemed jolly, and as if a fellow could talk to her, you know."

He tried to restore his self-complacency by talking to Polly. One could be even a little condescending to Polly, who had not thought of beginning to be a young lady. Jeanne confided her impressions of him to Del at the first opportunity.

"Slangy boys one gets used to," she said, "and dandy boys, and even boys who try to be fast, but a relicky boy with a note-book I never met before. And he doesn't seem to have an idea that he is doing anything rude in putting people down in his book. I should like to know how he has put me down. He looks at me solemnly and disapprovingly. I think he is disappointed that I'm not a relic."

"But he wasn't stupid about the ladder," said Del.

Meanwhile the English boy was walking with Polly to the ruins of the barn. He had never taken any notice of her before; she was always classed with the children, and no one was expected to. Polly was not quite sure that Del would like it, although she had become quite disgusted with his lordship for being too young and too "buggy"—the irrelevant way in which she referred to his entomological pursuits.

Polly thought it very kind of him to come with her, but afterward she wished that he hadn't.

The work of removing the ruins of the burned barn was to be begun the next day, and as they looked up at

the few remaining blackened timbers and recalled mournfully the good times they had had there, grandpa assured them, although with a cheerfulness that seemed a little forced, that they should have the husking frolic just the same as usual, and Aaron would play "Come, lasses and lads," and all the old dancing tunes, all the better in a brand-new barn. But Aaron, who was inclined to gloomy views, said, "With such goin's on as there was now it looked more as if they should be all burned in their beds before that time." And Aunt Augusta sat down on one end of a blackened log, which Aaron gallantly covered with his coat, and he sat upon the other end, and they discussed labor and capital, apparently on terms of perfect equality, except that Aaron was a trifle condescending to Aunt Augusta's limited womanly capacity. Lord Brentford felt for his note-book, but gave it up with a great sigh, as if he found the country an unsolvable problem.

He followed Polly, who was tiptoeing over some planks of the flooring which remained. She stooped suddenly and picked up something from a heap of debris.

"A knife!" said Lord Brentford. "Do you know whose it is? It may be a clew to the discovery of the incendiary," he added, eagerly.

"Why, it's—" Polly stopped, turning a pale and startled face toward him.

"Yes, I know whose it is," she said, shortly, "but it doesn't belong to any one who—who set the fire."

"She is trying to shield some one—a child like that!" said Lord Brentford to himself. "What a miserable business!"

She has taken it into her head to sympathize with the strikers; she thinks she's a young Joan of Arc. This can't be for her brother's sake. Good gracious! it isn't possible that he is mixed up with a thing like this, is it? I'm not sure but it is my duty to tell about the knife. But I'll wait and see what happens. I don't much like the appearance of Master Syd. He is sulky, and keeps himself to himself in a way that is suspicious. And I haven't forgotten how guilty he looked about the cutting of that rope that came so near to drowning Polly. What a little fool she is! The best thing that can happen to a rogue is to be caught. I wonder what the grandfather can be thinking of if he has any suspicions. They're an easy lot of people. Fancy youngsters left to themselves like this! I'll wait awhile; I don't want to have anything to do with it, but if I think it is my duty—"

He drew his boyish figure up very straight with this reflection, and Polly half guessed what was passing in his mind.

"Lord Brentford, you won't tell? You have no right to tell, without my leave, that I have found anything here." In spite of the authoritative tone Polly's voice faltered.

"You don't seem to see that the very fact that you wish me not to, makes me feel that it is my duty to. No one who has been guilty of such a crime ought to be screened," he said, with a judicial air.

"The owner of the knife will tell me whether he had anything to do with it," said Polly. "He will tell me the truth. I am quite sure he will. We have made a compact. I shan't try to screen him as you say; if he has done it I shall tell grandpa."

"Wouldn't it be better—excuse me, Miss Polly—but I think it would be much better to tell your grandfather at once. Under such circumstances the most truthful person—"

"He isn't a truthful person at all," said Polly, sadly. "He is perfectly notorious for telling lies. But he won't tell me one. He may not own up, you know, he is so unused to owning up; but if he did it he won't tell me that he didn't."

"It can't be her brother; she wouldn't say such things about him. It may be the friend who wrote to her, 'Beware you ar watched.' What a country! One expects

to find the babies with cartridge-boxes for rattles and the small girls experimenting with dynamite. And yet"—Lord Brentford seemed struck by a wholly new idea—"perhaps the whole country isn't just like Green Harbor. Well, I should like to save little Miss Polly from being blown up, if I can't save her from burning her fingers."

"I hope your confidence may not prove to be misplaced," he said, stiffly, and Polly read a world of disapprobation in his tone.

She could hardly contain herself until she reached home; it seemed as if the others would stay forever on one pretext or another, and then Carrots became a perfect imp of perversity; he backed them up against a stone wall, and he had to be cajoled all the way home by means of green apples held before him. The lively exertions necessary were performed in turn by Roy and Lord Brentford, and they consumed much time. Polly slipped out of the cart just before they reached Birch Point. She had discovered, in spite of the gathering darkness, a long, angular figure with coat tails, whittling and whistling cheerfully, upon a fence.

"Cainy," began Polly, solemnly, and then she suddenly reflected that it might be better to stoop to a little artifice. "Let me take your knife a minute."

"This is Billy Rundlett's knife; it ain't no good," said Cainy.

"Where's yours?—the one that Harry gave you last Christmas?"

"I lent it to Syd more'n two weeks ago, and he hain't giv' it back," said Cainy, in an aggrieved tone. "I asked him for it—how's a fellow goin' to git along when he can't cut nothin'?—but he said he'd mislaid it. He looked kind of red and mad 'cause I asked him, but 'twas a three-blader 'n' a gimlet 'n' a file, that knife was, and I ain't a-goin' to be sot on."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

BY W. RICARD.

THERE were three of us, and we were only boys—Tom and Will and Rob, aged respectively fourteen, twelve, and ten years. We were living close to the Ohio River, opposite a little town on the other shore; and as our father was a minister, and we were given our schooling at home, we had plenty of time on our hands, and naturally spent most of it at the river.

We had a little boat that had been specially built for us, light and strong, and we became so expert in its use and so much at home on the water that we felt as safe in our boat as on shore.

We had a good many exciting adventures, and when I look back on it all, and think of what little chaps we were, and what a cockle-shell of a boat we had, and how unconscious we were of danger, I know that if it hadn't been for a good God who was taking care of us I shouldn't be telling this story now.

You know what an ice gorge is? where, at some sharp bend of a river, the shore ice reaches out from either side, and the floating cakes of ice have to follow the current around the bend, and so get caught in the eddies and on the solid ice, until some big cake gets stuck in the narrowing channel, and the others come against it and wedge it tighter and pile up over and around it, until at last a dam is made that reaches clear across the river, and the ice that is always coming down from above raises it higher, and makes it broader and broader—a great solid piled-up mass of ice that reaches perhaps a mile or more upstream. That's an ice gorge, and when the spring flood comes and the gorge is forced forward by the rush of the swollen river, the dam breaks, and the whole mass is swept onward, tearing steam-boats and coal barges from

their moorings, smashing the coal tipples along the banks into kindling-wood, and working ruin generally.

Well, there was just such an ice gorge in a sharp bend of the Ohio not far above where we lived, but hidden from our view by the sudden turn which the river took around the hill. The shore ice below the gorge extended a good way out on either side, and of course the channel between was clear, as the gorge above kept the ice from coming down, and we three boys used to haul our boat over the ice on our side of the river, row over the clear water, haul the boat up on the ice on the other side, and go to the town on any errand we might have been sent to do.

It was early in the spring, and the shore ice was pretty rotten and uncertain, and we could see by the great cracks in it and by its wavy, heaving motion that the flood had come. There was no reason why we should cross the river just then, and it was a dangerous thing to try; but when we stood together on the shore by our dainty little boat, and one of us said, "Let's go over and see if there's any mail," we had her out on the ice almost as soon as said, shoving her along, and ready to jump in if the ice at any point should give way under us. We reached the clear water without accident, and indeed without thinking much about it, except to notice that the current was running very fast; and having gone through the form of inquiring at the post-office on the other side (where, by-the-way, people were surprised at seeing us and at hearing how we had come) we started back for home.

We had no trouble in getting again into the open river, but we had only taken a few strokes when we heard a sudden sound like heavy thunder, and then a succession of crashing noises that deepened into one continuous grinding roar. We stopped rowing and listened for a moment, and then Tom shouted, "*Pull for your lives—the ice gorge has broken!*"

We didn't need a second order, and we pulled with all the strength of our young arms. But we had a long way to go, and the current was very strong. The roaring and crashing grew louder every second, and before we were half-way across the clear water we saw it was no use, and tossed the oars into the boat. The broken gorge was just then sweeping around the bend, carried along on the spring flood, and breaking the heavy shore ice on both sides of the river like glass, immense fragments of it shooting up high into the air and toppling over on each other—miles of ice coming down as if on a race, breaking itself to pieces in indescribable wild roaring confusion—and a hundred rods in front of it waiting motionless in a little boat, three boys as absolutely helpless as any boys in this world have ever been.

I am telling you a true story: it happened exactly as I here set it down.

We had only a minute in which to see all this, but one can see a good deal in that kind of a minute, and it was photographed forever on my brain—our home on the hill opposite, the faces of my brothers, our pretty little boat, and the terrible danger rushing toward us.

It was all over in a minute. Right in front, coming straight for us, in the midst of grinding, crushing masses on both sides of it, was a huge cake of ice about fifty feet long and perhaps twenty wide. If it struck us our boat would be crushed like an egg-shell. We sprang to our feet as it rushed down on us, and the shock threw us headlong—not into the water, as we expected, to be ground up and torn to pieces by the ice, but into our own boat! It was not the shock of a sudden and overwhelming blow, such as we had looked for; it was a strange *sliding* shock, enough to knock us off our feet and nothing more, for the forward end of the floating mass was sunk below the water, and had passed under our boat, and had lifted it up high and dry on its own white surface, as if it had taken us into its arms. We were on our



"IT WAS A STRANGE SLIDING SHOCK, ENOUGH TO KNOCK US OFF OUR FEET AND NOTHING MORE."

feet again in a second and saw what had happened, and jumped out of our boat on to the ice. I've been in some queer places in my time, but never in a queerer one than then, going down the Ohio River in an ice gorge stranded on a cake of ice. Other ice masses soon forged ahead of us and circled us around, and the shore ice went smashing to pieces, and on every side of us was one grand whirling confusion. We knew that our own floating island might be broken at any instant, but for the moment we were safe, and the main question was, "What next?"

There was no time to lose. We had already been carried past the little town where we had gone for the mail, but on the other bank below was the house of Joe Ammon, the ferryman, and as we swept past it we timed ourselves, "One, two, three, J-O-E!" But we were in the middle of the river, and he couldn't possibly have heard us in the crashing noise. If he had heard or had seen us I've no doubt he would have thought it was just where he expected us to be.

But no "Joe" appeared, and we were soon past his

house, and left entirely to ourselves; that is, we two younger ones were left to Tom, who was always our leader, and we now turned to him with frightened faces and asked what we were to do.

"Do?" says Tom, looking to see which bank of the river was the nearer; "we've got to get ashore, and I believe we can do it yet, if we take the boat with us. I'll take the rope and jump on the cake next to us, and you fellows push the boat after me; and mind, if the cake won't hold her, or you find your footing gone, into the boat with you. I'll manage with the rope."

The next minute he had leaped on one of the smaller masses near us, and was pulling with all his strength on the rope, and Rob on one side of the boat and I on the other pushed with him, and in a moment more we were out in the midst of the broken confusion of ice, working desperately to reach the shore, while carried rapidly at the same time down the river. Now Tom was in the water, now it was I, and now it was brave little ten-year-old Rob—the water cold as freezing, but in our fierce work never minding it, and never losing our grip on the boat—



THE LATEST NOVEL.—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.

and then on our feet again, encouraging each other, and working as we had never worked before.

But it was slow going, and we were in danger of death all the time, and I don't know how it might have ended if we hadn't come to another sharp bend in the river. As we neared the bend the current swept ice and boat and boys inshoreward, and seeing that it was our last chance, we fought desperately to reach it. Sometimes our boat would be whirled around and we would be dragging it backward, and sometimes it seemed to be at all points of the compass at once. But with our broken floor of ice gyrating and changing and tumbling the separate pieces against each other, and the water under it splashing up in the commotion, we struggled on, and at last, bruised and half drowned and with our clothes all torn, we dragged our boat up on shore out of reach of harm, and dropped exhausted beside it.

We were miles away from home, but we didn't care for that. We got up and looked at the river and the struggling death-trap that we had fought our way out of, and then we looked at each other, and I suppose we all thought of the same thing, for we all with one accord gave a shout of "Hurrah!"

HOW CAN I GET THE BEST OF THE DOCTOR?

BY WATSON L. SAVAGE, M.D.

DR. EDWARD HITCHCOCK, of Amherst College, one of the oldest and most prominent physical educators in the country, tells the Freshman Class each year that they should never know they have a stomach, and if at any time they are aware of the presence of such an organ some law in eating has been transgressed.

On the other hand, should a patient tell his physician that he believed the end was not far off, or he knew he would die if relief did not come very soon, or he thought he was going into consumption, or some such very serious condition was near at hand, the physician would more than likely say to himself, "Stomach," and to the patient, "What have you been eating?" so utterly miserable does one feel when that organ is not properly treated. The number of diseases caused by improper attention to diet and abuse of the stomach is legion. The late Dr. Armour, a recognized authority upon stomach disorders, used to lecture the whole winter upon the digestive tract, so important did he consider the treatment of such disorders to the success of the physician. Let us therefore take a look at its operation, and see if we cannot gain some information that will assist us in caring for this very important part of our system.

By experiment upon Alexis St. Martin and others similarly injured, and also upon animals with artificial openings into their stomachs, we find that this organ pours out from its inner surface a fluid called gastric juice, acid in reaction, and so powerful that it will digest food in a bottle or other receptacle if kept at the temperature of the body. Furthermore, if by any accident the blood should be cut off from the stomach and this fluid be present, its action is so powerful that it would digest the very coats of the organ which produced it. To prevent this occurrence nature provides for the pouring out of this fluid only when there is something in the stomach for it to act upon. When food is eaten, the stomach acts like a tumbling-machine, which churns the food around and around, at the same time pouring this gastric juice upon it until it all disappears either by being absorbed or made into a liquid mass and passed on into the intestines. When this is done and the stomach is again empty, the food is considered digested. The time required to accomplish this varies with the kind of food taken, rice, for example, requiring only one hour, and salt beef and pork taking four and a quarter hours. All food varies between

these extremes. The most easily digested are as follows: rice, tripe, whipped eggs, sago, tapioca, barley, boiled milk, raw eggs, lamb, parsnips, baked potatoes, fricassee chicken, etc., in the order mentioned, requiring from one to two and three-quarter hours. Roast beef, three hours; roast fowl, four hours. As a rule, animal food digests more quickly than vegetable, and fried food the most slowly of all methods of cooking. These observations on the action of the gastric juice not only told us the time required to digest the different kinds of food singly, but showed that certain conditions affected the rapidity of digestion and assimilation which are of greater importance to us than the choice of foods, inasmuch as they are conditions which lie within the power of each one of us to correct.

1st. Haste in eating slows digestion, and unnecessary work is put upon the stomach, since in hurried eating the food is not properly masticated, and the gastric juice cannot as rapidly or readily get at the particles of food to digest them.

2d. Overloading the stomach increases the work of that organ in a twofold manner, namely, giving it more than is necessary for the economy of the body, and, on account of the bulk, delay, as it can no more handle three pounds at the same rate it could one, than you or I could run one mile at the same rate we could run one-third.

3d. It was found that the stomach tires of one kind of cooking or one variety of food, and hence declines to accept it, and if forced refuses to digest it as rapidly; this is the reason for our becoming, as we say, sick of a certain article of food which we formerly were very fond of. Therefore it is a matter of necessity to treat ourselves to a variety both of foods and methods of cooking.

4th. The gastric juice is not poured out as abundantly, and even at times is entirely checked, under excitement, grief, great anxiety, fright, and all such mental emotions. Therefore it is not wise to force the appetite, as we say, by crowding food down our throats—an act so common at such times. Wait until the mental condition is quiet, or take measures to quiet it, and the appetite will soon return.

Lastly: the whole depends upon the perfect action of the nervous currents, the vigor of the circulation, the quality of the blood, and all these in turn upon the amount and kind of rest, sleep, occupation, exercise, etc. The time for eating is also essential to health. It should be regular and at equal intervals, five hours being the best, on the whole, thus giving about two hours' rest for the stomach before each meal, estimating the average time to digest a meal at about three hours.

Growing children frequently desire an extra light luncheon between meals, and it should be encouraged; but this nibbling or eating the miserable stuff sold by the candy man or woman who haunts every school door is ruinous to the youthful stomach, and many a boy suffers all his lifetime from abuse begun in just this way.

The hour at which the principal meal should be eaten does not matter so much with healthy grown people as with the young people and children. These last should by all means eat their dinner at or about mid-day, and a light and easily digested meal at evening, thereby insuring better digestion, sounder sleep, and earlier hour for retiring, all of which are extremely essential to sound and perfect health. A half-hour before and one hour after meals should be spent in comparative quiet, in order that the stomach may have the full advantage of the blood that is in the body to dispose of the food as fast as digested. Active exercise immediately before or after eating calls the blood to other parts, delays digestion, and is therefore to be avoided.

So much for solid food; but what shall I drink? Water, not too warm or too cold, and milk; plenty of both.

Liquors, of course, are out of the question; but you say

how about tea, coffee, etc.? These I consider under the head of stimulants, and are no more fit to be drank by children and young people than liquors by the old; for what need have you at your age of stimulation other than that obtained in sound health from good wholesome nutritious food. The time to drink is when you are thirsty, and all you wish, except immediately after exercise when heated; then as follows: wash the mouth out with cold water and take a couple of swallows, wait five minutes, drink half a glass, wait ten minutes, and partake freely but not rapidly, stopping for breath between every few swallows. A glass of water before bed and upon rising in the morning has a good action upon the coats of the stomach and intestinal tract throughout. Drinking with the meals does not interfere with digestion; therefore it is not objectionable, as is so frequently asserted.

So much for what, how, and when we should eat and drink. A careful study of these rules and application to our every-day lives would prevent many attacks of sickness, and build up a strong body, better able to resist disease when it does creep in from other sources. There is nothing that encourages a physician more than to find in his patient a good strong stomach, on which he can depend to help him out at the critical time. Furthermore, there is no organ in the body which we can more directly benefit or injure by acts under our own control than the stomach; nor is there, on the other hand, one which will more surely return a just reward for the treatment received. With a good stomach you have little need of the doctor, and with a poor one, I have no hesitation in saying, a good stock in trade for a drug-store can be found at your house. I must practise what I preach, and not give you too much to digest at once; so we will stop here, change our diet, and give you a little more variety next time.

BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

BY DAVID KER.

A CLEVER CRIPPLE.

ABOUT a hundred years ago a large party of guests (including several of the most famous men of that day) were assembled in the drawing-room of a fine house in the most fashionable quarter of Edinburgh. By their frequent glances at the door they seemed to be expecting some one whom they specially wished to see; and the one who looked most eager of all, although he never spoke a word, was a boy who was sitting in a corner all by himself.

At first sight you would have noticed nothing very remarkable about him except that his face was paler and thinner than it should have been, and that he appeared to be lame of one foot. But when you came to look closer you would have been struck with his high massive forehead and clear bright eyes, which showed that whatever he might lack in muscle was more than made up in brains.

"Is that sickly looking boy with the lame foot the young prodigy of whom you were telling me last night, Mitchell?" asked a handsome and rather dandified young fellow, turning to an older and graver man beside him.

"The very same; and he is a prodigy, if ever there was one yet. I really believe he knows by heart every ballad that has ever been written, and he writes ballads himself too. But the most wonderful thing about him, to my mind, is that he should be alive at all."

"Indeed! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that, young as he is, he has had almost as many narrow escapes of losing his life as I have had of losing mine; and that's saying a good deal, as you know. First and foremost, when he was only a few months old he fell so ill that the doctors despaired of saving him, and—"

"Oh, that's nothing unusual nowadays," interrupted the younger man, laughing. "Why, I saw a man myself only last summer who when I met him was just completing his hundredth year, and he had been given up by the doctors before he had completed his third."

"Well, this boy of ours surpassed even that," said Mr. Mitchell, "for he had another narrow escape before he had completed his second. One night, when he ought to have been snug in bed, he slipped out of the house and ran away over the wet grass as hard as he could go. Before they caught him he had caught something else, viz., a cold and fever that laid him up for several days; and when he began to get well again they found that his right leg was crippled, just as you see it now. Then, a little while after that—"

"Why, he must have as many lives as a cat."

"Pooh! all that is nothing at all to what's coming. A little while after that, as I was saying, he was sent into the country with his nurse, an odd sort of creature, who must, I should think, have been more than half crazy. Anyhow, she took a spite against the child because her having to be with him kept her from going home, as she wanted to do; and at last what do you think she did? Why, took him out for a walk one evening, intending (as she afterward confessed) to kill him with her scissors and bury his body in a swamp."

"You don't say so?"

"Fact, I assure you; but the little fellow looked so bright and happy, and clung to her so affectionately, that when the time came she couldn't make up her mind to do it."

"Well, that was a nice piece of work, upon my word. What an extraordinary boy he must be!"

"Yes, you may well call him extraordinary. What do you think he did just the other day? I had been making a call at his father's house, and when I got up to go he came to me and said, 'I've got a present to give you, Mr. Mitchell; but you must remember that gifts are to be estimated, not according to their intrinsic value, but according to the intention of the donor.'"

"Fine big words for a boy of that size," remarked the listener, as well as he could speak for laughing. "The last book he learned by heart must have been Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, for the old Doctor himself couldn't have beaten that last sentence."

"And what do you suppose the gift turned out to be, after all this flourish?" continued his friend. "Why, an old copy of Adam's Grammar, with the cover half off, and a lot of dogs, horses, wild beasts, and what not drawn in pencil upon almost every page! I have it in my writing-desk now, done up in brown paper."

"And do you mean to preserve it as a relic 'of the donor'?"

"Indeed I do," answered Mr. Mitchell, gravely, "for I'm very much mistaken if that little cripple does not make such a name some day that that gift of his will be well worth having."

But just at that moment their talk was suddenly interrupted. There was a loud knock at the front door, a bustle was heard in the hall below, and then a firm, heavy step slowly ascended the stair. The door flew open, and into the room strode a big, sun-burned, large-boned man with great flashing eyes, while a liveried servant announced,

"Mr. Robert Burns."

A buzz of suppressed excitement and a general movement among the assembled company greeted the entrance of the famous poet who was already celebrated not only throughout Edinburgh, but through the whole length and breadth of Scotland. Amid the universal bustle no one noticed the crippled boy, who, with a sudden flush on his thin face, was devouring with his deep, earnest eyes every movement of his chosen hero.

Later in the evening the lady of the house begged Burns to write some verses in her album. He was just about to do so, when a short poem on the next page caught his eye. It was a simple little piece, describing a soldier lying in the snow of a battle-field; but the great poet read it with evident interest.

"Who wrote your poem?" asked he, in his deep, strong voice.

But the lady could only tell him that it had been copied for her out of a book of extracts; and all the rest, when they looked at it, were equally at a loss. Just then the little cripple called out:

"I know whose it is, Mr. Burns, and if you'll wait a minute I think I can find it for you."

He ran into the next room, and came back presently with a big and rather dusty book, which he opened before the poet, who cast one rapid glance at the page and another at the lad's kindling face, and then said, gravely:

"Ye've begun to study these things airy, laddie."

Then, as the boy blushed and cast down his eyes, Burns clapped him encouragingly on the shoulder, and added:

"This boy will be heard of yet."

And he was heard of in after-years as one of the greatest poets and writers of historical romance that ever lived, for the crippled boy whom Burns applauded was no other than WALTER SCOTT.

ward the match-makers—people employed to arrange weddings—came to inspect the youthful bridegroom, and put him through an examination in grammar, history, composition, and other studies, in all of which he acquitted himself very badly, for he was sadly nervous, and trembled and stammered even over the things he knew best. But the match-makers were not strict, and in the end presented him with a piece of gold as a token that they were satisfied.

After this a great many ceremonies were gone through before the wedding day was actually set, which, however, was finally done by the astrologers and family priest, and invitations were issued to friends on red cards, all the guests being expected to attend clad in red.

On the marriage day there was great feasting, but the bride and groom could eat nothing but a little fruit and milk, and in the evening Kullian, escorted by his father, proceeded to the temple in his future father-in-law's house, while the rabble in the street shouted, "The bridegroom comes!" and a bevy of tiny maidens came forth to meet him with lighted torches in their hands.

In the temple he first listened to a short sermon addressed to him by the priest, and then, while small boys scattered flowers among the spectators, passed into the women's court, where were collected the ladies of the family, closely veiled and bearing various kinds of food. The bride's mother, carrying a tray of coals and a can of water, headed a procession which marched seven times around Kullian, spilling the water in a circle as she walked. The last time she threw the tray of coals over his head, and then, standing upon it, spoke to him, touching meanwhile his forehead, his lips, and his eyes.

And now for the first time the little bride appeared, covered with jewels, and was carried six times around the boy, within the circle of water, after which the barber, who is master of ceremonies on these occasions, lifted her up until her face was level with the bridegroom's, and throwing a piece of silk over their heads, bade them look at each other for the first time.

What Kullian saw was a pretty little childish face, with shy, drooping eyes. He smiled very kindly as he tied around his little bride's neck the *tali*, or gold brooch with the figure of a god on it, that takes the place of a wedding-ring in India, and he devoutly hoped she would never have to take it off, for the saddest thing that can happen to a Hindoo girl is to become a widow, and be obliged to break off her *tali*, as she is henceforth an outcast, and treated more harshly than any creature that runs about the court.

The various wedding ceremonies occupied five days, but it was when the girl's *sarree*, or garment, and that of the boy were tied together that they actually became husband and wife, while on the third day they partook of a meal together, eating off of the same plate, for the one and only time in all their lives.

Soon after the wedding the child-wife went in a *palky* to pay a visit to Kullian's mother, who put honey in her mouth and ears, to show that she was to be sweet and respectful to her mother-in-law, while the other ladies of the zenana gave her many pretty ornaments. She was then allowed to return to her own home, for not until she is some years older will she go to live permanently in her husband's house.

THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY.

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.

I WISH you could pay a visit with me some day to the Children's Library on upper Broadway, New York city. The stairs that lead to the reading-room are in steady use two hours of every afternoon with the hurrying feet of a hundred and more eager children.

If you follow the owners of the small feet you will see them enter a large, pleasant room, show clean hands and a smiling face to the lady in charge, and then glide noiselessly into a seat at a long low table. Other boys and girls are already there among the books and papers; some

are playing games and looking at photographs through a stereopticon. A cluster of heads are bending over a bound volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, two dark-haired Italians are puzzling over "Sliced Animals," and a negro child and a rosy-cheeked German boy are absorbed over the same copy of an illustrated paper. A little English girl named Janet is gazing into a boys' big book of machines and tools called "A Wonderful Workshop," and she shyly says that she "fancies the pictures next to 'Red Riding-hood.'"

A new visitor tiptoes up to the desk, and asks, in a whisper, "May I bring my little brother to-morrow?"

The room is very still. You might think it was filled with deaf-and-dumb children studying their lessons. A rather large class, to be sure, and all of about the same age—under twelve years. The Children's Library has no rules and regulations hung on its walls, like the public libraries for grown folks. A child has only to behave quietly and he or she is made welcome.

Besides the papers and magazines that are used by the young visitors while they stay, there are shelves filled with books that they can carry home to read—*Dotty Dimple*, *Rollo and his Friends*, Miss Howitt's tales, *Bessie Bradford*, "Rough and Ready Series," histories, readers, and a variety of school-books.

At six o'clock the lady who has charge of the room says, "It is time to close." The books are reluctantly laid down with an air that means "I'm coming again anyway."

Some of the children beg to stay and help put things in order, and one little maiden of nine years, who makes a daily visit to the Library, folds up the papers and lays them in a neat pile.

Some of the most regular visitors are children who work out of school-hours. Two of them are models for an artist, one plays in a small theatre in the evening, and others earn pennies in any way they can. It is for this class of boys and girls, who do not have the ordinary privilege of good reading in their homes, that the Library was started—to give the opening minds and bright intellects of childhood something better than the five-cent story paper that falls to their lot through poverty or ignorance.



PETS FROM PELTYVILLE.

THE BABY'S BREAKFAST IS ALWAYS IN GREAT DEMAND.



FROM FLORIDA DIRECT.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

OUR readers will be sorry to hear of the bereavement that has befallen Mr. Howard Pyle, and will cordially indorse the kind words of sympathy which are quoted below from the *Lives of Wilmington, Delaware*, where Mr. Pyle lived:

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Pyle have the profound sympathy of this community in the great loss which they have suffered by the death of their little boy. It is only a few days since Mr. Pyle and his wife sailed for Jammer. Mr. Pyle going there in the discharge of literary work for the Messrs Harper & Brothers, of New York. While thus away, the little boy Sam, was attacked by croup, that sudden and treacherous disease, and almost before thought could be taken by his friends here he was dead. Howard Pyle has done a great deal for the literary edification and amusement of the children of the United States. He has thousands of these sincere and ardent little admirers scattered throughout this broad country, and we know that they will all feel deeply sorry when they learn that death has come suddenly to his door and taken away his bright-eyed first-born. If the heart-broken parents could know what a volume of sympathy is pouring in upon them from all the children who know Mr. Pyle simply through his books, it would be a gleam of comfort in the dark night which so suddenly has wrapped itself about their household.

A LITTLE WALL-FLOWER.

Flo Jenner came home from Amy's party with downcast eyes and a pensive little mouth. She walked silently home by Mary's side instead of dancing along as she had done when the kind maid escorted her to Mrs. Green's at five o'clock.

Mary was privately certain that her pet had not been properly treated at Mrs. Green's. "Be sure," she said, "it's hard-hearted they'd be that wouldn't be good to little Miss Flo, bless her."

The dejected face and drooping air were perfect tidings to the keen observation of mamma, who generally read her darling's countenance without much difficulty.

"Didn't my dear little daughter enjoy herself?" inquired Mrs. Jenner, lovingly. "Wasn't the party a pleasant one?"

"Not very pleasant, mamma. The children at Amy's house were not very polite."

"Indeed. What did they do, dearie?"

"Oh, it wasn't so much what they did, mamma," confessed the little ten-year-old; "it was that they all knew one another, and they didn't know me, and so they talked and played at games, and everybody had somebody else to be with, and nobody knew me, so I just sat still and felt dreadfully lonesome."

"Didn't Amy introduce you to her friends?" asked mamma.

"Yes, mamma, but they just bowed; they didn't care for me. I was a stranger, and they were all a little older, and they go to the same school, and so they had lots to talk about together. I don't want to go to those parties where I'm a stranger," said Flo, very soberly folding up her sash, and hanging her best gown in the closet.

"You were a little wall-flower, Flo," said mam-

ma, feeling very sorry for her poor little maiden's disappointment. "Isn't it a very pleasant experience to be neglected, but I can give you a rule which will prevent your ever being treated so again."

Flo's bright eyes sparkled. She had never yet known one of mamma's rules to fail, and she felt sure that if she took mamma's advice she would always be in the right.

"Are wall-flowers anything horrid?" she inquired, anxiously. "Is it disgrace to be a wall-flower?"

"Not in the least, my dear. The disgrace, if there is any, is on the other side; it is to be a wall-flower, and not to be a person who invite guests and then forget to see that they have a good time."

"I never allow any one whom I invite here to be a wall-flower, even for five minutes. But lest you should happen to be one at the next time, let me give you my receipt."

Then the golden head nestled very closely against mamma's bosom, and a charmingly confidential talk ensued, after which Flo said her prayers and her evening hymn, and went to bed. The Jenners had not lived long in the town which had lumber interests, and which for this reason attracted Flo's party. Nearly all the older residents wanted to make Mr. and Mrs. Jenner welcome in the place, and the children were therefore told to invite little Flo to the various merry-makings. But the D— children were clamish, and I am afraid not very polite, so Flo had expressed it, so that she never suffered more than once from homesickness but for Mrs. Jenner's sensible advice. Let us see if we can guess what it was.

A few days after Amy's party, Laura Havens gave one too. She was a neighbor's daughter, and some years older than Flo. I am sorry to say that she was a rather poor-going girl, who did not take much trouble to please anybody except her own very intimate friends.

Flo found herself almost as great a stranger here as she had been before. The company, in groups of twos and threes, got together, whispered, chattered, laughed, and left our little lady out in the cold.

I am not making up this story, children. I am relating a real incident, which happened precisely as I am telling it.

"Look about the room," said mamma in the conversation with which reference had been made, "and see if by chance there isn't another wall-flower present, and if there is, try to cheer her or him up; you can almost always do it if you try."

Flo glanced about her. The only person she saw who seemed in the same position with herself was a young lady in a blue dress, sitting in a distant corner with sewing in her hands.

"I should suppose that young lady would speak to me first," said the bashful part of little Flo to the other part of herself which believed that mamma knew everything.

"She's a grown-up lady, and she can't possibly be a wall-flower, but I'm going over to see her, anyway," and Flo walked boldly the length of the parlor and took a seat by the lady. Almost at the same moment a big gray cat, with a red ribbon round its neck, came rubbing its head against Flo's knee, and she thought she knew that Flo adored cats walked straight to her side, purring loudly by way of beginning an acquaintance.

I have been told that Flo and the young lady both at once, and with puss to help them talk, they at once plunged into an animated conversation. Flo discovered that Mademoiselle was as great a stranger in the room as she herself was, and that she couldn't speak English fluently, and was therefore very happy in finding a little girl who had been taught to speak French.

"I have been very homesick," she told the first sympathizing person who had exchanged a word with her since she came to D—, and Flo felt very happy that she had helped to make a stranger feel at home.

There was a little lame boy who could not join in the games, and had to be contented with looking on. Flo presently asked him to come over to Mademoiselle's corner and lamp, and look over some photographs. Then Laura's father joined the group, and told some of the best stories about the pictures, and finally wound up

the music-box and set it to playing some of the most bewitching tunes, so that Flo was very much surprised to be told at last that her mamma had sent for her, and it was time to go home.

Now can you tell me if you think Jenner's prescription against being neglected? It was simply this: "Always make up your mind to be as entertaining yourself as possible, and never wait to be entertained. If you are a wall-flower, see if there isn't somebody else who feels forlorn, and try to be cheerful and to forget your own loneliness. Then you will be a wall-flower, and will be such a sweet one that everybody will declare that the wall-flower is as charming as the rose or the violet, and you will be sure of having a happy time."

The secret of this prescription is in a very old book, "In honor preferring one another."

THE POSTMASTER.

HOOPER, CHENAPEN COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

TWO years ago we came to California. On our way out we stopped a day in Old Mexico. While there we saw a little child's funeral. On an altar in a farm wagon rested the coffin; both were easily dotted with red, blue, and white ribbons and lace. The family were all in the same wagon. They took it to the cathedral, and the father and son carried the coffin in. The men have black hats, and throw on the shoulders, and wear very wide-brimmed hats. We spent two weeks at Riverside, California, and then went to San Diego. This lovely city is situated in the climate of the coast of the United States. We enjoyed going down to the wharf to see the ships come in. To the north of the city are what is called Florence Heights. When up there you have a splendid view. On the north and east, as far as can be seen, are mountains and valleys; on the south is the city at your feet, the San Diego Bay, and the Pacific Ocean, Mexico, or Lower California, and Coronado Islands 'way out from land; on the west is Point Loma with the light-house. The climate is delightful. California oranges grow out of doors all the year, and they are used as fences sometimes. The roses are lovely; they are like trees, and have beautiful blossoms. We have in California a very good climate for its first time, and look eagerly for its coming every Wednesday. I (Mac) am very much interested in Captain Kelly. We hope this is not too long, and this is published. We will write about the rest of our trip some time. Yours lovingly,

ANNIE AND MAE R. (aged 9 and 14 years).

CLANDON, MANITOBA.

I live in Manitoba, and have been in the Young People for about three years, which is a great pleasure to me. I read all the stories and letters with great interest. I will tell you about my hunting and trapping. We are all hunters, and have great fun shooting. I have trapped two foxes. I also caught two mink and a great many rabbits. We have a canoe with the paddlers and an Indian. We got fifty-two ducks, and were off two days. We camped out, and had our meals on the ground. We had rather a peculiar way of cooking. We had a fire, then split two ducks, got some sticks and sharpened the ends, then stuck one end through the duck and the other in the ground, and they were cooked to perfection in a few minutes. We ate only one each; we were very hungry.

JOHN McCLUNE M. (aged 13 years).

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

Last September nine girls from our school went to a cooking school. There were fifteen girls in every class. The classes were held every day. At the end of ten weeks we held our reception, and whoever made the best loaf of bread received a prize of a silver napkin ring. We graduated, and received our diplomas. We were all sorry to stop, as our teacher was very nice. I am very fond of reading, and have read a great deal. The articles of the girls we read were in *England*, and *Under the Shadow* (by Lamb). I like them very much. The girls in our neighborhood are getting up a missionary society. We meet the last Friday of every month at each other's homes. It is to be at our house next time. We are going to have a bazaar. I received for Christmas a golden pocket-book, a knife, two books, a toilet-case, a white silk handkerchief, a looking-glass in a plush frame, a game, handkerchiefs and ribbons, and other things. I am saving my money for a pair of bracelets. We have three bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I love to read them. I like *Roif House* and *Jack's Opportunity* the best.

SUZIE L.

BANER, WYOMING TERRITORY.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I live on a ranch. My mother keeps the Post-office. For pets I have a little colt almost a year old; his name is Duke, and he is a buckskin. I also have a cat; he is named Tute, and she is yellow and white and

gray. I have five brothers and two sisters. My little sister is four years old, and my big sister is nineteen years old. She is married; her name is Gertie H. My little sister's name is Edith. I do not like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but one of the boys takes it, and reads it to me. I like of "The Flamingo Feather" the best of any. I am very fond of the paper, and want to subscribe for it when I get some money. We raise ducks and chickens and turkeys on our place. I guess I will quit now, for I have to sweep the room. I study arithmetic, reading, geography, spelling, writing, and am going to study grammar soon. Good-by.

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISSISSIPPI.

I have not until lately taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I think it is one of the nicest magazines published. I live at Pass Christian, Mississippi, on the Gulf shore. I am fourteen years and five feet six inches in height. My father is president of a bank in New Orleans, and also at the head of a large firm that imports tropical fruit from Central America. He has some of the prettiest little steamers I ever saw. I am first mate of a beautiful schooner yacht, named *Vida*; she took all of the schooner prizes last year. I am captain and owner of a great old catboat, called *White Wing*. On her I have an oil stove, and pots, pans, and accommodations for six boys. On this boat we go out and spend all day on "day" boats, and catch fish. We catch, or if we have bad luck, we come back hungry. Besides these, I have a canoe and two yawls, or row-boats. We have a gymnasium to exercise in. We have gained a great deal of strength by constant exercising, and now I can hold out in one hand a thirty-pound dumb-bell. We have also five horses, a carriage, two carts, a phaeton, and a jumper. On account of being raised on the water, I can swim like a frog, and am pretty wild sort of a chap. I have a double-barrel, breech-loading, sixteen-gauge gun, and a dog named "Buddy" got your name in or in other words, "Chip." We are a good-sized family, consisting of four boys and two girls. I am the eldest of the boys, and I have to look after each end of us. I think I shall write again and tell of our last bad storm. Shall I?

LAWRENCE F.

Of course.

EAST SHEEN, SURREY, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have begun to take in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. I go to a day school, and study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, history, geography, grammar, and music, and the violin at home. I am ten years old. I have one brother; he goes to school. He is nearly two years younger than I am. His name is Lovell. I live at East Sheen, near London. Next month I hope to see Oxford and Cambridge boats and race; it passes quite close by us. I have two pet cats and a dog. I had some pigeons, but they all flew away. Your little friend,

NORA R.

ASHFORD, NORTH CAROLINA.

Can any one tell me why the northern boundary of the State of Delaware is a perfect semicircle? It is the only State in the Union with such a singular boundary, and I cannot find the reason for it.

JEAN B. G.

SILAS, DAKOTA.

Our school commences next week, and I am glad. We have to walk a mile over the prairie to our little white school-house. The chalk hills are twenty miles from my home. We have some pieces of them. If you split a piece open, you will see the delicate lines of a fossil. They are very interesting. If you ever come to Sioux, I will take you to see the gullehes as the nearest place of interest. It might be a good idea to go up side down; they are something like cakons. You would be riding along, and you wouldn't see the trees till you got to the brink, and they are big forest trees. When you go down you have to take hold of the bushes to keep from going down head first. Do you remember the "Waxworks" play in the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE of last? We had it Christmas, at our school-house. It was a success, but there was such a big crowd they didn't have much room. Every Tuesday evening we have a "home literary." We each write a composition, and read it. My mamma gives us subjects. I like it better than public societies. I love music, and I like to practice too. I like to go to school every week. We have an empty room in our house where we swing and skate, and sometimes my sister and I wait. I think riding on horseback is charming. We can go anywhere in winter very well, and we have to make all the amusements ourselves. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best paper for children I know of, only it's not big enough; it has too many advertisements. I don't want another directly. On my last birthday I got *Little Men*, and Christmas *Joe's Boys*. I think they are splendid books. I wish I had all of Miss Baker's books. We very much enjoyed them. I made the bread last week; it wasn't very good,

but if I keep on trying maybe I'll succeed. I'm afraid I wouldn't make a true brioche, however, though, for I don't like to wash dishes, but I know how to sew. I made my little niece an apron not very long ago, and I'm knitting some mittens now. Mamma gives me two eggs every day for taking care of the chickens. I'll buy gingham with the money when I sell them, and make aprons for the Home for the Friendless in Chicago. I am thirteen years old. Your loving little friend,

GAIL MCV.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I am a little boy eight years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I have a little brother and he can walk. I am trying to make that scroll-saw that was in the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I play the violin, and am going to play in concert with my sister. My mamma said that she thought she would let me have my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound. We have come to Detroit to spend the winter. We are in the Michigan. I have some ponies. We live near Lake Superior, and we can go out on pleasant days to the shore, and take our dinner with us and play all day. I have a brother ten years old, and a sister ten years old. Good-by from

KENYON W.

I am afraid baby Walter in the next letter is learning too rapidly for his good.

ALAN BRIDGE, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write and tell you about my little baby brother. He is three years old, and can spell in three letters. He likes his book better than anything else except making faces, and when we are at school he always wants us to teach him. His name is Walter. Yesterday mamma pulled a tooth for my brother Carl, and then asked Walter if he wanted to pull one. He pulled one of one with his thumb and finger, and shook it, and then said, "Mine are not ripe yet." Your little friend,

GEORGIA S. (9 years old).

CLARKSVILLE, VERMONT.

I am a boy nearly twelve years old. Our school closed last week. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and hygiene. I think I like grammar the best. The teacher gave us "memory gems" every week to learn. I like this one:

"Kind words are little sunbeams.
That sparkle as they fall;
And loving smiles are sunbeams,
A light of joy to all."

The last day she had us repeat all of them. The games we play at school are hide the shell, tag, puss in the corner, and Dixie's land. Last fall I had a trip to Boston with my grandfather and grandmother. We had a splendid time, and went to the museum and the "Battle of Gettysburg." I rode on the horse cars all I wanted to. I saw the ocean too, which I had never seen before. Our Sunday-school had a Christmas boat on Christmas, and two trees for presents. On. For pets I have six doves (I have not named any of them yet except one, which I call Snow-drop), two cats, named Grover Cleveland and Nigger, and a dog named Ben. I have one brother. I haven't taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE long, but like it very much. I will close, good-by.

FRECK K. B.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am going to write to you and tell you about something that I saw at the sea-shore where I spent the summer. It is about the gathering of the sea-moss from which blue-named Dan. The sea-moss grew out at low tide in his dory, and he took the rocks over the sea-moss clung. He would tear it off the rocks with a large iron rake, and when his dory was full he would come back in, and put it up on the beach and unload it. He spread the moss in patches about twelve feet square. Each day he would add a square, sometimes having four or five at a time. When he had finished his new square he would rake over the others. The squares looked very pretty as they varied from a deep red, which was the original color, to a very pale yellow to which it had been bleached. Your constant reader,

ANNA G. C. (age 13 years).

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR MARCH 17TH.

Christ's Love in the Young. Mark x. 13-22.

The golden text of this lesson is one which I fancy you all have learned by heart. Think of the circumstances in which it was spoken. Perhaps you have a large Bible in the house, in which is a picture of this beautiful scene. If you are on the nursery wall there may be an engraving of Christ blessing little children. If so, I wish you would go and look at the picture now. Then take your map of the Holy Land (there is one in your Bible, I trust), and look for

Bethabara in Perea, east of the Dead Sea and the Jordan river.

It was here that the mothers brought their dear little ones to the great Teacher that His gentle hands might be laid upon their heads. Mothers and generally the first to wish blessings on their children, the first to lead little feet to the Lord. The disciples, who did not wish to be bothered by a throng of women and children, said: "Take these babies away. Who asked you to come here? Get out of our path," and they spoke roughly to the eager-eyed mothers, and no doubt frightened the little children. And Jesus was much displeased, and looked at the disciples severely, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"I think when I read that sweet story of old, when Jesus came here, among men. How he called little children like lambs to His fold."

I should like to have been with Him then.

"I wish that His hands had been placed on my head."

And that I might have been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,

"Let the little ones come unto Me."

How may a little child come to Jesus? First, we may "come," young and old alike, to the Saviour as we come to others who teach and guide us. We come to Him by believing what He tells us in the Bible, and by trying to obey His will. We come to Him when we pray, when we help others who are in trouble, when we love Him with our whole heart.

Only to those who have the spirit of the child is it given to belong to the kingdom of heaven. Nobody else has a passport. You must be child-like if you would belong to God.

A curious incident follows. A young man came running up the hill, fearful that Jesus would be gone before he could speak to Him. Down the dusty path he knelt, asking what he might do to inherit eternal life. The Lord put some test-questions to him, and having found that his outward life was quite pure and moral He bade him show his love by a willingness to surrender everything and join the Master's band. This the young man would not do. He loved earthly things too much, and so he lost his chance of having a heavenly blessing.

COUSIN DOROTHY

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.

THREE SQUARES.

- 1.—A rascal. 2. An article of luxury. 3. Past. 4. A spirit. 5. Machine.
- 2.—A necessity of life. 2. A river. 3. An acid. 4. To annoy. 5. A lake in Sweden.
- 3.—A coloring matter. 2. An estate. 3. A cave. 4. A town in Spain. 5. To discourse.

F. W. W.

No. 2.

A DOUBBLE ACROSTIC.

- Initials give the name of an Admiral; finals give that of his King.
1. Performing. 2. To let loose. 3. A native of Africa. 4. An article of furniture. 5. Terrifying.

F. W. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 186.

- | | |
|--------|-----------------|
| No. 1. | 1. Lucette. |
| | 2. Ose. |
| | 3. Nubian. |
| | 4. Dismeter. |
| | 5. Nantes. |
| No. 2. | Bi-rycle. |
| No. 3. | S O T |
| | O N E |
| | N U E |
| | I S E |
| | T E N |
| | I R E |
| | P E N |
| No. 4. | M A R T I N E T |
| | A R O U S E D |
| | R O B B E D |
| | I S E R |
| | N E D |
| | E D |
| | X |
| | P A R A D O X |
| | A D O R E S |
| | R O W E N |
| | E A |
| | D E S |
| | O N S |
| | X |

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from: Doll, Medley, Emma Jarvis, Emma Parker, Ross Ring, Mary Lorthrop, Dove Hall, May Marcy, Willie Pitts, Rutledge Dean, Margaret Johns, Eleanor F., R. T. C. Maria Manson, and Mrs. S. Floy Jenkins, W. B. Hall, and Eleanor Remsen.



SEVERE WEATHER.

"MERCY SAKES, HINKEY, WHY DON'T YE COMB YER HAIR 'FORE YE COME IN TO THE BREAKFAST-TABLE?"

"WELL, I WASHED AT THE PUMP, AN' THE WATER FROZE IN MY HAIR, AN' MADE IT STIFF, SO'S THE COMB WOULDN'T GO THROUGH IT."

A CATS' PARADISE.

SOME years ago there lived on Shelter Island, that "gem of the sea," an eccentric old man who had a great fondness for cats. His house was a cats' paradise, and having neither wife nor children he made these feline pets his constant companions. Usually there were at least seventy of them, young and old, black and white, Maltese and tortoise-shell; and to his young friends it was always a treat to be allowed to spend an hour in this domestic menagerie.

Fortunately for both himself and the cats, the good man had two maiden sisters who took the greater part of the care of this large family, and trained them in the way they should go. Every one of them knew its own name, and it was very amusing when feeding-time came to see each cat march to its own saucer. Sometimes several of the younger ones showed a disposition to be growly and piggish they were promptly disciplined. Twice a week butcher-meat was provided for them, and usually once a week catnip tea was administered.

To become the possessor of one of these well-trained, soft-furred creatures was considered a piece of rare good fortune, but none was ever given away except to those who would take the best care of them.

When their master died he left a certain amount to be appropriated to their support, and while they remained under the same roof they continued to receive their usual supplies. That was more than fifty years ago; but though this happy family was long since broken up, the descendants still remain to regale with nightly concerts the summer boarders on Shelter Island's peaceful shores.

SUPERIORITY.

OH, the butterfly sits on the pink blush-rose
A-winking his beautiful blue-specked wings,
And overhead in the cherry-tree
The merry robin dances and sings.

But my hair is curled and my sash is tied,
And I'm going out with mamma to tea,
And I pity the robin and butterfly
That neither's a little girl like me.

M. E. W.



A RACE WITH A LEAK.

NOW PEOPLE WILL WONDER IF THE WIDOW FROGPOND'S HOUSE IS ON FIRE, BUT IF THEY SHOULD CARE TO INQUIRE INTO THE MATTER, THEY WOULD FIND THAT JAMES'S HASTY TRIP FROM THE PUMP WAS DUE TO THE FACT OF THERE BEING HOLES IN THE BOTTOM OF THE PAIL, WHICH REQUIRES SPEED NECESSARY IN ORDER TO ARRIVE AT THE HOUSE WITH ANY WATER AT ALL.



A MODEST REQUEST.

"MIS' MURRAY, CAN I BORRY DE BABY A WHILE FOR A DOLL? ELLIE BUREK'S COME OVER WID HER BIG DOLL, AN' I HAVEN'T GOT ANY."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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WITH SUPPLEMENT.

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"WE RUSHED UP AT HIM AND ASKED FOR EVERYTHING."—SEE PAGE 338.

WHICH—THE RIGHT, OR THE REST OF
THE BOYS?

BY MARGARET EMMA DITTO.

OF course we celebrated at our school when the election news came in, the G. O. P. Juniors, every father's son of us. The first day we fairly spilled our money out upon a peddler who drew up his cart on the campus, and sold pictures of Harrison, and badges, and lanterns, and fireworks, and flags, and candles and things, and blue-lights. We wrote home for more, and we got it too, most of us, though it was almost the first of the month, our fathers were so enthusiastic. Why, my father holds me pretty stiff to my accounts, and there is no getting around him, but he just made a joke of this; he said he supposed that a prodigal son called for a prodigal father, and he sent me a five-dollar bill. I could fairly hear him laugh in the letter.

We illuminated that night, and the old place winked and blinked and snapped and sparkled pretty lively. The stars just stepped back and the moon did not walk up to the foot-lights, not much to speak of—at least not in Browerville. What was the use, with the school-house flaring like a furnace at every window, and the campus strung up with lines of Chinese lanterns, and rockets, and bonfires, and pin-wheels, and go as you please, and every fellow light his own. It was good enough fun while it lasted, but, after all, it went out and we went in, and the smell of grease and smoke in the dormitory was so thick you could cut it with a Barlow knife.

Illuminations are nice when there are girls to look at them and to help about the mottoes. But who says illuminations are filling at the price? Not I. They don't stay you up afterward like a square meal, and the next day where are they? We all felt that way the day after, and we wanted to celebrate.

The Doctor did not try to stop us either; he knows something about things as well as the boys, and when two of us, Hart Seagrave and Charley Blaisdale, waited upon the Doctor and asked him to let us off the evening study hour and give us leave to have a torch-light procession till nine o'clock, why, he just gave in and let us. We went at it straight from the outset, for we meant to do the gentlemanly thing, and the Doctor meant to too, and we did what we set out to do, on both sides.

Hart Seagrave said that when he told him what we wanted to do, the Doctor just smiled a big smile. It would have to be a big one if the Doctor made it himself out of his own materials, for he has got a big mouth and a squarish jaw, and it is a heavy combination when he shuts one the whole length of it and sets the other by it and looks steadily at you. That is the time you want to dodge from under; and that is what you can't do, though you have to stand there and grow small and feel yourself shrinking up till you could wear your last year's clothes. It is no fun. No, sir. But when he smiles it seems as if the gear straps at the corners were cut, and something gave way and poured out, and you had got a box from home. Well, he smiled; and it must have gone hard with him, 'cause the Doctor did not vote our ticket; but that doesn't prove but what he has got sense generally and knows that smiling is the only kind of kicking that amounts to anything. The Doctor did not give us hard lines either.

"No masks," he said, "and no disguises, and not to go beyond the village limits, and every boy to be home and report for roll-call in the school-room at nine o'clock, and"—of course he always puts this in; it is his regular finishing clause—"not to do anything we would not like to write home about."

Hart passed the word along, and after supper the procession formed on the campus and marched up to salute the Doctor—he and his wife and some of the teachers had

come out on the balcony to see us off. We gave the Doctor three cheers, the school three, and the next President three, and off we went. We had a fife that could play a tune when it was made to, and we had hired Johnny Strunk, the shoemaker's son, to play it. He was the only professional; the rest of the band was amateur—two mouth-organs, and three banjos that did not string up altogether, but they gave body to the music, and that music was something to hear! Fiddles and flutes are all very well in their way, but when you come to real music with some heart in it, I say, give me an out-door band and marching.

We had it that night when we marched out into the village street. We had something else too: the word had been passed around, and every fellow had his night-shirt and a newspaper cap in his pocket; besides this, Charley Blaisdale had a lot of tissue-paper and a paste-pot.

Our first move after walking through the village was to put out our torch-lights and break ranks. We did this gradually, and the first thing anybody noticed was that there was no procession and no boys either. We dropped flat, under bushes, behind fences or trees or barns, and every one for himself we made our way to a sheltered place behind the meeting-house sheds. We kept perfectly still here. Every one drew on his night-shirt and his paper cap; then each boy pasted three inch-wide strips of black tissue-paper across his face—on forehead, nose, and chin—and no mother of any one of us could have picked out her own son in that crowd as it came from behind the horse sheds.

You don't know Browerville, perhaps? Most people don't. You never saw it? Well, you couldn't without a microscope, and when you did see it you would say it was a case for a post-mortem. That is what Browerville is: a wooden pump and horse-trough, a dried herring-and-soap-box grocery store, a post-office with a postmaster, and a cobbler's bench with a roof over it. There is a good deal of nature lying around outside of Browerville—the catalogue tells about it—and innocent lambs are in the fields at spring-time; and Dr. Marlboro's is a nice school for boys, though there is something besides lambs there in the spring-time and every other time. But we boys like our school, specially when it goes to suit us, and we all like the Doctor when he is not down on us. Still, we fellows had no idea of going to sleep standing up at our procession, and we did not mean to drag around that village as if every boy was grandfather to himself and rich at that. No. Leave that gait to the gold-caned old gentlemen who come back to their semi-centennial at college, and walk down the broad aisle in a body. We went in twenty-five bodies, and we went another pace. We ran, we rushed, we pelted double-quick, and double-double, and flashed howling down upon the village, shaking it to its centre—the pump—and rocking its very foundation—the horse-trough.

After that we swarmed for the grocery store. We came in three abreast, entering from side door and front at the same instant with a great crash of broken crockery and glass, for we had loaded up with all the old spare bottles in our rooms, and got some broken dishes from the refuse heap back of the horse sheds, and each boy shivered his glass-ware against the side of the house as he came in. I suppose old Flyspeck—that is what we call the grocer, because he is so lazy he doesn't keep the flies off him in the summer-time—I suppose he thought there was not a pane of glass nor a crockery teacup left in his store. But we did not give him time to think; we rushed up at him, and asked for everything—taffy, Saratoga potatoes, a yard of molasses, spring overcoats, pants for fifty cents, soda-water and a basket to take it home in. We tried to buy him out on crackers and cheese and sardines—we really wanted these; but he got so wild with us going on like Indians that he could neither measure nor weigh,

and when it came to making change he gave it up, and bolted out of the back door, leaving us boys in possession of the premises.

"That means danger," said Charley Blaisdale. "It means that he has gone for the Doctor."

"And he will be back here with him in less than ten minutes," said Hart Seagrave.

"And that takes us," said I, and we all saw it.

"We had better hush up and clear out of this," said Charley. "Every one lay low for the meeting-house sheds. We'll settle what to do next when we get there."

In two minutes that grocery store was as silent and black as night, and the boys—well, it was just as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up; but they came to the top pretty soon, and came tumbling in one by one at the rendezvous and were counted. All there to a man, and all bound to talk at once and tell how they got there.

"Hush up, boys," said Ned Rooney at last. "What are you going to do about it? Now listen to me; I have something to propose."

Each boy told another boy to keep still.

Charley Blaisdale turned the beam of the dark-lantern full upon the speaker. Rooney came out like a chromo. He had got a cut at the bottle smash—a scratch; he did not know it himself, but it was bleeding, and he had got smeared with the blood over his face and shirt. He lit up like a gory, fiery martyr, and when he threw up his arms and waved them over his head, and said, hoarsely, "There is no fun in this town; when it comes to fun, all Brownville isn't worth the peck measure you would put it in if you sold it, and it isn't worth one snap of the fist that you'd knock it down with if you fought it, sir!"—it was great; it was eloquent; we felt it, and we did not wonder that Rooney's father got elected Alderman.

"Let us cut Brownville," he went on, "and go over to Billsburg and have our fun out. Who is in favor?—hands up." There was a good showing of hands.

"I call for contrary minds—thumbs down," said Hart Seagrave; and he drew it just as if he did not mean it and did not expect any one else to. But some of us downed our thumbs pretty quick and pretty plain, and they flashed the lantern around and counted us.

"It is no fair to go out of the village: we had our terms before we started out, didn't we?" Hart Seagrave went on, in his easy, quiet way.

There was a streak of silence for a minute.

"I suppose so."

"Yes."

"What of it?"

"We agreed to the terms when we started; we have as good as promised to keep them, haven't we?" said Seagrave.

"It looks like it," said some one.

"Well, I suppose we have," said another.

"I know we have," I blurted out.

"What of it, then?" said Rooney, turning on me.

"Then I propose to do what I agreed to."

"Oh, you do? Good boy; wears a medal; gets a stiff cat for behavior three times a day."

I made for Rooney, but the fellows pulled me over and smothered him, and everybody talked at once for and against. It was no fair discussion, nothing but a muddle, and in the midst of it all we heard the cannon at Billsburg, and we saw the rockets cutting the sky. Billsburg is only three miles away, and it looked nearer than that; from the meeting-house hill we could see the lights of the illumination, and it seemed a very stupid thing to go home and go to bed just as we had started out. And so the first thing we knew we were under way and marching to Billsburg. Ned Rooney took the lead; he flew about as if there were two or three of him, and he took the count after we had got under way. Everybody was

there, even Hart Seagrave and the rest of them who had voted not to come. We had been whirled into it some way, and we were getting farther in at every step. It was at the pine woods where we halted for count, and there we drew on our night-shirts, lighted our torches, and went blazing along the last two miles of the way. We shouted and sang songs, but this gets to be a windy amusement when you have to keep it up on a long stretch of bare road. I felt as if I had swallowed enough November climate, and I stopped about as soon as I began.

Partly it made me mad to be marching along behind Ned Rooney, when I had not settled with him, and partly I felt queer to be doing what I knew was not right. But somehow when a crowd of boys are together, and they rush and push and dash and crush on, there is something about the whole gang that gets you. You lose your head first, and then the rest of you gives way. It seems as if you did not own your own legs even. It is as if the crowd was a centipede, and your two legs belonged to it, and you hadn't any personal control over them.

And yet all the time there is a queer feeling, something tightening and tugging away inside of you, underneath your watch in your left-hand vest pocket—your mother will feel bad about it; you can see her eyes with that look in them. You had rather face anything than that look—why, it's a heart-break of itself. And your father—well, perhaps your father is like mine. Why, my father *expects* me to do right—does so. He is absolutely solid about it, and it goes hard with me to account for myself when I am brought up on any other track. I can't do it. I'm floored, flattened out. I have no use for myself when it comes to that.

I had got as far as this in my thoughts, and in my body I had got within half a mile of Billsburg, when I came to a decision. There was a lull of silence in the crowd; the boys were saving up their voices for the charge upon Billsburg. There was nothing to be heard but the tramp, tramp of the marching. The lights of the town were shining very bright. I don't know what made me look up to the sky. It was full of stars, and they looked awfully steadfast. I never noticed anything like it before. The sky was deep and solemn. You looked up into it for miles and miles, and could not see through to the end, to what lay beyond. I don't know what came over me—a sudden feeling that the right or wrong of a thing was as far-reaching as the depths of that sky—that it spread out like the whole field of its space. It struck me as sharp as a bolt, and if it had been a bolt it could not have pinned me any tighter than I stood in my tracks. I did not move on a single inch. I marked time a few steps where I was, and the boys in my line passed on ahead. There was a good deal of straggling by this time, and the boys did not notice me. I kept headed for the front, but really fell back and back till I was the last one. Then I worried off my shirt and dropped flat. Nobody missed me. The boys went on, out of sight and sound. I heard them give their rallying cry on the height beyond, and then all was still.

Alone, yes, and two and a half miles of a lonely road before me, with those solemn stars overhead, and the wind sighing in the old pine-trees. But I made tracks very lively, and I warmed up considerably in the region of the left-hand vest pocket, and I had not gone a quarter of a mile before I came upon another fellow.

"Hulloa!"

"Hulloa yourself!"

And you may eat my hat if it wasn't Hart Seagrave himself.

"What luck!" said I. "How did you get here?"

"Oh, I whipped out easily enough," said he; and sure enough he had managed just as I did. Afterward we overtook three others, who had done the same thing, each one for himself though. Each one thought himself

the only one, and I just made up my mind that you are never alone if you are right.

We stumbled into the school-room just at the stroke of the tardy bell. The Doctor did not ask us any questions about the other boys; no boy is ever asked to tell of another. The boys came home in wagons near midnight, and they were a badly used up set. I was afraid they would not like it because I had deserted. But they did not blame me, because I had spoken out for not going, and they all said they wished they had done as I did. It was no easy thing for the boys to go in, one by one, and face the Doctor, and be caught on those fish-hook questions of his, and get drawn in and landed by them, spite of squirming and wriggling, and then to have to write home about it—the exact facts, as he got at them; that was a hard thing enough.

The Doctor sent for me, and said he was pleased with me, and his wife said so too. The room was awfully hot just then; I felt like a furnace, and if a furnace feels as I did, it is not fun being a furnace. It takes you so sudden—being praised does, and so unexpected; but it feels better afterward when you get cooled off and write home about it.

The boys got docked of their holidays for a month: pretty hard lines, wasn't it? You would think so if you could see them filing into the school-room every Saturday morning, and sitting three hours over extra lessons.

The Democrat boys, who of course did not go on the parade, stand about the hallway and door and make remarks, and then they get under the school-room windows and sing a song they have made up:

The G. O. P.'s they went to town
A-searching after glory,
Each dressed up in his own night-gown,
And so they told a story.

They sing it to Yankee Doodle, and there are lots more verses, but they haven't any words to them—not regular ones; they mum it along in places, and say 'most anything that will rhyme, but they are full of political allusions and hits, and we know what they mean, and we don't like it either, and our fellows feel as if they had not done credit to their party by getting into disgrace, and this strikes us as hard as anything, except missing the great match game of foot-ball at Billsburg; it was booked for the 30th. I thought I would not go if the rest could not, because I wanted to stand by my crowd; but they took action on it, and voted that we five boys who could go *must* go, so as to represent the others.

The Doctor made a speech, and he said a good deal, and it did not take him long to say it either. He said:

"That the right or wrong of an action can never be settled by the rest of the boys—no, nor by the rest of the world either; that the voice of conscience is the voice of God; that we must stand alone when we make the supreme decisions of our lives; that 'alone in the right' is a majority."

You ought to have heard us cheer him.

CHINESE TALES.

BY ADELE M. FIELDE.

TWO FRUGAL MEN.

A STINGY man who was going on a journey took with him rice to boil for his meals, and carried as condiment a salt shrimp, of which he smelled whenever the rice seemed insipid. As he was eating his plain fare he noticed another traveller, who put his chopsticks into a little jar and then carried them empty to his mouth. He



A LOTUS POOL.—(Drawn by a Native Artist.)

was curious to know how economy greater than his own could be practised consistently with the satisfaction of appetite, and so he accosted his fellow-traveller, asking him to explain his method. The man, who had observed the frugal device of the inquirer, and recognized in him a kindred spirit, readily communicated his secret. He said he carried a mug of brine, dipped his chopsticks therein, and touched his tongue whenever he wished to give zest to his repast.

The admiration of the other was won, and the two men had such confab as is possible only between congenial minds bent on a common object.

It appeared that the brine-eater had a marriageable son, while the shrimp-eater had a daughter of the same age. A betrothal between the two was settled upon, and the two men, having thus plighted kinship, went each his way. The brine-eater was returning to his abode, and as the route of the shrimp man took him a few days later past the door of his new relative, he improved the opportunity and called to see him. He was received with demonstrations of great pleasure, and the host, within hearing of the guest, gave order that a very large fish, one not less than six inches long, should be bought and cooked for supper. The fish having been brought, the host thought it more than was necessary for one meal, and directed that the one half of it be put in pickle, and that the half bearing the tail should be fried. When the guest sat down to supper and saw the fried fish he exclaimed against the extravagant hospitality displayed, and declared that rather than a second time cause such outlay to his friend he should start for his home next morning before breakfast. This he, in fact, did, with many expressions of regret at having been the cause of expense to his host.

On reaching home he found that a guest had arrived just before him, and at the suggestion of his wife he took

a basket and went toward the market to buy something to eat. Meditating on what he could get cheap, he remembered what he had had for supper the previous evening, and sent a boy with a note to his host, saying, "A visitor has unexpectedly arrived at my house, and I send to ask the loan of your pickled fish, with which to grace my humble board."

The messenger soon returned with the fish, and a letter saying: "Since it is you who ask it, I cannot do otherwise than send the fish. But do not allow it to be softened by water. Fry it hard, so that the chopsticks pointed toward it may not spoil its contour. Fry it hard, I say, and then you can return it to me intact."

THE MOST FRUGAL OF MEN.

A man who was the most frugal in the kingdom heard of another man who was the most frugal in the world. He said to his son: "We live upon little, but if we were more frugal we might live upon nothing. It will be worth while for us to get instruction in economy from the most frugal of men." The son agreed, and the two decided that the son should go and inquire whether the master in economic science would take pupils. An exchange of presents being a necessary preliminary to closer intercourse, the father told the son to take the smallest of coins, one farthing, and to buy a sheet of paper of the cheapest sort. The boy by bargaining got two sheets of paper for the farthing. The father put away one sheet, cut the other sheet in halves, and on one half drew a picture of a pig's head. This he put into a large covered basket, as if

it were the thing which it represented—the usual gift sent in token of great respect. The son took the basket, and after a long journey reached the abode of the most frugal man in the world.

The master of the house was absent, but his son received the traveller, learned his errand, and accepted the offering. Having taken from the basket the picture of the pig's head, he said, courteously, to his visitor: "I am sorry that we have nothing in the house that is worthy to take the place of the pig's head in your basket. I will, however, signify our friendly reception of it by putting in four oranges for you to take home with you."

Thereupon the young man, without having any oranges at hand, made the motions necessary for putting the oranges into the basket. The son of the most frugal man in the kingdom then took his basket and went to his father to tell of thrift surpassing his own.

When the most frugal man in the world returned home his son told him that a visitor had been there, having come from a great distance to take lessons in economy. The father inquired what offering he brought as an introduction, and the son showed the small outline of the pig's head on thin brown paper. The father looked at it, and then asked his son what he had sent as a return present. The son told him he had merely made the motions necessary for transferring four oranges, and showed how he had clasped the imaginary oranges and deposited them in the visitor's basket. The father flew into a rage and boxed the boy's ears, exclaiming: "You extravagant wretch! With your fingers thus far apart you appeared to give him large oranges. Why didn't you measure out small ones?"



THE STEAM-SHIP "UMBRIA" UNDER FULL SAIL—JUST TAKEN ON A PILOT.—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE B. WOOD.

A SAUCY BOY.

BY EMMA C. DOWD

OH, he is such a saucy boy,
 And teasing is his chiefest joy!
 When first I step outside my door,
 "Good-morning!" in my ears he'll roar.
 He follows me through all the town;
 He pushes me, he pulls my gown.
 I round a corner, and he is there
 To toss and tumble up my hair.
 He flings the dust into my eyes;
 To trip me up he often tries.
 He knocks my hat off with a shout,
 Turns my umbrella inside out,
 Then snatches both to make me run,
 And whistles at his naughty fun.
 He can be sweet as he is arch,
 But, oh, a saucy boy is March!

SPORT WITH WORDS.

BY R. W. MALPINE

IT was the first evening after the first frost, and a number of us were toasting our toes at a big oak-wood fire in the old-fashioned parlor of the Bently farm-house. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that the Bently farm-house is on the road from Morristown to Basking Ridge, in the State of New Jersey, and that it was built before George Washington was born. It is also a generally recognized fact that it is one of the most hospitable houses in the State, and that for solid comfort, winter and summer, it hasn't a superior within many hundred miles.

Well, we had finished our six-o'clock dinner, and Katie was giving us a compound-fractional version of "Boulanger's March" on the piano, Uncle Dick was reading the paper, Aunt Ella was teaching little Fidget a new crochet stitch, Grandma Bently was knitting, and the rest of us, uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, and nieces—and there was a regiment of them—were doing nothing, when who should march in but Captain Cartridge, the Smoky Hill school-teacher.

We were all glad to see him, for the old soldier, who left what he calls his best leg on the field at Gettysburg, did not leave his wit and humor there, nor his kindly heart, nor any of his wonderful resources as a fun-maker. No sooner had he been comfortably seated than the children were all around him, buzzing like a hive of bees. They each and all wanted him to enter at once into some project designed for the immediate and total dissipation and destruction of monotony, and the jolly veteran had no chance to advance or retreat. Following a custom that had been observed for several years, the elder members of the family left the field to him, and until bedtime he was commander-in-chief of the forces.

After listening to a great many suggestions as to what should be done to make the evening a jolly one, he ordered the youngsters to fall in around the big centre table with slates and pencils.

"Now," said he, "we have indulged in anagrams and palindromes and skeletons, and lots of other horrid things; suppose we enjoy a sort of miscellaneous game with words that will not overmuch tax our brains? To begin, then, I offer the fee-simple of all my estates in Noman's Land to the one who shall first give me the name of a State and river which has eleven letters, four syllables, and only one vowel."

A good deal of scratching of heads and of slates followed. At last, in one breath, Bertie and Dan cried out, "Mississippi."

"I divide the estates between you," said the Captain, "and the deeds shall be delivered to you at three o'clock next week. Now there's another State whose name has four syllables and only one vowel. There are seven letters in the name. Let the second and the sixth letters change places, and the name becomes a palindrome; that is, it spells the same when read backward as it did when read forward. My castles in Spain to the first who names it."

Rodney came in first with "Alabama."

"You will be duly installed as a Spanish hildago," said the Captain, "as soon as the cows come home from Murcia. While

waiting for the cows, let us consider the name of one of our little rivers. The name I have reference to is of four syllables; the river is formed by four rivers, each bearing for its name a syllable belonging to the name of the river formed by the four."

The youngsters all gave this up, but Uncle Dick, who had been a soldier down in Virginia, and had waded across all four of the rivers—the Mat, the Ta, the Po, and the Ny—gave the answer, Mattapony, and evidently thought he deserved a medal.

"I've a great notion to send you to the foot of the table, and away from the fire, sir," said Captain Cartridge. "In the name of the river you must give full recognition to each of the little streams. Say Mattapo-ny."

"Mattapo-ny," said Uncle Dick, meekly.

"That's right. Now for the name of a State with four letters, such that if the second and third exchange places, the name read backward will be the correct one."

Nearly every one guessed Ohio.

The Captain next puzzled us to mention three States bearing the names of two queens; two named after kings; one after a duke; one with nine letters, only one of which is a vowel; and the name of a city, which, though of Indian origin, is a French as well as English adjective. Then he tried us with a Territory whose name has six letters and but one vowel, and a State with a four-syllabled name, the first half meaning to join, the second to divide. These we found out; that is, some of us did; but when he asked for two words containing the five vowels in regular order, we were all posed except Kate and Aunt Ella, who after a little thinking furnished *abstemious* and *facetious* amid much applause.

"Captain," said Uncle Dick, raising his hand like any school-boy, "will you allow me to ask if there's a word with three y's in it?"

"Certainly," said the Captain; "but you are expected to tell what the word means. Who can tell the word?"

None of us could guess it.

"Well, Uncle Dick," said the Captain, "what is the word, and what does it mean?"

"The word is *syzygy*, sir; but, teacher, I've forgotten the meaning. It has something to do with the sun and moon."

"Suppose Rodney looks it up in the dictionary," said the Captain.

Rodney buried his head in Webster for a minute or two, and then read, "'The point of an orbit, as of the moon or a planet, at which it is in conjunction or opposition.'"

"There is a word of eight letters," said the Captain—"a word in every-day use, which is applied to an instrument in too common use. Let the fourth and fifth letters change places, and the word is correctly spelled with the letters read backward. What is it?"

"It's a twitch, I gueth," said impudent Dordie, whom his grandfather had recently argued into temporary quietude by means of a very young hickory.

"Nonsense!" said little Ben; "that has only six letters."

"Wait till grandpa leth you have a tashte of it," said Dordie, "and you'll think there's about a thousand."

"The word is *revolver*," said Katie. "Now, Captain, can I give a word—a real hard one?"

"Certainly."

"Give me a word made up of three d's and three e's."

"Decded," quiet Willie piped out from Uncle Dick's lap.

"Oh, Uncle Dick told you! Didn't he, Will?" asked Aunt Ella.

"Deed he did," said Will; "but if I'd had a little more time I could have told it myself, I think."

"Deed he could," said Dordie; and there was a laugh, in which even the Captain joined.

"There's a joke somewhere about," said Grandpa Bently; "but here's another: the name of one of Shakespeare's funniest characters—a word of two syllables. Tom Moore, in his Diary, treats it this way: 'My first is a dropper, my second is a proper, my whole is a whopper.' What is it?"

Grandpa Bently had to answer this himself. "Take the word Falstaff to pieces," said he, "and you will agree that the Irish poet made a very neat enigma."

"I see the *fall* and the *dropper*, and the *staff* and the *propper*," said Miss Ashton, the governess, who had joined the group a few minutes before; "but what about the *whopper*, grandpa?"

"You know, my dear," said Aunt Ella, "that Falstaff seldom deviated into accuracy; in other words, that he was a confirmed story-teller. *Whopper* is hardly a member of the most respectable society of words, but it means a fib, and in this case a fibber."

"When a boy says he saw a horse fly across the creek and a little dog sitting on his tail, that's a whopper," said Harry, the matter-of-fact.

"Here is something pretty," said Miss Ashton, who had been for some moments scribbling on Katie's slate. "Can I read it, Captain?"

"Certainly, my dear. I know it must be something good."

And Miss Ashton read these lines:

"A word there is of plural number,
Foe to ease and peaceful slumber."

("That's mosquito," whispered Willie.)

"Any other word you take
And add an s will plural make;
But if you add an e to this,
So strange the metamorphosis,
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before."

"This, I believe, was written by Charles James Fox," said Miss Ashton; "at least it has been attributed to him."

"But it was written by Canning," said Grandpa Bently, "and is one of the best riddles extant. Strange that so few people know it. Suppose you read it over slowly, line by line, that the young folks may have a better hold on it, as it were."

Miss Ashton went over the enigma slowly, two lines at a time, and much to everybody's surprise Willie was the first to give the correct answer, *caress*.

"It's not only the great poets who have composed enigmas," said the Captain, taking out his wallet. "Here is one written last week by one of my school-boys, and for a boy's work it is not bad:

"My first is a company only,
Merry or sad, as you please;
In my second—that is, in its corner—
The company chat at their ease.
My third, friends at parting or meeting
Give and take with a gusto; but strange,
While it's women-folks' favorite greeting,
It is one that men rarely exchange.
It is also a carriage, but seldom
Outside of the town is it seen;
It will stop just as soon for a tailor
As for King William, I ween.
My whole is the name of a rover
Who crossed the Atlantic from Spain
With the notion that he could discover
A new road to reach home again;
But he found on his way a new region,
A wilderness savage but fair,
Now, though its people are legion,
It has room still for myriads there."

This was very interesting to the boys of the party, and they listened to it with the closest attention till the Captain had read the last word.

"It's Columbus," said Dan; "but I don't see where the *lun* comes in. *Co*, is short for company, and *bus* is a kiss and an omnibus; but is *lun* a name for a chimney?"

"It is, in Scotland," said the Captain; "but as it is admitted to the pages of Webster's Dictionary, we accept it as an English word. We haven't recognized *condog* yet, and I don't suppose we ever shall; but it is in Webster, all the same."

"What does it mean?" asked Uncle Dick.

"Concur," said the Captain.

"What queer words these dictionary people make up!" said Harry. "But, Captain, give us another enigma; they're nicer than those odd words."

"Now I'll give you one," said Captain Cartridge, "and then send you to bed. It was proposed by the poet Cowper to his friend the Rev. John Newton in 1780. Don't be surprised when you hear me read the word *extronary*. It was in Cowper's time the accepted pronunciation of *extraordinary* in England:

"I am just two and two; I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told;
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault;
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought;
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Grandpa Bently. "That's what has been defined as 'two heads with one application.'"

I think Uncle Dick guessed this; but somebody certainly did, and it now being bedtime for the youngsters, they gave the answer to Cowper's enigma to the older folks, and trotted merrily away.

THE PRESIDENT'S HORSE.

BY MARY S. MCCOBB.

HE was very fond of eggs.

Who? The President?

No, no, no. I'm not talking about him yet. Which reminds me that perhaps I had better begin at the beginning.

The college was not as renowned as it has since become. I shall not tell you its "name," nor "where's its home," but I will confide in you that the famous class of 1825 graduated from this university. The poet Longfellow was one of its members. So also was shy, fanciful Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had not yet dreamed *The Marble Faun* nor *The House of the Seven Gables*.

The college President in 1803 lived in a small house and watched over the boys, and studied the classics, and was a virtuous and a learned man.

Very likely he too was fond of eggs; else why did Chloe, the colored cook, peril her life to save them?

And how to save them was a problem; for *he* liked them, and *he* was the President's horse; and though he knew neither Latin nor Greek, he was a deal too wise in other matters.

His intimate friend was the gray hen. He understood her language without having had to conjugate the verbs.

"Cut-cut-cut-cut-err-rr-rr—" was a neuter verb, present tense, with a predicate adjective attached, and meant, "I am content."

"Quawk-ack AWK-AWK!" was active, and signified, "I fear, I flutter, I fly."

But "Cackle—cackle—cack-kle-kle!" was always indicative mood, past tense. "*I have laid!*"

Bucephalus could add the objective case, and chuckled to himself, "An egg! an egg! She's laid a new egg!"

Then out of the halter would that knowing beast twist his head and prance across the barn floor. It did not take him half a minute to find the egg. It did not take him half a minute to crunch and eat it.

Back to his stall he would steal, and stand there as meek and mild as if he had never—stolen. (Which I hope you will see is a joke!)

Now this was all very droll in its way; all very cunning in Bucephalus; all very instructive for a scientific point of view. Mr. Charles Darwin would have hugged himself if he had known that horse.

Still, if Bucephalus ate the eggs, what would become of the President's omelets and puddings?

"Dat ar ain't to be did," quoth Chloe in her simple English.

So she laid a trap, did Chloe.

Perhaps you have some time come across an egg that was not—well, to put it delicately—that was not as fresh as when it was first laid—an egg somewhat addled? Chloe had an egg of that description, and she stood expectant.

She watched the gray hen with a careful eye. She knew when that fowl crept softly to the farther corner of the barn. Holding the addled egg in her brown palm, Chloe waited.

"Cackle cackle cackle kle-kle!"

Chloe sped barnward. Need was that she should hurry. Other eyes, other ears, had been as sharp as hers.

Across the yard, into the shed, ran two feet; across the yard, into the shed, galloped four feet. It was a regular race, but the woman was the sprier.

She seized the fresh egg, she dropped the stale one in its place, and took to her heels.

Dash! up came Bucephalus, eager for his dainty. Never a suspicion crossed his guileless mind. He shut his teeth firmly on that—awful mouthful.



PRINCESS ELEONORA OF MANTUA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY PORRIS.

Then you may believe there was a commotion. Bucephalus stamped, snorted. His eyes shot fire, for as he raised his head, lo! there in the yard stood black Chloe, convulsed with inextinguishable laughter. She rocked her body to and fro. Her wide mouth showed every gleaming tooth.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Chloe; and the air rang again with "ha! ha! ha!"

Four o'clock in the afternoon. The good President was deep in his books.

Suddenly the study door burst open, and, as if pursued by avenging furies, Chloe tore into the room.

"Oh, save me! He's after me! Marcy! marcy!"

No wonder the staid President looked up bewildered. No wonder he thought of earthquakes and explosions and blizzards.

For Bucephalus was brimful of fury. He knew who had put that unsavory egg in the gray hen's nest. With flaming eyes and ears laid back he had made a bee-line for the jeering Chloe.

Across the yard, through the porch, into the kitchen he had pursued the terrified maiden.

And from that day onward Chloe never dared to venture near that maddened horse. Forget the trick she had played him? Not he. His memory equalled that of the historical elephant, who, you remember, wiped a window with the grandson of a boy who, years and years before, had stuck a pin into his trunk.

If Chloe had had grandchildren Bucephalus would doubtless have wreaked vengeance upon them. As it was, Chloe lived in fear for the rest of the time that she and her four-footed enemy served the same master.

And this story (with slight embellishments!) is—true.

SOME HIGH-BORN YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY CARMOSINE

THE three portraits that illustrate our text are those of two little Dukes and a little Duchess, each of whom has a name in history. One of them became Queen of Hungary and Empress of Germany, and the other two belonged to that famous house of Savoy which is the oldest reigning family in Europe.

The little girl whom we see here clad in sumptuous robes, literally stiff with embroidery, is the young Princess Eleonora of Mantua, a daughter of that famous house of Gonzague which remained for four centuries Seigneurs of Mantua, and gave sovereigns to Guastalla, Empresses to Germany, a Queen to Poland, Archduchesses to Austria, and a large number of Cardinals to the Church. Eleonora was married to Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany and King of Hungary and Bohemia, who played such a prominent part during the Thirty Years' War, and was a pitiless persecutor of the Protestants, whom he wished to extirpate.

From the Turin Museum we have selected the portrait by Jacopo Argenti of a young Prince and his dwarf. This Prince is the famous Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy (born at Rivoli 1562, died 1630), who was a great warrior and diplomatist, always fighting and intriguing in order to satisfy his ambition, and who finally died of grief after Louis XIII. of France had conquered his duchy of Savoy, together with a part of Piedmont. Of all these battles and plots and political intrigues there remains in chronicles and histories a long record, from the reading of which there is little joy to be obtained. What interests us is to see this young Prince portrayed for us just as he was, and to imagine what kind of life must

have been his up to the time when this portrait was painted. From the Turin Museum also we have taken the portrait of another little Duke of Savoy, named Francis Jacinth, of whom we also read in history. As he sits there holding a pet pigeon, and dressed in a rich and tasteful



FRANCIS, DUKE OF SAVOY.

costume, with a dainty bonnet to cover his precious head, he is too young to be able to think about the cares of dukedom and too innocent to put on any princely airs; he is simply a happy-looking baby boy, whose costume might give a hint to some of our children's tailors in search of novelty.

Our fair young readers will examine with interest the dress of the little Duchess Eleonora, made of brocaded silk heavily embroidered, with an over-tunic of lace, a velvet mantle, and a wonderful collar of Venetian lace, starched and mounted on a wire framework in order to keep it in position. In her hair is a perfect bouquet of artificial flowers of beaten gold enriched with diamonds and pearls. Around her neck is a double necklace of pearls, and on both wrists she wears showy bracelets. How the young lady will be able to eat the apple she holds in her right hand without damaging some of her finery is a mystery which we will not try to solve.

The dress of the young Duke Charles Emmanuel is even richer than that of the future Empress; even his dwarf is handsomely dressed in velvet, with lace ruffles, gloves, and a gold-headed cane. As for the Duke, every part of his costume, except his ruff, his sword-belt, his hose, and his shoes, is bedizened with strings of pearls; round his cap, with its smart aigrette and feathers, runs a garland of large and small pearls; his very mantle is embroidered with pearls. We must remember, however, that at the time when this young gentleman lived luxury in dress had reached incredible excess. Already in the previous century there were cited cases of wild luxury, notably that of a gentleman who had a whole song, words and music, embroidered with pearls on each sleeve of his coat. In English history we read of Buckingham, the favorite of Charles I., wearing clothes embroidered with diamonds which fell off as he walked, and were picked up by his courtiers. We have also an account of the dress worn by Queen Marie de Medicis at the baptism of the royal children of France in 1606, "trimmed with 32,000 pearls and 3000 diamonds. This gown, estimated at 75,000 crowns, was so heavy that the Queen could only wear it once."

A word about the dwarf. Those who have learned their history either out of class-books, out of Shakespeare's plays, or out of the delightful novels of Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas will be familiar with that important person the dwarf who figures in the courts of feudal and monarchical Europe either as "dwarf," or "fool," or "King's jester." The mention of the name of Buckingham reminds me of a pleasant story told by James Howell, who was at the court of Spain when Buckingham came with Charles I., then Prince of Wales, to woo the Spanish Infanta. The story shows what freedom of movement and liberty of speech these dwarfs enjoyed, even in such severe and ceremonious courts as that of



THE DUKE AND HIS DWARF.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JACOPO TINTORETTO.

Spain in the days of Philip IV. "Our cosen Archy," says Howell, speaking of the Prince of Wales's dwarf—"our cosen Archy hath more privileges than any, for he often goes with his fool's coat where the Infanta is with her meninas [favorites] and Ladies of Honor, and keeps a blowing and blustering amongst them and flurts out what he list. One day they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was that the Duke of Bavaria with less than 15,000 men, after a long, toilsome march, should dare to encounter the Palegrave's army, consisting of above 25,000 men, and to give them an utter discomfiture, and take Prague presently after. Whereupon Archy answered that he would tell them a stranger thing than that: 'Was it not a strange thing,' quoth he, 'that in the year 88 there should come a fleet of 140 sails from Spain to invade England, and that ten of these could not go back to tell what became of the rest?'"

Such was "Cosen Archy's" way of summing up in a few words the story of the Spanish Armada.

CAPTAIN POLLY.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XVI.



O Polly's straightforward nature there seemed but one course to pursue. She went directly in search of Syd to ask him how he had lost Cainy's knife. It cannot be claimed that Polly was shrewd or even wise; but wisdom does not make itself thoroughly at home in thirteen-year-old heads. Lord Brentford's advice was unquestionably good. Her grandfa-

ther was a fitter person to deal with the matter than she. But Polly had a feeling that no one else understood Syd even as well as she did, and grandpa, easy-going and careless up to a certain point, could be stern, even harsh, when that point was passed. And Syd's faults were of the kind with which grandpa had least patience. He had always been inclined to be harder upon Syd than upon any of the others.

Moreover, Syd had such a fatal tendency to be sly and evasive; it seemed impossible for him to face any difficulty or any accusation squarely, even though it might be greatly to his advantage to do so. He would be very likely to make people think him guilty even if he were not.

Polly was quite convinced that it was not her duty to tell of Syd until she was sure that he was guilty. The finding of Cainy's knife in the ruins of the barn had seemed to her almost positive proof that Cainy had been among the incendiaries, but when the responsibility for the knife came upon Syd the matter had a different aspect. Cainy was not approved of at The Bend, and Aaron was vigilant in keeping boys out of the barn, but Syd might have lost the knife there before the night of the fire.

Polly sought for Syd that night in vain; he was not at home, and she found no opportunity to speak to him. She was tempted to go to his room after he had gone to bed and speak to him through the key-hole, but Syd was inclined to be cross when he was sleepy, and besides she would be at a disadvantage, for Syd's face often told more than his words; and there was the danger that others might hear. She resolved to wait, but—poor Polly!—the suspense was hard to bear; and she dreamed that Syd was going to be hanged upon a limb of the black-heart cherry-tree where Del and her friend had been made captives, and Aunt Augusta was to be hanged also for sympathizing with the strikers, and she, with full proof of their innocence in her hands, was sailing against the wind, in the old *High-Flyer*, and could not get to land in time to save them. And then suddenly the victim of the execution changed to Carrots, and Polly awoke just as she was trying to resign herself to Carrots's fate on the ground that he richly deserved it.

Polly had have come to the same decision that she did without this ridiculous dream, but I am inclined to think that its horrors influenced her.

She arose early, and found Syd in the upper story of the stable, repairing his pigeon-house, which had fallen to wreck and ruin since he had become interested in the

companionship of Bruce Bennett and in mysterious societies. This return to peaceful every-day occupations struck Polly as a hopeful sign. A Red-Handed Revolutionist, intent upon "slaying, burning, and destroying," seemed unlikely to trouble himself about pigeons.

She went up the stairs until her chin was on a level with the floor; boards and tools and shavings made it impracticable to go farther.

"Syd, what did you do with Cainy's knife? Did you lend it to anybody?" (This was one of the hopes which Polly had cherished.)

"Cainy's knife? So he has been complaining to you, has he? Well, if he isn't a sneak! When I've given him as many as a dozen knives, with only one broken blade, too!"

Syd was measuring laths; he did not stop nor turn his head.

"Did you lose it, Syd?" Polly's voice trembled.

"What is that to you?" said Syd, facing her suddenly.

"I have found it, Syd. I found it in the ruins of grandpa's barn."

"Oh, you did, did you? And what if you did? Oh, you've got some more of your suspicions, have you? That's as much as I supposed your promise would amount to. Give it here." Syd extended his hand for the knife, and Polly gave it to him.

"I haven't said that I didn't believe in you, Syd. I haven't *acted* as if I didn't. I brought it to you when I might have carried it to grandpa instead. I haven't told any one. Lord Brentford saw me pick it up, and he said it might be a clew."

"Oh, he did! Well, with the British aristocracy to back you, I dare say you'll enjoy getting me into hot water."

Polly felt her temper tottering to its fall, and she resorted to the only expedient that ever availed her in that extremity; she ran away. Bess could count a hundred and feel, as she said, "hardly mad at all" at the end of it, and Del said she kept in by reflecting that people who would stoop to say hateful things were not worth noticing; but Polly *had* to run away.

She ran no farther this time than to the stable door, where she sat down upon an inverted pail. There was a bare possibility that Syd might relent and come to seek her; such a thing had happened before.

Although Syd was so provoking and Polly often became very angry with him, her anger never seemed to weaken her affection for him, or to take the edge off her anxiety. Perhaps this was because she had a vague but abiding faith that the real inside Syd was something better than it seemed to Polly's mind. Syd was like a chestnut in its burr—very prickly on the outside; unget-at-able too, like a green one; but she believed there was a sound, sweet kernel.

Or, if there were not, what could she do but love him and try to help him, since he was her own, and she had begun so early that it was now like the breath she drew? Polly knew that she loved Syd more than any of the others did, and she didn't always like grandpa's ways.

The carelessness of her elders had led Polly to sit in judgment upon them in a way which she vaguely felt to be wrong. Perhaps this is done oftener than they realize by thirteen-year-olds who can by no means comprehend the value of the lessons of that grim old teacher Experience. But let us hope that Polly will not go far wrong, since it is true that Love can often find the way which Wisdom seeks for in vain.

She found a grain of comfort in Syd's crossness to-day as his words and looks came back to her. It did not seem to her that he would have behaved just so if he were guilty. Gradually she began to feel that Syd had been almost justified in being cross; she had shown that she doubted instead of trusting him as she had promised.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 478.

She almost felt that she ought to beg his pardon, but she would not do that anyway, for Syd hated it; he called it sentimental and just like a girl, and said that if people felt like begging other people's pardons they should show it by their actions. When they were little she was accustomed to give him something on such occasions; although he often received it churlishly, Syd was always inwardly mollified by a gift. There was that time when she had gone up to Bangor with grandpa in the sleigh, instead of coaxing grandpa to take him, when she knew he wanted particularly to go; and Syd wouldn't make up until she gave him her pug puppy—a gift that made her heart bleed; and then Syd sold the puppy to a man on the steam-boat for a dollar! She thought now of giving him her young peacock, whose plumage was beginning to be splendid; he had only a peahen that was dull and brown; but he might only be angrier still. They were older now, and things were different now that Syd was interested in the conflict between labor and capital, and in reforming the social order.

He was still at work, sawing and hammering, and occasionally he whistled—not like an anarchist, but like any boy, Polly reflected, hopefully; but she waited a long time before he came down.

He passed by her with a scowl of surprise, but without a word. When he came back, with some nails which he had gone after, he stopped and said, impressively:

"See here, Polly, I'll show you how *men* behave to each other: my grandfather came to me yesterday morning and said, right out squarely, 'Did you have anything to do with setting fire to my barn?' Now of course it's insulting to ask a fellow such a question, but this miserable little town is full of gossip, and everything that a fellow does is watched and talked about, and made out twice as bad as it is, so I couldn't blame him so very much. He asked me that, and I said, 'No, sir, I didn't.'"

"And then what did grandpa say?" cried Polly, eagerly. To have Syd talk about things straightforwardly like this was like coming out of a fog into brilliant sunlight.

"He said, 'Well, I never knew a Damer to tell a lie.' And then he went off. That's the way with *men*; it takes a girl, and a fellow's sister who pretends to like him, at that, to be prying and sneaking and suspicious."

Polly scarcely minded the uncomplimentary terms which, with very strong emphasis, Syd applied to her. She was saying to herself, exultantly, "He didn't do it! he had nothing to do with it, and grandpa knows it!"

Syd was hurrying off, but Polly called him back.

"I don't want you to think, Syd, that I don't understand how you feel about wanting to help the poor people. Grandpa said we might carry some things to poor Mrs. Severance, with her sick children, and Kate and I went, and it was pitiful to see them. I think grandpa is right that we can't understand all about the trouble till we're older; but it seems wicked sometimes to just go on having a good time when other people are suffering. It seems as if nothing in the world were of any use but just to help people. I don't think it is right to join with those boys; they don't understand, and they do foolish, wicked things; they only make everything worse. But I do think about the troubles, and when I am grown up I think I shall do nothing but try to help people. I shan't care whether I have a good time at all if I can only do that." Polly's small frame trembled with her eagerness.

"Polly, I've found out that it isn't so much fun to try to help people," said Syd. "They want to rule everything, and have you do as they say, and they get you into trouble, and that's all the good it does you. Of course it's stupid being nothing but a common boy, forever going to school and studying things over and over that don't mean much of anything anyway; and Bruce Bennett wants to go out West to the plains; he thinks he could be a cow-boy right off, or else he wants to run away to sea.

But, you see, there's the chance that a fellow might not like being a cow-boy, after all; and as for going to sea, I'm so awful sea-sick; and you wouldn't get rid of being ordered round there, I can tell you! Being a boy isn't so much fun as some people think, anyhow."

Polly drew a long sigh. Syd did not understand. He had not cared about the poor people at all, although he had talked as if he had, and had called her selfish; he was still thinking only of himself.

"You won't do any of those foolish things that Bruce Bennett wants you to do?—run away or anything, will you, Syd? I think it would kill mamma."

"I don't know what I may do if people keep suspecting me and nagging at me as they do," said Syd. "I'm 'like a toad under a harrow,' as Aaron says. And such a lot of prigs as there are in that boat-club! Fancy fellows in this town thinking they're too good to speak to me! Roy's a heavy fellow! Catch me associating with fellows that treated my own brother like that! I could have my revenge if I liked, they'd better believe. The folks in this town had better look out anyway. They're going to see worse things than they have seen."

With this prophecy Syd went on his way. Polly felt tempted to run after him and try to find out what he meant, but she decided that it was useless, and might irritate him. It might be only "bluster," as Roy said; Syd was somewhat given to that.

As Polly went toward the house she met Aaron driving in at the gate with some of the choice early vegetables that grandpa liked to send. There was a great basket of black-heart cherries on the seat beside Aaron.

"Them gals needn't have resked their necks for them cherries; they'd have got 'em anyhow," remarked Aaron. "But I expect it's nat'ral for 'em to take after their grandmother Eve. Is Syd anywhere round? Well, you just tell him that I can't find his knife anywhere. We was tryin' to cut out a harness that had got ketched between some timbers, that mornin' after the fire, and Syd he lost his knife. I didn't expect he'd ever find it amongst that rubbish."

Up the stable stairs flew Polly. "Oh, Syd, Aaron has told me about your knife. I'm so dreadfully sorry that I was ever afraid for a minute—"

"Oh, get away," growled Syd. "I'm sick of girls."

CHAPTER XVII.

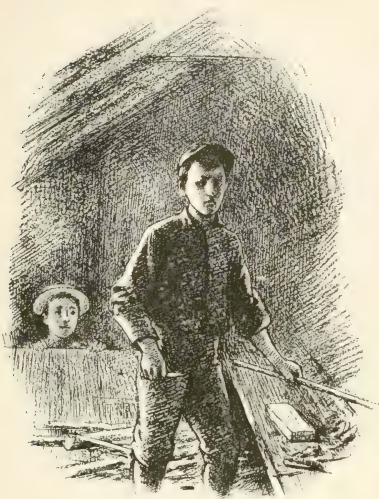
POLLY was hemming kitchen towels, making the sewing-machine go with a great clicking and clattering, when Bess came in with a bee in her bonnet. Bess was quite apt to have a bee in her bonnet, and it was Polly who was expected to listen to its buzzing.

"What do you think Del is up to now? Do stop that noise and listen. I can't think what you are doing that for this lovely morning."

"Diantha wanted them, and I felt just like doing something that I didn't like," said Polly, who looked disconsolate.

"What is the matter? You have been quite cross for three or four days." (Cross signified a lack of spirits in Bess's vocabulary.) "I suppose you have been getting vexed with Syd, as he will hardly speak to you. I wonder that you can be so foolish as to mind *him*. I think brothers are apt to be more disagreeable than any one else. See if you don't think this is very queer: Del and that girl were talking and talking on the piazza for as much as an hour, and it was all about asking Aunt Augusta to do something, and then Del went up to Aunt Augusta's room, and *they* talked and talked. What could those girls want Aunt Augusta to do? I couldn't make out."

"Bess, you should never listen to what people don't intend you to hear," said Polly, reprovingly.



"OH, GO AWAY!" GROWLED SYD. "I'M SICK OF GIRLS."

"I should never hear anything if I didn't. They always say, 'go away!'" said Bess, in an aggrieved tone. "I think that girl is going home soon. I hope she is, for she said I would always be roly-poly. I don't think Aunt Augusta will do it for them anyway, for she doesn't like that girl; she calls her Flibbertigibbet. Hark! I hear Del coming out of Aunt Augusta's room now. I'm going to see if she will tell me."

But Bess, whose bump of curiosity was, as Diantha said, "bigger than all the rest of her," ran upstairs only just in time to see Del rush into Jeanne Higgins's room and whirl her round into an ecstatic waltz, crying out: "Oh, she will, Jeanne! Isn't it *elegant*? She will!"

And then the door closed sharply, and Bess sat down on the stairs, and, sad to relate, *chevied* her hat ribbon—a habit of extreme youth only indulged in now in moments of deepest depression.

A story-teller having a better opportunity than Bess to gratify her bump of curiosity, I am able to tell what happened behind Jeanne Higgins's suddenly closed door.

Del opened a small morocco case which she held in her hand and showed a pair of ear-rings—tiny drops that sparkled and flashed in the sunlight.

Jeanne Higgins clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"Oh, I shall, I really shall, wear diamonds before Rinda McClure has ever thought of such a thing! She'll say they're not the thing for young girls, but that will be only envy. I will wear them to Mrs. Dorrance's lawn party, and just once more, and then I'll send them back as carefully as possible. Nobody will ever dream that they're not mine."

"You *will* be careful, won't you, Jeanne?" said Del, a faint shadow of anxiety clouding her delight. "For Aunt Augusta did say some things that were not very nice, and I really can't imagine how she happened to let

me have them. If anything should happen to them, I can't think what I should do!"

"Don't worry, dear. Of course I shall take the greatest care of them. I can't understand how you can be so afraid of that ridiculous old woman (you don't mind my calling her ridiculous, if she is your aunt, do you?)"—Del had the grace to wince a little—"because you know she really is ridiculous. Of course she would say nasty things; she doesn't like me; but that doesn't matter in the least, since we have got the ear-rings! It was perfectly lovely of you to ask her, and you may be sure I won't forget my promise. There isn't another girl, *not another girl*, that I would think of asking Aunt Theodora to invite to Lenox, she is so very particular; but she'll be just charmed with you, and I assure you that you will see something very different from Green Harbor society for once in your life."

Jeanne went away the next day, her visit being shortened by a letter from her mother, who was to go to Newport sooner than she had previously planned, and the day after that Aunt Augusta too took her departure unexpectedly, as she always came and went.

She kept Del on the steamer, at the imminent risk of being carried away, while she charged her, for the twentieth time, to take care of her diamonds.

"Anybody would think I was daft to let you have them," she said. "I know she's not fit to be trusted with them; when she's spreading her tail feathers and thinking of nothing but the eyes of people, she's likely to lose her head altogether. I don't trust *her*; it's you that are responsible for them. Now mind that she doesn't keep them a day longer than was agreed upon, and that she takes the precautions I told you about when they're sent back. See that you write to her, now, the minute you get home. I'm sure I think I was crazy—"

Del had only just time to hop off the plank before it was taken away, and then Aunt Augusta came to the side of the boat, and called out something to her which she did not understand, but which she was very much afraid the others would hear. Kate was foolishly particular about borrowing things, she thought, and Aunt Katherine would by no means have approved of the transaction. She said to herself that she was almost sorry she had done it, Aunt Augusta had made such a fuss; but she was safely off in the steamer now, and soon she would have her diamonds again, and there was the prospective visit to Lenox, which would pay her for all. If only Jeanne didn't forget her promise! The girls at school accused her of being inclined to forgetfulness, but she had made a great many assurances about this promise, and Del didn't mean to hesitate about putting her in mind of it if necessary.

Lord Brentford and Roy, with the former's tutor, Mr. Meredith, had gone on a trip to Moosehead Lake and Mount Katahdin, and now that Aunt Augusta and Jeanne Higgins had also left, the house seemed very quiet and deserted. Some cousins from Portland had planned to visit them at this time, but Del had put them off, as she wished to devote all her time to a dress-maker in preparation for her visit to Lenox in September. She even had it in mind to ask grandpa to give her some diamond ear-rings for this great event. He would by no means understand its importance. He seemed to really think her still a little girl, and he would make fun of her for wanting diamonds, but he might be coaxed into it. A great deal could be done with grandpa if he were taken in the right mood. Aunt Katherine could be sympathetic about a good time, but not about fashionable longings, and she was continually telling her that she did not know how much she was missing by trying to be grown-up too soon.

Grandpa had been in a cheerful mood. The disturb-

ances in the town had ceased; he said that the men were coming to their senses, and talked hopefully of a speedy termination of the strike, when suddenly the riotous, revengeful spirit dropped out again, the fiercer for having been curbed. Fires were set, and stores were robbed, and wanton mischief of many kinds was constantly perpetrated, and so sly were the perpetrators that they were either never caught, or, as in the case of Nick Hiffley, who had been suspected of setting fire to the barn, nothing could be proven against them.

"There is a gang of boys that is a scourge to this town," grandpa said one day to Polly. "The rascals have some long heads among them, for it is impossible to prove any definite charges against them. They've formed a society with some sort of a villainous compact. Officer Meacham is trying to get the names; if he can, it won't be long before we'll have every one of them in jail. They are young, most of them, I hear, but the more dangerous on that account, for they haven't any sense or reason. Cutting the ropes of the *High-Flyer* was their doing, I've no doubt. I've always suspected that young scoundrel Cainy of having something to do with them. I've never liked the looks of that fellow. Your father ought not to keep him. I've talked to him enough about it. He comes of bad stock; his father was a thief."

"I suppose Cainy might not be bad, for all that," said Polly, rather faintly.

"He might not, but he's very likely to," said grandpa. "That law of inheritance doesn't always hold, for there's that little Bruce Bennett. He has generations of the strictest Puritan uprightness behind him, and he is as full of mischief as an egg is of meat. I've seen him myself with those 'Patch' boys, apparently one of them. By-the-way, Polly, Syd must be separated from that boy. Folks have begun to hint that he is mixed up with that gang, just on account of his being intimate with that boy." Grandpa perused Polly's face attentively. "I don't think there is anything bad about Syd, but he's hard to manage. He takes out of kin in being sly and underhanded. He had better be sent away to school this fall if there isn't any other way of keeping him away from young Bennett. I've come to that, Polly"—grandpa's strong voice shook—"I've come to that, that there wouldn't be any comfort for me in living if one of you children should go wrong. And I can't trust Syd as I can the rest of you."

A strong impulse, which she had often combated before, seized Polly to tell her grandfather all that she knew about that foolish, dreadful society; it might be her duty to do so; she might have prevented much of the harm that had been done by them if she had told before. But her old feeling about the sacredness of a promise was strong; she could not believe that a bad promise was better broken than kept; and besides she felt that if open disgrace should come to Syd, it would start him on a downward course in which he could not be stopped.

"You must look out for Syd," said grandpa, as if answering her thought. "They say you're Captain Polly. And you and he used to be greater chums than any of the others."

"Used to, grandpa; he feels above girls now," said Polly, sadly. "I'm going to do the best I can, but it is so hard to know how sometimes."

Aaron came in search of grandpa just then, and the opportunity to tell was gone. Polly felt, as she had often done, as if she were guilty of conspiring with the R. H. R.'s, and she wished that she had disregarded her promise as soon as she could and told grandpa all about it. But she soon forgot that wish in the paralyzing recollection that Officer Meacham might discover all the members of the society, and then what would become of Syd?

It is doubtful whether Polly could ever have sacrificed Syd to the common good, being, as will have been discovered, not at all a heroine, but only an ordinary thirteen-year-old girl, brave in physical danger, but something of a coward for those she loved, and altogether far more loving than wise.

While Polly was feeling this new fear for Syd, a trouble had come upon Del which made her cease to care whether she ever "got into society." What seemed so unlikely, after so many cautions, had really happened. Jeanne had lost, or rather mislaid, as she said, one of Aunt Augusta's diamond ear-rings! After her first letter, in which she had described enthusiastically the delights of Mrs. Dorrance's lawn party, Del had heard nothing for so many days that she felt obliged to write and ask her to return the ear-rings, more especially as Aunt Augusta had already written that she was expecting them by every mail.

"I am perfectly distressed," wrote Jeanne. "I have mislaid one of the ear-rings. I'm sure it is not lost, but must be somewhere in the house, but I can't find it! I don't think the settings were what they ought to be, anyway, or it couldn't have come out. I'm sure it could be matched perfectly at Y—'s, in New York, if I can't find it; and I would pay for it at once if I could; but of course I haven't so much money of my own, and poor mamma couldn't spare it to me at this time of year. But of course you can pay for it easily enough, and I will pay you afterward. I would rather never have a single new dress or anything than not to pay for it. I will send them right away if I should find it."

"P. S.—Mamma thinks I had better send this one to you so that you can match it at once if you like. I hope your aunt Augusta won't make a great fuss. Mamma thinks you ought not to have lent them to me; but I won't let her blame you; I tell her just how hard I coaxed you."

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Del. "They cost three hundred and fifty dollars—a hundred and seventy-five for one. I can't get so much money without telling what it is for, and I can't tell, they would all think it so dreadful. Oh, what shall I do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SURVEYING THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

"SHALL WE MAKE REPAIRS, OR BUILD A NEW ONE?"



IT gives me great pleasure to give the place of honor to this letter from a bright boy:

HELENA, MONTANA.

I wish to tell you that I received the nine books which you offered as a prize for my last letter. I am very much pleased with them, and my uncle, who has a large library and is fond of reading, says they are all first-class books. There are between six and a hundred Chinese in this city. They celebrated their New Year last week, and they made a great deal of noise with their fire-crackers. I have lived in Helena nearly eight years, and like it here very much. We have a great variety of wild flowers all through the summer and fall growing on the mountains and the valley. In the spring come the pasque-flower, shooting star, and pink and white moss, which are beautiful, followed by other flowers just as pretty. In October the flower reign is ended by the golden-rod and asters. Helena is surrounded by mountains; only a few are named. On the borders of the city is Mount Helena, and from there you can see Prickly Pear Valley. I suppose it is so called because the prickly-pear cacti is so abundant. The mountains are now covered with snow off in the distance, and are very beautiful sights. I am fond of reading, and I have a great many books. There is not a boy that likes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE better than I do.

WESLEY J. GARDNER (aged 12).

ASHVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

As you so kindly published my last letter, I thought you might perhaps like to hear more of Asheville and its surroundings.

Near the town flows the Swannanoa River; it is smaller than the French Broad, but far more beautiful. There are many rapids and falls, and we have enjoyed it several times. The first time we attempted it the river was swollen by heavy rains. The water flowed directly under our feet, and we were obliged to leave the boat. Some came in the carriage, but leaked away when we drove up on the opposite shore. While fording, we enjoyed the views up and down the river, the hills, the beautiful pictures of the water flowing very rapidly, and ripped over the stony bottom; tall trees formed a low arch over the river, and the islands dotted it here and there. A good distance up the Swannanoa is an old stone mill, very picturesque, and made still more so by the high stone dam at one side, over which the water flows noisily. There is a large pond back of the mill. The hills and blue mountains form a beautiful background.

The White Sulphur Springs are about five miles distant from Asheville. There is a large brick hotel near the springs, but it is only open in summer. The spring is under a little summer-house, and a flight of stone steps leads down to it. The water is very disagreeable. There is a very pretty pond at the Springs, with a mill on one side. The Yellow Sulphur Spring is not far away.

Gooch's Peak is the highest mountain we have yet been up. It stands in a semicircle of mountains, and there is a splendid view from it. The country may be seen for miles and miles—a mass of hills with the French Broad winding among them. Three ranges of mountains were visible, the Blue Ridge behind Gooch's Peak, with the Black Mountains still further back; while in front, beyond the hills, were the Great Smoky Mountains, with their beautiful dark blue peaks, Pisgah among them.

Two lovely valleys are near Asheville, the Indian Valley and the Great Valley. The first is long and narrow, shut in by high hills and watered by numberless little rivulets. Beaver Dam Creek runs through the other valley, which is wide and sunny. The water of Gooch's Peak. The creek ends in a pond, with the mill, as usual, at one end with its accompanying dam.

There are several pleasant walks around the town, over the hills, and through the pine woods. Beaumont can easily be ascended on foot, and the view from the top repays for the trouble in getting there.

There are many more delightful drives and views near Asheville, but this letter is quite long enough. Good-bye.

Thank you for your graceful description, Jean.

NAGY APPONY, HUNGARY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My brothers and sisters have already written to you many times, but I did not yet. I am a girl thirteen years old. We live summer and winter in our castle in Hungary. A fortnight ago we had a very interesting visit. A missionary who comes from China and a Chinese boy, whom he brought with him, because

the boy's father wishes him to see the world, stayed two days with us. They are already since seven months in Europe, and since three months in Hungary. In this three months the Chinese boy learned to speak our language quite well, and we had great fun with him. He has a long black tress, so long that he can sit on it, and that amused us very much. My little brother, who has long golden curls. He was also delighted to see in our drawing-rooms vases of flowers from the country. The missionary goes from place to place to collect money for the building of a church in China. That was the first Chinese we ever saw. Did you ever see one? Good-by, dear Postmistress. Your loving reader,

ADELA A.

We see a great many Chinese, of the lower classes chiefly, in America, but I have met Chinese ladies and gentlemen, and found them very charming. I must insert your sister's letter also; it is very entertaining.

NAGY APPONY, HUNGARY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Last year you asked me to write you all about Christmas, but as it was already too late to do it when I saw my letter printed, I determined to write this year. First I will tell you about the village where I live. Christmas tree. On mamma's birthday, the 23d of December, three trees are lighted for three classes of the school which my parents built in our village, and five hundred children are completely dressed, besides which they get many toys and each a large Christmas cake. It was a great pity we could not go to see the happy faces and hear the awful noise they made with the drums and trumpets they had got, but whooping-cough was too frequent with them, and mamma was afraid we would catch it. We have just last arrived the so long-looked and longed-for evening. At six o'clock the doors of our hall are opened, and we see the large fir-tree nearly reaching to the ceiling, and under it six tables with presents for us children, and farther on, along the walls, the other tables for all the persons belonging to our house, and the cochon and butters. It is nice to see this green tree all glistening with gold and silver, and these many tables all covered with white cloths and loaded with presents. I don't tell you all, as it would make my letter too long. The day before yesterday grandmamma got a despatch from Vienna, with the awful news that the only son of our Emperor, the Duke of Austria, and his parents and my brother and sister went to Vienna to assist the funeral, that will take place on Tuesday. I leave you now and go to read the dear magazine, the most justly praised and the most nice tales it brings, I like the Santa Claus stories best. Good-by, dear Postmistress. Your constant reader,

THESEAS A.

BRY BUCKY, TENNESSEE.

I go to school at this place. My home is in Columbia, Tennessee. The teacher uses this paper as an English study. Once every week, on Friday usually, she reads the letters in your Young People to all over the country. The geographical names out in their attacks. I do not study the interesting paper, but I read it every day. Last Saturday night, "The Two Dogs," "Tam o' Shanter," and "Address to the Devil." The school has a fine library here; it contains many of the books published by Harper & Brothers.

H. E. W.

The Postmistress commends to others the admirable plan pursued by this progressive teacher. Could there be a more interesting way of studying geography than in the manner described by H. E. W.? It would be a good idea for many little readers to look out the places in the Post-office Box on their maps every week.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little boy living in Beaufort, South Carolina. I do not like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE myself, but I have a friend who likes it very much, and he has read the magazine for me a great deal. We have a very nice place to live, for we live right on the bay. My father is building a new house. He had a very large building, which was the old estate house in Beaufort. The workmen found a cannon ball weighing six pounds, and a coin dated 1780, and James the Second. We have ten big books since Christmas, besides a good many papers and magazines. I am nine years old.

EDWARD D.

JOHN K. K. K. K. K.

I have no brothers and but one sister; her name is Bessie, aged eleven. I am thirteen years old. We live on a farm, one mile from a railroad station. We have a good many pets. The one I like best is my horse, and my dog. I can harness and hitch him before the carriage, and unharness and put him in the stable. Papa has thirty-four head of cattle, and we eat one of the cows, and we can milk them too. Dear Postmistress, I wish you could visit me. I

would like to take you to my papa's mills, to see him grind and saw, and then I would give you a ride up to our other place; it is a lovely place in the summer. I have a birthday cake, and I baked the bread and biscuit for tea. I like to bake cake, and here is a receipt of the one I like best. Maybe some of the girls would like to try it:

Take a scant half-cup of butter and two cups of sugar, and work them together, one cup of milk, and two and three-quarter cups of flour beat the whites of three eggs to a froth; three teaspoons of baking-powder. Flavor to taste, and bake in a yeast cake.

Our canary bird is eight years old, and sings sweetly. What is the average age of canary birds? We have a number of friends in the city that come and stay a few weeks with us in the summer, and we enjoy their visits very much. We have a cousin who spent a few weeks with us every summer. When she is here we have a grand time playing games and making paper flowers. My sister and I have an organ, and we can play sixteen duets. Your loving reader,

ETHEL B.

I am not sure about the average age of canaries, but my impression is that they live about nine years. One, which was a great pet in our house, died lately, evidently of old age. He was nearly eleven years old. Any bird lover who knows more than I do is asked to give Ethel B. more accurate information. Your home must be delightfully situated, and I would like to accept your invitation and be taken to see the mill; but what would become of the Post-office Box while I was gone?

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

This is the first time I have written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I enjoy reading it very much. I have a number of friends, including Charles Dickens. Our city is quite noted just now, being the home of President Benjamin Harrison, who took his seat on the 4th of March; and we have a number of friends who are also for naturalists, which we burn, and for the finest depot in the United States. We have splendid schools. I attend a dancing academy. The State-house was lighted up very brilliantly on the night of the Governor's reception, which we attended. I am eleven years old.

CLYDE W. F. MCC.

You write a good business hand, Master Clyde.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

I have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since its publication, and think a great deal of it. I have had four volumes bound, and am very anxious to have the next one bound. I have numbers from them. Will you please tell me any place where they can be obtained? If any of the readers have any or all of the following papers, which they will sell, will you please send them to me, and I will be very grateful indeed: Nos. 8, 9, and 10 of Vol. I.; Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

MATTIE STILLMAN.

This publication will probably help you in obtaining the numbers you desire.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have often looked in the Post-office Box, but have never received one from South Boston in it yet. We saw the "Letter Puzzle" in the paper, and at the supper-table we read it, and between us as we puzzled it out. I will enclose it. Josie and Rosie: Josie is nine years old, and Rosie is four. My father is the author of "Uncle Peter's Story," and "The Story of the Little Girl," by Kirk Munroe and Howard Pyle very much. I am reading "Captain Polly," and think it very interesting. I am a girl thirteen years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for five years, and like it very much. This is the first letter I have ever written to your Post-office Box, so should like to see in print. We are going to have a broom-drill on Saturday next, and some time, if you would like me to, I will write and tell you all about it. I must close now. Your constant reader,

ADDIE PERRY.

I have long maintained a distinguished station in our modern days, but cannot trace my origin to ancient times, although the learned have often attempted it.

After the Revolution, 1688, I was chief physician to the army, and, at least, in my absence, he ever complained of sickness. William was "Jill-am." Had I lived in ancient times, so friendly was I to the best of heads, that Cleopatra would not have died as she did, but would have been a queen, and a sting the asp would have been a asp, and her cold arm would have felt a reviving heat—

Yours truly,

I am rather a friend to spiritlessness than to in-

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Ida B. C. L. Weeks, Nellie Geisse, Matilda Bender, Arthur Gerhardt, Elmer, Crystal, and Warren, Lulu Dayton, J. O. F., Amy Jane, Lawrence Frazer, Thomas L., Florence Candee, Wallace Benson, Edmund Randolph, W. L. Baxter, Fanny C. D., Emily J., Marjorie Thompson, Susie Prentice, Allen Race, and Robert L. Yeager.





YOUNG TURKEY. "I GUESS THAT OLD GOBBLER MUST BE PETRIFIED."

A MUSICAL CRITIC.

WAGNER gets some hard knocks in satire and ridicule, and little Jack Warner gave him a good one the other day. His mother is an enthusiast in music, and frequently plays for an hour or more while little Jack is busy with his toys. Sometimes, too, the keys respond to the cleansing touch of the house-keeper's care, and speak uncertain sounds. The other day the little fellow was playing in the dining-room while his mother in the parlor was playing a selection from Wagner. "Mamma," he cried, "is that *playing* the piano or only just *dinging*?"

AN ACCOMPLISHED MACHINE.

A machine-shop in a growing town has a very large lathe, and the superintendent was boasting of its many superior points, when little Bob cut him short with, "Oh, well, say it will turn anything from a hand-spring to a corner; and let it go at that."

REBUKED.

A stranger calling at the house of Mr. K—— a few moments before dinner-time was asked to dine with the family; and while Mr. K—— was asking a blessing, the guest, who

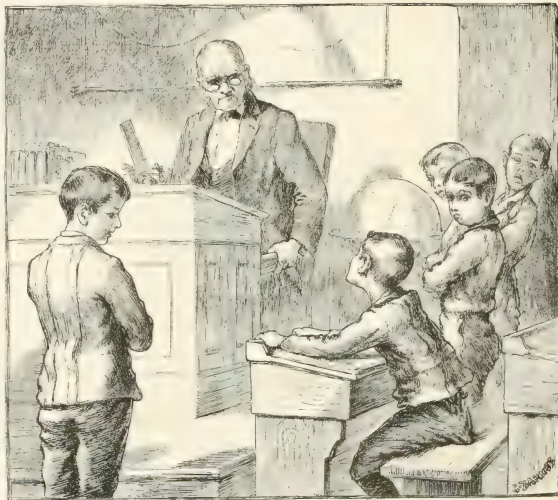
had reverently bowed his head, chanced to slightly elevate his eyelids. As soon, therefore, as Mr. K—— had said "Amen," his little daughter of four years pointed a finger directly toward the guest, and said in a tone of severe reproof, "That man peeped; so he did, papa: I sawed him."

SPRING HINTS TO LITTLE GARDENERS.

Pan-sies are not meant for a kitchen garden.—It is well to plant catnip for your pussy, but don't have dog-weed and milk-weed for your dogs and cows, because they won't eat them.—Don't pull up your radishes to see how they grow.—Do not plant tomatoes in the front yard.—Blue-grass is green, just like any other.

THE SENSITIVE MONKEY.

In Zulu-land once lived a monkey
Whose father oft called him a donkey,
Whereat he grew sad,
And, deserting his dad,
The ape went and dwelt with his nunky.



NOT HIS FAULT.

"COME, DOOLEY, WHY DON'T YOU RISE PROMPTLY WITH THE CLASS?"

"PLEASE, SIR, SOME ONE HAS PUT SOME GUM ON THE BENCH."



"COME, DOGGIE, I'LL GIVE YOU A BATH."

"THERE YOU IS."

DOGGIE JUMPS OUT,

AND RETURNS THE COMPLIMENT.

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.



SINE CERA! Sister Amy was helping Jack with his Latin translation. There were few hours in the day when sister Amy was not helping somebody over some hard place in life.

"What a pretty word that is, Jack!" she said. "A real picture-word, is it not?—Without wax! You see the honey dripping from the comb, clear as amber, the light shin-

ing through it; I shall like sincere people better than ever after this. That's one of the uses of Latin, Jack, to make our English mean more than it would if we didn't know the derivation. Talk of dead languages, forsooth! A language is never dead while it colors the daily speech of thousands, and glows on every page you turn."

Jack softly clapped his hands and murmured, "Bravo, sister! you'll do. No wonder you were valedictorian the year you were graduated. And now, dear, do you make this the dative or the ablative? What fellows do who haven't any sisters I can't think."

Sincere was precisely the word to describe Amy, who was a very genuine, candid girl; candid, by-the-bye, is another picture-word, meaning white, and giving you the thought of the pure azalea or the spotless lily. "A girl to tie to," said homely Uncle Eben, who had a shrewd way of looking at the world from the seclusion of his mountain farm, and who took the measure quite accurately of the city boys and girls who came up to summer at the old homestead.

"What she says she means, and what she does she does because she thinks she ought," Uncle Eben would repeat, soliloquizing after the fashion of a man who was used to spending long days by himself in the fields, guiding his plough, with nobody to talk to except Bill and Jed, the steady old oxen.

There are certain functions which we all perform automatically, that is, of ourselves, without a conscious will in the matter, and as regularly as the clock ticks after it has been wound up. For example, we breathe day and night, and never think about our breathing in the least unless we are attacked with pleurisy and suffer pain at the motion of our lungs, or run so fast and so far that our breath comes in short quick pants. What we call our normal breathing is very delightful, because it is so easy, and attended by no effort of which we have any knowledge. So it is with our walking, climbing, running, all of which we do without using any will power of which we are conscious. So the fine pianist plays, her fingers flying over the keys as if they were birds alighting and rising.

In the symmetrical character it is like this about truth-telling. The sincere people do not plume themselves on sincerity, though it is at the base of all peace and good faith in society. Neighbor could place no confidence in neighbor, friend would be uncomfortable with friend, and households without it would be uncertain and ill at ease, the stability which is the charm of life taken away. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more," is a sentiment which all sincere people understand, but which would be the veriest Choctaw to people who had never been trained in truth-telling and truth-living.

Indeed so essential to all real nobleness is truth that a character, however otherwise amiable, instantly repels us when we find it weak here. It is like a house built on an insecure foundation: the first high wind may cause it to

tumble over and fall a heap of ruins on the highway. Readers of *Romola* will remember Tito Melema as a case in point, beautiful, fascinating, soft spoken, tactful, but false to the core. The old Greek word hypocrite, with its meaning of play-actor, comes also to our minds in illustration. The sincere person is not assuming a part. He is himself, telling what he knows with the simple desire to give correct information, and so scorning a lie that he would choose death rather than any tampering with the truth.

In the face of all this, a friend said to me, sweepingly, the other day: "Very few people tell the truth. Very few can. It is not to be expected."

Challenged to explain himself, he said: "People relate their impressions, and these are more or less colored by their imaginations. Beyond the simple mathematical statement that two and two make four, I repeat that few persons are capable of exactness in conversation. See how we exaggerate, how we scatter our superlatives about us, when we talk; how recklessly we describe, how loosely we report. Listen to that group of girls who are entertaining each other with their experiences on a recent excursion. Do you notice how often the words 'fearful' and 'awful' and 'frightful' come in? almost as regularly as the chorus in a Greek play. Do you not admit that we discount more or less the statements of our best talkers, allowing for the liveliness of their fancy, and for a certain poetic license which everybody takes for granted?"

"The greatest friend of our young people cannot defend them when they are charged with the too constant use of certain hard-worked adjectives, the sin against taste in so lurid a vocabulary being at least as evident as the sin against truth. But," I maintained, "I cannot agree with you that, as a rule, people are inexact or careless about what they say. I think that most well-bred people speak the truth as a matter of course."

As a matter of course! That is what we mothers expect of our boys and girls—that they shall always, in all circumstances, whatever the emergency, not only tell the truth, but feel no temptation to deviate from it. Any variation, even a hair's-breadth, from a straight line makes a crooked line. Any equivocation or evasion which is meant to convey a false impression is a violation of the truth. We desire that our speech and our children's shall be always *sine cera*, without wax.

"But," says an anxious mother, "how am I to go about the work of having it so? How shall I bring up my children in this crystalline way? What methods shall I adopt?"

Methods are the superstructures to be reared upon principles. Perhaps it may sound trite, but to teach your children truth you must yourself be true.

From the earliest dawn of a little human life it is receptive. Long before the baby can talk or walk it is an imitative being; its soul, so to speak, is taking on the character it will bear through all time. So those who are about a very little child should cultivate in themselves gentleness of tone and manner, sweetness of expression, and habitual sincerity. I know of nothing more perilous to a child's moral well-being than the employment for its care of some ignorant, irresponsible nurse, vulgar and coarse in speech, given to outbursts of temper, and ready to resort to deception and subterfuge whenever it suits her purpose to do so.

A promise to a child should be held sacred. The thoughtlessness and carelessness of many parents who, as the mood takes them, threaten a child with punishment or offer it a reward or a present, and then easily forget the whole matter, is to blame for much untruthfulness in children. How are they to attach importance to the

spoken word if those who stand to them as representative of the highest earthly authority lightly break their pledges? If papa, going to the office in the morning, assures little Maysie, clinging to his hand, that he will bring her a box of bonbons or a new doll when he returns at evening, or mamma on her way to the matinée promises that a coveted volume of fairy tales shall be purchased that day for good little Bob, who is to stay pleasantly in the nursery during her absence, papa and mamma are in honor bound not to disappoint the little ones. No more than he would omit to pay his note due on a certain day in the bank, no more than she would neglect a social obligation, should father and mother ignore the fact that at home a certain little person, with small experience of this disappointing world and great faith in his parents, is waiting in anticipation. An absolute promise should, as a rule, be absolutely fulfilled in all its conditions, and as a rule it is not right to break a promise because, after making it, a child has been naughty. Let the naughtiness be punished in some other way.

This refers especially to little children, who cannot understand what reasons there may be for the process familiarly known to their elders as changing one's mind. A baby has nothing to do with anything beyond simple yes and plain no. His parent is to him a superior existence, taken for granted, like the sun or the moon. In his little world nobody else stands so high.

It is a puzzle far beyond a little child to comprehend why mamma may change her mind, and thus get out of keeping a promise to go somewhere or do something of great importance to the child, whose world is so small, yet all the world it has, while the child possesses no such privilege. This does not apply to boys and girls over ten, who, if well brought up and fairly intelligent, are now old enough to understand that "circumstances alter cases," and that at times, and because of certain conditions, mamma may be obliged to change her plans, to stay at home when she had intended to go out, or the reverse. A reasonable child—and children who are treated as though they were reasonable beings usually behave with reason—will not insist that the programme arranged for a fair day shall be carried out in a blizzard, nor that poor mamma, ill and in bed, shall do what mamma had planned to do, providing she were well. Broadly stated, however, the conclusion is that those who would have truth-telling children must themselves tell their children the truth.

From this plane there is another step, equally important. Always believe your child's word. To doubt a child's statement, to question it, to call in some one else that what the child has said may be verified, is to give him the very natural idea that you suppose him capable of falsehood. Having trained him to be truthful, take it for granted that he is so, and accept whatever he says, even though it be apparently improbable, as the statement of an honorable person whose word is to be unquestioned. Should you at any time be forced to the conviction that a wilful lie has been told, withdraw your confidence wholly for a time. To a sensitive nature no punishment could be so severe as this, to feel that confidence had been forfeited. While this state of things continues, the culprit should realize the inconvenience as well as the shame of it, know that he has put himself out of the pale within which the rest of the family dwell, nor should he be restored to favor until he has shown that he is penitent and anxious to be forgiven. Quietly and without reproaches, but yet sadly, the parent should let the child in this case feel the pain that comes of a broken law.

A distinction should be made between a wilful falsehood told from motives of cowardice or malice, and a mistaken impression, which is a very different thing. Nor should parents be too much troubled about a certain facility of some little brains to make up fairy stories and

relate improbable adventures which are born of a vivid fancy and have nothing to do with the actual world. The future story-teller who will hold a multitude spellbound by the magic of his genius *may* be standing at your knee repeating his alphabet, and when he rhapsodizes to you about wonderful things he has seen out-of-doors, let him talk, taking little notice, except now and then to bring him down to the actual by a comment of your own. Do not forget that the world which has grown commonplace to you is full of wonders to him; that Wordsworth was a true interpreter when he wrote,

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

The rainbow, the fields starred with dandelions, the little waves kissing the beach as they run back and forth, and the whitecaps breaking on the distant crests, the violet mists on the mountains, the skipping of the lambs in the meadow, the flying from the nest of the young birds, are all beautiful and charming sights to the child, and have not yet lost for him the delight of novelty. Among my own earliest recollections is the feeling of pleasure with which I watched the swaying of a field of grain in the summer wind, and no words known to my little vocabulary of the period could have overstated that ecstasy.

With the iconoclasts who would banish Mother Goose from the nursery repertoire on the score that nonsense is not fact, or going still further in their mad career, would have us dismiss dear old Santa Claus himself, and tell the children, forsooth, that "there is no such person; Santa Claus is only your parents, my dears," the present writer has no sympathy. The noblest quality of the human mind, the one which most nearly allies it to God, is the imagination. To lessen that is to narrow the horizon of the life, to make more difficult the path to heaven, to take from the faith faculty, which in the manifest trend of the age toward materialism is already less influential than in a former age. Love's sweetest minister is Santa Claus, the dear impartial saint who has no favorites among rich or poor, but comes with his genial presence and radiant face, his hands bringing gifts, and makes the little ones as happy in the peasant's hut as in the monarch's palace. No child was ever made untruthful by receiving from a Christmas tree a gift labelled, "From Santa Claus." On the contrary, some of the highest and best truths are wrapped up in the sugar-coated envelope of fiction and fable. Nobody believes in fairies and pixies and elves and brownies in this work-a-day nineteenth century of ours; but then everybody, and everybody's little men and women at home, are the better for reading of them, getting good lessons from their tongues, and peopling the woods with their dainty forms and sweet witcheries.

A good woman was once talking with me about children's books, insisting that no stories should be allowed the little ones except those which were true. That certain things which never really happened may be true in their power to teach, true to nature, true to art, she quite failed to see. With Mr. Gradgrind she proposed to eliminate everything except facts from her system of education, not seeing that her method was illogical, and calculated to contract the mental scope and dwarf the youthful intellect. There is a domain of sense, there is one of pure reason, there is also one of imagination, and all have their places.

In cultivating a love and a habit of truth parents and teachers ought to guard against inconsistency in themselves. A timid child should be treated with great gentleness lest his fear of reproof or punishment should lead him to prevaricate. Never to punish a child for consequences when the act itself would have been passed over unnoticed had it involved no disagreeable result should be an invariable rule. For instance, a child has been forbidden

to touch the articles in a certain cabinet. He disobeys, the mother knows that he disobeys, and he knows that she knows he disobeys, yet nothing is said, no penalty follows the wrong act. But one unlucky day there is a crash, and down, broken to fragments, falls a costly vase, the pride of the home, the lovely souvenir of a sojourn abroad. Then, because the vase is ruined, the little meddlesome hands are slapped, and the unfortunate sinner falls into deep disgrace. By a not unnatural sequence he sees that to break mother's law is a trifling matter, but to shatter her property is a misdemeanor of the darkest dye. The mother has given her child an impulse toward concealment, should her possessions again meet with accident through his carelessness or clumsiness. Her mistake was in treating the disobedience which did not interfere with her comfort as a thing of small concern—a mistake which cannot but confuse in the little one's mind the distinction between right and wrong.

The worse than thoughtless, the brutal, practice of frightening children into good behavior by telling them false stories of "the bad man who will carry them away," of frightful spirits who haunt the dark and lurk in chimneys and attics, ready to pounce on crying or cross or sleepless infancy, cannot be too severely condemned. Only very ignorant mothers are supposed to indulge in this crime of lying to childhood, but nurses are sometimes found who do not scruple to invent bogies and relate blood-curdling tales to poor little creatures who are yet too inexperienced to disbelieve the wretched stuff. I myself once heard a woman—whether nurse or mother I cannot determine—say angrily to a screaming child, "If you don't stop this instant I'll throw you out of the car window." The threat sufficed to hush the poor baby for the time, but it was a falsehood, and served to show the folly of the person who had no other resource with which to soothe or control a poor two-year-old in her care.

No lessons in insincerity last longer than those which, to go back to our earlier position, are given unconsciously. A lady is seated at a window and sees an acquaintance coming toward the house. It is perhaps inconvenient just then to receive a visitor, so she shrugs her shoulders, looks ill pleased, and says to the sister or elder daughter sharing her occupation of the moment, "I hope Mrs. — is not coming here to-day." Every token of dissatisfaction is manifest in her voice and manner, and to the child playing with his blocks on the floor and apparently taking no notice it is a surprise, when presently the inopportune caller enters, to see how cordially she is welcomed. "I am very glad to see you," is a statement hard to reconcile with the hope expressed a few moments ago. The little listener has been shown that mamma can act a part; that she says what she only half means or what she does not mean in the least; that grown people do such things, or mamma would not; that it cannot be wrong, and so forth. She may not dream of the mischief she has done, but a beautiful ideal has been flawed, and will never be quite the same again.

"By thy words," says the best of Books, "shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." Whereupon a thoughtful writer observes that our words are in our own power, although our thoughts may not always be under our control. We can speak the truth, or we can be silent, but if we violate it, by ever so little, we shall not be held blameless. "As true as steel," should be the motto of every boy who expects to wear "without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

"Sister Amy," said Jack, as he put up his Latin books, and went off to play tennis, "is one of the best fellows I know; she's jolly and good, and just splendid."

Which was every word true, and greater praise a boy could not bestow.

ROUND ABOUT A SPRING IN WINTER.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF "UPLAND AND MEADOW," "WASTE-LAND WANDERINGS," ETC.

WE dwellers in the northern hemisphere naturally think of winter as cold, and shudder at the idea of plunging into the water at this season. The common demand is, if cold must be endured, let it at least be rid of moisture. But all animals are not of this way of thinking. To avoid the cutting blasts of the north wind, the stinging sleet, the pelting hail, and driving snow, many a creature boldly plunges in or hovers about the sparkling waters of every bubbling spring. The reason is, at such spots there is a uniform and not low temperature.

The impression is wellnigh universal that the great majority of animals, other than a few hardy birds, are asleep from autumn until spring; that they are hibernating, as it is called. It is quite true when we walk across an exposed field or follow a wood path over some high hill, such an impression will not be disturbed by anything that we see or hear; but these are not the only routes open to us. Stroll along the river shore, even when it is blocked with ice, and in the little ponds of open water you will be pretty sure to see abundant forms of life; but, better yet, stray over the meadows, where, in more senses than one, perpetual summer reigns. Break the thick ice, if necessary, that shuts from view the shallow pool, scoop up the dead pond weeds that mat the soft mud below, and see how every bit of it teems with curious life. The brilliant dragon-flies that darted so angrily about you last summer dropped their eggs here in the water, and these, hatching, produced creatures so widely different from their parents that few people suspect any kinship. Veritable dragons, on a small scale, they are none the less active because ice and snow have shut out the sunlight. With their terrible jaws they tear to fragments in a moment every insect within their reach.

Like the dragon-flies, better known perhaps as "devil's darning-needles," there are many other insects that likewise spend their early days in the meadow pools, and, as the collector will find, every scoopful of mud and leaves will be tenanted by a wide range of forms, some grotesque, others graceful, and all of abounding interest.

These curious creatures have not their little world to themselves. There are many fishes continually ploughing up the mud with their gristly snouts, and ready to swallow every protesting wriggler that dares show itself in spite of the nipping jaws. Whether the slim and slippery salamanders, commonly called lizards, do the same, I do not know, but they tunnel the mud and burrow under every heap of water-soaked leaves, and are so active, be the weather what it may, that some nourishment must be taken. And there are the frogs: not one of them disposed to exertion perhaps, but none the less able to leap or burrow headlong in the yielding mud the instant they suspect danger. During the present winter I have even heard them faintly croaking at mid-day, but this, of course, is quite unusual.

During January not a turtle need be looked for, sunning itself, however warm may be the weather, but, like the other creatures I have named, they are not asleep. In a shallow basin, lined with the cleanest of white sand, through which bubbled an intermitting stream of sparkling water, I recently surprised a mud-turtle poking anxiously about, evidently in search of food. The creature had a lean and anxious look, and its bright eyes meant mischief, as it proved, when I reached forward to pick it up. I was bitten after a fashion, and therefore delighted, for I had never before known these turtles to be snapping, and a discovery, however insignificant, is truly delightful.

Active life, then, in many of its varied forms, can be found during the winter in the mud, sand, and water of almost every spring, and this fact very naturally has its

influence round about the spot. There is no small winter bird, sparrow, titmouse, wren, or creeper, that evidently prefers the immediate surroundings of a spring to all other spots, but every one of twenty or more delights to make daily visits to such a locality, and the sight of the green growths that crowd the water's edge prompts them all to greater cheerfulness, I have thought, than when threading the mazes of upland thickets or scanning the dreary outlook of a snow-clad field. But yesterday, more like June than January, it is true, I stood by a little spring that welled up from among the roots of an old maple, to watch the movements of a minnow that had strayed from the creek near by. While there a wee nut-hatch came darting down from the trees and perched upon a projecting root, scarcely an inch above the water. It sat for a moment, like a fairy kingfisher, and then plunged into the shallow depths with all the grace of an accomplished diver. More than this, as it shook the glittering drops from its feathers upon emerging it sang sweetly. This unlooked-for conclusion of its bathing frolic was the more remarkable as the ordinary utterance of the bird is anything but musical.

There are large birds also that frequent the springs habitually in winter, and the fact of their presence is of itself evidence that other active animal life must also abound. I refer to herons, bitterns, and I may add crows. The former two subsist almost exclusively upon frogs and fish, while the latter are content with anything not absolutely indigestible.

How vividly I can recall my astonishment when stooping once to drink from a bubbling spring at the base of the river bluff a dark shadow passed over me, and I sprang with such sudden motion to my feet that I lost my balance. A great blue heron, unheeding my presence or ignoring it, was slowly settling down to the very spot where I stood, and had I remained quiet it would have perched upon me, I believe. As it was, it gave an impatient flit to its whole body, showing annoyance and not fear, and flew slowly down the river. Before I had wholly regained my composure and had time to step aside, the huge bird returned, and at once took its stand in the shallow water, as silent, motionless, erect as a sentinel is supposed to be. This was many years ago, and I have seldom failed to see them, sometimes many together, winter after winter since. The moody bittern, on the other hand, is much more disposed to migrate in autumn; but at least a single one is likely to be found on sheltered hill-sides, particularly where there are springs with marshy areas surrounding them. I have learned this recently of these birds, and either have overlooked them in years past, or it is a new departure for them. It is not unlikely that the latter should be true. Our familiar cat-bird is losing its migratory instinct very rapidly, judging from the numbers that winter in the valley of the Delaware River. I have seen several recently, and every one of them was in a green-brier thicket, and feeding on the berries of this troublesome vine.

But if there were no green things in or about the springs in winter they would be cheerless spots, after all, in spite of the many forms of animal life that we have seen frequent them. The fact that it is winter would constantly intrude if the water sparkled only among dead leaves. Happily this is not the case. At every spring I saw and there were many of them during a recent ramble there was an abundance of chickweed, bitter-dock, corydalis, and a species of forget-me-not; sometimes but one or two of these only, and more often all of them; none in bloom, but all as fresh and bright as ever a plant in June. Then too, in advance of the plant proper, we find the matured bloom of the skunk-cabbage—would that it had as pretty a name as the plant deserves!—with its sheath-like covering, bronze, crimson, golden, and light green, brightening many a dingy spot where dead leaves

have been heaped by the winds all winter long. These fresh growths cause us to forget that the general outlook is so dreary, and give to the presence of the abundant animal life a naturalness that would otherwise be wanting.

And not only about the springs, but in them, often choking the channels until little lakes are formed, are found many plants that know no summer of growth and then a long interval of rest. The conditions of the season are too nearly alike, and while in winter there is less increase, growth never entirely ceases, and certainly the bright green of the delicate foliage is never dulled. Anacharis, or water-weed, I find in profusion at all the larger springs; if not, then callitriche, or water-starwort. The latter is as delicate as the finer ferns, and often conceals much of the water in which it grows, as it has both floating and submerged leaves.

In both these plants fish, frogs, and salamanders and large aquatic insects congregate, and are as effectually hidden that when standing on the side of the spring basin a person is not likely to see any living thing, and if the spirit of investigation does not move him he will go away thinking animal life is hibernating, for so indeed it is set down in many books. But it does not always do to plunge the hand in among the weeds, and so try to land whatever may be tangled in the mass you pull ashore. Some of the insects resent such interference by biting severely—the water-boatmen, or *Notonectæ*, for instance, and they have the advantage of seeing all that is going on in the world about them, for they swim upon their backs.

A delicate and beautifully marked sunfish that is silvery white with inky black bands across it is common in the Delaware tide-water meadows, and is found nowhere else. Recently in a spring pool, where the flow of water was almost stopped by aquatic mosses, *Hypnum* and *Fontinalis*, I found nearly a hundred of these fish gathered in a little space. All were active, and so vigorous that an abundant food supply can be presupposed; but I did not bring the microscope to bear upon this question, and it is upon minute forms of life such as would be readily overlooked by the casual observer that they subsist. But, as is every where the case, these fish are not free from molestation, although to the on-looker they seem to be dwelling in a paradise. There is a huge insect, murderous as a tiger, that singles them out, I have thought, from the hosts of more commonplace species which we can easily spare. It is known as a *Belastoma*, and has not, so far as I can learn, any common name. If they were better known they probably would have a dozen. They are "wide and flat-bodied aquatic insects, of more or less ovate outline, furnished with powerful flattened swimming legs," and the front ones are "fitted for seizing and holding tightly the victims upon which they pounce." When I found the timid banded sunfish huddled together in the water moss I thought of the savage *Belastoma* and hunted for them. None seemed to be lurking in the moss, but just beyond, in an open space where twigs had drifted and dead leaves lay about, I found two of them, and I doubt not they were lying in wait, knowing where the fish then were, and that sooner or later some would pass that way. To determine by means of crude experiments how far a water-bug has intelligence is a difficult if not impracticable undertaking, but I can assure the reader that the many I have watched in aquaria seemed to be very cunning, and constantly planning how they might surprise the fish; for these, on the other hand, knew the danger of their presence, and shunned them in every possible way.

It is much to be regretted, I think, that aquaria have fallen into disrepute. They are not, as has been said, failures; but if the labor of their care cannot be undertaken, let him who would know more of common aquatic life not fail to occasionally ramble round about the springs in winter.

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THE "HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" COT AND ITS OCCUPANT IN ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 370.

HEART OF SNOW.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

I BUILT me a hut of ice and snow—
 Cheer, boys, cheer!—
 Shaped like an oven, round and low,
 With a levelled cannon white as tow,
 And a rampart near;
 And there I sat like an Esquima—
 Cheer, boys, cheer!

A right good prize did the thick walls hide—
 Hey, boys, hey!—
 Two lean rabbits that crouched inside,
 Velvet-footed and liquid-eyed.
 What a sight were they!
 These I trapped on the dun hill-side—
 Hey, boys, hey!

The fort is stormed by a noiseless foe!—
 Run, boys, run!—
 Chimney and bulwark drip and flow,
 And out at the breach the captives go
 In the red March sun.
 Treason lurks in a heart of snow!—
 Run, boys, run!

THE DUKE DONOHUE.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

"SMALL for his age, but smart as a steel-trap." That was the general verdict when Patsy Donohue had been among us for a year or more. His father was an obliging old Irishman, a veritable "son of the sod," who did all sorts of odd jobs around town, and whose pigs were "that accommodatin', sor, that faith they'll ate anything but rocks." His mother was a "dacent body," ready to take in washing or help at house-cleaning as opportunity served, while both seemed possessed of but one leading idea—a "respectable ed-dhu-kuay-shun for the bye Patsy, sor."

A good whole-souled, warm-hearted, rollicking lad was Patsy Donohue, foremost in all our sports and mischiefs, quick of head and deft of hand at any kind of work or play, and there were few of us who could hope to "get up head" while Patsy Donohue led our class at school.

The first class in the Fourth Ward Grammar-School had the reputation of being the "crack" class in town, the pride of its teacher, Miss Larrabee, and the delight of school committeemen. To be at the head of the first class, therefore, was no small honor; it was a pre-eminence coveted by all aspiring girls and boys. But one needed to keep his weather eye wide open who aimed to get ahead of Patsy Donohue, and though, by a law of the school, the first of each month found him at the foot of the class, the last of each month as regularly found him at the head.

Miss Larrabee was an enthusiast in history. That study was her hobby, and from Romulus and Remus to Richard the Lion-hearted we followed her inspiring lead. But none were more enthusiastic than Patsy Donohue. I can see him now, all eager and earnest, as in his rich brogue he told of the faith of Regulus or the valor of Horatius, the manliness of Alfred or the chivalry of Harry of Monmouth. Even Miss Larrabee would smile at his ardor, and would call him her Sir Galahad, or quote from her favorite Macaulay as she looked at Patsy's flushed and earnest face:

"So stalked he when he turned to flight
 On that famed Pearly field
 Bohemia's plume and Genoa's bow
 And Cesar's eagle shield;
 So glared he when at Agincourt
 In wrath he turned to bay,
 And crushed and torn beneath his claws
 The princely hunters lay."

We all liked Patsy mightily; for though he was a sharp and shrewd competitor, and hard to beat both in sport and study, he was so open-handed and "above-board" in his efforts and competitions that we rejoiced at his triumphs and never grudged him the victory, as, it must be confessed, we sometimes did Bob Bracewell, Judge Bracewell's son, who would not hesitate at any meanness or petty trick to gain his ends. And so we were especially glad when Patsy carried off the prize of a year's membership in the town library, which Judge Bracewell offered for "the most meritorious composition on the Wars of the Roses" at the spring examination.

But oh, the effect of that library membership upon Patsy Donohue! He who had been the life of all our sports and tramps became a regular bookworm. He fairly lived in the town library; not so much among the new books that all the boys wanted to read as among the big and dusty volumes in the reference-room—a collection of quaint and curious old-time relics which had been given to the library by a certain antiquarian scholar of our town, himself almost as quaint and musty as the books he had donated.

"Ah, shure, Jimmy darlin', I've found a trayzure," Patsy confided to me, with eager voice and glittering eye, clutching me by the arm one day as I was cruising down the street on an anxious search for the advance signs of an expected circus procession. "Come in onct, and let me show it ye." And he dragged me up the library stairs and into the reference-room before I could say him nay. "See there, now"—making me bend above an open and time-stained volume which certainly had no attraction for a circus-hunting youth—"see there, now; it's an ould hist'ry of Oireland shure, and there's a hull genee-awlogy in it—and what d'ye think? I've traced out all the ould names and pidgrees until I'm mortal shure, Jimmy darlin', that I, Patsy, with ne'er a rid cint to me pocket, am a discindint of the line of Donnchadh dhu, the son of Brian Boru, chieftain of the Clan Cas, and King of Munster. I've r'yal blood in me veins, Jimmy, and what d'ye think of that?"

I was too deeply impressed with the magnitude of the revelation to speak, and indeed Patsy gave me but little chance.

"Yes, Jimmy," he rattled on, "the Donnchadh dhu, or Donohues, were jooks and princes long before the Tudors and the Plantagenets. The Plantagenets!"—and here the noble Donohue gave a sniff of scorn—"what were they? Broom-makers, Jimmy, nothin' but broom-makers, when the Donohues wore gilded crowns and crested helmets in the King's palace at Tara! Hark to this, now"—and he read rapidly from the old chronicle: "'Then the Duke Donnchadh dhu, that very valiant champion, like a bird of valor and championship arose, and he made a vigorous rush at the whole battalion of the black Danars and pirates like to the roll of a deluging torrent that shatters everything that resists it; and he made a hero's breach in it, and his enemies testified that there fell by his right hand fifty, and fifty by his left hand, at that onset, and all the people on the watch-tower shouted for joy, and the champion of the Del-Cas said to Sitric the son of Lodar—'"

But here the shouts in the street made me quite indifferent as to what the champion of the Del-Cas said to Sitric the son of Lodar, and as above the shouts I could catch the clash of distant circus music, I tore myself away from the reference-room, and dashed down the library stairs.

The belief in his descent from so lofty an ancestry grew upon Patsy with so strong a hold that not even all our teasing or badgering could shake his firm faith, and soon we actually—boys and girls as well—became converts to his theory, and grew to be implicit believers in the truth of his claim, calling him "the Duke" and "Duke Donohue" with as much assurance as we had ever called him

Patsy before, so complete is the dominance which one strong and decided mind may exert over those with whom it is associated.

"And why do the boys and girls call you 'the Duke,' Patsy?" Miss Larrabee asked him one day, after she had heard frequent repetitions of his title both in school and out.

"Shure, ma'am, and it's becase I *am* the Jook," replied Patsy, with simple but dignified assurance. "It's King in Oireland I'd be if I had me rights, ma'am, and the Sas-senachs were driven out." And then, when she asked his meaning, Patsy explained the whole matter to her, and even interested her sufficiently to prevail upon her to meet him at the library to pore over the musty old chronicles while he explained all the details of his kingly herit-age.

"Well, Patsy," said Miss Larrabee, after the enthusiastic lad had shown her all the fair proportions of his glittering castle in the air, "I certainly shall not dispute your claim. I make my obeisance to the chieftain of Dal-Cas. But remember that those old ancestors of yours were vindictive and bloody-minded, as suited the fierce days in which they lived. Take your patent of nobility rather from that higher chivalry which lives in the titles those old fighters wore. King was *cyng* or *kuni*, the race guider; prince was *princeps*, the first or foremost one; duke was *dux*, the leader of men. Strive you, Patsy, to be at once guider, foremost one, and leader in all that is true and noble and manly, and remember too that the vow which the young knight must take was fidelity to trust and loyalty to friends. Follow that out, and you will be the Duke Donohue indeed, nobler-minded and purer-hearted than were any of your rough and bloody ancestors of the kingly line of Donnachadh dhu, the champion of the Dal-Cas."

There was to be a "royal old nipper fry" at the Flat Rocks. Cap'n Brown's three dories were called into use, and most of the young folks of "our set" were afloat early, making war with hook and line upon the wary but hungry "nippers." Patsy, always ready to turn an honest penny, had taken the contract to furnish all the clam bait needed, and had the bottom of his borrowed dory well stocked with the attractive bait. Two hours of fishing brought ample reward, and then Miss Larrabee and her following of young folks who had preferred to go by land, yielding to the clamors of the exultant fishers, were induced to embark on one of Mr. Hatch's stranded lumber scows, or gundalows, at the Pines, and be towed in triumph across the bay by all the dories, Patsy's clam boat gallantly leading the way.

Of course everybody knows what a splendid place the Flat Rocks are for a "nipper fry." The grassy shores slope downward to a sandy beach which the gentle ripples of the bay lap with constant ebb and flow, while just around the rock bound point the ocean breakers dash and roar against the red boulders that break the long stretch of sea-beach. The Flat Rocks are both kitchen stove and dining-table in one at a "nipper fry," while out toward the point the children can stand and watch the ceaseless struggles of the cross currents that there rage and fume for the mastery, giving the place its name of the "Boiling Pot," and making it always a ticklish point to row around, and one avoided by all oarsmen. As it is now, so it was twenty-five years ago, on that pleasant August day when Patsy Donohue from bait contractor became head fish-cleaner and assistant cook, and Miss Larrabee, with certain of the girls and boys, searched for sea-anemones in the pools among the rocks.

Suddenly a shrill cry went up—the mingling voices of children in distress. Patsy Donohue dropped his "nipper" and his knife, and Miss Larrabee sprang from her anemone hunt. One instant they stood mute with horror. Then

with a cry of alarm they rushed frantically to the beach, where all the others were crowding in dire dismay, for six of the smaller children were afloat in Mr. Hatch's gundalow, already caught in the swirl of the ebbing current, and drifting straight for the sunken rocks in the centre of the terrible "Boiling Pot." Patsy tumbled into a dory, but as quickly tumbled out again, for he knew only too well the nature of those cross currents, in the midst of which no dory could live, and into which, indeed, he could not hope to pull the boat in time to reach the drifting scow. He sprang to the shore, and bade some of the older boys pull the dories just outside the line of breakers, in case the scow should change its course and drift in that direction. Then he ran swiftly to the rocky point nearest the "Boiling Pot."

"Kape still and quiet, chil'n!" he shouted, in his jolliest and most reassuring tones, to the terrified little ones. "Ye're jist afther havin' a gay old toime now, ain't ye? Hi, Philly!" he cried to the Doctor's bright young eight-year-old, "throw over that rope ahind ye there, like a good bye, and Patsy 'll tow ye back." Then turning to the Judge's son, who stood at his elbow, he said, in a low whisper: "Oh, Bob, Bob, for the love of the blissid saints help me quick! Wade in there and catch the rope whin I push the gund'low furnist ye. If you don't, as sure as eggs is eggs that scow 'll keel over as soon as iver she strikes thim rocks, and spill all the children out."

"What do you take me for, Patsy Donohue?" said Bob. "Catch me riskin' my life in the 'Boiling Pot!' Why don't you do it yourself if you're so smart?"

"But, Bob darlin'," pleaded Patsy, "shure I can't do two things at onet at all, at all. Ye're big and strong, and shure ye can swim like a duck. Ye ain't riskin' anything; and shure it's me that 'll have to jump in here and head 'em off." He tore off his jacket and shoes as he spoke. "Oh, wurra-wurra! is there none of yez can help me?"

"I will, Patsy," said a quiet voice at his elbow; and Miss Larrabee, dressed when or where no one knew—in one of the flannel bathing suits that were always one of the accompaniments of a "nipper fry," grasped Patsy's hand. "I can swim like a fish, you know. What can I do?"

"Faith, Miss Larrabee darlin'," cried overjoyed Patsy, "you're an angl from hivin, ma'am. Shure there's not so much danger if ye'll only kape to the down side—and watch for the rope, ma'am."

And without another word, as the unwieldy scow, caught in the full fury of the cross currents, surged toward the sunken rocks, Patsy, bracing himself up for an instant, sprang straight into the "Boiling Pot." We watched him breathlessly, and oh, what a shout we gave as we saw his dear black head appear bobbing and tossing in the spume of the raging waters! He grasped a jagged rock, gained a firm footing, caught the square front of the clumsy gundalow as it careened over with the dash of the billows against the cruel rocks, and with a mighty effort pushed it clear of the sunken ledge. It breasted the rush of the current; the rear end swung around to where Miss Larrabee, like a guardian angel in a flannel bathing suit, watched it from a half-submerged rock. Then, bending far over, she caught the trailing rope, and drew the scow out of the perilous line of surf and into still water. And then how ready we were to help. From Bob Bracewell to Tommy Coffin, the tinman's son, we dashed at the rope, and tugged at it with hearty good-will. The children were safe. But Patsy—where was he?

"Oh dear! I don't know where he is," said the minister's little golden-haired maid, and one of Patsy's especial pets. "I haven't seen him for ever so long. He went off the rocks when he pushed the gund'low round, and fell right into the water, and I can't see— Oh, look! see, Miss Larrabee; there he is!"

We followed the direction of her finger, and then we

saw him. Still fighting manfully for his life in the cruel current, Patsy had been caught in the swirl of waters, and too exhausted to overcome the undertow, had been dashed far from the shore.

"Oh, quick! quick! after him, Bob!" Miss Larrabee called out to the Judge's son. "Don't waste a moment: think what he did for us!" And so inspiring is the sight of heroism in others that even selfish Bob Bracewell was roused to noble action.

"I can't swim it, Miss Larrabee; but here, boys, give me a dory quick," he said; and springing into the nearest boat, Bob and Miss Larrabee pulled with quick and nervous strokes toward the struggling Patsy. The force of the conflicting currents made it necessary to pull the dory in a wide circle beyond and around the surf line, and then come down with the current. Every second was sapping poor Patsy's strength.

"He can't stand it until we get round to him, Bob," cried Miss Larrabee. "Here, I'm fresh yet. I'll jump in and try to keep him up until you can pull around."

children on the rocks. We cover our eyes to shut out the dreadful sight, and then—

And then around the point, "skimmin' right afore the wind, lickity split," as one of the boys said, dashes Cap'n Brown's stanch sail-boat the *Susan Green*, with the jolly Cap'n himself at the helm and big Dick Brown "standin' by to catch something." Around flies the tiller, the Cap'n takes a quick double turn around with his sheet-line, the *Susan Green*, bumping against the keeling dory, rights her just in time, the Cap'n and Dick both make a sudden grab at something in the angry and defeated waters; then Patsy and Bob are hauled in, limp and listless, over the side, Dick Brown lays a firm hand on Miss Larrabee's dory, and all is well at last!

And how we did caper and shout and cheer! and when the peril was past, how we did enjoy that "nipper fry," and glorify Patsy, and hail Bob's conversion from selfishness, and worship Miss Larrabee more than ever! And when the story of Patsy's bravery was told, then what a lion was Patsy Donohue! The fathers of the rescued



"WITH A DESPERATE EFFORT SHE LEANS OVER THE SIDE AND CLUTCHES AT BOB'S OUTSTRETCHED ARM."

But Bob was before her. "No, no, Miss Larrabee," he said, all his selfishness vanishing now before two such golden examples. "I can manage that better'n you can. Take the oars, please, and pull for dear life."

Then, without a moment's hesitation, over the side he went, swimming straight for poor Patsy. We saw him catch the tired swimmer beneath the arms and try to keep him up, while the dory, under Miss Larrabee's steady strokes, soon rounded down upon them.

Like a raging lion, bearded in his very den, the white-crested billows swirled and fumed around that "teetery" boat and the three who had dared to brave their fury, while we children on the rocks hoped and prayed for their safety, and the boys in the dories hovered just outside the surf line and shouted lustily for help. Patsy's strength was fully spent, Bob's was fast ebbing away, and Miss Larrabee, in the dancing dory, could not keep it steady long enough to reach over and pull in either of the boys. But now, with a desperate effort, she leans over the side and clutches at Bob's outstretched arm; over goes the dory, careening under her weight and the toss of the buffeting surf, a cry of terror and despair goes up from the

children clubbed together and saw that the lad obtained the "edd-dhu-kaay-shun" his parents coveted for him, and thus enabled him to lay the foundation of that successful and honorable career that was his as a man.

And to us he was more than ever the "Duke Donohue," although his hobby as to his royal lineage lost its airy attractions in the more substantial realities of our practical modern life. But I think that he never forgot the words of Miss Larrabee, when the excitement of the moment was over: "Ah, Patsy," she said, "blood will tell! Not the blood of a far-off ancestry of cruel kings and warriors, but the still more royal blood that comes warm and strong from a heart beating with generous courage and love, a heart that is as brave as the Lion-heart's, as chivalric as Harry of Monmouth's, as unselfish as that of the great and good Coligny, Admiral of France, who said to his noble sons, 'There is one thing more, lads, that a man always has to give; it is the last thing—it is his life.' And echoing through eighteen centuries of struggle and striving comes that other and diviner utterance, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

PAPERS ON PONY-KEEPING.

BY F. E. FRYATT.

I.

Of all out-door sports—for such it may well be called—driving a good little horse or pony is the most pleasurable. It is the one sport, in fact, in which young people may engage the whole year round with most advantage to health, not being subject to the personal risk of overdoing attendant on too enthusiastic bicycling, tricycling, and skating, base-ball, lawn-tennis, cricket, and kindred game-playing, for the simple reason that the animal's powers of endurance *must* be taken into consideration, even though the driver's may not.

To thoroughly enjoy driving, the owner of the horse should in a measure be its groom, for only those who have tried this know how pleasant can be the friendship between horse and owner, and only those who have established this gentle relation can truly understand and appreciate the keener delights of driving. A well-kept, well-treated horse shows the most touching confidence in the one who ministers to his needs, and the most appealing affection, expressed by caressing movements of the velvety muzzle, seeking, as it were, caresses in return; by soft, low whinnys and playful tossings of the head and mane, the full bright eye looking grateful love for the master or mistress in every glance—all this being won at the simple cost of kindness.

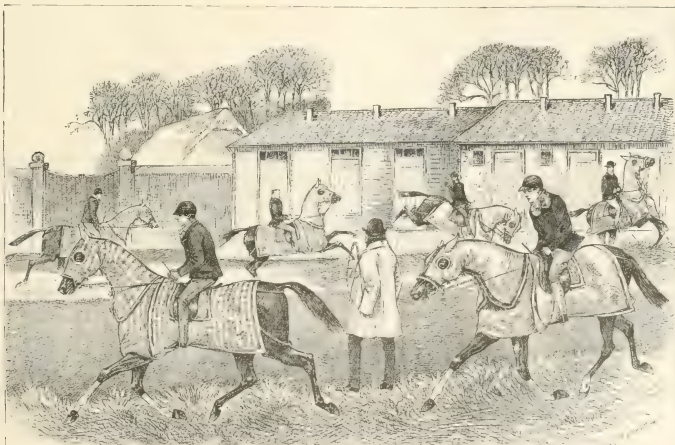
One must, however, understand *how* to keep a horse before one can attain the delights of driving in their fullest measure. The first necessity is a good stable, of one's own if possible; if not, a 6 by 10 stall in some near-by private or small stable, where one can at least supervise the horse's management, for to keep him at a livery-stable is generally to expose him to many evils, and make him a timid, nervous animal, a source of constant anxiety and danger to the driver, when his even temper, steady nerve, and buoyant health should inspire the fullest confidence.

In the stable that I would build there is a box-stall at

least 10 by 10 feet in dimensions, giving space for the horse to move about untrammelled by rope or tie-strap, and to lie down at ease, stretching his limbs at full length—a privilege indispensable to his health and comfort, but not attainable in the small narrow stalls of the ordinary American stable. Back of the stall is a wide passage with a door at each end, the outer one cut across horizontally, so that the upper portion may be left open when necessary. Back of this space is the hay and feed room, with window at side and door, but separated by a partition from the rest of the stable to keep the hay and feed sweet and clean. The other portion of the stable is devoted to the carriage and sleigh, if one has a sleigh, and it is furnished with two closets with a window between them in the rear for keeping harness, blankets, carriage-jack, and other articles.

The box-stall has two windows and two doors, one door at the side and one at the rear leading to the hall space. One window looks, or should look, toward the owner's house, so that at all times it will be convenient to run out and see that all is well with the stable pet. The other window looks out at the side, giving two points of view for the horse, for he is a sociable and inquisitive creature, who naturally likes to look around and see what is going on about him. The stall should have two floors, one a concrete floor sloping gently to the tile drain in the rear, connecting, in the country, by a pipe to the stable pit at a distance from the building, and in the city with the sewer main; the other, what is called a slated floor, composed of narrow heavy planks laid an inch apart and *perfectly level* on cross-pieces set on small heavy rollers, making it readily movable out of the stable into the yard to sweeten in the sun while the concrete floor is washed and cleansed. Such a floor, perfectly even, and spread with a layer of clean, dry, short litter, will give elastic and healthful footing to the horse, and preserve him from the muscle strain produced by sloping floors.

The closed hay and feed room, besides keeping the hay uncontaminated, prevents the escape of the dust which is inseparable from hay and straw. Hay thrown direct



EXERCISING HORSES ON A STRAW BED DURING A FROST.

from the loft into the crib in the usual way fills the horse's lungs with dust, and inflames his eyes, which are already injured by being three-fourths of the time in the close, heated darkness of the ordinary stall, built with all the light and all the air at the horse's back, instead of his head, where he sees and breathes. The feed bin being in the hay-room, there will be no liability to an accident which sometimes occurs in stables, namely, the horse getting loose out of his stall, finding the feed, and overeating himself fatally. When this accident occurs, the horse, if saved at all, is only saved by the most well-directed exertions of the groom or owner.

If you desire to keep your horse in good health do not treat him as you will see him treated in the majority of stables. He is not an engine needing just so much wood and coal and water, and no more, every working day, year in and year out, but a living and highly sensitive being, with moods and preferences that vary like your own; he does not want and does not thrive on a perpetual round of hay and oats, oats and hay, but needs a little variety.

To begin with water: He should have all the pure and wholesome water he wants at all times, saving only when he comes in from the drive or exercise with his blood overheated; then it should be beyond his reach until he is cooled off, say from thirty to fifty minutes. If the horse is very hot and tired, do not keep him waiting so long for cool water, but give him a couple of swallows of thin oatmeal water slightly warmed to allay his thirst and revive him. No one who owns and cares for a horse, however, will drive him needlessly, in any kind of weather, to this state of exhaustion. If from some urgent necessity a horse has been driven hard, and is in a profuse perspiration, remove his harness, put on a light pure wool blanket, and walk him about slowly till he cools, and give him the oatmeal draught. The pure wool absorbs the sweat, which will in a short time be seen standing in beads on the outside of the blanket, while the hair underneath will be found perfectly dry. Do not give extremely cold water to your horse at any time, but stand it in the sun to take off the chill, especially when the horse has been overheated.

A horse's stomach is small in proportion to his size; he therefore requires to be fed often for health's sake, at the very least three times per day, but better four times, the last feed (hay) at nine in the evening. The three day feeds should be composed of oats, roots, and hay; the roots—parsnips, carrots, or turnips in their season—washed perfectly clean and sliced, and the oats, sifted, washed, and mixed with an equal weight or twice their bulk of chopped hay. For an ordinarily light-worked large-size pony, a good rule is to give from six to ten pounds of oats, ten to fifteen pounds of hay, and five to seven pounds of roots per day, dividing the oats and roots into three equal portions, and the hay into three parts each of three pounds for the day, giving the fourth and largest portion, say six pounds, for the night meal. Ponies of smaller size may be fed by the smaller proportions, though a long-bodied small pony sometimes needs as much as a short-bodied taller pony. Use the roots according to their season, giving sometimes a little clean dry grass as a change. In giving grass or succulent food great care has to be observed; only small quantities should be given at a meal to a horse accustomed to dry food like hay and oats. Sudden changes from dry to succulent food frequently bring on colic, almost always fatal to horses; so that it is necessary to begin with a very little grass for a week or two, very gradually increasing the quantity when you intend letting your horse run in a field or lot, but never giving much if to be kept in the stall. Never let your horse loose to feed at will in any place where the grass is rank and tall, but give him liberty to run a bit and roll where the grass is cropped low; then bring him to his stall, unless you have been preparing him to go to pasture for a time.

To return to his feed: Give him the last and largest por-

tion of hay at night, as a horse loves to nibble at his leisure during the night, for he only takes short sleeps. If your horse is to be kept in for any length of time owing to rainy or snowy weather, cut off his oats and give more hay and roots. Never give him musty oats or hay, or spoiled food of any kind, as it induces sickness. As all hay and oats are dusty, they should be cleansed, the hay by being tossed up and down and over and over on a pitchfork, and sprinkled well with clean water, and the oats by being sifted and having water run through them. This extra care will have its reward in the improved condition of your horse.

You will need for stable use a simple implement called a hay-cutter for chopping hay—do not buy chopped hay; it is simply the refuse of the feed store pressed in bundles and utterly worthless—a pitchfork, a shovel, a couple of stout stable brooms, a stout foot-bucket for washing the horse's feet in, a couple of water pails, and a feed-box or bucket to set in the manger. This latter must be low, and there should be no high crib, as the horse is not a giraffe, but droops his head naturally to obtain and eat his food. Either have a low movable manger to draw up to an aperture outside of the box-stall, or a stationary manger frame to hold the buckets for feed and water outside of the stall, with a hinged shutter over it to open when necessary.

Keep everything clean and wholesome in your stable, especially all buckets from which the horse feeds or drinks, as he is naturally a dainty and clean feeder, and dislikes bad odors. Chloride of lime is excellent for use in a stable. It comes in handy boxes, and needs to be kept excluded from the air. Sprinkle it occasionally on the floor and drain, as it will purify the air and drive off insects; but do not place it where the horse can lie on it or where he stands, as it is very caustic, and would burn his flesh; let it lie awhile and dissolve, and then sweep it away. Furnish windows and doors as far as possible with wire screens to keep out flies and mosquitoes. It will be economy to do so, as these pests cause the poor horse to stamp and kick, and thus injure both hoofs and shoes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAPTAIN POLLY.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEL was not one to wring her hands and say, "What shall I do?" for any length of time. Some sort of action was necessary to her, and she was very apt to act upon her first impulse. Within an hour after the receipt of Jeanne's letter she was mounted upon Jock, the fat pony, riding toward her grandfather's. Jock was the only available horse, and she could not wait, but she felt as if his persistent laziness would drive her frantic. Jock objected to a burden on his back in any case, and he would do no more than amble comfortably along, although she coaxed and scolded and whipped; and he occasionally turned his head and gave her a look which was as much as to say, "Don't you know that nothing in the world is worth making such a fuss about?"

But all things come to an end, and even Jock's lazy amble brought up at The Bend.

"I don't know why I should mind it in the least," said Del to herself, as she dismounted, and discovered her grandfather reading his newspaper upon the back piazza. "I am only going to ask him for my own money, and people are not expected to give an account of that."

Del had remembered that she had some money in the Green Harbor bank. It had been placed there for her benefit when she was a baby, and there was an understanding that it was not to be touched until she was of age. Del had scarcely ever thought of it in her life; she didn't know how much there was, and never having had anything to do with banks, she didn't know how she was to get it; but as her grandfather was the president of the bank, she thought it would be necessary to apply to him. If one of the clerks would have given it to her, she would have found it much more agreeable; but she was sure neither of them would without consulting her grandfather, every one so persistently refused to look upon her as grown up. So she had decided to take the bull by the horns, and lose nothing by delay.

"I want to take some of my money out of the bank, grandpa—a hundred and seventy-five dollars. Will you get it for me?" said she, in a nice little matter-of-fact way, which would, however, have been more effective without the scarlet which dyed her face.

"A hundred and seventy-five dollars out of the bank! Hoity-toity! Well, this *is* business!" said grandpa.

"I suppose I may have my own money to use if I need it," said Del, feeling her color mount higher under grandpa's twinkling eyes.

"Dear me! how old we *are* getting!" said grandpa, provokingly. "I feel myself to be the youngest in the family. Soon there 'll be no one but Bess who will associate with me."

This joking was more than Del could bear when she was in such trouble.

"I really want the money, grandpa," she said, the tears springing to her eyes.

"Well, well, dear, sit down here and tell me all about it," said grandpa, making room for her beside him on the piazza seat. To tell all about it was the very last thing that Del intended to do.

"It is quite a private matter, grandpa," she said. "I can't tell any one, and I *must* have the money."

"But, my dear child, that money is not to be meddled with on any account. Your father would be very angry. And a hundred and seventy-five dollars is a great deal of money for a little girl like you. If you have been getting into debt for fol-de-rols—"

"I can't tell you what it is. Oh, grandpa, please let me have the money, and don't ask me!"

Grandpa Damer had a very soft heart for his grandchildren, and he was finding it very difficult to harden it.

"I shouldn't be doing my duty to you, dear. Doesn't your aunt Katherine know, or Kate, or anybody? Well, then, I can't, I really can't let you have the money."

This sounded final. In Del's experience grandpa was not coaxable; he yielded at once or not at all.

She was tempted to tell him all about her trouble, but pride held her back strongly. They had all been inclined to make fun of her friend Jeanne; they had prophesied no good of her grown-up and fashionable airs; it would be very bitter to confess so soon that they were right. Besides, they had a horror of borrowing; they would blame her severely, and Del was very sensitive to blame.

"I shall have to write to papa; I didn't like to wait, that's all," she said, proudly, turning away, but setting her lips together tightly to keep back a sob.

She went and mounted Jock and turned his face homeward, and grandpa did not call her back.

But Grandpa Damer, apparently absorbed in his newspaper, was a very miserable man. It cut him to the heart to see Del's bright face clouded, and the temptation to restore its sunshine was almost too great to resist.

"I am becoming imbecile," he said, as he folded the paper and walked up and down the piazza. "I certainly am. To think of giving that child all that money! Very likely somebody has been imposing upon her. A girl of

that age doesn't know chalk from cheese. But she thinks that wisdom would die with her. Their father and mother never ought to have gone away and left me at the mercy of those youngsters, never! I won't go to the Point, not a step!"

And so strong was Grandpa Damer's resolution that it was not until two hours after breakfast the next morning that he found himself in the saddle, and even then he wasn't sure that he should go to Birch Point; he let the reins lie upon old Pegasus's neck, and Pegasus took the responsibility.

Grandpa Damer had just put into his pocket-book two crisp new one-hundred-dollar bills. He said to himself, somewhat irritably, that he did not know in the least what he should do with them, but it was always well to have money in one's pocket.

Del was not to be seen, and he did not ask for her, but staid to luncheon, which was contrary to his custom. Del appeared then, and with so drooping a countenance and such traces of tears that he thought with satisfaction of the two one-hundred-dollar bills, and might not have been able to restrain himself from giving them to her at once if he had not left his pocket-book in the pocket of his overcoat, which was hanging in the hall. But he was rather gruff in his manner; that was grandpa's way when he was afraid of being too soft; and Del saw no signs of relenting, and she left the room before luncheon was half over, not feeling sure that she should not break down.

Grandpa Damer wandered about the house restlessly after luncheon was over, and then suddenly he despatched Bess in search of Del.

Then he went to the pocket of his overcoat which was hanging in the hall. And immediately after there was a great outcry. He called for Aunt Katherine and Diantha and Simeon in a breath.

"I thought a man could hang up his coat here! I didn't think there was a thief in this house! My pocket-book is gone!" he cried.

All the household came rushing into the hall. Del, coming down the staircase, somewhat slowly and reluctantly, behind Bess, turned very pale.

"Land of Goshen! there hain't been a soul in that hall!" exclaimed Diantha, "unless 'twas— There! I told you, Quintilla, that you hadn't any business to tell Cainy to run out this way, if that pesky cow *was* a-tramplin' down the geraniums. But there! if Cainy is a limb, I never caught him stealin'."

"He hadn't no time," said Quintilla. "He run as quick as *scat*. I heard him; he made an awful noise."

"He might have caught a glimpse of the pocket-book and come back softly," said Aunt Katherine.

"Oh, grandpa, the lining is ripped away here!" cried Polly, who was investigating. "You might have lost it before you got here!"

"I might have, but I didn't," said grandpa, grimly. "I felt and saw the pocket-book when I hung the coat up. Go and find Cainy, if he hasn't got too far away by this time. I never expected any good of that boy. I have talked to your father enough about him. I shouldn't have left money there if I had supposed that he ever came into this part of the house. Perhaps it was careless anyway, but I have done it a great many times."

It was Polly who went in search of Cainy. She found him just returning from a long chase of the cow.

"Cainy, you remember our agreement—you're to tell the truth and I am to believe you," said Polly, impressively. "Have you seen grandpa's pocket-book? It's lost."

Cainy's head drooped; he shuffled uneasily on his feet; apparently as a desperate measure he stood on one foot.

"I hain't *took* it," he said, suddenly lifting his head and looking into Polly's eyes.

"Do you know anything about it? have you seen it?" asked Polly, wondering at his manner.

Cainy repeated his gymnastic movements.

"Yes, I saw it," he said at length. "I knew 'twas hangin' in his coat pocket in the hall. But I never took it."

"How did you happen to see it?—what do you mean, Cainy?" demanded Polly.

"Well, I was runnin' through the hall and I saw it, because I happened to, I s'pose; that's all," said Cainy.

"Cainy, there was no other boy there, was there? you didn't let any of those dreadful boys in, did you?" said Polly, struck by a new idea.

"No, there wa'n't no boy there, not as I saw," said Cainy, promptly.

Polly began to feel satisfied that Cainy's embarrassment arose merely from the fact that he had seen the pocket-book.

"Come and tell grandpa, then," said Polly.

"He won't b'lieve me," said Cainy, hanging back in evident alarm. "Folks won't never b'lieve me. But I tell you honest, Miss Polly, I don't tell near so many whoppers as I did. They don't seem to come so easy since you 'greed to b'lieve me. But it wouldn't be no use to tell the Guv'nor so. He'll have me shet in jail, see if he don't."

"Here's Cainy, grandpa. He didn't take the pocket-book; he says so," said Polly, drawing the extremely reluctant Cainy by his sleeve.

"Humph! he says so," said grandpa. "You young rascal, how many lies do you suppose you have told in your life?"

"I ain't telling 'em no more," he said at length. "It always did come kind of nat'ral to me, tellin' whoppers did, but I would have tried to quit it before, only it didn't seem no use, because folks wouldn't believe me nohow. Miss Polly she 'greed to believe me, and I'm tryin' to quit. I ain't tellin' no whopper now; sure as you're born I ain't, sir. I never stole no pocket-book."

"He didn't. Oh, grandpa, don't have him arrested. I'm sure he didn't," cried Polly.

"I'll say this for Cainy, me that 'ain't never denied that he was a limb," said Diantha—"I never did know him to steal."

"I suppose it would be of no use to search him; he has had time enough to hide it a dozen times over," said grandpa—"if he did take it," he added, a little more kindly. That Polly believed in Cainy impressed grandpa more than he thought wise, or would have wished to acknowledge. "Now, sir, if I don't send for an officer and have you arrested at once, will you promise Miss Polly that you won't run away?"

"I ain't goin' to run away, nohow. I ain't got nothin' to run away for. I wouldn't tell nobody a whopper about that," said Cainy.

"The pocket-book must have gone somewhere," said grandpa. He turned to his coat and searched it all over. That looked, Polly thought, as if he had some faith in Cainy. Then he looked around the group in a puzzled way, last of all at Del, who sat upon the lowest stair. She looked very pale and worn, and she had tried

once or twice, as if vainly, to open her mouth. Grandpa had seen it, without seeming to look.

"There! there! we'll say no more about it now," he said. "I'll look further into the matter." And he took his hat and coat and went out.

"I can't believe it! I won't!" he said to himself, as he stood outside. "And yet, how the child looked! To let the boy be suspected, too! No, no. I don't know how I came to think of such a thing. One of the girls! I don't see how I could bear it. I've been realizing more and more lately how all my earthly comfort and hope is bound up in these children. No, I won't think that!"

"Polly! Polly!" Bess followed her, and spoke in a mysterious whisper. "I think I know who took the money, and it wasn't Cainy. Del wanted some money for something; she wanted it awfully. She fell asleep in the hammock yesterday, and she talked about it in her sleep. And did you see how awfully white she was?"

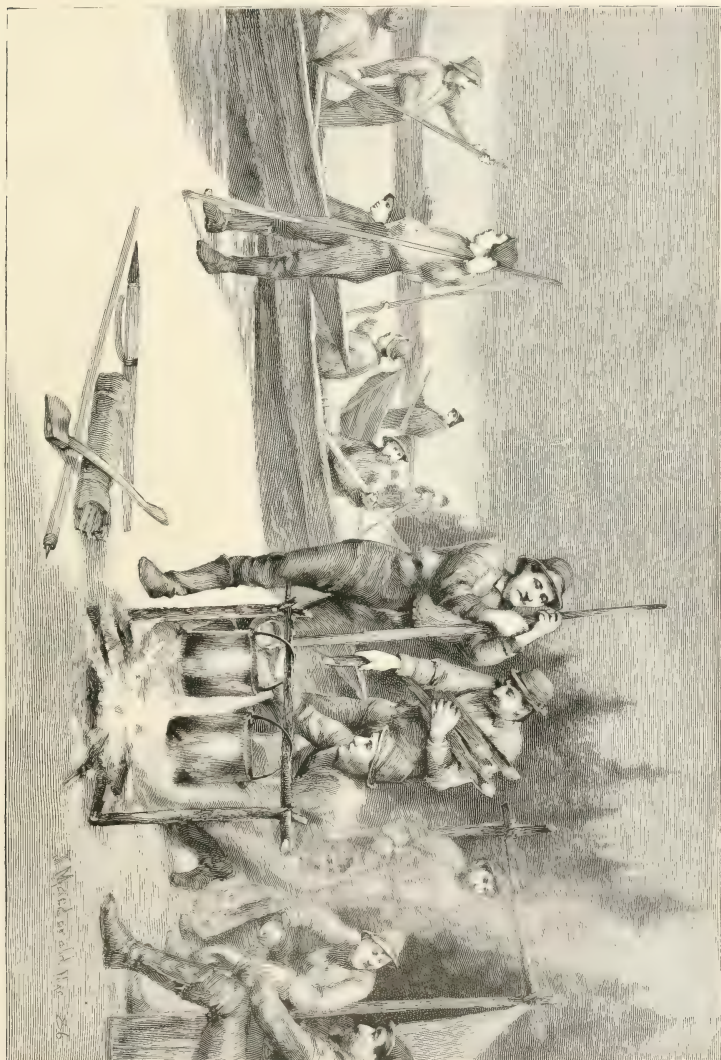
Polly turned upon her with dilated eyes.

"What are you talking about? How can you say such things? Go away, Bess; oh, do go away!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A MUSICAL FAMILY.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. B. DELAFOSSE.



A RIVER-DRIVERS' CAMP IN CANADA.—DRAWN BY J. MACDONALD.

J. MacDonald del. 1886

LOGGING AND RIVER-DRIVING.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

DURING their winter spent in Canada, Bob and Ben Archer enjoyed one delightful experience that they still love dearly to talk about. It was a visit to a logging camp situated on a small stream about fifty miles from Beauvoir, where they were at school. In it were employed most of the male inhabitants of the village as choppers, swampers, barkers, or teamsters, and later in the season as river-drivers. To this camp during the winter holidays André Thibault, the boys' prime friend and instructor in all matters pertaining to wood-craft, was obliged to carry a supply of provisions, together with the mail and a package of Christmas gifts sent by the women of the village to their husbands, sons, fathers, and brothers in the camp. He invited Bob and Ben to accompany him, which they easily obtained permission from Mr. Dubois, the principal of the school, to do, and it was with joyful anticipations that they set forth before sunrise on their novel journey.

Both boys were muffled in warm clothing until they looked like young Esquimaux, and for an outer garment each had a long blanket overcoat or ulster that reached to his ankles. These were girded about their waists with sashes of scarlet worsted, and were furnished with warm hoods that hung down the back and could be pulled entirely over the head. Each wore two pairs of woollen socks, moose-hide moccasins, and drawn over the whole a pair of heavy stockings that reached above their knees. Thus clad, they cared nothing for the cold, though the mercury was in hiding at somewhere about twenty degrees below zero. In fact, after the sun had risen and they got to running races with the sled for exercise, the boys were glad to throw off their overcoats, and easily kept themselves in a tingling glow of warmth without them.

The snow was so deep that the fences were hidden, and only the roofs of the low houses peeped out here and there above it; but the road was well beaten down, and they made rapid progress. After a while all traces of civilization disappeared, and the way led for miles across a broad barren plain. It was late in the afternoon when they reached the farther edge of this, and icy gusts of wind, driving spiteful squalls of snow, made the boys glad to creep beneath buffalo-ropes in the bottom of the sled to escape the stings of the frozen-pellets. What a comfort it was to enter the forest and hear the wind roaring high above them in the tall tree-tops, while not even the faintest breath of its bitter blast could reach them.

It was after dark when the barking of dogs and the shouts of men announced the end of their journey. In another minute the tired ponies had stopped in front of a long, low, log shanty, from the open doorway of which a stream of red fire-light gave a cheerful promise of shelter.

André and his party were greeted with boisterous shouts of welcome from a score of bearded loggers, and in another minute were ushered into the strangest house the boys had ever seen. It was built of logs chinked with moss and clay, the roof was covered deep with earth and snow, and the floor was of split logs rudely smoothed with an axe. Along a side and one end were double rows of bunks, in some of which men were lying smoking. On the side opposite the bunks was a long table piled high with supper, and on either side of it were rude benches. The place was heated by a great red-hot stove that, with its door thrown wide open, stood in the middle, and by a cooking-stove that occupied the greater part of the end devoted to kitchen purposes. Two swinging oil lamps hung from the low ceiling, and everywhere were thrown steaming socks, moccasins, and other articles of wet clothing, snow-shoes, axes, guns, and a multitude of other things only half revealed in the dim light.

A supper of baked beans, fried pork, hot biscuit, dough-nuts, pie, and tin bowls of tea, steaming hot, served without milk and sweetened with maple sugar, seemed to our hungry boys one of the most delicious meals they had ever tasted. After supper the men smoked, examined, with the delight of children over their Christmas stockings, the little gifts André had brought from their distant homes, and listened to the news he had to tell them.

Then they began to play games, such funny, uproarious games that the boys, looking on from a safe corner, became sore with laughter at the comical antics of these big men. One of these games was called "Knocking down the Owl." In it two men supported a pole firmly on their shoulders, while a third, who was the "owl," straddled it, and clinging tightly to it, hooted at a group of hunters. These attacked him with bags filled with hay, beating him with all their might, until he finally toppled off his perch, and hung from it head downward.

In the game of "Cod-fishing," one man who was blindfolded stood in the centre of a ring, holding a strap in one hand and a knotted towel in the other. The others, creeping softly up to him, would seize hold of the strap and try to jerk it from him before he could deal them a blow with the knotted towel; whoever succeeded in capturing it became "fisherman." This game was ended by one of the men stealing up behind, seizing the strap, and drawing it between the fisherman's legs. In this way the unfortunate man, without being able to hit his assailant, was dragged backward out of the door, and tripped up into a huge snowdrift, amid roars of laughter and shout-ings from the spectators.

They played "Hunting the Rat" by sitting in a circle close together, and passing the knotted towel swiftly from one to another beneath their raised knees, while the one man in the centre tumbled over their feet and scrambled wildly about in vain efforts to catch it.

With these and many more equally absurd and laughter-provoking games the evening passed so quickly that the boys thought Pierre, the fat little cook, must be mistaken when he announced, "Nine o'clock, and time to go to bed." The men obeyed him like so many well-trained children, and in a few minutes a profound quiet, only broken by snorings and heavy breathings, reigned over the camp.

The next day, under André's guidance, the boys followed a gang of "swampers" deep into the forest, and saw how they broke out new roads for the sleds; then, following the sound of axes, they visited the choppers, and saw them bring to the ground, with a roaring crash that could be heard for miles, the stately pines. Another gang of axe-men quickly stripped these of their branches and bark, and cut them into log lengths; then, one at a time, the logs were hauled over the snow by teams of sturdy slow-moving oxen to the roads opened by the swampers. Finally the great sleds, drawn by two, four, six, and sometimes more oxen, came along, and by means of skids, cant-hooks, and levers, the huge logs were rolled on to them. In some cases they were piled up so high that it seemed to the boys almost impossible that such tremendous loads could be moved; but when they had been securely bound in place with heavy chains, and were once started, they slid easily along over the smooth, hard-beaten surface toward the river. Here they were stacked in tiers on the ice until they overflowed the banks of the stream, and spread out far beyond it on either side. In this position they would remain until the breaking up of the ice in the spring should release the waters of the stream, and on its raging swollen current they would be borne to distant saw-mills.

So much interested had Ben and Bob Archer become in the various operations of lumbering that they made André promise to go with them on a visit to a river-driver's camp in the spring. At last the time came; the ice had left the rivers, wild-geese were flying northward, and all nature

seemed rejoicing that winter was over, when one Saturday morning, on a buck-board drawn by the same ponies that had taken them to the loggers' camp, the Archer boys and André started in search of the river-drivers.

These are the men who, when the logging camps break up and most of their occupants return home, are selected for their strength, skill, and bravery to follow the logs through all the perils of their long river voyage from their forest home to the booms of the far-away mills. This is the hardest and at the same time the most exciting work of the year. The stream, swollen bank-full, rushes madly down its narrow channel, bearing huge cakes of crashing, grinding ice and thousands of yellow logs. These shoot foaming rapids, leap perpendicular falls, charge furiously into the muddy banks, creep slyly into back eddies, and hide in the shadows of overhanging trees, lodge on submerged rocks and sand-bars, or become jammed by hundreds in the wildest confusion in narrow gorges. After them, in their light bateaux with long overhanging prows, come the river-drivers, whose duty is to keep their yellow charges in motion, hunt them from their hiding-places, jump overboard in the shallow but icy water and compel them to leave the bars or rocks on which they have stopped to rest, and above all to clear the gorges. Sometimes, as the waters fall, shallows are exposed over which the logs cannot float, when the drivers must build a dam entirely across the stream above the shoal, and, behind it, collect water enough to sweep the stranded logs onward with a sudden rush.

All these things and many more did the Archer boys see on the day when André took them to the river-drivers' camp. Above everything they envied the active fellows whom they watched cross easily back and forth from bank to bank of the stream by skipping from one yellow rolling drifting log to another. They were as sure-footed as goats, and did not even wet their feet in the operation, though the logs frequently sank far beneath the surface with their weight.

The boys also witnessed the thrilling spectacle of a river-driver swung down by a slender rope from the verge of a sheer cliff to the confused mass of logs forming a "jam" directly on the edge of a roaring water-fall. The logs jammed at this point were flung together like a handful of jackstraws, and it seemed as though to move one would be to dislodge the whole mass. So it would, and the bold river-driver who had been let down from the cliff clambered actively among them, searching for the one that held them all. At last he found it, on the very brink of the fall, and coolly began chopping it in two, though knowing perfectly well that the instant it gave way the whole roaring avalanche of logs would leap madly forward, and that the lightest blow any one of them could give him as it was hurled along would probably prove fatal.

After fifteen minutes of hard work the key log gave way with a crash that was heard above the roar of falling waters. Instantly the men holding the end of the rope at the top of the cliff jerked their comrade upward with such suddenness and force as to completely drive the breath from his body. He was drawn to the top, senseless but safe, while the logs that he had so skillfully released sprang joyously downward, turning somersets in the air, or darting furiously, end first, into the deep pool below the falls. From it some of them shot up again, leaping into the air like so many salmon; but finally all passed the gorge in safety. The bold "driver" recovered his senses and his breath, and after carrying their bateaux around the fall the jolly river men re-embarked, and again started in pursuit of the logs.

"Well," said Bob Archer to Ben Archer, as they were driving homeward that evening, "it seems to me that river-driving is about the hardest and most dangerous work, except fighting, I ever heard of."

"Yes," replied Ben, "but it must be lots of fun."

MISS CROWNER'S CLASS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"SHE'S a hateful, horrid crosspatch, and I wish we could boycott her—that's what I wish."

Johnny Macdonald marched into his mother's room, cap in hand, looking so fierce and determined that the baby, who was only two years old and easily frightened, hid her golden head in mamma's skirts.

"Dear me, Johnny, what has happened, and of whom are you speaking?" said mamma, with her needle suspended between two stitches.

"Of our new teacher, Miss Crowner," replied Johnny. "She gave me a demerit the first thing, before recess, and she kept the whole class in after school on the opening day of the month. I wish I hadn't been promoted. I wish I could skip right over her class into Mr. Oliver's. But no! For six long months"—and Johnny's round cheeks grew so solemn that the dimples were quite smoothed out of sight—"we fellows have got to stay there and peg on with her. Mamma, wouldn't you boycott her as far as you could?"

"I don't quite see how you could," replied mamma, gravely. "If I understand the term, it means that you are to have no dealings with the person boycotted, and it would be almost an impossibility to extend such treatment to a teacher. But pray, my boy, how came you to behave so that you deserved a demerit? I shall be so sorry to see it on your report!"

Johnny blushed. "I only put the janitor's cat in Miss Crowner's waste-basket before school. Pussy fell asleep there, and was so quiet nobody dreamed of her being in the place, when Miss Crowner threw in a shower of torn exercises and woke her up. She gave a spring, landed on the desk, upset an inkstand, knocked a dozen pencils and a vase of flowers over, and then flew to the door like a—distracted cat. Miss Crowner said: 'Which of you young gentlemen is responsible for this piece of mischief? The guilty person will rise.' Being the guilty person, I, of course, rose."

"That *was* of course," said mamma. "Any honorable boy would have done the same. Did you beg Miss Crowner's pardon, my dear?"

"I began to, mamma, but she didn't give me a chance. She said, spitefully, 'John Macdonald, I expected something better of the clergyman's son. You are to have a demerit for this conduct. No excuse, sir. Nothing which you can say will change the fact that you have been a heedless mischief-maker, disgracing yourself in the eyes of all your school-mates. Should you repeat such an offence you will be punished more severely.'"

"Well, John," said Mrs. Macdonald, feeling a little like smiling as the boy mimicked the precise tone of his teacher's reproof, "if I had done such a thing when I went to school the teacher would very likely have made me wear a fool's-cap, and have perched me on a dunce block by way of penance. I do think you deserved the demerit mark. But why was the class detained?"

"Why, only for scattering torpedoes over the floor. You ought to have heard them. They kept popping off so unexpectedly. It was fun, I tell you."

"Will you tell me, dear, how it is that you boys have taken so strange an idea about this teacher before you have really tried her? Do you think it fair to condemn a person before you have given her a chance to show what her disposition toward you is? It doesn't seem like my boy, and I wouldn't have thought it of Will Maylie, Ted Evans, Lewis Rose, or any of your playfellows."

"The truth is, mamma," said Johnny, "that Miss Crowner is famous for being cross, and nobody sets out to be good in her room. Fellows go there expecting to be tyrannized over, and they don't try to get along pleasantly, for they know it is of no use."

Mrs. Macdonald said nothing more then, but the next day, when Johnny came from school, his mother, with her bonnet on and a little basket in her hand, was waiting for him at the door.

"May I have the pleasure of your company, dear, on a small expedition of mine? Can you spare me an hour?"

"Spare you an hour, motherkin! Certainly I can. I love to go anywhere with you. May I just run in and brush my hair and put my books aside? Miss Crosspatch was worse than ever to-day," he added, confidentially.

They walked together down the avenue, meeting one or two of Johnny's friends, who were very fond of Johnny's mother. Will and Ted asked if they might join in the walk, supposing that Mrs. Macdonald, who had started in the direction of one of the parks, was going for moss or bitter-sweet berries. She sometimes had a retinue of boy attendants on such occasions. But to-day her basket was filled with mignonette, roses, lilies, and sweet geraniums.

"You may all come in, I think," she said, as she passed before a door in a decent but narrow street. It yielded to her touch, and the three boys followed her up one, two, three flights of stairs, to the door of a front chamber, at which Mrs. Macdonald gently tapped.

"Come in," said a clear childish voice.

The boys hung back, a little abashed, as the opening door revealed the occupant of the room. Seated in a high chair close to the window was a girl of twelve, with a great mass of fair hair falling in waves and loose ringlets over her shoulders. Her eyes were large and blue, her hands were thin and white, twisted, too, a little out of shape, but she smiled delightedly as she saw who her visitor was.

"How are you to-day, Jessie, and what have you been doing?" inquired Mrs. Macdonald.

"I am better, thank you," said Jessie to the first question; and to the second, "I've been sewing—tacking pieces together for a silk portière—and when I grew tired of that, reading in this beautiful story-book. Sister is so kind! She gave up her vacation jaunt this year, although Aunt Lucy offered to stay with me so that she might go to the mountains, and with the money she would have spent she bought me this chair. Isn't it too good of her, dear Mrs. Macdonald, to be so very thoughtful of me?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Macdonald, "I beg your pardon, Jessie—and, my boys, do forgive me: I have not presented you to one another. Jessie, this is my son John, and these are his friends Will Maylie and Ted Evans."

The four children were presently in full tide of talk, and Jessie confided to them that "sister" was a teacher.

"So you see she has to leave me by myself from half past eight to half past three, but some days she's kept much later. She has a new class now, boys, and such dreadful ones! Why, yesterday—would you believe it?—one of them brought a cat into the room! Sister is awfully afraid of cats, and the wretches threw torpedoes around the floor, so that Fourth of Julys kept going off every few minutes. I think that was rather dull, don't you?"

The boys' faces were suspiciously red. But Jessie prattled on, suspecting nothing. Her fingers were busy with the flowers which Mrs. Macdonald had brought her, and as she arranged them in a crystal vase, she said:

"I suppose those boys think that sister is horrid, for they are so bad that she has to be cross. And a great many nights, when my back hurts so terribly, the poor thing gets very little sleep. If I hadn't had that fall when I was a baby, sister's life would have been different."

Just here there was a quick step, which the boys knew perfectly, on the stair outside, the door was opened, and somebody entered in haste.

Mrs. Macdonald was in the shadow at the other end of the apartment, and the boys had withdrawn behind a screen, so that the new-comer did not at once observe that strangers were present.

"Oh, my darling!" cried a voice—could the voice they

had heard only in the shrill school-room falsetto possess tones so sweet?—"my darling, I'm so glad to be back with you. Has the time seemed very long? Sister did not stay a moment later than she could help."

"Here is Mrs. Macdonald, sister dear," said Jessie, "and—why, where are the boys? They were here just a moment ago."

There had been a swift exchange of pantomimic gestures behind the screen, and Ted and Will had softly slipped outside the door, and were waiting for their friends below. But Johnny had been better trained.

He stepped out, met Miss Crowner's surprised glance bravely, and held out his hand.

"I'm sorry I put that cat in the basket, Miss Crowner," he said, manfully. "You see, I didn't know that you had a little sister, nor that she was ill, and I don't wonder that"—he was going to say, "you are cross," but checked himself in time, and concluded instead with—"we fellows try your patience."

Miss Crowner shook hands cordially. Evidently she was a different person out of school from the Miss Crowner of the classroom.

"If you would put yourself in my place, Johnny, I think you would see that I have to keep good order, or else none of you would learn anything. I never had an easy way of getting along with boys. I don't know why, I'm sure," she said to Mrs. Macdonald, Johnny having made his bow and retreated.

"Do you think you understand them?" said Mrs. Macdonald. "Most boys will behave like gentlemen if they are treated gently, but I fancy that teachers sometimes take boys' badness for granted. I notice that my Johnny usually behaves well, if I expect him to do so."

The boys had a merry walk home, and there was no more thought of a boycott for Miss Crowner. It became the fashion to put flowers on her desk, to bestow ripe pears, big oranges and pippins, and all sorts of fruit and bonbons on the hitherto unpopular teacher, and these duly found their way to Jessie, who one day said,

"This class is the best you've ever had, isn't it, sister?"

"I think, dear," replied Miss Crowner, "that this class has a better teacher than my former ones had."

PRIZES, FAVORS, AND SOUVENIRS.

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.

JUST what to select for the prizes for the competition games that now entertain our young people at their evening gatherings is a puzzling question. At the last moment the riddle is still unsolved, and a hurried visit to the shops filled with useless odds and ends becomes imperative. Time and skill give a better solution than this. Grant these two, and satisfactory results await you. Why not prepare the prizes yourself, in your own house, with your own hands, buying only the necessary materials?

Luncheon and dance favors and souvenirs for special occasions crowd themselves into the opening made by the suggestion in behalf of the prizes. They all belong in the same company—the something pretty and useful to mark a little era for the happy possessor.



FOR NEEDLES AND PINS AND OTHER THINGS.

FOR THE WORK-TABLE.

The illustration on the preceding page gives so excellent an idea of the little companion for a sewing-table that only a word or two will be needed in description. Buy three Japanese tea-strainers, and bind them together with fine wire. Then tie a bow of ribbon over the binding. They must be placed in a triangular form to support each other successfully. In one of the strainers place a dress weight, and over this a cushion of plush made just large enough to squeeze in. This is to hold needles and pins. A second strainer can be used for a spool of thread, and the third to hold a thimble.

A SWEET LETTER.

The square envelopes of linen paper can easily be transformed into ever so many varieties of sachets. Lay inside three folds of wool wadding or cotton batting sprinkled with perfume. Do not seal the flap, but merely fold it over. The simplest adornment is to tie the envelope up with narrow feather-edge ribbon. To give a very unique appearance, hold the envelope over a lighted



"A LETTER FOR YOU, MISS."

lamp till it is browned crisply, and then tie with brown ribbon. Or, to simulate a letter, write the name and address and fasten a postage-stamp in the corner. A little more difficult, but more decorative, is to paint in water-colors or India ink.

The illustration shows a simple Japanese decoration that can be copied in water-colors. Paint the lantern yellow, the figures on it, and the bands at the top and bottom, black; the background should be blue, and the name and signature in black.

A DAINTY WORK-BASKET.

Any round-shaped basket (without cover or handles) may be converted into a basket for fancy-work or sewing



FOR BOBBINS OR BONBONS.

with the aid of some China silk and narrow ribbons. If the new shades of pink or green or blue are chosen, the result is, of course, more attractive. Three-eighths of a yard of silk will be sufficient, and two yards and a half of ribbon. If the basket is of open-work, run a piece of the ribbon around it, in and out, and join it with a prettily tied bow on the outside. Now, to prepare the silk to line the basket, run the two selva ends together; then make a hem two inches deep on one of the sides that has a raw edge, and half an inch above the hem run a line of stitches to make a place for the drawing stitches. These can be put in by making an incision on the outside of the hem in the half-inch space (between the two lines of stitches), or rather four incisions, two together where the selvages join, and two at the opposite end. Run the ribbon through the hem double, and tie the ends with bow-knots. Gather the other end of the silk, and fasten it to the centre of the basket, inside on the bottom, very firmly. Then tack it to the sides of the basket, taking pains to place the stitches so that they will not be visible.

The plain woven basket is with these little attentions transformed into a charming receptacle for girls' work; or it may hold bonbons or be used in travelling.

A BUNCH OF SACHETS.

One strip of satin ribbon eight inches long and two and a half inches wide can be made into a fan-shaped bag by merely sewing up the two long sides, gathering with silk an inch from the top, and this spare inch made into fringe by pulling out the horizontal threads. Then the bag must be filled with cotton and sachet powder, and gathered close together and tied with very narrow ribbon. After the bow is made, three-quarters of a yard of the ribbon must be left to hang the dainty thing by, and it should have five or six companions of the same color, made in the same way, and then, when all are secured by the loose ends of the long ribbons, you have a set of deliciously perfumed sachets to hang on the back of a tall rocker. As you swing back and forth a mysterious perfume accompanies your movements and fills the room with fragrance.

MONEY-BAGS.

Four tiny gold bags will fill a whole room, not with money, but with delicious odors. The size of each bag should be about three inches long and two wide, and the material chamois. After sewing up the sides of one piece and turning it inside out (to leave the stitches in), pink the top with small sharp clippings. Then fill the bag snugly with cotton, and sprinkle in sachet powder. Sew the top together just below the points you have cut, and cover the stitches by winding narrow ribbon around and tying in a small bow-knot. Mark on one side with strong black ink the figures \$10,000. When the four bags are all made, fasten them together under the ribbon with stitches.



RICH PERFUMES.



A SWEET CLUSTER.



F. T. RICHARDS.

UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

We've had books of all descriptions,
And from almost every land,
Translations from all languages,
With pictures done by hand;
We've had tales of wild adventure
On the land and on the sea;
Tales of strange imagination,
Tales from real history;

Tales of Egypt and Siberia,
Of England and Japan;
Tales of Prussia, Spain, and Holland,
And of the hot Soudan;
And we've come to the conclusion,
For we're put it to the test,
The tales in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE
Suit us all by far the best.

NEW SERIAL FOR BOYS.

THE next number will appear the first installment of

DORMYMATES:

A Story of the Fishing-Banks.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

In "Dormymates," Mr. MUNROE takes his two heroes out to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and later into the strange waters of that wonder-island, Iceland. The many strange and yet perfectly natural things that happen to them in the course of their joint wanderings will delight the heart of every lover of adventure.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

IN connection with the picture on our front page we have pleasure in publishing the following letter:

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL,
402 AND 404 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE.—Some time ago I promised to write and tell you about the Boys' Ward at St. Mary's Hospital, and I think it would be pleasant to take a peep at them at this season and see how they spent Christmas here.

The ward is not quite full, but if you could have looked in on Christmas Eve you would have seen twelve happy, expectant faces lying on the snowy pillows, and on the foot of each bed was hung a stocking, ready for the gifts which Santa Claus was expected to bring. If you had heard the shouts of delight the next morning when the stockings were opened and the presents admired, you would have been sure that their expectations had not been disappointed. I do not know whether Santa Claus was ever a boy himself, but he certainly seems to know what boys like, for in addition to the candies and other pretty gifts, each child had a tin horn, and at one time it seemed as if they were all trying who could blow the loudest, until at

last some of the horns were fairly blown to pieces.

The merriment was not confined to the Boys' Ward, however, for across the hall, in the Babies' Ward, you would have found just as happy a set of children. In addition to the presents in their stockings each child found an envelope under its pillow, in which was a pretty Christmas card and a bright quarter of a dollar. These were sent in by some children, and I wish they could have seen how much pleasure they gave. When the cards had been duly admired, they were fastened up over the beds, while the money was saved until the children could decide what they wanted to buy with it. Santa Claus, however, had more gifts for these little ones than their stockings could hold, and on Saturday, the 29th of December, the children had their Christmas tree. I wish you could all have been there and seen the tree, all lighted up and dressed so prettily, and with the many gifts piled up around it, and have heard the children as they sang their sweet carols. But by far the prettiest sight was the bright happy faces of the children themselves as their names were called and the gifts distributed. Little Mamie's face fairly shone with delight as she tried to clasp both doll and cradle in her arms at once, and little Willie, the youngest child in the Boys' Ward, was made almost too happy when a large wagon loaded with boxes and barrels and drawn by two fine horses was handed out to him.

But you will like to hear about Lena, the little girl who occupies the Young People's Cot. For some weeks she has been confined to her bed, and obliged to lie on her back, but on the day of the Christmas tree she was dressed and carried down to see it. She has for some time been wishing for a music-box that she could play herself, and it was very pretty to see her pleasure when she received what she had been longing for. Now that she is back in bed again, this music-box is an unfailing source of pleasure to her and to the other little ones, who often come around her and beg for a tune, and with this and her new doll to play with her days pass away very quickly now.

To many of these little ones this was the first real Christmas that they ever spent in the hospital, and I doubt if you could anywhere have found a happier set of children than the boys and girls at St. Mary's Hospital on "Christmas Tree Day."

A. H. T.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have written to you before, and have sent correct answers to puzzles. Last September I had the pleasure of a trip to Cincinnati and Indianapolis. I arrived at Cincinnati late Friday evening, and of course was very tired after riding all day. Saturday and

Sunday I rested. Monday I visited the Art Museum, where I saw many beautiful pictures. Tuesday I went to the Zoological Gardens. I saw some very interesting animals, especially the chimpanzees; they dined at three o'clock P.M. Wednesday I visited the Centennial. Among the chief objects of interest were the Art Gallery, Music Hall, and the officers of the Ohio Valley in early times. I enjoyed them all immensely. Saturday I went to Indianapolis to visit my aunt and cousins. I had a lovely time while there. I saw General Harrison a great many times and Mrs. Harrison once. I saw little Benjamin H. McKee in the window. I saw one of Munkacsy's great paintings, "Christ on Calvary." It was so beautiful, so real, but oh, so sad! I came home in November. LUCY W.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have lived six years in Paris, but I am American. I have a sister called Mary Wallace; she is one year younger than I. I am eleven and a half. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years, and like it very much, especially the Indian stories. We live in an apartment near the Bois de Boulogne. We know everybody in the house. We have two little friends two stories above us; their names are Pauline and Antoinette C. We are great friends. Pauline wrote a letter to you, so I thought I would do so too. Please print my letter, as it is the first I ever wrote to you, and with much love, dear Postmistress, I remain your affectionate little friend,

VIOLET S.

Your note-paper was the very prettiest of the kind I ever saw, Violet.

SPRING PARK, FLORIDA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I will introduce myself as a little Georgia girl, who has adopted the "orange belt region" of Florida as her future home. Papa, mamma, sister, two brothers, and I came down here just three years ago. Our winters are short and mild, while the summers are long, and but for the delightful breeze that scarcely ever ceases, they would be unpleasantly warm during the day; however, the heat is dissipated by these gentle winds. The nights are never sultry, but generally cool and pleasant. Let the other children think of me here, on this great peninsula, fanned by the Gulf of Mexico on the west and by the Atlantic Ocean on the east, where the golden fruit is grown extensively, and we buy oranges in the fall at half a cent apiece, and later at ten cents per dozen. It is a beautiful sight to see orange blooms, green fruit, and fully ripe oranges on the same tree at the same time. Two and a half miles from here is

the famous Silver Spring. I have not language to describe its grandeur. At its head it is seventy-five feet deep, and the smallest fishes are plainly seen at its bottom, and every object looks as though it were silver-plated, and the scene is dazzling to the eye. It forms a navigable stream, runs about eight miles, and empties into the Otsego River. I might tell of the lovely White Spring, the charming scenery around Blue Spring, and various other points of interest, in detail. And I might tell of the beautiful United States, but I fear my letter might prove tedious long. We all enjoy your valuable paper. A year's subscription to it was a present my brother Frank by a friend, Miss H. D. of Madison, Connecticut. She has a beautiful residence at the Park, and spends her winters here. Mamma has written an acoustic on Harper's Young People, which will be sent with my letter.

CORA J. B.

ALISA CRAIG, ONTARIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I would like to join the Little House-keepers, please. I am eleven years old, and am in the Third Book. I study grammar, history, reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic, literature, and writing. I wrote to you once before, and you published it. Do you put the best letters first? Can you tell me how to make lemon pies and chocolate caramels, please? I like to read, and have read *Something for the Little Corner*, *Little Men*, *Edison Manor*, *What is the World*, *Daniel Copperfield*, *Little Dorrit*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Dombey and Son*, *Hans Andersen's Works*, *Other People's Children*, and a great many more. I have a sister, Miss H. D. "The Colonel's Money," "Derrick Sterling," "Captain Polly," "The Household of Glen Holly," and nearly all the rest. I take one paper besides this one, *School-work and Play*, and I have only three numbers I hardly know what it is like. I have no pets except my brother and sisters here, but at our farm in Manitoba I had a cow and two horses, a white cat, and a lot of chickens, but we came here about two years ago. Do you think Wa-wa Dell is an odd name for a farm? Do you think Wa-wa means? Do any of the readers know what Wa-wa means? Wa-wa is Indian for wild-goose.

AGGIE MCK.

WADSWORTH, OHIO.

I like the idea of giving a description of yourself, so I will try to do so. I am five feet five inches in height, have dark hair and eyes, a dark complexion, and am rather plump. I attend the Normal School which is here, and take only four studies besides music. I also attend the Normal school. There are about three hundred and six pupils in the Normal, from all parts of the United States, and it is quite lively. The town of Wauson is a small but pleasant place, and has about three hundred inhabitants. It is about thirty miles west of Toledo, on the L. S. and M. S. Railroad; the railroad running through the centre of the town makes it very nicely situated. The Normal College is situated where it can be seen from the cars, so if you are ever passing through Wauson, do not know the town, you may tell me the large Normal building at the east part of town, and the sign in front of it, near the railroad, reading thus, "Northwestern Normal and Colliery Institution." It is a fine building, with a large blackboard, and the building has a little bellry on top. We call it a bird-cage, as it resembles one. That is the only thing that isn't to our taste on the building.

L. P. S.

I have no doubt you enjoy the call of the bell when it summons you to school, even if you would like a more imposing bellry.

GUNNISON, COLORADO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am nine years old. I have written letters to grandma and many others, but I never wrote a letter for a newspaper. Some day I shall write a good long letter to your paper, for papa owns one, and is going to take me in partnership when I get good business habits. I like to carry papers; papa pays me for it. I live where the mountains are so high, they clear up in the sky. We have lots of burros here; some people call them donkeys. One backed me. Five strange burros came by our house, and I got on one, and you ought to have backed. I fell off between them, and all the burros began to kick. Mamma said she never saw five burros have so many legs in her life. Papa and I went and brought up one of the house. When I got down I found it was all a mistake. I was not kicked at all. We read Harper's Young People every week, and it is a great deal of it.

HARRY W. O.

I am quite sure, Harry, that you will one of these days write for the papers. You have a very bright way of writing now.

SEAGTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I read so many nice letters in your paper, I thought I would write you and tell you how much I enjoyed them, and also the other stories. I have taken Harper's Young People for three years, and have the numbers

for 1881, 1885, and 1887 bound, and those of 1886, 1888, and 1889 separate. I am a little boy twelve years old. I have two sisters and one brother; he is eighteen years old, and is in college. My oldest sister is nine years old, and her name is Annie. The next is Candace, our little pet; she is four years old, and has a pair of blue eyes that are as if they were laughing all the time. I go to school with my sister Annie, to a private school of this city, called by name the School of the Luckawanna, and I study spelling, reading, geography, arithmetic, Latin, German, and French.

ALBERT L. W.

WATKINSON'S FALLS, NEW YORK.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Seeing your request in Harper's Young People that you would like more of the boys to write to you, I thought I would like to have taken Harper's Young People for two years and a half, and I like it better than any other magazine. I spent my last summer at East Hampton, Long Island, and the last week of the summer on Thursday, and I thought I would not open my Harper's Young People until Thursday, when I got on the train. Well, on Tuesday afternoon my paper came, and after a half an hour had passed, I found I could not wait until Thursday, so I had to go where I had put it away and get it out and open it. I am very much interested in "Captain Polly," and I can hardly wait until I can get the next number, because I am very anxious to know what Syd will say to Polly and Roy for going up into the cold wind; I have three sisters and three brothers; two of my sisters and one of my brothers have gone to boarding-school. I enjoy reading the letters in our Post-office Box very much, and also enjoy trying to find out the Puzzles from Young Contributors. I have not got any pets to tell you about, but I have a little baby sister about two years old. Mamma enjoys reading the stories in Harper's Young People very much; she says she thinks this is the nicest magazine for children she ever saw. This is a great manufacturing place; the Garner print-works are here, two overalls, a comb factory, a saw-mill, and a box factory. I am trying to get a large list of anagrams. I now have a list of two hundred and twenty. Is not that a good many?

HERMAN N. S.

LA GRANGEVILLE, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We are two little ones, who have taken this nice paper for a long time, past, and hope we shall for a long time to come. We both go to the same school, and are in the same classes. We study arithmetic, algebra, geography, grammar, history, physiology, civics, government, spelling, and writing. I like history and geography best, and so does Lydia. We have a horse, and a dog, and a cat, and a guinea-pig. We generally have the meetings Saturday evenings, and then at the close of the meetings the ladies who are not members give a supper, and generally it is a very nice one. We have great chums, although there is a difference of three years in our ages, Lydia sixteen and Katie thirteen. We had a sewing society here, and after a year's hard work we have had ice-cream and cake for refreshments, and we all had a very nice time. Some of the older girls came to our pageants, and we were all very much gratified with flags so that it looked very nice. We cleared \$46 and made \$50, so you see our expenses were not so very large. We took the money, and reformulated the Sunday-school library with books. Last fall we were much pleased by a concert given by the Gilbert family from Philadelphia. In this little village we are not accustomed to such good singing.

KATIE H. and LYDIA U.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR MARCH 31ST.

Review.

A few weeks from now, and everywhere there will be signs of spring, in green grass, pussy-willows, new leaves on the trees. Passing a florist's window on Broadway the other day, I caught my breath for gladness, for there, among violets, jonquils, roses, and other lovely things, was a great bunch of delicate, sweet-scented lilacs. The lilacs gave me my suggestion for this review, for it is only a step, so to speak, from lilacs to daisies, and when the daisies come, and you and I go out to pick them, if we gather many, we shall want a string to tie up our bouquet, shall we not?

A review lesson is the string that ties up the truths of the lessons it reviews; or, to change the figure, it is the string on which pearls are threaded, with knots to hold them fast that they may not slip away and be lost.

The gospel of Mark tells particularly of the public ministry of our Lord.

On January 13th we spent a Sabbath with the Master, and learned from Him what it is right

to do on Sunday, and also what we ought not to do.

On January 20th we saw the Lord heal the leprosy, and we thought that He could just as easily drive away our sin.

On January 27th the lesson was about the man with the palsy, let down through the roof to Jesus. And that finished January.

On February 3d we had the parable of the sower; on the 10th we looked at the fierce demoniac; on the 17th we studied about the timid woman who dared only touch the hem of His garment, and whom the Master made whole; on the 24th our theme was the Teacher and the Twelve. And that finished February.

On March 3d we had that beautiful lesson on Jesus the Messiah; a week later we read of the childlike spirit; next Sunday came our talk on Christ's love to the young; later, we saw in the vivid narrative the restoration of sight to the beggar by the way-side; and here we are, at our review; and this finishes March.

The lessons for the coming quarter are still in the New Testament, and full of interest. Dear children, as we follow them, let us gather around the Master and ask His blessing.

COSSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMAS.

1.—In done, not in begun

In own, not in pun.

In vote, not in dare, not in beam.

In sleeve, not in coat.

In floor, not in sill.

The whole is a town in England.

2.—In house, not in hut.

In box, not in bin.

In circle, not in beam.

In out, not in in.

In dark, not in light.

In chin, not in noise.

Also my whole is a town in England.

ARTHUR V.

No. 2.

CURTAINMENTS.

1. Curtail a supposed spirit of the waters in the form of a horse, and drive sea-wool in a certain number, and leave a scholar. 3. A younger brother, and leave a herring barrel. 4. A manor, and leave an expression of contempt. 5. A trip let and leave a thrust. 6. A large branching brass candle-stick suspended in a church or choir, and leave a short strap of leather.

F. S. F.

No. 3.

AN HOUR-GLASS.

Across.—1. A subdivision. 2. Locality. 3. An insect. 4. A consonant. 5. To allow. 6. A scholar. 7. The last.

Diagonals.—1. Left to right: to sprinkle. Right to left: subdued.

Centre, down.—A vessel for carrying liquors.

CYRIL D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 488.

No. 1.—1. Fa(s)ces. 2. Man(c)iple. 3. Ob(o)je. 4. Friz(ed). 5. Reve(a)l. 6. Tw(is)t.

No. 2.—

D E R

D I S L I K E

E I V X

E I R

E R E

D E V O T E S

D E

1 to 2 Desired. 1 to 3 Drivers. 2 to 3 Drivers. 4 to 5 Dislike. 4 to 6 Desired. 5 to 6 Exerted.

No. 3.—Sheridan. Asheville.

No. 4.—Nainsook (Noon, Nook, Soon, Sin.)

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from John Worman, Marie H. Canon, Josephine Osborn, Edward Lewis Martin, Wyclif E. Dowd, J. M. Malcolm Rayner, Alexander L. Richmond, Charley Bates, Dora D. Arnold, Theodore H. Fuller, Thomas M. Lowe, Frederick G. Searies, George K. Lawrence, D. R. J., Hugh Stelle, and Jack and Lucy.



EARLY DEPRAVITY.

STOUT LADY. "YOU MANAGE THIS ELEVATOR VERY WELL FOR SUCH A LITTLE FELLOW."

BOY. "YES, M. YOU SEE, I DONE BEEN 'RAISED' IN AN ELEVATOR."

(And so he had—at least fifty times that day.)

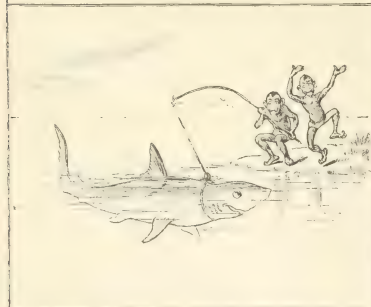
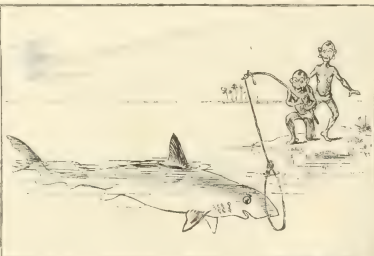


LOGICAL.

MARJORIE. "DID YOU SAY ROBBIE WAS MADE OF DUST, MAMMA?"

MAMMA. "YES, MY DEAR."

MARJORIE *(to her brother)*. "WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THE REASON YOUR HANDS ARE ALWAYS SO DIRTY, ROBBIE."



THE WONDERFUL TAIL OF A SHARK.

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A WAIF OF THE SEA.—SEE "DORMATES," BY KIRK MUNROE, PAGE 374.

DORYMATES:

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A WAIF OF THE SEA.



THE fog had lifted, and a few stars were to be seen twinkling feebly; but the wind was very light, and what there was of it was dead

ahead. There was a heavy swell rolling in from the eastward, but no sea running. The Gloucester fishing schooner *Sea-Robin* was homeward bound from the Newfoundland Banks, and as she slowly climbed each glassy incline of black water, and then slid down into the windless hollow beyond, she seemed to be making no progress whatever on her course.

Although the *Sea-Robin* had been out for more than four months, and had seen vessel after vessel of the fleet leave the Banks before she did, and sail for home with full fares, not half the salt in her pens was used up, and she was returning with the smallest catch of the season. In spite of the fact that provisions were running low on board the schooner, her captain, Almon McCloud, would not have given up and left the Banks yet, had not a recent gale swept away his dories, and caused the loss of his new four-hundred-fathom cable.

Under these circumstances the crew of the schooner were very low-spirited, and there was none of the larking and fun among them that are usually to be noticed in a homeward-bound Banker. The men wondered as to the "Jonah" who had caused all their ill luck. Finally they whispered among themselves that it must be the skipper. They now remembered that he had been unfortunate in more than one undertaking during the past year or two, and all were agreed that it would be wise not to sail with him again. This decision had been unanimously reached a few days before the one on which this story opens; and when, shortly before daybreak, there came a loud pounding on the cabin hatch, and a request that the captain should come on deck, one of the watch below turned restlessly in his bunk, and growled out, "I expect we are in for another bit of the skipper's tough luck."

Reaching the deck, Captain McCloud found the two men on watch gazing earnestly at a dull red glow that lighted the distant horizon behind them.

"Looks like there was suthin' afire back there, skipper," said the man at the wheel.

The captain waited until the schooner rose on top of a swell, and then, after a long look at the light, gave the order to put her about and run for it.

There was some grumbling among the crew at this, for they were tired and sick of the trip. They wanted to get home and have it over with, and this running back over the course they had just come seemed to promise a long and vexatious delay. However, lucky or unlucky, their skipper had proved himself to be the captain of his vessel in every sense of the word more times than one, and they dared not question his action loudly enough for him to hear them.

For nearly an hour longer the light glowed steadily, then it expanded into a sudden wonderful brightness, and the next instant had disappeared entirely.

Three hours later, just as the sun was rising in all its sea-born glory, the *Sea-Robin* sailed slowly through a

mass of charred timbers and other floating remains of what evidently had been a large vessel. There were no boats to be seen, nor was anything discovered by which her name or character could be identified. For some time the schooner cruised back and forth through the wreckage in a fruitless search for survivors of the catastrophe. As they were about to give it up, and Captain McCloud had begun to issue the order to head her away again on her course toward home, he all at once held up his hand to command silence, and listened.

It was certainly the cry of an infant that came clear and loud across the water. The crew looked at each other in amazement, not unmixed with fear. There was no boat to be seen, no sign of life; and yet there it came again, louder and more distinct than before: the vigorous cry of a healthy baby who has just waked up and is hungry. The wind had died out entirely, the water was oily in its unruffled smoothness, and only the long swell remained.

Once more the cry was heard, and now it seemed so close at hand that several of the men trembled and turned pale. There was still nothing to be seen, save on the crest of the swell above them an apparently empty cask maintaining an upright position in the water, and showing a third of its length above it.

"That's the life-boat!" shouted Captain McCloud. "There's where the music comes from, men. Oh, for the use of a dory for just five minutes!"

Having no boat, they could only watch the cask as it came slowly nearer and nearer, and several of the men prepared to jump overboard and swim for it in case it should drift past them. At last, when it was about thirty feet away, the skipper, making a skilful cast, settled the bight of a light line over the strange craft. Then he carefully drew it toward the schooner, over the low rail of which a couple of the crew were hanging, waiting with outstretched hands to grasp it.

A minute later the cask stood on the schooner's deck, and Captain McCloud was lifting tenderly from it a sturdy, well-grown baby boy, apparently about two years old. The little fellow smiled in the weather-beaten face, and stretched out his arms eagerly as the rough fisherman bent down toward him. At the same instant there came a fluttering of sails overhead, with a rattling of blocks, and one of the crew sang out as he sprang to the wheel, "Here's a breeze, and it's fair for home."

"The baby's brought it," shouted another. "Hurrah for the baby!"

The shout was eagerly taken up by the crew; three hearty cheers were given for the baby, and three more for the breeze he had brought with him. Then, springing to sheets and halyards with more enthusiasm than they had shown before on the whole cruise, the active fellows quickly had the *Sea-Robin* under a cloud of light canvas, and humming merrily along toward Gloucester.

They now found time to look at their baby, who, held in the skipper's arms, contentedly sucked his thumb and gazed calmly about with the air of being perfectly at home. He was a beautiful child, with great blue eyes, and yellow hair that curled in tiny ringlets all over his head. He was plainly dressed, but all that he wore was made of the finest material. Altogether he was so dainty a little specimen of humanity that he seemed like a pink and white rose-bud amid the rough men who surrounded him. He gazed at them for a minute or two with a smile, as though he would say that he was most happy to make their acquaintance, and was not in the least embarrassed by their stares. Then he turned to the skipper, and began to cry in exactly the tone with which he had announced his presence in the floating cask.

"Hello!" exclaimed the skipper, who, though married, had no children of his own, and had never held a baby before in his life; "what's up now? Here, 'doctor,' you've had some experience in this line, I believe: cast

your weather eye over this way and tell us the meaning of this squall."

The cook, or "doctor," as he is almost always called on board the fishing schooners, and in fact on most vessels, was a short, thick-set Portuguese, almost as dark as an Indian, but the very picture of good-nature. He now stepped up behind the skipper, so as to have a good view of the baby, whose face, which rested on the skipper's shoulder, was turned away from the crew, who stood looking at him in a helplessly bewildered way.

At the "doctor's" sudden appearance the baby stopped crying, began again to suck his thumb, and with great wide-open eyes stared intently at the grinning figure to whom it was thus introduced.

"Him hongry, skip," announced the "doctor." "Me fix him, pret quicka, bime-by, right off. Got one lit tin cow lef. You fetcha him down."

The "doctor," who was named Mateo, declared afterward that the moment he looked into the baby's face the little one had winked at him, as much as to say, "You know what I want, old chap; now go ahead and get it."

By his "lit tin cow" he meant a can of condensed milk, and as the only man on board who knew how to feed a baby, he had suddenly become the most important person among all the crew. Obeying his order, the skipper, with the new arrival in his arms, followed him down into the fore hold. The rest of the crew also attempted to crowd down into the narrow space to witness the novel sight of a baby at breakfast, but old Mateo quickly ordered them on deck, saying that the little stranger was big enough to occupy all the room there was to spare.

Then he bustled around in a hurry. He got out and opened the one remaining can of milk, and mixed a small portion of its contents with some warm water in a cup. The baby watched his every movement in silence, but with such a wise look that both the men felt he knew exactly what was going on. Now came the anxious moment—would he take the milk? Had he learned how to drink? The anxiety was quickly ended. He had learned to drink, and quickly emptied the proffered cup of every drop of its contents with an eagerness that showed how hungry he was. A ship-biscuit, broken into small bits and soaked until soft in another cup of the warm milk, proved equally acceptable. When the members of the crew heard that the baby not only took kindly to the tin cow's milk, but had eaten hardtack, they were highly delighted. They declared that he was a natural-born sailor, and would make a fisherman yet.

After his breakfast, the baby was laid in the skipper's own bunk in the cabin, where, warmly covered and rocked by the motion of the schooner, he quickly fell asleep.

On deck the men conversed in low tones for fear of disturbing him. Their sole topic was the child's miraculous preservation and rescue, first from the burning vessel and then from the sea. The task in which he had floated to them was carefully examined, and pronounced to be of foreign make. It had evidently been prepared hastily to serve the novel purpose of a life-boat, but the preparation had been made with skill. In the bottom was a quantity of scrap-iron that had served as ballast, and caused it to float on end instead of on its side. On top of this were, tightly wedged, two large empty tin cans, square, and having screw tops, while above these was a pillow, in which the baby, wrapped in a thick woollen shawl, had been laid. There was nothing else. Here was the baby, and here the cask in which he had been saved; there, far behind them, was the charred wreckage, and on the sky the night before had shone the red glow from the burning vessel. Where she was from and where bound, whether or not others besides this helpless babe had been spared her awful fate, what was her name and what her nationality, were among the countless mysteries of the ocean that might never be cleared up.

There was little satisfaction to be gained by the discussion of these things; but the baby was a reality and a novelty such as none of them had ever before seen on board a fishing schooner. Of him they talked incessantly during the three days' homeward run. What they should call him perplexed them sadly for a time. The names suggested and rejected would have added several pages to a city directory. Finally this most important question was decided by the skipper, who said: "He brought a fair breeze with him that's held by us ever since, and is giving us one of the quickest runs home ever made from the Banks. He's as bright and cheery and refreshing as a breeze himself, and I propose that we call him 'Breeze.' It's a name that might belong to almost any nationality, and yet give offence to none. As to a second name, for want of a better, and if he don't discover the one he's rightly entitled to, why, I'll give him mine. What's more, I'll adopt him if his own folks don't turn up; that is, if my old woman is agreeable, and I'm not much afraid but what she will be."

So the little waif of the sea became and was known from that day forth as Breeze McCloud—a name that was destined to become connected with as many exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes as any ever signed to the shipping papers of a Gloucester fishing schooner.

The breeze that hurried the *Sea-Robin* along was none too fair nor too strong; for the supply of milk furnished by the "doctor's" tin cow was completely exhausted before they reached home. If they had not got in just as they did, the baby would have suffered from hunger, and the whole crew would have suffered with him. As it was, they passed Thatcher's Island while he was drinking the last of the milk. Before he was again hungry, with everything set and drawing, and decorated with every flag and bit of bunting that could be found on board, the saucy *Sea-Robin* had rounded Eastern Point and was sailing merrily up Gloucester Harbor.

A crowd of people had assembled on the wharf to witness her arrival, and learn the cause of her decorations. As she neared it, one of them called out:

"What is it, skipper? You've got your flags up as if you thought you was High-line* of the fleet; but the old *Robin* don't look to be very deep. What have you got?"

"We do claim to be High-line," shouted back the skipper. "And here's what we've got to prove it." With this he held the baby high above his head, so that all might see it, and added, "If any Grand Banker has brought in a better fare than that this season, I want to see it; that's all."

So Breeze McCloud entered Gloucester Harbor, and never had any stranger been received with greater enthusiasm. The news of his arrival spread like wildfire, and it seemed as though half the population of the city had crowded down to the wharf to see him before Captain McCloud could get ready to leave the schooner. Then, with the baby in his arms, he stepped into the long seine-boat that, pulled by half a dozen lusty fellows, was waiting to take him across the harbor to the foot of the hill upon which his modest cottage was perched.

After many days of anxiety—for the *Sea-Robin* was long overdue—the captain's wife, who had watched his schooner sail up the harbor with flags flying, now awaited him in a fever of impatience. She had waited at home because she could not bear to meet him before strangers, so she had heard nothing of what he was bringing her. When at last she saw him coming up the hill, accompanied by an ever-increasing throng of men, women, and children, she was greatly perplexed to know what to make of the sight, and hurried down to the little front gate, where she waited for an explanation.

* High-line. The man who catches the most fish on a trip, or the vessel that brings in the heaviest fare of the season.

"Why, whose child can the man have picked up?" she said to herself, as her husband drew near enough for her to see what it was he held in his arms.

"The old *Robin's* High-line this season, Dolly," cried Captain McCloud as he reached the gate, "and I've brought you my share of the catch."

"You don't mean that baby, Almon!" exclaimed the bewildered woman.

"Yes, I do mean this very blessed baby. He's a waif of the sea, without father, mother, or home that anybody knows of; and if you say the word we'll give him all three." With this he held the baby toward her.

She hesitated a moment, but the baby did not. With a happy little crow he at once stretched out his arms to her, and said, "Mamma!"

It was enough. All the mother-love within her responded to this cry, and the next moment the little one was hugged tightly to her bosom.

Turning to those who had accompanied him, Captain McCloud said: "That settles it, neighbors! I hadn't much doubt of it before; now I know I am acting rightly; and here, before you all, I solemnly adopt this baby boy, Breeze McCloud, as my son, and promise, with God's help, to be a father to him in deed as well as in name."

On board the *Sea-Robin* none of the rough nurses, not even the baby-wise Mateo, had dared undress the little one so strangely given into their charge, for fear they would not be able to dress him again. Thus when he was delivered to Mrs. McCloud it was evident that, next to food, his greatest needs were a bath and some clean clothes. These last his adopted mother borrowed from a neighbor who had children of all ages and sizes.

When the baby was undressed it was discovered that a slender gold chain was clasped about his neck. Attached to it was a golden ball covered with a tracery of unique and elaborate engraving. It was apparently hollow; but nobody was able to open it, nor could they discover any joint on its surface, so skilful was the workmanship that had created it. Finally, declaring that it was merely an ornament and not meant to be opened, Mrs. McCloud put it carefully away in a sandal-wood box, among her own little hoard of treasures.

In that box the golden ball lay for years, almost unnoticed, but ever guarding jealously the secret that some day should exert such a wonderful influence over the fortunes of the baby from whose neck it had been taken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CRABS IN PLENTY.

A Chinese Tale.

BY ADELE M. FIELDE.

A MAN married his daughter into a prosperous family about a league away. The girl had in her father's house been accustomed to use everything without stint and without reproach. The family into which she married was strict in its notions and exact in its ways. Though there were many dishes at each meal, all the leavings were put away, and were repeatedly brought on until they were eaten up, and no one was expected to eat anything except at meal-times and at the table.

Soon after the bride entered her father-in-law's household they had boiled salt crabs as a side dish, and after the bride had set them upon the table many times, and there were but two or three left, she thought it not worth while to keep them longer, and so finished them herself and threw away the shells. At the next meal her father-in-law called for the crabs, and she was obliged to explain their absence. Her mother-in-law commented severely on the ill-breeding of one who ate privately, and said they should tell her parents that they thought her badly brought up.

She at once secretly despatched a handmaid, who had accompanied her from her father's house, to tell her parents that they would soon hear complaint of her, and that they must apologize for not having taught her better manners, and must be careful, for her sake, not to anger the elders in her husband's family. Her parents having learned from the handmaid the cause of the bickering, sent her back quickly, so that her visit to them might not be known, and then bought a basketful of crabs, which they poured into a covered dry ditch near the front door. They told a servant to be on the watch, and when a visitor should come, whom they should address as Honored Relative, to begin to wash the door-steps, using plenty of water.

The father-in-law presently arrived, was greeted by the father with great affability, and invited to sit near the front door. The father kept up so lively a conversation on other topics that the father-in-law had no opportunity to introduce the subject that was uppermost in his mind. A servant was washing the steps, and some crabs began to disport themselves in the little pools, and a pig that was loitering about began to mouth the crabs. The father, engrossed in talking, appeared heedless of the danger to the crabs, until the father-in-law called his attention to them, saying that some one must have upset the market-basket, for the crabs were running about, and the pig was eating them. "Never mind," said the father: "a few



FATHER AND FATHER-IN-LAW.—(Drawn by a Native Artist.)

crabs are of no consequence; let the pig eat them if he likes them." The father-in-law soon took his leave, went home, called his wife into their private room, and said: "Do not say anything more about the crabs. At her father's house they have crabs in such plenty that they let the pigs eat them, and the only reason she did not finish them sooner was because she thought they were not fit to eat. She has had such good fare in her father's house that she thinks our leavings are of no value."

Thereafter the family was less rigorous with the new daughter-in-law, and she had easier times.

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

IV.—WATER.

DID you ever think what a wonderful thing water is? Fill a glass with it, and look at the light through it. The water is as clear as the glass. You remember in our experiments on matter we found that liquids were made

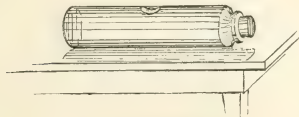


FIG. 1.—WATER-LEVEL.

up of millions of particles which lie so closely together that the heaviest weight cannot crowd them much closer, and yet they will slip through your fingers almost as easily as air. You remember too, I hope, how the shot in the glass came to a level somewhat as the water particles did.

Now try to imagine just how it is with the shot in the glass. When they stand level each shot is pushed equally on all its sides by the others, so they keep still, but when you tilt the glass this is not so. They are all pushed more from the high side than from the low side of the glass, and those that can move roll before this pressure, and they keep on rolling till they get to the lowest point they can reach, where the pressure on all sides is equal, and that is a new level. Move the glass, tilting it first one way and then the other, and think about it; you will see how it is. In walking down a steep mountain path have you not often noticed how your foot sets a stone rolling, and how it starts another, till finally hundreds of stones go travelling down the slope? In shot, and still more in stones which are not regular and smooth, some help is needed to start the slide, but it is the pull of gravity that carries it on. With the perfectly smooth particles of water nothing but gravity is needed to set them in motion and to keep them moving.

Perhaps you have been a little confused about what a level is in tilting your glass one way or another. Set your glass of water on a table before you; hold up your plumb-line in front of it: if the top of the water is even with your eye you will find that your line makes with the water-level a straight cross like this +. Now let the bob fall inside, so that it is covered by the water, and look again. No matter which way you tilt your glass, the top of the water and the line make a straight cross with each other. However the glass may be tipped, the water is always level.

Every plumb-line, you know, points to the centre of the earth. Now imagine a hundred or a thousand plumb-lines dropped in a ring around the globe. They would be farther apart at their tops than at their bob ends; they would be set as the spokes of a wheel



FIG. 2.—FOUNTAIN.

are around the great earth as a hub. Put ten pins in a row around an orange, letting their points turn toward the centre of the orange, and you will see how this would be. Now the water-level everywhere makes a straight cross with a plumb at that place, so the water on the earth curves as the rind does around the orange. The earth is so very large that we do not see this curve, except on a great sheet of water.

If you are by the sea-shore next summer, watch some large ship as it sails straight away from you. You will see the hull disappear first; it seems to be sinking under the water, but the ship is really slipping over the curve of the earth.

There is a curve in the tops of liquids in small vessels, but this comes from another cause which we will look into later on. This curve is different for different liquids, and has nothing to do with gravity.

It is very necessary to find an exact level sometimes, and this is done by what is called a spirit-level.

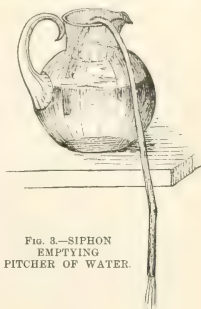
I want you to make a simple level like this with water (Fig. 1): take a glass medicine tube corked at one end, or even a homœopathic medicine bottle, the longer the better, however; fill it with water colored a little; cork it, noticing, which is usually the case, that a small bubble of air has been left in the liquid. Lay the tube on its side; if the bubble is in the middle between the two ends, the tube is lying level; if it is not, the end where the bubble is is higher than the other.

The fact that water always tries to come to its own level is very useful in many ways. Our cities are supplied with water by using our knowledge of this. Water is stored in great reservoirs at a higher point than where it will be used. The pipes that carry

it can go down underground and up again to the faucets. In the country the water is often pumped up into tanks by wind-mills or by hand, or sometimes by what is called a ram, but the object is to store the water high, so that it will rise wherever it is needed in the pipes.

You know this is true, and use your knowledge every time you tilt a pitcher to pour out water or tip a glass to your lips to drink. To show it plainly, a great many glass vessels, large vases and small tubes, tubes straight and tubes curved, are all joined together at the bottom so that the water can run from one vessel to another: the water does not mind the differences; it stands just as high in one as in the others; it will be at the same height from the table in a tube that goes straight up as in one that curves like a very crooked S.

You have often watched the water shoot up in a beautiful spray from some fountain basin, from your lawn sprinkler, or a hose-pipe. Usually such a jet is caused by water rushing down from a high reservoir. It comes through a pipe which turns upward at the end. The water shoots upward, though it is all the time

FIG. 3.—SIPHON
EMPTYING
PITCHER OF WATER.FIG. 4.
CAPILLARY IN
TUBES.FIG. 5.
VIAL OF
DIFFERENT
LIQUIDS.

being pulled back by gravity. I want you to make a little fountain for yourself, so that you can understand (Fig. 2). Take about two feet or more of rubber tubing (you can buy it for about ten cents, and you will need it again, but very likely you can find some about the house); fit it on the end of a funnel, which you can borrow for the purpose; hang the funnel up; turn up the lower end of the tubing, pinching it between your fingers. Try this where it will do no mischief, in a basin or tub. Now fill the funnel full of water, stopping the turned-up end of the tube; when you let it go you will have a little fountain. Now take the funnel in your other hand, and get some one to help you by filling the funnel as it empties; raise and lower the funnel, and you will see the jet of water rise and fall with the movement.

Fig. 3.—Fill a pitcher or bowl of water, and into it dip one end of your rubber tube filled with water, let the other end drop over the edge of the pitcher over a pan; you will find that the water runs up over the edge of the pitcher, and that if the hanging end of the tube is a good deal longer than the dipped end, you can empty the pitcher. This is called a siphon.

Fig. 4.—Pour some water into a thin glass—tumbler or wineglass. Look carefully at the top. It is fairly level, but you see a little irregularity around the edge. Now run your finger around the inner edge of the glass, so as to wet it, and look again. You see, while all the middle part of the water is level, all around the edge it rises up to meet the glass. Into the middle of the water put a small glass tube, not more than a quarter of an inch wide on the outside, and look at it sidewise; you see the water rise around the tube, making a tiny hill of water there (this tube should be open at both ends). Now look at the inside of it; you see the water standing inside the tube higher than it is outside. The smaller the tube—if the water can get in at all—the higher the water will rise in it. If you have in the house a medicine dropper or a filler for a stylographic pen, take off the little rubber top, and after wetting the tube inside and out dip it a little way in the water; you will see in the fine tube at the end how far the water runs up, and as you dip it farther in and the tube gets wider, how much less the water inside stands above the level of the water outside. This curious quality in water and liquids is called *capillary attraction*, a long word, meaning that they will run *up* in small tubes, from the Latin word for hair.

By this attraction water will run up through the fine openings in woven stuff. You have noticed, very likely, if you have ever left the corner of a towel in the wash basin and the rest hanging over the edge, how the whole towel became wet; it becomes a sort of siphon. A sponge soaks up water, and the oil is supplied to a lighted lamp in the same way. Liquids do not flow up to any great height by this force. You cannot have the oil in your lamp very far below the flame, or it will not burn well. Sometimes there are little particles of solid matter in the oil, and the tiny openings in the wick become stopped up gradually; then the oil does not flow up easily, and the lamp burns poorly. New wicks will often make the lamps burn as well as they did when they were new. The water is supplied to plants by capillary attraction; the tiny roots suck it up, and the life-giving water runs up from cell to cell throughout the plant. This is not *sap* I am speaking about now, but water.

Dissolve as much salt as a cupful of water will take up (it will have to stand some time before you can tell how much it will take and still leave the water looking clear). Color this with a few drops of red or violet ink; then heap high up in the middle of a saucer a teaspoonful of dry salt; pack it as hard as you can, and pour your colored salt water into the edge of the saucer; you will see the water rise between the grains of salt. The color helps to show it more clearly than if you used clear water.

When anything is lighter than water, it floats; when it is heavier, it sinks; when it is nearly as heavy as water, it sinks till it has pushed out of the way exactly its own weight of water. Salt water is heavier than fresh water. You know that you can float and swim more easily in salt water than in fresh; this is because you do not have to sink so far down to push out of the way your own weight of water. The salt water *buoys* you up more than the fresh.

Take a glass of fresh water and drop gently into it an egg. It at once sinks to the bottom. Now, spoonful by spoonful, add salt. As it dissolves, the egg begins to rise, till finally it floats on top. This shows that it is not the actual weight of a thing which makes it sink or swim, but its relative weight compared with the liquid it is placed in. The egg weighed the same all the while, but in fresh water it weighed more than the water it pushed out of the way, so it sank. In the salt water it weighed less than the water it pushed out of the way, so it rose.

A boat or block of wood sinks in the water till it has pushed its own weight aside, and there it rests; if you make a little boat and put a stone in it to steady it, you see it sink farther into the water and then stop. The boat at first pushed its own weight of water out of the way; then when you put in the stone it pushed more water—just as much as the weight of the stone—away, and came to rest again.

Fig. 5.—Take any common clear glass bottle; pour into it one spoonful of sweet-oil; then pour in a spoonful of water. The water goes down through the oil and lifts that up; the oil is lighter than the water. It makes no difference which you put in first, or how much of either you put in the bottle; the oil will always be on top; it is *relatively* lighter. This relative weight is called *specific gravity*. In the figure I have put three liquids—water, oil, and alcohol a little colored—and they stand with a sharp line between each two.

A chip of wood is heavier than a shot, but its specific gravity, its weight against water of its own size, is less; so the chip floats while the shot sinks.

GOOD ROBIN SPRING.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

A ROBIN sat upon a limb,
And piped a merry roundelay
Across the frozen lakelet's rim,
Beyond the shadows of the day.

A bluebird shivered in the cold,
And cried, "Now wherefore came we here?
The winter bath not yet grown old;
It is not yet the spring of year."

The robin laughed with might and main,
And sang anew with clarion voice:
"Who cares for snow? who cares for rain?
All hail the spring! Come, friend, rejoice."

"The winter blast is rude and chill,"
The bluebird said; "it chafes my wing.
The ice is on the willowed rill;
The earth is dead. It is not spring."

The robin laughed, began to dance,
And louder still he strove to sing;
The bluebird looked at him askance
As forth he carolled, "I am spring."

"Beshrew thee for an arrant fool,"
The bluebird said; "I tell thee nay.
But since thou speakest without rule,
Stay here and freeze. I'll go and pray."

The robin laughed. "Thy tongue is tart;
But now thou shalt this true thing hear:
Who hath a spring-tide in his heart
Shall find no winter all the year."

WHAT A GIRL ONCE DID.

BY EDWARD IRENEUS STEVENSON.

AMONG all the incidents of endurance and pluck set forth in the annals of our American history, perhaps none more remarkable can be found than that which is contained in some very dusty pages to be read in quaint French in a Paris library, or in the transcription of them by one of our own historical authors—the "Statement of Mademoiselle Magdeleine de Verchères, aged Fourteen Years," daughter of the commander of a lonely French fort, called after her father, which stood on the St. Lawrence River a score of miles below Montreal.

It was the 22d of October, 1692. The strong fort inclosure, stockade and block-house, were open, and the residents were at work in their fields at some distance. M. de Verchères was at Quebec on military business. His wife (who was the heroine of another famous incident of those perilous days) had gone to Quebec. In the stockade were actually only two soldiers, a couple of lads who were the young girl's brothers, one very aged man, and a few women and children. Magdeleine—or, as we should now spell it, Madeleine—was standing at a considerable distance from the open gate of the fort with a servant, little suspecting any danger.

All at once a rattle of arms from the direction where some of the agriculturists were busy startled her. It was repeated. She began to see men running in terror in the far-away fields. At the same moment the serving-man beside her, equally astonished, exclaimed, "Run, mademoiselle, run; the Iroquois are upon us!" The young girl looked where he pointed, and lo! a troop of some forty or fifty of the wily savages, thinking to surprise the stockade while their main band attacked those who were outside, were running toward the gates, scarcely a hundred yards from where she stood trembling. There was not an instant to lose. It was life or death for her and all. She fled for the fort. The rest of her story can largely be quoted from Mademoiselle Madeleine's own recitation, published at the time.

"The Iroquois who chased me, seeing that they could not catch me alive before I reached the gate, stopped and fired at me. The bullets whistled about my ears, and [as she says, dryly] made the time seem very long. As soon as I was near enough to be heard, I cried out, 'To arms! to arms!' hoping that somebody would come out and help me, but it was no use. The two soldiers in the fort were so terrified that they had hidden within the block-house.

"At the gate I found two women crying for their husbands, who had just been killed. I forced them to go in and shut the gate. I next thought what I could do to save myself and the few people with me. I went to inspect the fort, and found that several palisades had fallen down and left openings by which the enemy could easily get in. I ordered them to be set up again, and helped to carry them myself."

It may be asked how there was sufficient time for this necessary work. But it must be remembered that the Indians seldom came directly to the stockade in daylight, dreading concealed defenders greatly, and in the present instance they were ignorant of the singularly unprotected state of this fort. So the brave little girl was able to prepare for the worst with all her wonderful presence of mind and courage. She continues:

"When all the breaches were stopped I went to the block-house, where the ammunition is kept, and here I found the two soldiers, one hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand. 'What are you going to do with that match?' I asked. He answered, 'Set off the powder and blow us all up!' 'You are a miserable coward,' said I. 'Go out of this place!' I spoke so resolutely that he obeyed. I then threw off my bonnet, and after putting on a hat and taking a gun I said to my bro-

thers: 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King.'"

Getting her little company together in the stockade, and discovering the Iroquois moving about the fields, and either pursuing the unfortunate men and women in them, or else discussing the best means of advancing, Madeleine began firing at them from various loopholes, and directed a cannon to be discharged to deter them from coming nearer, and at the same time to spread the alarm over the vicinity. The women and children shrieked and clamored. She made them be silent, for fear of letting the redskins suspect the situation. The foe drew back and remained quiet for a time, and as they did this a canoe with several persons in it was seen out upon the river coming swiftly to the dock near the fort. It was evident that those in it did not suspect that the danger was so near, whatever else they had heard. It was possible to save them from slaughter, and at the same time add the settler she recognized in the canoe, with his family, to the little garrison. Madeleine went out alone—none other dared—from the stockade to the dock, and received them.

The Indians, seeing only a little girl meet the new arrivals, feared a grand sortie if they dashed out of their ambush, and allowed Madeleine to escort the new-comers—a settler named Fontaine and his party—into the fort gates unhurt. She had hoped for this, and was overjoyed at her success. Her garrison now numbered six. She goes on:

"Strengthened by this re-enforcement, I ordered that the enemy should be fired on whenever they showed themselves. After sunset a violent northeast wind began to blow, accompanied by snow and hail, which told us we should have a terrible night. The Iroquois were all this time lurking about us, and I judged by their movements that, instead of being deterred by the storm, they would climb into the fort under cover of the darkness. I assembled all my troop (that is to say, six persons), and spoke to them thus: 'God has saved us to-day from the hands of our foes, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. As for me, I want you to see that I am not afraid. I will take charge of the fort, with the old man [she adds that he was eighty, and had never fired a gun, but he could probably carry an alarm]; and you, Pierre Fontaine, with La Bonté and Gachet, go to the block-house with the women and children, because that is the strongest place; and if I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy cannot hurt you in the block-house, if you make the least show of fight.'

"I placed my young brothers on two of the bastions, the old man on the third, and I took the fourth; and all night, in spite of wind, snow, and hail, the cries of 'All's well!' were kept up from the block-house to the fort, and from the fort to the block-house. One would have thought that the place was full of soldiers. The Iroquois believed so, and were completely deceived, as they confessed afterward to M. de Callières, to whom they told that they had held a council to make a plan for capturing the fort in the night, but had done nothing because such a constant watch was kept.

"About one o'clock in the morning the sentinel [the old man] on the bastion by the gate called out, 'Mademoiselle, I hear something!' I went to him to find out what it was, and by the help of the snow which covered the ground I could see in the darkness a number of cattle, the miserable remnant that the Iroquois had left us. The others wanted to open the gate and let them in, but I answered, 'No. You don't know all the tricks of the savages. They are, no doubt, following the cattle, covered with skins of such animals, so as to get into the fort if we are foolish enough to open the gate for them.' Nevertheless, after taking every precaution, I decided that we might open it without risk.



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT MATCH?" I ASKED. HE ANSWERED, 'SET OFF THE POWDER AND BLOW US ALL UP.' 'YOU ARE A MISERABLE COWARD,' SAID I. 'GO OUT OF THIS PLACE!'"

"At last the daylight came again, and as the darkness disappeared our anxieties seemed to disappear with it. Everybody took courage excepting Madame Marguerite, wife of the *Sieur Fontaine*, who, being extremely timid, as all Parisian women are, asked her husband to carry her to another fort. [A silly request certainly.] He said, 'I will never abandon this fort while *Mademoiselle Madeleine* is here.' I answered him that I would rather die than give it up to the enemy, and that it was of the greatest importance that they should never get possession of any French fort, because if they took *one* they would think they could get others, and would grow more bold and presumptuous than ever.

"I may say, with truth, that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours. I did not go once into my father's house, but kept always on the bastion, or went to the block-house to see how the people there were behaving. I always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged my little company with the hope of speedy succor.

"We were one week in constant alarm, with the enemy always about us. At last *M. de la Monnerie*, a lieutenant sent by *M. de Callières*, arrived in the night with forty men. [He came down the river.] As he did not know whether the fort was taken or not, he approached as silently as possible. One of our sentinels, hearing a

slight sound, cried, 'Who goes there?' I was at the time dozing, with my head on a table and my gun lying across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard a voice from the river. I went up at once to the bastion to see whether it was of Indians or Frenchmen. I demanded, 'Who goes there?' One of them replied, 'We are Frenchmen; it is *De la Monnerie*, come to bring you help.' I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw *M. de la Monnerie* I saluted him and said, 'Monsieur, I resign my arms to you.' He answered, gallantly, '*Mademoiselle*, they are in good hands.' 'Better than you suppose,' I returned. He inspected the fort and found everything in order and a sentinel on each bastion. 'It is time to relieve them, monsieur,' said I; 'we have not been off our bastions for a week.'"

M. de la Monnerie in astonished admiration took charge of the relieved fort. The heroine's work was over. The savages fled, and not long after they were captured near *Lake Champlain*, and some twenty persons they had made prisoners at *Verchères* were brought safely back. The father and mother of *Madeleine* came from *Montreal* and *Quebec*, and heard the story of her valor and coolness with rapturous praise. She grew up to be a woman, receiving for her life a pension from the King of France as a mark of honor, and she died at an advanced age.



"CANT GET ACQUAINTED."—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.

PAPERS ON PONY-KEEPING.

BY F. E. FRYATT.

II.

THE horse's wardrobe next claims attention, and it is more elaborate than the inexperienced imagine, including a light pure wool, a medium heavy, and a thick heavy pure wool blanket. The first and last may be the regular-shaped blankets buckling over the chest and secured by a surcingle, but the other should be one of the large squares of soft plaided or checked wool to cover the horse from head to foot, almost completely enveloping him, and having straps and buckles at the chest and neck. This blanket is exceedingly useful when one is obliged to stop on the drive in cold or wintry weather, when the horse is at all heated, or even if he is not, to prevent catching cold. It would be well to have one for stable use when the horse or pony is ill, as sometimes will be the case. All blankets after use should be hung out in the sun to dry and sweeten.

At all times of the year the pony should be covered, according to the temperature, when brought in from the drive, so as not to cool off too suddenly. Two sets of blankets are desirable, though many persons by exercising due care do nicely with one set. In addition to the light woollen blanket, which may be thrown over the sweating animal even in summer, there should be a cotton cooler for the hottest weather, and a thin linen one for fly-time, when one stops by the way in driving. A fly net for the stable is necessary, one of the large cheap coarse ones, to be buckled and surcinkled. One of the handsome rolled leather fly nets that look so well and are so durable will be needed for the drive, and a head-piece netted from linen thread.

For the horse's toilet-table several articles are needed—a good hair-brush, a curry-comb (chiefly for cleaning the brush), a comb and brush for mane and tail, and a hoof-brush. Sponges, flannel cloths, chamois, and Castile soap, together with a bottle of vaseline, complete the list.

The thorough daily cleaning of the pony's body is absolutely necessary to keep him in health, and this should be done almost entirely by vigorous brushing, the curry-comb (and that should be of the best quality) being only used for certain parts of the body where the hair is heavy and mud may collect, and for scraping and cleaning out the brush every few minutes while the brushing progresses. Brushing the pony's coat to cleanliness and glossy smoothness is capital exercise that sends the blood flowing merrily through every vein, and since many physicians recommend it in these common-sense days, one hears of many lads and girls who play groom for their own ponies. The writer knows personally a number of girls who take almost entire charge of their horses, grooming and harnessing and driving in all winds and weathers.

One hour's brushing and cleaning is needed every day; and if the horse be of even and good temper, one may brush his legs and feet and work about his head and body without fear, taking care always neither to tickle nor otherwise plague him, as such treatment would spoil the best animal. Comb and brush the mane and tail, and wash them in very slightly warmed water with a little ammonia in it. In hot weather give the whole body a general wash in sun-warmed water with a trifle of ammonia in it, walking or riding him around after the washing until dry. Do not wash him in a draughty place, but, if possible, in the sun. The grooming may be divided into two half-hours, one after his breakfast, and one after the drive when he has cooled. Grooming should not be done in his stall, as the loose hairs and dust will be injurious to the horse's lungs.

Never wash the horse's feet when he comes in from his journey, however short that may have been, but do it in the morning, when you are dressed for such work and can spare time to dry them thoroughly. If he is muddily about his legs and feet, rub them with wisps of straw and then with a flannel cloth, and use the hoof-brush vigorously.

Good shoeing has as much to do with keeping a horse in good health as good feeding, so my readers are advised to superintend their horse's shoeing personally, engaging a blacksmith who knows how and is willing to shoe the horse correctly. To do this properly the shoer must not pare the sole of the hoof; nor cut away the bars; nor pare and cut away the frog, nor in fact touch it; neither must he rasp the outer part of the hoof, but simply trim and even the wall underneath, avoiding too much lowering of the heels; and he must fit the shoe to it almost cold.

Any observing lad who has ever visited the blacksmith's shop or smithy will remember seeing the shoe fitted to the

hoof almost red-hot, filling the whole place with the smoke and sickening fumes of frizzling, burning horn. *Never allow the blacksmith to do this if you value your pony's feet*, for he only does it to save his own time and trouble; it is not only dangerous, but positively unnecessary; the shoe can just as well be fitted nearly cold, and nailed on when quite so. Insist on cool fitting and careful driving of the nails, lest they go too high and pierce the quick of the foot, causing lameness. The writer personally supervises the shoeing of a favorite fifteen-hand horse monthly. Be careful also to have the shoes as light as is consistent with safety, and to have new ones once a month; to go longer without this attention would be hurtful, as the growth of horn in twenty-eight or thirty days makes the hoof too large for the shoe; so its removal is necessary to prevent corns and lameness.

It is an old fashion, now happily going out, to "stop" a horse's hoofs perhaps two or three times a week; that is, to stuff them with wet linseed meal or other "stopping," with the idea that they should be kept softened; but the best authorities and the writer's experience agree that this is not necessary. If your horse or pony is not too old, and you begin the proper treatment of his feet as soon as you buy him, the frog will grow and expand so as to receive the shock of his foot-falls on the pavement, and aid in keeping his footing more sure in slippery weather. Before the frog is sufficiently grown, in slippery weather you may need calkins or heels on his shoes; but at any rate be sure always to drive carefully over very slippery places, whether muddy smooth pavements or icy ones, as a sudden fall may mean a broken leg.

No medicine chest is needed in an amateur's stable. If the horse takes cold—and he should not in a good box or stall—exercise him by a short quick trot, then cover him at first with a heavy pure wool blanket and sweat him. Put on gradually lighter wool blankets, if it is warm weather, until you come to his lightest wool and finally to his cotton cooler. If he coughs and his throat seems sore, put a large poultice of hot corn-meal around it, rolled in flannel, and secured by a large safety-pin. For a diet give "sloppy mashies," consisting of a measure of fine feed to one of bran and a little chopped hay, all mixed with very warm water, and flavored with a little salt. For a mid-day meal give some sliced roots mixed with wet chopped hay and a little meal. At night dampen hay, but no oats while he is feverish and sick. Mild walking exercise is needed every day, but great care must be taken to avoid a chill. In a few days he will improve, and may go out for a gentle drive, to be increased as he regains strength.

Be careful, however, while he is weak not to ask too much of him, or to turn too suddenly in driving, because he is liable to strain one of his feet. A strain of a joint or muscle causes a swelling of the part, which should be bathed in hot water until the swelling is reduced. A strained ankle is easier to manage, because the foot can be stood in the foot-tub in hot water. To bathe with a hot infusion of wormwood and vinegar, rubbing the limb gently, is also excellent, daily walking exercise being given for a week, and afterward slow driving until the lameness disappears.

A good harness has much to do with the safety and pleasure of both horse and driver. The various parts of a suitable harness for a fifteen-hand pony or a smaller one are an English collar and its martingale strap, with leather-covered metal hames; this collar should be light and soft and stuffed with the best curled hair, and the hames neatly fitting and furnished with stout tugs and traces; the saddle light yet strong, well lined and padded, and having stout tugs for supporting the shafts; the crupper to keep it in place; the breeching to assist in backing and keeping the carriage off the horse's heel; the bridle, furnished with the old-fashioned cheek-rein, to be very loosely worn, and a light and simple bit to be made to fit the horse's mouth.

Every boy and girl should know how to harness; it is a simple operation, as follows: Slip the horse's head into the collar, held narrow end down (if the collar is new, and hence a little stiff, narrow the opening by pressing the end of the collar down on your knee); when it is over the ears and throat twist it gently around so that the wide part comes across the chest. You must be sure to have a properly fitted collar, so that the horse may not suffer in any way in his breathing or his shoulder be interfered with. Next put on the saddle, slipping the collar martingale strap in the belly-band, and buckling the latter, not too tightly, around the horse's body. Next buckle the crupper easily around the horse's tail, catching no long hairs in it to annoy him. Now put on the metal hames over the collar, around which they fit, and buckle them below tightly, so that they

will not slip off, the traces meantime hanging in a loop at each side. Lastly, put on the bridle, holding the top of it in your right hand high up, so that you can slip the bit into the pony's mouth, meantime grasping his forelock together with the top of the bridle. When the bit is in, make haste to slip the ears gently in place, and buckle the throat-latch loosely around the throat up to the ear. A kind, well-broken horse will need no blinkers, and is better without them. Warm the bit in freezing weather, as many horses' mouths and teeth are very sensitive to the cold metal.

Now back your horse into the shafts, slipping the end of each into the leather tug hanging from the saddle at each side, then buckle the tug band to the tug strap at each side. Next slip the trace between saddle and tug strap, then on through the leather shaft loop, and so to the iron end of the whippetree. Lastly, buckle the breeching strap around the shaft, running it through the iron loop for the purpose; buckle it loose enough not to make the breeching interfere with the hind-leg movements.

Keep all parts of the harness clean and supple, especially all the parts next the horse's body, otherwise they will become foul and hard, and gall him. Be very particular about the lining of the saddle and collar, because they are most subject to hardening. When the saddle stuffing gets pressed flat and hard by wear, add a pretty cloth saddle pad; otherwise your horse's back will get sore and unsightly, besides being painful.

In cleaning the harness use a black soap which is made for the purpose, washing it with this, then wipe that off and rub in a little neat's-foot oil. Wash all the patent-leather parts simply with soft chamois and water, then wring the chamois and rub the leather dry with it. Wash the body of your carriage and all the patent-leather trimming with chamois-skins in the same way. Large sponges free from grit and ordinary cloths will do the other parts of the carriage, excepting the metal ornaments. All that the metal requires is Putz pomade, a red composition to be had at the grocer's or chemist's shop. Smear this on, let it dry, then rub off with dry chamois, which produces a fine lustre.

Some words of caution and advice are needed in concluding these papers. First in regard to the pony. Keep him warm and comfortable in winter by means of warm clothing, not by shutting off pure air. Keep him cool and comfortable and free from annoyance in summer. Never let him dry by evaporation when sweating or wet, but walk him about, blanketed, and rub him dry.

Do not let him fast too long on a journey, but stop somewhere, blanket him, let him rest and cool, and then give him a drink and his nose-bag of sifted oats and chopped damp hay. Do not let him eat or drink when heated. Do not let him suffer for water under ordinary circumstances. Give him frequent "breathers" when driving; that is, let him up often in his speed, whether that be great or little, to walk awhile. Do not trot him or let him run directly after his meal, as this causes indigestion. Do not jerk or nag at his mouth, and, above all, do not tug at his mouth with the reins, imagining that this is fine driving; for it is not, but very poor driving. Do not worry him with the whip or in any other way annoy him.

If you take a long trip and the horse comes home tired, let him stand blanketed lightly or heavily, according to the season, and in the course of forty or fifty minutes water and feed him; then, if it is summer-time, take off his blanket, toss in clean straw, darken the stable, and he will probably lie down and take a refreshing nap.

As to the carriage, you must have two wrenches for a four-wheeler and one for a two-wheeler, to remove wheels for greasing the axles; one set or two sets of leather washers to make the wheels fit nicely and to replace those which may wear out; a bottle of crude castor-oil to oil the wheels with every other day, and a carriage jack to rest the axle on when removing a wheel for oiling. It is well on going out to take always a little oil and the wrenches, some old leather straps, a piece of rope, and a ball of strong twine, in case of accident. A few extra bolts duplicating those of the carriage will always be handy. Water-proof covers for the back and seat protect the cart in case of sudden showers, and a water-proof horse-cover preserves the harness in a similar emergency. All of these can be made of good enamelled cloth at home.

Just a word or two of warning: always get out and examine your horse's feet if he suddenly limps; he may have picked up a stone or a nail. Always look at them when he comes in at night, and then see that everything else is right, the pitchfork in place and the lantern put out. Finally, always keep the key of the stable in a stated place, where any one of the family can find it in case of sudden need, such as a fire.

CAPTAIN POLLY.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XIX.

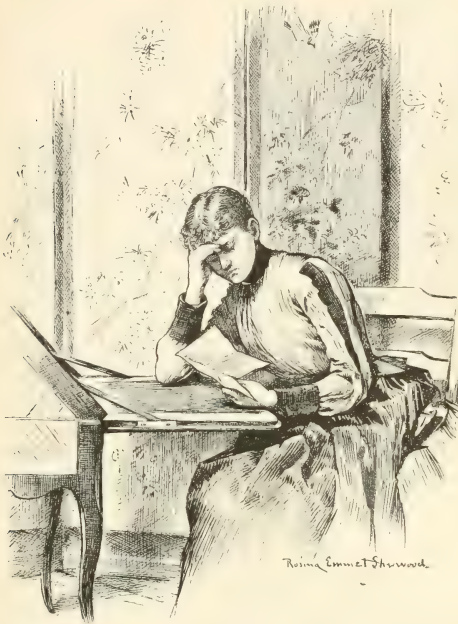
ROY and Lord Brentford were coming back from Moosehead Lake, and Aunt Katherine and Polly went down to the wharf in the carriage to meet them. There had been a heavy fog all day, as heavy as when Polly had taken her memorable voyage in the *High-Flyer*, and the steamer was delayed. She had been due at 5.45 P.M., and it was now nearly 7. Waiting began to seem hopeless. Grandpa, whom they met on the wharf, said that the steamer "couldn't see an inch before her nose," and might have been obliged to put in somewhere for the night, although she seldom did that coming down the river.

Aunt Katherine looked at her watch by the light of the carriage lamp, and said they would wait just ten minutes more; if the steamer had not arrived then they would go home, and Simeon could return with the carriage. Only ten minutes, and no one thought it would be different from the last ten, except that possibly the steam-boat whistle might pierce the fog, and make one believe again that the world beyond the wharf had not slipped off into space; old Cap'n Lunt, who had been a famous voyager in his day, would go on repeating oft-told tales of wonderful fogs he had seen, careless of the fact that his audience on the pile of lobster traps had dwindled to deaf-and-dumb Jimmy Percy from the poor-house and a socially disposed wandering puppy; that the group in the shelter of the lobster factory would continue to discuss the strike and the political situation with more or less vigor; and that Tommy French would go on dangling his small legs off the end of the wharf and tooting an ear-splitting horn, with which he seemed to have a vague expectation of hurrying the steamer. Six of the ten minutes had passed, and Tommy French was just raising his horn for a vigorous, impatient toot, when there came a deafening report, like loudest thunder; the wharf trembled on its stanch piles, pieces of timber came flying through the air; some of them struck the carriage, and the horses quivered and snorted with fear, and would have plunged madly off if Simeon had not clung to their heads. In the thick fog and gathering darkness it was impossible to tell what had happened, and there was a wild panic. Amid the cries of "Earthquake!" and "Dynamite!" Polly heard at length a calmer voice which said something had exploded in Damer's ship-yard, adjoining the wharf; the new counting-room, which had been built on the end of a long low building, once used as a workshop, but now unoccupied, had been blown up, probably in an effort to blow open the safe, although it was a queer time of night to be trying that. The buildings, old and new, were in ruins. Was any one killed? Polly listened breathlessly for the answer. There was some fear that the Governor was in the counting-room; he had been known to be there but a short time before. Polly grew sick and faint. It seemed like a blessed vision when grandpa stepped to the side of the carriage.

"I left the counting-room not five minutes before the explosion," he said. "We shall have to use more desperate measures with these rascals. I only hope they haven't killed anybody. I don't know anything about it. I hurried here to you, knowing you would be frightened."

"We can't tell how many people there may be in the ruins," said some one near by. "There's been one taken out; it's that queer fellow who works at Dr. Damer's."

"Cainy! oh, Cainy!" cried Polly.



"DEL DREW THE LETTER FROM HER DESK, TO READ FOR ABOUT THE TENTH TIME."

Her grandfather hurried away, and it was not many minutes before he returned, with some men before him clearing the way, and others carrying a limp and apparently lifeless body.

"Get him into the carriage, quick!" said grandpa. "We can't do less for him, whatever he has done. There is a mob ready to tear him to pieces; they're wild with rage at this last piece of work. Now, Simeon, let the horses go," he added, as Cainy was placed as carefully as possible upon the back seat, and he stepped in, with Simeon, himself. "There are men in front who will clear the way. Is he dead? Oh no; his arm is broken, I think, and his shoulder crushed, and he has fainted from pain and loss of blood. He probably hasn't got half that he deserves, Polly. He belongs to that gang of desperadoes, and they probably used him to do their dangerous work. If I didn't think the fellow was lacking in brains, I don't suppose I could feel like showing him any mercy. He never ought to have been kept in the house. I've talked to your father enough about him."

Polly felt bewildered; even when they had got beyond the jarring crowd she could scarcely think. Grandpa's words seemed to her hard; she could not believe Cainy had been as guilty as he thought. A new possibility, of which she dared not speak, had struck her with benumbing force—where was Syd?

A few minutes later Cainy had come to himself, on a settee in the hall, where he had been laid pending the arrival of the surgeon, who had been sent for.

"You just let me go!" he said, eagerly, trying to rise. "I sha'n't know what they're goin' to do, and then I can't stop 'em! But what was it that happened? I was trying to hide away in that closet in the old workshop, so's I could overhear 'em, and find out whether they meant to burn the new ship that's on the stocks or this house. I'm master afraid it's this house!" Cainy started up again, but dropped back from weakness. "What was it that happened? I was getting into that closet, and there was a great bang and racket, and it seemed as if the world flew all to pieces."

"Tell us all about it as plainly as you can, my boy, but don't try to talk if it hurts you," said grandpa, kindly.

"They was goin' to have a meetin' in the old workshop to-night, the Red Revs was," said Cainy, speaking faintly, but very distinctly. "They've been havin' 'em there ever since—ever since they couldn't have 'em in another place. They made Syd get 'em the key. They've been plannin' to do something awful, and I thought if I could find out jest what it was I could stop 'em. I don't know as I should have thought of doin' it once; I've felt kind of different every way sence Miss Polly 'greed to b'lieve me. And she said her father 'had great hopes of me.' They'd kill me if they caught me, I was sure. They don't care whether I go to their meetin's or not; they don't think I'm so smart as some, and mebbe I ain't. There's been times when I thought so myself, and then again I wa'n't sure. But they'd do 'most anything to me if they caught me tellin'. There's two fellows that has to go to the meetin's, if they do feel awful about it now; they've threatened to kill 'em if they don't. And they

b'long. If the Red Revs get found out, why, they're found out too, and they can't stand that. Did the old workshop fly all to pieces? They can't have no meetin' there to-night, can they?"

"I don't think they'll have a meeting to-night," said grandpa. "Haven't you any idea what it was that caused the explosion? Was anybody in the counting-room?"

He had listened to Cainy with a perplexed face, but Polly, who had been watching him closely, could see that he believed him.

"No, there wa'n't a livin' soul in the countin'-room, nor anywheres round," said Cainy. "I see you go away before I dared to try to get in. I broke a winder in the workshop, and I had a candle and some matches. I don't know what it could have been that blowed up. Seemed as if 'twas right in that closet, 'mongst some boxes and bottles of stuff that Syd and Bruce Bennett put in there; they had 'em up here in the old wing, and then, all of a sudden, they carried 'em down there. Mebbe I hadn't ought to tell," added Cainy, in sudden alarm; "they was awful private about 'em; they had the closet door all nailed up. I drew the nails out with a hammer, and then I kind of stuck 'em into the holes again, so's't they couldn't find out without tryin' the door that it had been opened."

"*Syd! Syd!*" repeated grandpa, in tones of wonder and dismay.

"It hadn't nothin' to do with the Revs, sir," said Cainy, eagerly. "Anyhow, I don't think it had, for I heard Syd say they wasn't to know there was anything in the closet."

"You must give me the names of this gang, every one of them, and tell me everything that you know about them," said grandpa, firmly; but he looked as if he dreaded what he might hear, and Polly knew that he was thinking of Syd.

"I'm willin' to, sir. I knew that was what I'd got to do if I found out what they was goin' to do. I b'long. Cainy Green is one of the names, and it's my principles that everybody had ought to be rich, as they say, but it can't make nobody rich to destroy folks's property, as I see; and when it's folks that's been good to me, and had hopes of me, I couldn't stand no more of it."

"Oh, what is the matter with Cainy? He isn't killed?" Del had come flying down-stairs, and caught sight of Cainy's white face and the blood-stains upon his clothes.

"Oh, Cainy, you were so good not to tell of me, and I was so mean to let them suspect you! I took the pocket-book. Oh, wait, listen! don't look at me like that, grandpa! I wanted the money so dreadfully, and although I had written to papa, it would take so long to get an answer. And Cainy saw me with it in my hand. I only carried it to the head of the stairs. It came over me, all at once, that I had done a dreadful thing, and I ran back and slipped it into the pocket."

Grandpa drew a long breath of relief, and put his arm around her.

"But what became of it, then?" he said.

"I was in a hurry, and I must have slipped it in between the torn lining and the outside. It went down behind the hat rack. Why didn't we think to look there? When Quintilla moved the rack to sweep to-day she found it. I went out to The Bend as fast as I could go; they didn't know where you were, but I told Aaron to tell you the pocket-book was found."

"I had brought the money to give to you, Del," said grandpa. "I am not sure that it is wise to give so much to a little girl who will not tell what she is going to do with it, but since you are so distressed about it—"

"I am not distressed about it now, grandpa; only because I took the pocket-book and let Cainy be suspected. I couldn't think what could have become of it, but I was sure he hadn't taken it, because it was only a minute before you came out from lunch that I put it back, and Cainy was driving the cow down the road. It was good of you, Cainy. I can't think what made you so good," said Del, frankly.

"Folks wouldn't have b'lieved what I said anyhow," said Cainy—"nobody but Miss Polly; and she'd have felt a sight worse to think it was you than to think it was me; and when folks has been good to me, and said they had hopes of me, I ain't goin' to fetch trouble on 'em."

When grandpa came down-stairs, after seeing the surgeon set Cainy's arm and make him as comfortable as possible, he said, and his voice was really a trifle unsteady:

"Well, well, Polly, your father and you were right about that boy after all! There's some good stuff in him. Where there's gratitude there's hope. We shall make a man of him yet." And then his face clouded suddenly. "I want to see Syd. Does anybody know where Syd is?" he said.

"He went away directly after breakfast, and hasn't been home since," said Aunt Katherine. "He often goes fishing on these foggy days," she added; but she looked troubled.

"I want to tell you why I don't need the money now, grandpa," said Del. "Something has turned out so very queerly. But I suppose you are too anxious about the explosion to hear it now."

"Yes, another time, dear—another time. I'm glad it turned out so well. I must go now and find out the extent of the damage. I'm very anxious about Syd."

"After all, I don't think I shall ever tell any one all about it," said Del to herself, in the privacy of her own room, after her grandfather had gone. "There is no need of it; they know the worst of me, and much worse it is than I ever knew of myself before. I shall always be afraid of myself after this. Queer of Aunt Katherine to say it was a good sign to be afraid of one's self! That is a perfectly cruel letter of Aunt Augusta's; but oh, what a relief it was!"

Del drew the letter from her desk to read for about the tenth time. And this is what she read:

"MY DEAR NIECE,—What you wrote me about the earring is no more than I thought likely enough to happen. You needn't suffer any more distress of mind about it, though I'm thinking a little of that won't hurt you, and there's more learned that way than any other. As I say, you needn't suffer any more about it, and you needn't pay for it, or buy one like it, for I have a great assortment of the same kind. I keep them for the benefit of people who want to steal or borrow; going about as I do, one meets many of those people. I find those little paste imitations that come very cheap a great protection to my diamonds, and you see yourself how useful they are to protect the feelings of people who happen to lose one. How could you think, my dear, that I'd lend my diamonds to chits like you and Flibbertigibbet? Well, you've got your lesson, and if you got it hard, so much the longer will it last you. As for Flibbertigibbet, you can tell her the same thing that I told her the day we met—it's a fine thing to know paste from diamonds!

"Your affectionate aunt, AUGUSTA DAMER."

"I think it was dreadful of her to deceive me so," said Del to herself; "but oh, how thankful I am that they were only paste! I think I will tell Polly; she can keep a—"

"Oh, Dell!"—Bess put her head in at the door, breathless with eagerness—"Syd has run away!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"NOW, JUMBO, I'LL READ YOU A STORY"

mas I had a baby brother, a printing-press, and a roll-top writing-desk.

HARRY K. N.

What a merry Christmas we must have had, Harry!

WEAVERVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I live in the "Land of the Skies." There are many high mountains in my village. Weaverville is situated about eight miles from Asheville City. The French Broad River is within three miles of this place. We can see the Old Craggy on the south and the Hamburg Mountains on the north.

J. E. R. (aged 8 years).

I would like, if I could, to stand in your porch and "view the landscape o'er," as the hymn says. A boy who lives where everything is so beautiful ought to be very noble and brave. Do you remember Mrs. Hemans's poem:

"For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Thou father of mountains! God;
Thou hast made our children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain side."

If you do not know this poem, it would be well for you to learn it by heart.

LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am a little boy, but I thought I would write and tell you how much I like Harper's Young People. I do not think I could do without it now. We all think it has a great pretty stories and pictures. I must tell you about my dog before I stop writing. He is so smart and so good that he and his brother and I hide from him, and he hunts for us, and never will stop until he finds us. He has a great many other tricks, but I am afraid it will take my letter too long to tell about them. We live in a pretty mountain town, but with all the little hills around us we have only half one little snow this winter deep enough for me to use my new sled.

J. S. S.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I have watched the Post-office Box for a good while, and have not seen a letter from Vancouver, and so I thought I would be the first one to write you. I am ten years old, and have a dog, a Japanese pug and a cat; their names are Pugzy and Lena. One of the sailors brought the dog from Japan. It is awfully funny to see the sailors and Indians sitting round in the middle of summer with blankets over their heads and at the same time the Chinamen walking around with fans over their heads to keep off the sun.

ROSIE C.

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am eleven years old, and am going to the Academy. I am in the first form of the Primary Department. This last month I received the *Harper's Young People*. I like it very much. I like best are *The Boys of '76* and Miss Alcott's works. A few Saturdays ago our teacher took our form to the Academy of Music. I like the music very much. They had a skeleton of a lizard; it was about twelve feet high. My brother Wharton is ill with typhoid fever, so I have nobody to play with in the afternoons.

FANCY S. B.

St. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are two little girls twelve and thirteen years old, and we, as well as the rest of our family, think there is no paper in the world like this. We are much interested in "Captain Polly," and think "Derrick Sterling" splendid. This has been such a warm winter in St. Louis that we don't have any snow left yesterday, and then it snowed nearly all day, and we were delighted. After school we went with our uncle and some school-mates for sleigh-ride, and enjoyed it very much. We are afraid this letter is too long now, so with love to you, dear Postmistress, we remain your friends,

COURTESY and ELOISE.

MAVERICK, SHERBURN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have been taking this delightful paper for four or five years, and shall always try to take it. Although I have never written to you before, I just love to read the Post-office Box, and I think you would like to hear from me. I am thirteen years old, and will be fourteen on the 19th of August. I go to the Public School, and have been in the principal's room for three years. I will finish this term. My studies are geography, algebra, grammar, physiology, spelling, written and mental arithmetic, history, literature, and book-keeping, and writing in the cursive and drawing and music in the summer. Last summer I went to Berkeley Springs, and had a delightful time. I saw a tree that George Washington planted. It was situated in the park, a large weeping willow. The Springs there were so nice; they looked as if they were boiling all the time. Have you ever been there? I want to say in answer to Kitty Johnston's letter, I am sorry that I have not any flowers, ferns, grass, moss, or anything else pressed, except a few

pauses that I tried to press, and only two are nice, and she is perfectly welcome to them if she wants them, but of course she wouldn't want to bother with two flowers. Since I cannot send her any flowers or anything in this line, I will try to explain what trailing arbutus is like. It is a very small flower. It is longer than the lily-of-the-valley, but not so thick. It is very early. I think it is the sweetest flower that grows, but of course every person hasn't the same opinion, but still every person could not help but think it sweet. It is white, and sometimes pink, and it looks like wax. It grows in the spring, in the woods, under the trees. The spring before last I gathered a basketful every few days, but the last spring I didn't gather any, and so I myself composed a song called "Sweet Trailing Arbutus."

MABEL D. S.

W. KEESEY, KANSAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little boy ten years old. I am four feet and eleven inches high and weigh seventy-eight pounds. Mamma is only three inches higher than I am. For pets I have seven little chickens, a cow, a calf, and a pony. I live on Stony Point Ranch, four and a half miles from town. Stony Point is a hill about two hundred feet high. My father owns four hundred acres of land. W. Keeseey is the title, and it is set of Trego County. On our land there is a spring that does not freeze until we pastured it, and when it is frozen it is fun to go coasting and skating on it. As this is the first letter I have written to your paper, I hope to see it in the Post-office Box.

JOHN M. W.

Isle of HOPE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl nine years old, and have been taking your paper for a long, long time, but this is my first letter to you, so I hope I will see it in print. I love to read the children's stories, so I thought I would write one too. I have a little brother seven years old, and both of us go to the same school. I have a great many pets. I am very fond of them. I have a beautiful little white pigeon that is as white as snow, a white rabbit and four dogs, and ever so many cats; none of them trouble my pigeon and rabbit. I must not make my letter too long. I live out in the country, near Savannah, Georgia, my home, and am always glad when my paper comes out for me to read.

ANULETTE S.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR APRIL 7TH.

The Triumphal Entry.—Mark ii, 1-11.

Golden Text.—"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold thy King cometh unto thee." *Zech. ix, 9.*

When I was a little girl I was the custom for children to learn a great deal of the Bible by heart. Before I was twelve years old I could repeat perfectly the Sermon on the Mount, many of the Psalms, many of the prophecies of Isaiah and Isaiah, the whole book of Ephesians, and a good part of the Revelation. Of course I knew the Ten Commandments, and had read over ever every beautiful Bible story of the Old Testament, the full Book of Books. So to-day I often feel like saying:

"Holy Bible, Book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine."

An old friend of mine knows, and can recite, every word of the New Testament, and ever so much of the Old.

I speak of this because I shall be very glad if Cousin Dorothy's Class will after this study the Golden Text, and the words of the lesson twice every day in the week. By doing this, when Sunday comes, most of you will find that you know the words of the lesson almost perfectly. Thank you for writing to me and showing your interest as you do.

In to-day's lesson the dear Master is going to Jerusalem. The way is crowded with pilgrims, going up the holy road to keep the Passover that feast which all Jews held in great honor, because it was in memory of their going forth from Egypt. Besides Jews, there were also Samaritans, from the aged grandfathers to the babies, with servants, and often a flock of lambs, or a coop full of doves for sacrifice in the Temple, the multitude was composed of Greeks, Numidians, Romans, Egyptians, people of every land and name, going up also to Jerusalem, to be there when the city was laid, either for purposes of gain or of pleasure.

Among these, few noticed the gentle Jesus of Nazareth with his little troop of disciples, yet for Him alone was an ancient prophecy to be fulfilled. You will find as you study God's Word more carefully that in our Saviour's life the old words of prophecy were always wonderfully fulfilled.

As you read, you will see that Jesus provided that the Revised Version should be plain to 7 showing how readily the owners of the colt lent him when they heard the password, "The Lord hath need thereof." And you will find that the colt was to be returned after the Lord's use of him. Now, eager what the people did. Filled with a wild, eager enthusiasm, they made

a beautiful green carpet of twigs and palm branches, over which the Master rode, and many, not satisfied with this homage, took off their loose outer garments, like great circular cloaks, and spread them in the way.

"And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying: 'Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' " Hosanna means "salvation," or it may be used as we use "Hallelujah!" in our chants and hymns. It was a shout of joy.

"Blessed thou art, O kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!"

This is a curious scene when you remember that Judaea was now in subjection to the Romans, its old glory waned, its government laid low. Many of those who cried Hoanna little knew the meaning of their shout. They were giving homage to the Son of David, who was to set on an earthly king, but the Sovereign of all the earth.

In the thousands who swelled this throng, and uttered this cry, there were some who, a day later, cried, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" But if you had been there, you would have joined in the shout, "Hosanna, would you not? And so, to-day, you may go to the piano and strike a grand chord, and sing:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the mighty dead,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

COUSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in look, but not in cook.
My second in old, but not in new.
My third is in river, but not in brook.
My fourth is in bay, but not in shoal.
My whole is the name
Of a good old dame. E. E. M.
- 2.—In first, not in second.
In strife, not in peace.
In eat, not in drink.
In man and woman.
In moon, not in stars.
In lean, not in fat.
In lost, not in found.
My whole is a famous explorer. MARY L. H.

- 3.—My first is in always, but not in ever.
My second is in knowing, but not in clever.
My third is in bramble, but not in thorn.
My fourth is in hay-seed, but not in corn.
My fifth is in tyrant, but not in King.
My sixth is in summer, but not in spring.
My last is in platter, but not in dish.
My whole is a six-footed king of white. L. JAMES WHITE.

- 4.—My first is in goat, but not in bear.
My second is in mirth, but not in cheer.
My third is in wax, but not in gum.
My fourth is in drone, but not in hum.
My fifth is in skillet, though not in pan.
My whole is the name of a very great man. PRENTISS S. WILSON.

No. 2.

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

(Lake in Florida) went hunting and (city in Georgia) went along. (Lake in Florida) shot a river on the north of Minnesota, and (city in Georgia) treed a river in Illinois, which (lake in Florida) shot. P. S. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 489.

- No. 1.—S C A M P B R E A D
C G A R R H I E
A G N E E S E
M A N E S A N E L E
P R E S S D F L E N
- S M A L T
M A N O R
E A N R E
T R O R
T R E A T
- No. 2.—D o i n G
U n t i E
N e g r o
C h a i l
A w G
N o b l e

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Prentiss S. Wilson, J. W. Willis Dowd, Mary Pace, Gulian C. Verplanck, Eugene Wallace, Robert Martin, Louise Meredith, Eva R. Deane, R. T. Tomlinson, J. Grier, Gertrude Ames, John, Alice Willis, Robert Gifford, Jean and Johnnie R., Emily Lee, Conover Curtis, M. C. D., Theodora H., and Runney Wells.



THESE YOUNG ADMIRERS OF BUFFALO BILL INDUCE CARLO TO ACT THE TEXAS STEER AND BE ROPE-D.



AND HE ENJOYED THE SPORT AS MUCH AS THEY DID, AND MORE THAN SOME OF THEM.

OUR Floy, ever since her wee tongue found its cunning, has had a bewitching little way of twisting words about and coining them into new words all her small own—such as never man spake before. The little lady is very fond of pussy-willows, and for a long time they were “kissie-pullers” in her language; then they grew into “kittie-willows.” A pincushion in this baby’s parlance is a “coopshion”; a bumble-bee, a “bungle-bee.” One of her chief delights is to prepare little surprises for us all—“exprisevents” she calls them; and many are the “exprisevents” that spring upon us unawares. But best of all, and wonderfully fitting, is her name for a butterfly—“flutterby.”

HE DIDN'T LIKE THE NAME.

“Oh, come and see the jimmywogs!” cried Harry.
 “Why do you call the pollywogs jimmywogs, Harry?” asked his mother.
 “Oh, ‘cause I think Jimmy is a nicer name than Polly.”

Buckwheat cakes are the kind of “grub” that makes the butterfly.

You will probably be disappointed if you expect to see a cow-slip on the ice.

THE WICKED CAT AND THE JOLLY RAT.

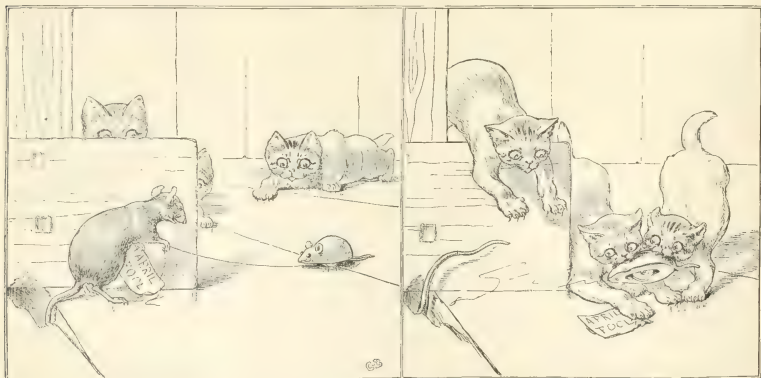
Once there was a wicked cat
 Tried to catch a jolly rat;
 And she brought a splendid head of
 cheese to do it,
 And she set it on the floor,
 Just before the rodent’s door,
 In the hope the jolly rat would soon
 come through it.

But the rat was up to snuff;
 Of the cat he knew enough
 To conclude she wouldn’t buy the
 cheese to please him;
 So he formed a little plan
 To revive the inner man,
 And without a bit of danger stuff
 with cheese him.

So he skirmished all around
 Till the very spot he found
 Of the floor beneath the centre of the
 cheese;
 Then he set to work and gnawed
 Till he came up through the board,
 And could reach the wicked pussy’s
 bait with ease.

So he’s lived in style most gay,
 Eating cheese three times a day,
 And the head is growing hollower
 every minute;
 And puss, watching it without,
 I can say beyond all doubt,
 Has no notion that the jolly rat lives
 in it.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



IT WAS THEIR FIRST “FIRST OF APRIL.”

A WISE OLD RAT PLAYS A TRICK UPON THREE INNOCENT LITTLE KITTENS, WITH VERY SUCCESSFUL RESULTS

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



HE Children's Aid Society has its head-quarters in a modest building at No. 24 St. Mark's Place, New York. An ordinary dwelling, which a generation ago was doubtless the habitation of some well-to-do family, having the usual associations of household life in births, christenings, weddings, festivals, and funerals, No. 24 St. Mark's Place has come in these

days to be the scene and centre of a multiform and beneficent charity.

On the bright winter day when I stepped from the station of the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad and turned my face in the direction of the Children's Aid Society I found there a great deal that was pleasant going cheerily on. The suite of rooms, which I could easily furnish in imagination with carpets, mirrors, hangings, and the heavy carved cabinets and sofas of forty years ago, was equipped with business-like desks, chairs, and benches, and to my delight I was told that I had happened in on a fortunate day for my purpose, as one of the society's Western agents, Mr. E. Trott, was just setting forth with his two-hundred-and-first party of little tourists, who were to find new homes in the ample, generous farmsteads of Illinois. A few months earlier I had met *en route* another gentleman, the Rev. A. P. Stockwell, who with his sweet-faced wife was escorting a similar troop of small travellers to far-away Minnesota, where warm hearts and generous hands were ready to give the strangers welcome. My conversation with Mrs. Stockwell had given me the impulse to ascertain, first for myself and next for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, the character and extent of the benevolent work carried on by this unobtrusive and most Christian agency. When Mr. Trott told me that he had personally conducted twelve thousand boys and girls from the deep poverty of New York tenements or from the homelessness which hides and burrows in the alleys, cellars, and wharves of our city to the safe shelter of good homes in the country, I looked at his kind face with a feeling of genuine respect.

Going from group to group of the lads, all the way from seventeen years old to four, I spoke with them freely, and found them of varying nationalities and of different degrees of intelligence. Little Pat from the Emerald Isle was quite well represented, merry, mercurial, and facile in making the best of things in difficult circumstances; Hans, plodding, stolid, phlegmatic, showed his German lineage; and there were English, Italian, and Swedish, and one or two American lads, among the fifty who composed the company. They were all comfortably and very respectably dressed from head to foot in warm new clothing, bought on purpose for them, and not adapted from the cast-off wardrobes of more fortunate young people—a fact which commended itself to my judgment as admirable in its common-sense. For if a certain measure of self-respect is imparted to ourselves by the confident assurance that our garb is conventionally correct, and if being comfortable as to externals has something to do with amiability and good behavior in any class, how excellent morally must be the effect on the poor and hitherto homeless of being well clad, warm, clean, and not altogether out of the fashion! I rejoiced with the boys in their complete outfits, from under-clothing and stockings to heavy top-coats and stout shoes, and I fancied in every young face a new self-esteem, gained through this alliance with the socially respectable classes.

One little girl was the only representative of her sex on this particular trip. She was a little maid of seven, a sturdy, round-faced child, who blushed and smiled, and said, when I asked her name, that she was Violet King. Father and mother were dead, and Violet was going to a far-distant city to live in the same neighborhood with her brother, taken there and well placed on a previous trip. Violet had on a worsted dress and a cloth cloak, mittens on her chubby hands, a red felt hat trimmed with a cord and tassel crowning her dark hair. In her arms she held a bundle, which was evidently very precious indeed, for while her bag containing her limited wardrobe stood near her on the floor, the bundle never left her for a minute.

"What have you there, Violet?" I asked.

Violet dimpled and flushed, and looked as proud and pleased as any other little girl engaged in that pretty game of motherhood which is so natural to the embryo woman everywhere.

"I have my dolly," she replied, giving the darling a hug.

I was glad she had that treasure to accompany her to the new home and the new life which awaited her at the other end of the journey about to be taken. I knew it would keep her from being lonesome on the way.

The work of the Children's Aid Society is not confined to the special department just alluded to. Besides carrying children away from New York—and of this I have a great deal more to say—the society devotes itself to the intelligent guardianship and training of thousands of children and young people here. Some of these are homeless, and receive welcome shelter and wisely watchful supervision in the lodging-houses and homes which the society has established in different localities. Many are not homeless, though the homes in which they live are very destitute of comfort, and very far below the ideal of even the humblest home. Still, they have parents, brothers and sisters, family interests, and that blessed feeling of belonging somewhere and to somebody which the waif, adrift on the city without kindred or friends, never can attain to. Too poor to attend the public schools, with parents heedless and irresponsible, utterly without desire that their children shall be educated, there are hundreds of bright boys and girls gathered into the industrial schools, there to receive elementary training in redecraft and handicraft.

Quoting statistics from the last annual report, issued in November, 1888, we find that the Children's Aid Society supports and carries on in the most crowded and poverty-stricken neighborhoods in New York twenty-one industrial schools and twelve night schools. The total annual expense of maintaining these in efficient working order, inclusive of salaries, rents, food, clothing, books, fuel, etc., was \$101,634 64, which sum, divided by 3981, the average number of pupils in daily attendance, made the annual cost for each child \$25 52.

If the reader has ever visited one of these industrial schools during its ordinary sessions he has carried away an impression of cheerful activity and buoyant courage which has given an impulse to his faith in humanity, and deepened his reverence for the Christ-life as it is developed in those who labor for man's uplifting. Entering a pleasant school-room, with the usual appliances of blackboards, maps, desks, and benches, perhaps with flowers and vines in the windows, a piano or a cabinet organ to lead the children's voices in song, he has seen a sunny-faced teacher imparting the customary school instruction in arithmetic, reading, geography, etc., adding to this direct moral training in the teaching of the Bible, especially such portions as the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and at certain hours giving lessons

to the girls in sewing, cooking, and house-keeping; to the boys, in the use of tools in carpentry, mechanical drawing, and printing. To write a good business hand is an accomplishment imparted to both boys and girls, and lessons have in some instances been given on the typewriter. The aim is to so thoroughly and practically ground the children in whatever they undertake that they shall be able to go on from the starting-point and acquire their chosen bread-winning trades, while the perceptive qualities are brought into exercise, and the quickness of eye, deftness of hand, attention to details, and promptness in obeying orders which are gradually developed are of immense advantage to those who are brought into these schools.

Remember that but for this beneficent aid scores of them would drift by inevitable attraction into the criminal classes, preying upon society, and finding their ultimate destiny in the prisons and workhouses of the land. On the one score of economy it is cheaper to save this juvenile population than to let it go down in the whirlpool of degradation and sin, for the average cost per year of each prisoner in the Tombs is \$107 75, and of a child placed in a poor-house or asylum nearly \$140.

Gentlewomen of means and leisure frequently devote certain hours of the week to the industrial schools, and meet their classes as regularly and teach them as devotedly as though they belonged to the profession and were paid for the work. And are not these volunteers in this field of charitable endeavor repaid? In the good that they do, the homes they improve, the young lives they brighten, the affection which returns their kindness, they realize in personal experience the core of sweetness hidden in the Divine declaration that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

During the thirty-six years of its existence the Children's Aid Society has been a favorite agency with Christian gentlewomen for doing good. Even on her death-bed the late Mrs. Astor prepared for sending her annual party of 100 boys to the West, and during twenty years her care and bounty had thus placed 1513 homeless children under good influences, at an expense of \$22,156.

Besides the industrial school work, the Children's Aid Society carries on six lodging-houses, in which during the year ending in November, 1888, 10,509 young persons found shelter. A feature of the industrial schools is the good plain dinner daily supplied to the children in attendance. Equally in the lodging-houses good meals are given to the inmates, 275,283 of these having been dispensed in a year. The boys and girls are encouraged to earn money, which the former do by going on errands, shovelling snow, undertaking the duties of any situation which offers, while the girls are taught dress-making or prepared for domestic service. Those who are old enough and sufficiently trustworthy are allowed to go out to work in shops or elsewhere, but they return at evening to the home which is provided for them, and which fosters their self-respect by charging a low rate of board whenever the wages earned will enable the girl or boy to pay for the accommodation. In the Girls' Lodging-house, at No. 27 St. Mark's Place, \$1 26 pays for a week's shelter, tea, and breakfast—a great boon to homeless girls.

I would have you emphasize the word homeless. In our friendly efforts to elevate the working-girl, give her the benefit of our wider culture, promote her best interests, we must not forget that she has generally a home to which her earnings contribute, to which her thoughts and her steps turn at the close of the day. From factories, book-binders, shops, and bazars, from the work-rooms of the milliner and the dress-maker, the feminine employees by hundreds seek their own households when night comes, and the endeavors of Christian people to do them good must take in their kindred also. To those, however, who *are* homeless the Girls' Lodging-house offers the best sub-

stitute for a home which has yet been found; and under the motherly superintendence of a matron noted for her shrewdness and kindness its inmates are cared for, advised, and protected as befits their age and sex.

Of the Newsboys' Lodging-house less need be said, because more is known. The newsboys of New York have a way of keeping themselves in the public eye. Acute, audacious, hard-working, fearless, often generous and heroic, these little fellows, who swarm around the pedestrian like busy bees, invade the horse-car and the omnibus with the swoop and the shout of determined banditti form a guild of their own. In the lodging-house they are taught to be clean, honest, and thrifty, their savings being invested for them at a high rate of interest.

A "Sick Children's Mission" during the year, and especially during the summer, sends food, medicine, and the little luxuries which tempt appetite and assist convalescence to many suffering children. Their number for 1887-8 was 1268. At breezy Bath, Long Island, there is a Summer Home which in one season received and entertained for short periods 4457 inmates, an average of about 300 per week, and the Coney Island Health Home opened its hospitable doors to 5734 poor mothers with ailing infants in their arms. A visit to this Health Home in August weather will convince any woman who has ever felt the throbbings of maternal love that here is a noble and Christ-like charity. The rapid improvement of babies who are almost at the last gasp, as they exchange the fevered atmosphere of the city for the life-giving breath of the sea, is almost miraculous, and the regulations of this Home are as wise as its provisions are generous.

The little bands of boys and girls delivered from the perils of an unprotected life in town and placed in new homes enlist a good deal of my thought. Does the society keep its young wards in sight? Are its arrangements made with a view to the lasting welfare of the children? As a rule, do the children turn out well, and are they an element of good in the communities which receive them? To these inquiries the answer in each instance is an unhesitating yes. In the cases of older lads, from twelve to eighteen, there is sometimes disappointment and an inability to settle the boys well in the new and restrained life of a farm or a home, but the percentage of failure is exceedingly small, and in the overwhelming majority success is assured. With the little ones the gratifying results are at once apparent. They are absorbed into the households which take them in, go to school with the farmers' own children, grow up, marry, become integral parts of the thrifty, swift-growing life of the West. Two thousand seven hundred and twenty-one children were placed in good homes by the Children's Aid Society in the year under review.

While occasionally, as I have said, a lad fails to do credit to the kindness of his unselfish friends, some of the little fellows grow up and take conspicuous positions. There are pulpits occupied by eloquent men who were wards of the society and beneficiaries of those who support it. Physicians, lawyers, and editors have sprung from the ranks of these sturdy children, sometimes of parentage unknown. Successful merchants and men of business trace their beginnings to the same source.

To send a child away from the poverty, hunger, and crime which menace it if homeless in New York, to the safety and comfort, the favoring conditions of the country, where there is bread and to spare, and workers are urgently needed to take hold of the world's waiting work, costs \$20. How many could spare that sum from their superfluity, and thus rescue one life! How many, by blessed self-denial, could send it to the Children's Aid Society! Or a Ten of the King's Daughters, a Sunday-school class, a Mission Band, could give this sum as a thank-offering.

At the bottom of much of the evil which the Children's Aid Society seeks to redress lies, of course, intemperance.

So long as the saloon flaunts its temptations on every corner, and the wages of the laborer, instead of supporting his family, go toward making the family paupers, there will be homeless children. Father or mother, or both, given over to drink, father on the "Island" or at Sing Sing, mother dead in an unmarked grave—one shudders at the gibbness with which the children of the very poor in a crowded town recite facts which are hideous revelations of sin and consequent suffering. Go to any of the children's hospitals—St. Luke's, St. Mary's, or whichever you please—and you will be told by the nurses that the children positively dread to get well and go home to such homes as they alone know, when they have been for a while in the clean beds and in the gentle care of kind, low-voiced women. To be scolded, abused, beaten, knocked about, and generally ill-treated is the lot of thousands of children utterly unused to the consideration and attention which is the portion of our own.

The methods by which the Children's Aid Society seeks to reclaim the outcast and relieve the destitute commend themselves to our common-sense. The society seeks to be the almoner of those who have not time, strength, or opportunity personally to carry their bounty where it may be needed. Over the sporadic attempts of the most gently disposed individual it has the advantage of a thoroughly equipped, well-manned organization. Our foremost citizens give it their confidence and aid it in its philanthropic work.

Among the ancient Hebrews an important part of thanksgiving was always provided for in the oft-repeated injunctions to send a portion to those who were in want, the fat and the sweet from the table of plenty to the board that was bare and famine-stricken. We have discovered no better way in our modern days. The unselfish life is ever the best. It belongs to our era, notable for invention, discovery, and scientific progress, to care thoughtfully and continually for humanity, and none of our charities assist in this with greater fidelity than the one which we have been considering. Witnesses to the diligent and trustworthy prosecution of its aims are to be found in every State in the Union, and all that it asks as it goes on with its work is to be helped by the sympathies, prayers, and money of those who have everything to make life smooth and existence happy. In memory of dear children in heaven, or as a stimulant to usefulness in the children who make the joy of our households, few of us can do better than to help the Children's Aid Society.

WHAT IS THE USE OF ASTRONOMY?

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON says in his *Intellectual Life* that no matter what study you pursue, some one will deem it a foolish waste of time. The student of astronomy gets the benefit of this opinion oftener probably than any one save the student of metaphysics. What is the use of astronomy? That is a very common question. I remember asking it myself some years ago, when I was contented to sail a small yacht on inland waters. When I had cruised a little outside I began to look toward the trackless waters of the Atlantic and to wonder how sailors found their way across. I took up the study of navigation, and in a short time I learned that the entire commerce of the world depended on the science of astronomy.

Navigation is not what most people suppose it is. It has nothing whatever to do with the sailing of a ship, for that is seamanship. Navigation, to be perfectly plain, is the art of finding out where you are and which way to go when you are out at sea. As long as you are in sight of land the direction of the vessel, while considerably more difficult than the novice would suppose, is relieved

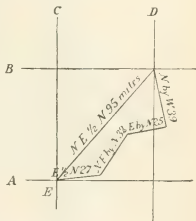
of most of its uncertainty. Light-houses, beacons, buoys, and the features of the coast itself are your guide-posts. But once you are out of sight of land you have only trigonometry and astronomy to show you which way to go.

A ship is navigated by dead-reckoning and by observations of the heavenly bodies. Dead-reckoning consists in keeping a careful account of the distance and direction sailed each day. On a steamer this is comparatively simple, because the vessel can always go straight ahead toward her destination. A sailing vessel must proceed, however, as the wind will let her, and her track across the sea becomes an irregular zigzag.

In navigation the chief problem is to find your latitude and longitude. Latitude is distance measured north or south from the equator. Longitude is distance measured east or west from an imaginary line arbitrarily fixed. England and the United States use a line which is imagined as passing through the Observatory of Greenwich in England. If a captain knows precisely how far he is north or south of the equator, and how far he is east or west of the line or meridian of Greenwich, he can mark on his chart the position of his ship. If he knows this he can tell which way to steer in order to proceed toward his destination.

In navigating by dead-reckoning he uses the log and the compass. The log is an apparatus which measures the speed of the vessel through the water, and therefore shows how far she travels. The compass informs the mariner of the direction in which he is moving. When sailing by dead-reckoning the captain must record how far he sails on each course.

At the end of twenty-four hours in a sailing vessel he will have a lot of entries like these: East half north, 27 miles; northeast by north, 32 miles; east by north, 25 miles; north by west, 39 miles. He must now find out precisely how far he is away and in what direction from his starting-point. Mathematicians have prepared tables by which this problem can be solved

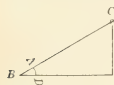


speedily. The accompanying diagram, drawn to a proportionate scale, will show the nature of the problem. The captain finds that as the result of his irregular course he has advanced from E, his starting-point, 95 miles northeast half north. He has left the latitude A and longitude C, and is now in latitude B, longitude D. He knows just where he is and which way to go. But dead-reckoning has been called a "stupid old pilot." The leeway of the vessel, the errors of the compass, which are very troublesome in ships containing much iron or steel, and the currents of the ocean, which are none too well understood, all tend to throw the captain out in his calculations, and it is possible that at the end of four or five days of dead-reckoning he might be scores of miles in error.

But the heavenly bodies never go astray; therefore navigation by observation is the mariner's mainstay. The dead-reckoning is kept because it is the last resort when clouds obscure the heavens. But as long as the sun is visible by day or the moon and stars by night there is no need for the navigator to lose his way. Everything is done to make his work simple and speedy. The United States government maintains an expensive department known as the Coast and Geodetic Survey, whose vessels and officers are employed in surveying coasts and harbors and making accurate charts of them. The government

also maintains an astronomical observatory and a force of astronomers. Every year the Bureau of Navigation at Washington, by the authority of the Secretary of the Navy, publishes an invaluable book called *The American Nautical Almanac*. This volume contains all the information about the movements and positions of the sun, moon, and stars for the year, without which the navigator could do nothing; it is sold for fifty cents, and contains facts which can only be ascertained by eminent astronomers like Professor Simon Newcomb, superintendent of the National Observatory, and his trained corps of assistants. Similar almanacs are issued by the governments of other countries, and the collection of the facts contained in these volumes is the most important work done by government astronomers. Without the data contained in the almanacs navigators could not find the position of ships at sea from observation of the heavenly bodies.

Every observation made by a mariner is an astronomical operation. Let us see now what these are. The simplest problem is finding the latitude. The standard method is by a meridian observation; that is, an observation taken when the body is exactly north or south of the observer. The instrument used on board ship is a sextant, octant, or quadrant, all of which are instruments for measuring angles. I do not propose to go into an explanation of the method of finding the latitude, though any school-boy who can add, subtract, and multiply can comprehend it. A person at B can, with a sextant, observing the body at C, obtain the measurement of the angle AD. Having that, he can tell how far the body at C is from that point in the heavens immediately over his head. His nautical almanac will tell him precisely how far the body



is from the equator at any minute during the entire year. Now let us suppose the observer finds that he is $28^{\circ} 15'$ north of the sun, and his nautical almanac shows him that the sun is $12^{\circ} 45'$ north of the equator, is it not as plain as the nose on your face that the observer is $28^{\circ} 15' + 12^{\circ} 45'$, or 41° north of the equator? That, then, is his latitude.

Now this operation can be performed with the sun at noon, or with the moon, or any visible planet, or any fixed star sufficiently large to be accurately observed, at the time of its meridian passage, which can be ascertained from facts given in the almanac by a simple operation of subtraction. But, you say, suppose that just about the time of this meridian passage a cloud obscures it, what then? Well, we have what are known as ex-meridian observations, by which we can find the latitude from observations taken some little time either before or after the meridian passage. Then we have the double altitudes method of finding the latitude, by which we can get the latitude from two observations taken almost any time, so that they are not too close together nor too far apart. Both these methods are very useful in daytime. At night, however, instead of one heavenly body—the sun—we have scores of objects. Take a clear night in April, for instance; we have Capella, Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, Rigel, Sirius (the brightest fixed star in the heavens), Procyon, Spica, and Arcturus (all stars of the first magnitude), dozens of good stars of the second magnitude, the planet Saturn, and, greatest of all, the glorious planet Venus, the transcendent beauty of the heavens. At almost any hour of the night a star can be found either on the meridian or near enough to it to enable the sailor to find his latitude. And in northern seas he has always the polestar, which is so close to the north pole of the skies that the latitude can be found by it at any hour.

Longitude is found by what are known as time sights. The sailor carries on his ship a very fine clock, called a chronometer. This is kept running at Greenwich time.

The astronomical observation tells the mariner the time at his ship, which is always changing as he goes east or west. When he knows the time at his ship and the time at Greenwich, the difference between them informs him of his longitude. Time (or chronometer) sights of the sun are taken aboard ship about 8.30 in the morning or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The captain measures the angular altitude of the sun with his sextant, and an assistant takes the precise time by the chronometer. The captain finds, let us say, that at exactly 57 minutes and 54 seconds after 10 A.M. (Greenwich time) on June 24, 1888, the sun was $42^{\circ} 26' 30''$ high. By an operation requiring about fifteen minutes' work he finds that at the instant of his observation it was 10 minutes and 5 seconds after 3 P.M. at the ship. It is 4 hours 12 minutes and 11 seconds earlier at Greenwich than it is at the ship, and that means that the ship is in longitude $63^{\circ} 02' 45''$ east.

At night the longitude can be found by any heavenly body which is not too nearly north or south of the observer. The nearer a celestial object is to due east or west, the better it is suited for finding the longitude. The nearer it is to north or south, the better it is for finding the latitude. You will at once perceive that there must be many occasions at night when one can pick out two good stars, one bearing north or south and the other east or west, from which one can find his latitude and longitude quickly and accurately.

There are some minor methods of finding longitude, but the chronometer sight is the standard one. The most powerful problem known to navigators, however, is Johnson's improvement of Sumner's double altitude method. By this the observer, from two observations of the sun, moon, or a star, taken not too close together, or, most speedily of all, by observations of two suitable stars taken in quick succession, can find the latitude, longitude, and error of the compass all at once, and with great accuracy.

I think the reader should be now prepared to receive the assertion that no science known to man is of more practical use than astronomy. The earliest navigators were forced to creep along the shores, never daring to venture far out of sight of land for fear they should not be able to find their way back. As soon as something began to be known about the true constitution of the solar system it was perceived that use could be made of the sun in finding the position of a ship at sea. Even Columbus, the most daring of navigators, had some rude appliances for measuring the altitude of the sun.

The science of navigation is now a very sound and thorough one. Tables have been prepared by astronomers and mathematicians to simplify the work of the navigator. Bowditch's *American Practical Navigator*, the standard work in this country, contains forty-five of these tables, and Norie's book, the English authority, contains many more. Together with the data contained in the nautical almanacs and these tables the practical application of astronomical observations enables the sailor to carry his vessel with certainty from one country to another, and makes it possible for the great ocean steam-ships to rush from Queenstown to New York in a trifle over six days. Unless they were accurately navigated over the shortest possible distance between the two places, their speed would be of little avail.

Thus we see that astronomy is the basis of intercommunication between nations separated by the seas, for without navigation ships could not pass from one country to the other. There would be no commerce, there would be no mails, and there would be no telegraph, for it takes ships to lay and repair the cables. Thus we in America, supposing, of course, that we could have been here without the kind assistance of Columbus and the colonists, would be cut off from communication with Europe, and would live in ignorance of all her marvellous history, art, and literature.

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THE BELLE OF THE SCHOOL.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY S. J. GUY.

THE SONG OF APRIL.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

ONCE I was a maiden merry;
Naught knew I of tears or sorrow.
Oh, my heart was happy—very!
Smiles I needed not to borrow.

But there came a sad, sad morning
When May stole my sweetest flowers—
Buds I meant for the adorning
Of this gray old earth of ours.

Fair, fragile blossoms! How I miss them—
Fragile darlings of delight!
Weep I that I cannot kiss them,
Children passed beyond my sight.

Cruel May, who thus bereft me!
But, ha! ha! why do I moan?
Here are still sweet nurslings left me,
Blue-eyed violets, all my own.

DORYMATES:

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

ON BOARD THE "CURLIEW."

FIFTEEN years seems a long time, and yet when they are happy years how quickly they pass! They had been happy to Breeze McCloud—happy and busy years. No boy in Gloucester had a pleasanter home or more loving parents than he, though he was but an adopted son. He rarely thought of this, though, for Captain McCloud had from the very first been a true father, and the captain's wife a loving mother to him. No other children had come to them since they had taken him into their hearts and home, and he was their pride and delight. He had grown to be a tall, handsome fellow, interested in his studies, and a bright scholar, but always impatient for the time to come when he should go out into the world and win from it his own livelihood.

Whenever Captain McCloud was at home the boy was his constant companion, and from him Breeze eagerly learned the rudiments of a sailor's art. He delighted in being called his father's "dorymate," and was very proud of being able to swim, and to row and sail his own dory, before he was twelve years old.

Being so much in his father's company, and listening to the conversations between him and other men, gave Breeze many ideas beyond the comprehension of most boys of his age. He sometimes wore a grave and thoughtful air, and often said wise things that sounded odd enough in one so young.

The boy's curly head was a familiar sight on board most of the fishing schooners that were constantly coming into or going out of the port. Here he was perfectly happy while listening to some tale of adventure on the Banks or more distant fishing grounds, perhaps told by its hero on the breezy deck or in the snug cabin of the very craft on which it had all happened.

At last the time had come for him to set forth in quest of similar adventures, and to do his share toward maintaining the home that had been such a safe and pleasant one to him. There was sorrow in it now, and there might soon be want. The *Sea-Robin* had been gone six months, and no word had been received from her since the day she sailed out beyond Eastern Point, and vanished in the red glory of the rising sun.

Only in the hearts of his wife and adopted son did the faintest hope remain that the *Robin's* captain was still alive. To all others he was as dead, and a new breadwinner was needed in his place.

"I must go now, mother," said Breeze. "I'm large and strong for my age, and if they'll take me I am sure I can do a man's work and earn a man's wages."

"Oh, Breeze, my dear boy! my comfort! Is there not something else you can do? A clerkship would pay just as well, and there would be none of the horrible danger."

"Don't, mother! don't urge it! It makes me heart-sick to think of a desk, or of being shut up all day in a store. I should never be good for anything, you know I wouldn't, mother dear, trying to do work that I had no heart in."

"But, Breeze—"

"But, mother! Please don't think any more about a clerkship. Give me your consent and your blessing, and let me follow father's calling, and gain a living from the sea, as he has done. I came to you from the sea, you know," he continued, with a winning smile, and patting her thin cheeks. "It was kind to me then, and it always will be, I am sure."

After many talks of this kind Breeze carried his point. Then, one evening in March, there was no prouder boy in town than he, when he was able to announce to his mother that he had shipped for a mackerelling trip to the southward on the schooner *Curliew*.

The vessel was already taking in her ice and stores, and would haul out into the stream the next morning, ready to start. Breeze was to go over to town the first thing after breakfast and buy the oil-skin suit, rubber boots, and woollen cap that, besides the canvas bag of heavy clothing he would take from home, would form his outfit. These he would send aboard the schooner. Then he would come home again and say good-by if there was time; but perhaps there would not be, and so they had better make the most of this evening.

They did make the most of it, and until after ten o'clock Breeze and his mother sat hand in hand and talked, she sadly and tearfully, he bravely and hopefully.

The next morning, just before he left, his mother called him into her room, saying: "I have one more thing to give you, Breeze. It is something that should be the most precious thing in the world to you, and I want you to wear it always." With this she took from the sandal-wood box that had kept it safely all these years the slender chain and golden ball that had hung around his baby neck when she first held him in her arms.

Breeze was inclined to laugh at the idea of wearing a gold chain and a locket around his neck; but his mother was so in earnest in her desire that he should that he promised to do as she wished.

"Doubtless your own mother first placed it there, and I have a strong feeling that it will, somehow or other, have much to do with your future safety and happiness," she said. "See, I have made a little pocket in the breast of each of your flannel shirts to hold it," she added, as she clasped the chain about his neck and kissed him.

"Own mother or not own mother, no boy ever had a better, or sweeter, or dearer, or more loving mother than you have been to me," cried Breeze, throwing his arms about her neck, "and I would not exchange you for any other in the world, not even if she was a queen."

Now that the time to go had really come, the boy found it a very hard thing to part from his home. After he had kissed his mother good-by, and started down the hill with his canvas bag on his shoulder, he dared not look back, though he knew she was standing in front of the little cottage watching him.

He had barely time in town to make his few purchases before the *Curliew* should sail; for wind and tide were both favorable, and her skipper was impatient to take

advantage of them and get started. His hurry was owing to the fact that several other schooners were getting ready for trips to the same waters. He was anxious to be the first on the ground, and if possible carry the first fresh mackerel of the season into New York.

Although everybody has seen and eaten mackerel either fresh or salted, and though they are caught in immense numbers off the Atlantic coast of the United States every year, there is but little really known about them. Where they come from and where they go to are still unsolved mysteries. Every spring, between the middle of March and the middle of April, they appear in great shoals in the waters just north of Cape Hatteras. At this time they are very thin, and hardly fit for food; but on the coast feeding grounds they rapidly improve, until in the early summer, when they have worked their way northward to New England waters, they are in prime condition. They generally run as far north as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from which, in the fall, they suddenly disappear, to be seen no more until the following spring.

All through the summer, but especially at the very first of the season, those that are caught near a port are packed in ice and carried in to the market fresh. The greater part of the year's catch is, however, salted in barrels on board the schooners, and afterward repacked on shore in kits or boxes, marked, according to the size and quality of the fish they contain, No. 1, 2, 3, or 4, and sent all over the world.

The cruise on which Breeze McCloud was about to start was to be made in search of the very first mackerel of the season, and the *Curlew's* destination was therefore the waters off the Delaware coast, or between there and Cape Hatteras.

By ten o'clock everything was in readiness for the start. The skipper had come on board, and all hands were hard at work making sail or breaking out and getting up the heavy anchor. Then it was "up jib and away." As the lively craft slipped swiftly down the harbor, Breeze found time for one long last look at his home. At the cottage door he could just make out a waving handkerchief that told him he was being watched and remembered.

Once outside, all hands were kept busy for a couple of hours setting light sails, coiling lines, stowing odds and ends, and making everything snug. The course they were heading would carry them just clear of Cape Cod; and before a spanking breeze, under a press of canvas, the *Curlew* tore along as though sailing an ocean race that she was bound to win. Almost any fishing vessel but a mackereller going out at this stormy season would have left both top-masts and her jib-boom at home, being content with the safest of working sails. To the early mackerel catcher, however, every minute gained may mean many extra dollars in pocket, so his craft sails in racing trim, and carries her canvas to the extreme of recklessness.

Like all fishing schooners, the *Curlew* had a forecastle, in which several of the crew slept, and in which were also the cook-stove and mess-table. Back of it was the pantry and store-room, in which were two fresh-water tanks. Still farther aft was the hold, divided into pens by partitions of rough boards. These were now filled with cakes of ice, but later would be used for fish. Aft the hold was the cabin, in which the skipper and five of the crew found sleeping accommodations. It was neatly finished in ash, and running along three sides of it was a broad transom that served as a seat or lounging-place. The only furniture was a small coal-stove securely fastened in the middle of the floor. On the walls hung a clock, a barometer, and a thermometer. A few charts were stowed overhead in a rack, and flung around in the bunks or on the transom were a number of paper-covered novels. The

business of fishing is conducted upon the system of shares; that is, half the value of the catch, after outfitting expenses have been deducted, goes to the owners of the vessel, and half to the crew. Although the skipper and cook are not required to take part in the actual business of fishing, each of them receives a full share. The skipper gets, in addition, four per cent. of the value of the catch, and the cook has regular wages.

The living on board a fishing schooner is generally superior to that on almost any other craft. It consists of fresh meat whenever it can be obtained, fresh fish, vegetables, dried fruit, soft bread, cakes and pies, eggs, condensed milk, and always tea and coffee, hot, strong, and in abundance.

The *Curlew* was manned by a picked crew of twelve men, including the skipper and cook. They were young, strong, and active, and, except Breeze, all were skilful fishermen. He had been considered very fortunate in obtaining a berth at a time of year when there are so many good men anxious to ship. That he had done so was largely owing to the friendship existing between the skipper, Captain Ezra Coffin, and his adopted father.

When he had consented to ship the boy for the trip, the skipper said:

"It's a hard life, Breeze, and one full of chances. Every man aboard may have a hundred dollars to his credit before the week is out, and then again we may cruise for a month and not make enough to pay for our ice. You are only a boy, but you will have to do a man's work, and hard work at that. There are perils of all kinds waiting on every minute of the night and day, and they'll come when you least expect them. I'd rather a boy of mine would saw wood for a living on land than try to make it by fishing. Besides all this, as you are a green hand, I can only offer you half a share for this trip. Still, if you are bound to come, I'm glad to have you, both for your own sake and for that of my old dorymate, Almon McCloud. So bring along your dunnage, lad, and may good-luck come with you!"

Breeze had answered: "I know it won't be all plain sailing, sir, and that I've got a lot to learn before I can be called an A 1 hand. Still, hard and dangerous as you say the business is, I'd rather try and make a living at it than at anything else I know of, and I am much obliged to you for giving me a chance."

Soon after leaving port the skipper called all hands aft to draw for bunks and to "thumb the hat." The bunks had numbers chalked on them, and now the skipper held in his hand as many small sticks as there were men in the crew. Each stick had notches cut in it corresponding to the numbers of the bunks, and one by one the crew stepped up and drew them from the skipper's hand. Thus the sleeping-quarters were distributed with perfect fairness, and there was no chance for grumbling. Breeze was lucky enough to draw one of the wide bunks in the cabin, and at once hastened to stow his possessions in it.

When all the berths had been thus distributed, the crew again gathered aft, and each man placed a thumb on the rim of an old straw hat that had been laid on top of the cabin. The skipper turned his back to them, one of the men named a number, and, without looking to see whose it was, the skipper touched one of the thumbs. Then he counted around until the number mentioned was reached. The man at whose thumb he stopped was to stand first watch and trick at the wheel, the next man on his right the second, and so on. There would be two men on watch in bad weather, but one is generally considered sufficient when it is fine.

With the parting injunction to "mind now, and remember who you are to call," the skipper went below. As eight bells, or twelve o'clock, was struck, the man who had first watch took the wheel, gave a glance at the com-

pass, another at the sails, and the regular routine of duty was begun.

Now dinner was announced, and after the skipper was seated, the half of the crew that reached the mess-table and secured seats were entitled to eat at "first table" during the trip. The others had to be content to eat at "second table."

Breeze was not posted as to this, and consequently was among those who were behindhand when the rush took



"I CAME TO YOU FROM THE SEA," HE SAID, PATTING HER THIN CHEEKS."

place. Afterward this seemingly trifling circumstance proved to be of the most vital importance to him, as we shall see.

The cruise thus fairly begun was continued without incident until the *Curlew* reached the fishing grounds off the Virginia capes. Then, under easy sail, she stood off and on, with a man constantly at the mast-head, scanning the surface of the water in the hope of seeing mackerel. The great seine-boat was got overboard, and with the seine in it, was towed behind the schooner, ready for instant use.

At length, after four long and tedious days of this work, the impatient crew were brought tumbling on deck in a hurry one fine morning by the welcome cry of "There they school; half a mile away, off the weather bow!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOYHOOD IN OTHER LANDS.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

A YOUNG PEASANT AND NOBLEMAN.

BLEAK and dreary enough are the winters in the outlying districts around St. Petersburg, the pale white capital of Russia, and bitter cold the wind that whistles through the forest trees, beneath which poor little Ugo Sareleff gathers the fuel that keeps himself and the younger children warm in their low dark *isba*, or hovel built of logs, with its gayly painted roof, its earthen floor, and only one window, covered with dried fish-skin. Indeed Ugo's red head is the only warm-looking thing in the whole landscape, for his nose is as blue as his eyes, and he has to work briskly, and occasionally rub his face with snow, to keep from freezing, for Ugo is the son of a *moujik*, or peasant, and inured to hardship.

But he is a happy-go-lucky chap, although not particularly well fed, his principal food being sour black-bread and cabbage soup. He can neither read nor write, and often has to take some pretty severe blows from the stick that always stands in a corner of the living-room, particularly when his father has been indulging immoderately in *vodui*, the fiery liquor with which low-born Russians try to keep out the cold. But Ugo loves to sing, and as he heaps the dry branches on the low sledge he warbles a mournful little ditty about a child that was hugged to death by a bear. It is sweet and plaintive, but far from gay, for all the songs of that frosty land have such an undercurrent of sadness they have been called the "tears of Russia." He is very glad, however, to finish his task, and lead the hard-worked little horse home, after which he can go in-doors, and creep close to the great stove that keeps the whole house warm, around which his parents sleep at night, together with the spiders and beetles that overrun everything. As for Ugo and his brothers and sisters, they repose like sailors in hammocks slung from the rafters, and never take off their clothes from one week's end to another.

But on Saturday our young peasant is as clean as a new penny; for that is "bath-day" in Russia as well as in America, and then he is steamed almost to suffocation in a hole under the stove, after which several painfult of hot water are dashed over him, and he ends up with a roll in the snow outside. This severe operation makes him feel as fresh and gay as a lark, but after it he never thinks of even washing his face until the seventh day comes round again.

The winters are indeed terribly long and trying to the poor in Russia, but, oh, what joy when the spring at length appears! and how eagerly the children welcome the first dandelions, of which they twine wreaths to deck their heads and necks, and how gayly they greet the notes of the cuckoo, the harbinger of the short delightful summer, while when the ice breaks up in the Neva there is a general rejoicing! A goblet is filled with the clear cold water and carried to the Czar, who drinks it and returns the glass filled with ducats.

Then Ugo gets out his fishing-rod and sits patiently for hours on the river-bank, and during the long twilights, which last until midnight, plays on his *balalaika*, or lute, for his sister Dunia and her friends to dance the *tressaka* and the *korowod* in the open air.

A great contrast, however, to the life of peasant Ugo is that of the young Russian noble Nicholas Alexandrovitch, who lives in one of those great white stuccoed houses within the imperial city. In his home great double windows and treble doors keep out the Frost King's icy breath, open fires and porcelain stoves preserve a warm even temperature, and the *samovar*, or huge brass urn, is constantly smoking on the table to serve all with

the tea of which Russians are very fond, and which they drink with lemon juice in place of cream, and bite off a bit of sugar from a lump with every mouthful, instead of stirring it in the cup. When Nicholas goes out he looks like a small bear, so wrapped is he in furs, and he enjoys the ice and snow when gliding over it in a gay sledge drawn by horses with tossing plumes, while in summer he jogs merrily about in a quaint little drosky.

From a baby he has been petted and caressed, and when only five years old was a perfect little polished gentleman, kissing his parents' hands after each meal, and making the most dignified little bows imaginable; for Russian children are early taught graceful manners. His dress of velvet and silk was extremely picturesque, and in his sash he carried a three-hilted dirk. A bright-hued cap covered his fair curls, and he gayly flourished the pride of his life, a pair of shiny black boots tipped with red and adorned with tiny gilt spurs, while he prattled away in three different languages, which, however, truth compels me to say, he often mixed up most sadly.

Now that he is older and goes to school, he has put aside his frills and furbelows for more manly attire, but still retains his beloved boots; and how do you think he learns his lessons? A very difficult way, it seems to us, for he studies his history in French, and recites it in German, and learns his spelling in Russ, and his grammar in English, which you see is killing four or five birds with one stone; but most high-born Russians are good linguists. Nicholas and his boy friends are excessively fond of swinging, and the merry-go-rounds at all the fairs are well patronized by young folks. They do not skate, although there is so much ice, for it is usually covered by mountains of snow; but coasting is a favorite amusement, and as the land is level, ice hills, both public and private, have been erected in different parts of St. Petersburg. They are about thirty feet in height, and are built in a line one beyond another, so that the impetus given by descending one will carry you nearly up the next. The sleds used are made of iron, are very long and narrow, and are well cushioned. At the top of the first hill is usually a building with a room containing fire and refreshments. So devoted are the Russians, young and old, to this pastime, that in summer they coast on wooden mountains with greased tracks.

There are many holidays and festivals celebrated in Russia, when not only Nicholas, but poor little Ugo, has a good time. Swjaki comes in Christmas week, and is something like our Halloween, when parties of young people meet to tell fortunes and try various superstitious charms.

Three days before Palm-Sunday a great fair is held, when boys and girls all expect gifts. The cook makes fancy cakes and sugar images. The men-servants manufacture boxes of wood and paper for their young masters and mistresses, and friends send to each other beautiful palm branches, the leaves of which are of silver or gold filigree, and are elaborately decorated. Some are covered with natural hot-house flowers, others have waxen fruits that open and disclose wished-for toys or trinkets; or again they display a flock of tiny angels fastened on with blue ribbons. But woe betide the lazy boy who sleeps late on Palm-Sunday morn-

ing, for his brothers will be sure to whip him out of bed with a substantial bundle of twigs.

But the merriest, maddest time of all the year is the Russian Carnival or Butter-week, which ends up the winter festivities. Then the great squares of St. Petersburg fairly blossom out with menageries, theatres, and all sorts of shows dear to boyish hearts. Cake and bonbon booths do a thriving business. Men dressed as clowns perform all kinds of funny antics. The coasting hills and swings are well occupied, and Nicholas spends each day in jollification, while Ugo manages to scrape together a few small coins with which he buys enough pleasure to remember all the year, and both go home at night to a supper of pancakes, called *blini*, which are fried in butter, as is all the food cooked during Carnival week, it being replaced by oil as soon as Lent begins.

There are many other holidays, as well as each boy's patron-saint day, which is celebrated instead of his birthday; but I think I have mentioned enough to show that even in the life of a Russian peasant lad there is enough play to keep even this little Jack of the North-land from being a dull boy.



A YOUNG RUSSIAN NOBLE.

A SERMONETTE ON ETIQUETTE.

BY MARY S. MCCOBB.

"HOW can I ever get out of this house?"

That was the question which I, a young girl, used to ask myself when sent to call on certain relatives.

There I sat and sat and continued to sit till my hostess must have wished me in Timbuctoo. Finally, in the energy of despair, I would gasp, "I think I must go now," and somehow manage to gain the open air.

When I see another miserable being fidgeting on her chair, longing, yearning, yet not knowing how to take her leave, I should just like to whisper a small secret in her ear: My dear, don't rise to depart until you yourself are in the middle of a sentence. Don't say "Good-morning" or "Good-afternoon" during a pause in the conversation. That is abrupt. Don't rise to go when somebody else is talking. That is rude.

But suppose your hostess says, "You'll be sure to come to school to-morrow, for Sally Smith is to sing at the 'General Exercises,'" now is your chance.

"Oh yes; I haven't forgotten. I wouldn't miss that song for anything."

While you have been speaking you have quietly risen, and still facing your friend (for it is not considered courteous to turn your back upon her), you have stepped toward the door, or toward any older person who may be in the room. Being on your feet, it is an easy matter now to shake hands with your hostess, who has followed you, or with her mother, and still with a word or two about school, or a cordial "I shall hope to see you soon," you reach the door and step out.

There is no surer mark of good-breeding than a sweet deference toward older persons. If your school-mate's grandmother be in the room when you pay a visit, make it a point to speak especially to her both on coming in and going out. There can be no excuse in the wide world for not paying your respects to your friend's mother and grandmother.

If either of them has been in the room when you came, but has gone out, it is proper to say, as you take your leave, "Will you please to bid your mamma [or your grandmamma] good-by for me?"

Try all this as a sort of game at home. Probably it will give you a good laugh, but it won't do you any harm. Pay a little visit on your "sisters and your cousins and your aunts," rising when the call is ended, and you yourself are speaking. At the door, make your general "good-evening" with a glance at each person, or if the mamma be there, give her an especial greeting.

All this "sermonette" is for you, dear boys, as well as for your sisters. For what does look more foolish than a boy who cannot manage himself, but tumbles over his own feet, and goes out of a door as if he had been shot from a catapult?

CAPTAIN POLLY.*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XX.

"YES, he has run away!" persisted Bess, in answer to Del's incredulous look. "Roy and the English boy have come, and they say so. When the steam-boat stopped at Belrock they saw Syd and Bruce Bennett getting out of a row-boat; it was the *Lickety-Split*, Bruce Bennett's boat. Roy said he happened to see the name through the fog; he was sure no other boat ever had that name, so he looked to see who the boys were. Syd had a

bag and Bruce had a bundle. Grandpa thinks they meant to take the cars at Belrock. He has telegraphed everywhere, but he can't tell which way they have gone, and they may get away down to St. John or away on to New York before they are stopped. They put the stuff in that blew up; that's why they're gone."

"Those boys!" exclaimed Del. She had always been absorbed in her own affairs, and she had a settled conviction that boys were a nuisance; but Syd was her brother, and Del felt this new trouble to be so great that what she had just gone through seemed but a trifle in comparison. "I wish I had thought more about Syd. I might have looked after him a little. Oh, I have been so selfish and silly!" she said, rather to herself than to Bess.

"You'd think Polly would be wild, she was always so fond of Syd," said Bess. "But she's just as still as can be, only awfully pale, and can't say her r's at all. And she says she doesn't believe Syd did it, or meant to, or there's some mistake. Just think how foolish, when Cairy knows they put the stuff in the closet, and Syd has run away and all! Oh, and Roy is dividing his snakes with the English boy. He is going away in the morning."

"The English boy" went away the next morning. He spoke very kindly to Polly about Syd just before he left.

"You mustn't believe that Syd did what they say," said Polly, earnestly. "I am sure he didn't, because he promised me that he wouldn't do dreadful things. Whatever they may say, I know that he didn't do it."

"I shall tell him that when I meet him in New York," said Lord Brentford. Polly smiled at that, sad as she was: they had very often smiled at the English boy's idea of space in America. He had not yet been in New York, and seemed, so Polly thought, to believe that he should be likely to see every one who was there, as one might in a little country village. But afterward Polly found out what he meant.

Telegrams had been sent in every direction, and detectives despatched in search of the runaways, and grandpa held himself in readiness to follow the first clew that appeared. Now and then a false one drew him a short distance, only to come back baffled. The boys had left their row-boat at the landing at Belrock, and it seemed that no one had observed them afterward. The crowd and commotion consequent upon the steamer's arrival had drawn attention away from them, and the heavy fog had further favored their escape. It might have swallowed them up utterly, for anything that appeared to the contrary. It was a time of terrible anxiety and suspense. Polly grew thin and white, and chafed miserably over the fact that she was a girl and could not go in search of Syd. She even made desperate plans to go, in the long wakeful nights, but they were always rejected by common-sense, which came back, as it is apt to do, with daylight.

The Red Revs, as Cairy called them, were all arrested, and the leaders, Nick Hiffley and three other youths of eighteen and nineteen, received their just deserts in the shape of long terms of imprisonment, while the younger boys, who were proven to have followed the leaders generally under the pressure of threats, were released upon promise of future good behavior.

Not long after the League came to an end the strikes were peacefully settled; but this consummation, which he had so desired, seemed to bring no comfort now to Grandpa Damer. When not away following some clew, he sat in his office waiting for telegrams and letters. And, after all, it was Polly to whom the first news came—a telegram signed with Lord Brentford's name: "Have found S., safe and innocent. You will receive letter to-morrow."

"Safe and innocent! innocent, just as I said!" cried Polly, as grandpa, who had been sent for, came in before they had ceased to laugh and cry over the telegram. Grandpa shook his head doubtfully, although his face had brightened, and he looked to Polly very much as if he

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 478.

would have liked to laugh and cry himself. "Why doesn't he come home, then? I don't understand it. Lord Brentford should have telegraphed where he was to be found."

"Only a little patience, grandpa, and be sure everything is right!" cried Polly. "And isn't he the *nicest* boy? that was what he meant by saying 'if he should meet Syd in New York.' He has been hunting for him."

"I don't understand how he could find him when the detectives couldn't; it's all very mysterious," said grandpa.

As we all know, in spite of the almanac, there is the very greatest difference in the length of days. Polly has been led to say that if she should live to be as old as Methuselah she should never expect to see another twenty-four hours drag themselves along so slowly as those which elapsed between the reception of the English boy's telegram and his letter.

But as all things come at last to him who knows how to wait, so some things come to those who do not, and the letter was promptly delivered into Polly's own hands at the post-office next day. And it was read by her to a family party in the carriage, including Cainy on the driver's seat, letting the horse go at its own sweet will.

"DEAR MISS POLLY,—I will be as brief and explicit as possible, knowing how anxious you all must be. Your brother and his friend ran away, not because they were guilty of any dynamite deeds or projects, but because of the increasing wickedness of that gang of young ruffians in which they were to be compelled to share, and which they unfortunately had not the courage to divulge. When one considers the age and desperate character of some of those fellows, it is not to be wondered at that they were intimidated."

"That's kind of him to make a little excuse for Syd," said Polly.

"I am not at all sure that he deserves it," replied grandpa, grimly. "However, go on, Polly; go on."

"There is no doubt that they joined the gang with a vague idea of doing something daring and exciting, but with no comprehension of its real purposes. They had not been obliged to take any part in the outrages perpetrated by the older members of the gang, but the latter had evidently concluded that it would be safer to make them sharers in their guilt. They were to have been forced to assist in setting fire to the ship-yards, which was the cause of their running away. It was just as the extreme coldness of the world to empty-pocketed and friendless boys had induced them to think of returning that they read an account of the explosion in the papers, and decided that a cold world with freedom was more desirable than a prison. For they *were* responsible for the explosives. They had hidden in the closet of the workshop a quantity of chemicals which they had used in attempting to get up some stereopticon pictures; they had pursued this art, not very successfully, I judge, for some time, in great privacy in the old wing; and these chemicals had once exploded, the boys told me, with a noise as loud as a pistol-shot, but without doing any particular damage."

"I heard it!" cried Polly. "That was early in the summer, before Lord Brentford came. And that was the queer bubbling noise."

"Go on, Polly; go on!" cried a chorus.

"A more dangerous industry which they have practised in the same place was the making of Chinese fireworks. Bruce Bennett, it seems, has an uncle who has lived in China, and who was so injudicious as to instruct him in the art. They did not succeed in making a supply for the Fourth of July, as they hoped to, but practised at intervals, hoping to be ready for next year's celebration. When his privacy was invaded, Syd says, they carried their materials to the workshop for safe-keeping.

The Red Revs, he says, forced him to allow them to have meetings in the old wing, but they became frightened, and came but twice. They say they were somewhat afraid to move the explosives, but thought they were safe in the closet. Syd thinks a spark from Cainy's candle must have come in contact with the powder. They were, you see, guilty of nothing but extreme carelessness, which, however blameworthy, is quite different from a criminal intention."

"Of course, quite different!" exclaimed Polly, exultantly. "Oh, poor Syd!"

"The young knaves! It's a wonder you were not all burned in your beds," said grandpa. But it was easy to read the happy relief in his look.

"I came upon the boys almost by accident at last, and after I had almost despaired of finding them. And then it was under such circumstances that they could and would have slipped away from me if I had not promised not to betray them. They have been reduced to sore straits, and have suffered greatly. I found them about to join a show of the lowest character; they were to help take care of the animals in payment for their passage to the far West, Bruce Bennett cherishing a somewhat subdued and flickering ambition to become a cow-boy. The terms of the contract did not include board, and they had no money and were extremely hungry, yet Bruce Bennett absolutely refuses to return, and Syd was only induced to by the knowledge that *you* had always believed him innocent. 'Old Polly has stood up for me, has she?' he said, and for the first time he quite broke down, and his hard and hopeless mood vanished. I must tell you, Miss Polly, that a little text of the New Testament came into my mind: 'Thou hast gained thy brother.' And I must also take the liberty to tell you that although I misunderstood you at first—I think a fellow is likely to, American girls are so different from English ones—after I knew you better you kept me from being home-sick, because you were so simple and natural, and not affected or young-ladyish, so that I was afraid of you. You seemed so like my own sisters."

"Oh! oh! if that isn't the greatest!" cried Del. "And I always thought he was more horror-stricken at Polly than at any of us."

"There! I don't care about that flummery: read when Syd is coming home," said grandpa.

"As soon as some necessary changes in his appearance are effected, Syd will leave for home. I wish I could go with him, but I think he prefers to go alone, as it shows that he goes voluntarily. Bruce Bennett persists in following the show, but has promised me that he will write to his father as soon as he reaches Chicago, and I am quite sure that by that time he will be quite willing to return."

"You mustn't say a hard word to Syd, not one; must you, grandpa?—he has suffered so much!" said Polly, eagerly.

"You seem to be mistress of the situation, Captain Polly," said grandpa, good-naturedly, "and I've no doubt I shall kill the fatted calf to please you. But the young rascal deserved to suffer."

But Polly need not have feared. When Syd arrived his looks were a sufficient plea for pardon. They would have softened a far harder heart than Grandpa Damer's.

Thin and haggard and dejected, with all his jaunty independence gone, Polly could scarcely have believed that it was Syd if he had not called her "Old Polly" (Syd's strongest term of endearment) in one breath, and told her "not to act like a girl and make a great fuss," in the next. It was evident that *he* was struggling with a very large lump in his throat, and in danger of making a great fuss himself; and oh, how pitifully glad he was to get home, and what an appetite he had, after a while, for the goodies of which Diantha had cooked enough for an army,

knowing, as she declared, that "one of the things there wa'n't no reck'nin' on was a hungry boy."

He was Syd still, no doubt, with all his "trying" ways, his lack of candor, and his susceptibility to bad influences; but he had had a lesson, and he could learn. A boy is never a hopeless case who can learn. And Polly was brimming over with faith and joy. She had one great excuse always ready for Syd. "I ought to have told about that dreadful society, even if I *had* promised," she would say. "That might have prevented all the trouble."

Strangely enough, Syd and his grandfather had changed places in their opinions about Syd's going away to school. Syd was now anxious to go, and his grandfather wished him to stay at home and "live down" his disgrace, especially as he had been assured by Bruce Bennett's father that Bruce would go away to school.

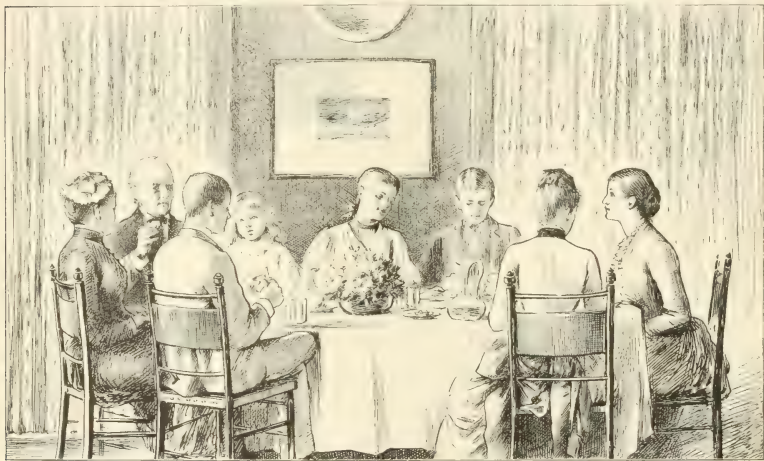
It was only a few days after Syd's return that Cainy, almost recovered from his injuries and in the best of spir-

Grandpa Damer said that little English lord was a capital fellow—*capital*; and he was going to invite him to come down to the great harvest-home and barn-warming which he was going to have when the new barn was done.

Del prophesied that he wouldn't come; she said he had put them all into his note-book, and labelled them—he always labelled his snakes and bugs—"Queer young Yankees discovered in remote regions," and then forgotten all about them. Grandpa said he *might* have labelled them "The sorrows of a poor old man," but he thought that, after all, he had liked them well enough to come again.

And he did come, and Harry was at home with a party of friends, and I only wish I had space to tell you what a great time it was. Grandpa *would* invite everybody, and even Del didn't object, but said that if Jeanne Higgins *had* kept her promise to have her invited to Lenox, she should have staid at home on this account.

The bare inside of the great barn was hidden under green



"AND OH, WHAT AN APPETITE HE HAD"

its, although he still wore his arm in a sling, came, somewhat shamefacedly, to Polly, and remarked:

"Me and some of the fellows was thinkin' of makin' you a little present." (Polly understood at once that the fellows were "Patch" boys.) "Joe Banks says that the old *High-Flyer* has come ashore down by Pemetic Light; Joe's brother he keeps the light; and the young ones have took her for a play-house, jest as you used to have her. She's considerable stove up, but me 'n' the fellows calc'lated that we could tow her up if you'd like to have her. But I told 'em I'd ask you first, for, says I, it would be jest like my Miss Polly not to want her took away from them young ones, and—"

"Oh no, Cainy, I shouldn't. It was very kind and thoughtful of you and the other boys, but that is just what I should have wished to happen to the old boat. I wonder if there was any candy left in her, and what did they think of her? Some day we must take a sail down there and find out."

foliage and blossoms, and gay Chinese lanterns swung everywhere. There was an orchestra from Portland, but grandpa declared that "Aaron's nose should not be put out of joint," and he played "Come, lasses and lads," to his own and grandpa's hearts' content. Cainy, in a brand-new suit, with a button-hole bouquet, acted as usher, and showed so much discretion in this difficult capacity as to make many people say he had "plenty of sense after all." I, for one, have never doubted it. Roy seemed to have left his wrinkle quite behind him, and Syd, with a subdued and more responsible look, was winning his old place in every one's regard—perhaps more than his old place, for every one recognizes the nobility of living down disgrace, and making our faults "stepping-stones to higher things."

And Polly, dear, red-headed, tender-hearted Polly, as she footed it gayly through the dance, heard a sweeter sound than the music of the violins—a still small voice that whispered to her heart, "Thou hast gained thy brother."



SPRING-TIME ON THE DOWNS.—ENGRAVED BY CH. BAUDE AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. T. ERRAZURIS.

SCHOOL-DAYS OF THE PRESIDENTS.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

JOHN ADAMS.—THOMAS JEFFERSON.—JAMES MADISON.—JAMES MONROE.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, was the great-grandson of Henry Adams, who, according to the quaint inscription on his tomb in Quincy, "took his flight from the dragon Persecution in Devonshire, England, and lighted with eight sons near Mount Wollaston." Adams was also descended from John Alden, one of the original band of Pilgrims who first landed on Plymouth Rock. He was born at Quincy, Massachusetts, October 19, 1735.

As a boy he was fond of out-door sports, and it cannot truthfully be said that he was particularly fond of his books. His father, who was a farmer and a man of moderate means, was a deacon in the village church, and when John was a very small boy he hoped that one day he would become a preacher.

But when John had arrived at the age of fourteen his father said to him one day, in the precise and somewhat pompous style peculiar to that age: "My son, it is time for you to decide respecting your future occupation in life. What business do you wish to follow?"

John, who loved an out-door life, had probably given some thought to his vocation, and answered promptly that he would like to be a farmer.

"Very well," said his father. "It is time for you to commence your life-work; you must give up play, and enter upon that steady hard work without which no farmer can get a living."

The next day John went to work in the field. He found that out-door work was a very different thing from out-door sport. During this first day's work he pondered over this subject, and in the evening, when he returned home, he said to his father, "I have been thinking to-day, and have concluded that I don't want to be a farmer; I would like to try my books."

His father made no objection, and allowed him to attend a good school in the town, and at the age of sixteen he entered Harvard College, from which he graduated four years later. He was a good scholar, and his class contained a number of young men who afterward became eminent in civil and ecclesiastical life. Among them were William Browne, subsequently Governor of the island of Bermuda; John Wentworth, Governor of New Hampshire before the Revolution, and afterward Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia; Samuel Locke, at one time president of the college; and Moses Hemmenway, a distinguished minister. Adams, Hemmenway, and Locke were noted as being the first scholars in their class.

Thomas Jefferson, who became the third President, was born April 2, 1743. His father was an educated man and the owner of considerable property; his farm, or "plantation," as it was called in those days, numbered fourteen hundred acres, and was situated in what is now called Albemarle County, Virginia.

As a small boy Jefferson had been taught to ride horseback, to shoot, to row on a rather rough river that flowed near the house, to take long walks through the wild woods in search of game, and in short had been encouraged in every way to develop his physical strength. During a good portion of the day he attended school, and in the evening his father would encourage him to read interesting and useful books, taught him penmanship, and showed him how to keep accounts.

Young Jefferson was fourteen years of age when his father died. As a boy he was noted for his gentleness, his amiability, and his love of study; his schooling commenced at the age of five. When seventeen he entered William and Mary College. There he often studied fifteen

hours a day, and for exercise in the evening he would run a mile out of the city and back again. He excelled in philosophy and the languages, and could read the most difficult Latin and Greek authors with perfect ease. He was particularly fond of mathematics and the classics. When he had grown to be a man he said that if he should have to choose between the pleasure he derived from his classical education and the large estate which he eventually inherited from his father, he would prefer the former. When, after leaving college, he became a law student, he would rise every morning at five o'clock, retiring in summer at nine o'clock and in the winter an hour later. Morally he was above reproach. He had such a distaste for gambling that never in his life did he learn to distinguish one card from another, and he never drank ardent spirits, used tobacco, or uttered an oath. When a young man he was fond of playing the violin.

About twenty-five miles from the home of Jefferson was the birthplace of James Madison, who was destined to be our fourth President. He was born March 16, 1751. His father was a rich planter, whose beautiful estate, called "Monticello," was situated in a picturesque and romantic country, where there were plenty of opportunities to go shooting and fishing, and James Madison would have been a healthier and consequently a happier man if he had taken advantage of the same.

Young Madison first attended a small grammar-school in his native town, the master of which appears to have been a Scotchman named Robertson. Under this tutor Madison gained his rudimentary education, and acquired a knowledge of the French language, though he was never particularly proud of his pronunciation; in after-life he used to apologize for it, and call it his *Scotch-French*.

When Madison had grown to be a man, and was Secretary of State, a stranger wrote to him that he was very anxious to secure some small office under the government. Such applications were not unusual even in those days, and probably would not have attracted Madison's attention except for what the writer said in conclusion; he begged to inform the honorable Secretary that he was the son of old Mr. Robertson, the Secretary's former tutor. The distinguished pupil gratefully remembered his old teacher, and endorsed on the application, "The writer is son of Donald Robertson, the learned teacher in King and Queen County, Virginia," and the request of the applicant was granted.

At the home of Madison there stopped for a time the Rev. Mr. Martin, of New Jersey. It is not very clear whether he was there as a hired tutor or a boarder; at all events, young Madison's preparatory studies for college were pursued under his direction. It was probably on the advice of this gentleman that the boy was sent to Princeton College, New Jersey, instead of William and Mary College, which Jefferson and many prominent Southerners attended. He went to Princeton at the age of eighteen, or, as one of his biographers very grandly puts this statement, "The young Virginian, invested with the *toga virilis* of anticipated manhood, we now see launched on that disciplinary career which is to form him for the future struggles of life."

He was a close student, and remained an extra twelve months after the regular college course, for the sake of acquiring a knowledge of Hebrew. He was of a very religious turn of mind, studied the Bible constantly, and read all the books on the subject of the history of Christianity that came in his way. He may have had some notion of becoming a clergyman, but his health was so poor that he had not sufficient energy to give much thought to his life-work. On his return home from college, when he was not himself studying he instructed his younger brothers and sisters. It was about this period that he wrote to a young friend about being "dull and infirm," of not looking forward to anything in particular,

and having "little spirit or elasticity." If, when he was a small boy, he had been encouraged to run about the woods, and had formed a taste for out-door, manly sports, he would never have written such a doleful letter when he was yet a young man.

During the boyhood of James Monroe, who became the fifth President, there was so much excitement about the passage of the famous Stamp Act that both parents and children were too much stirred up to give a great deal of attention to school.

Monroe was sent to the college of William and Mary, which was then the richest college in North America, its annual income being \$20,000. The famous Phi Beta Kappa Society, which has branches in colleges all over the country, was organized in William and Mary College, December 5, 1776.

Monroe had been in college but a short time when the Revolution broke out. Three of the professors and about thirty of the students joined their comrades from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, and entered the American army. And so it happens that the school and college days of James Monroe are lost sight of in the excitement of those early Revolutionary days.

SCHOOL-MASTER GRAMBUS.

BY ELIZABETH ABERCROMBIE.

TOM thinks that "all the idle young people in the world ought to read this story." That's the reason I've written it down, but remember, if you please, that it's none of my making. In the first place, I suppose Lou's German teacher, Fräulein Tschurtschenthaler, read it in one of the books sent over from the father-land to her little sister last Christmas. At any rate, of this much I am sure: Fräulein Tschurtschenthaler told it to Tom, Tom told it to Lou, Lou told it to me, and I tell it to you. But how many people you may tell it to I never shall know.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy named Franz. He was a strange little boy, because he loved play a great deal better than work, and instead of studying his lessons he used to run away from school and amuse himself, after his own fashion, up and down the streets, all of which gave his mother a great deal of pain and anxiety.

It happened one day, when Franz had been very naughty, that a terrible hurricane came on. The wind was blowing fearfully hard and the dust whirling through the town in great black clouds, and Franz's mother, running to the window, threw it open, crying out angrily as she did so,

"Whirlwind, O whirlwind, come in to me, I pray—
Yes, come in to me and take this naughty boy away."

She never thought of the wind's really doing it, you know. She only meant to frighten Franz a little, thinking to make him better that way; but the wind doesn't understand fun. It took all she said in sober earnest, and whew! whew! away it went with Franz under its arm.

"Stop!—my child!" screamed the poor woman, after Franz, but it was too late. He was already out of sight.

The wind blustered and howled and shrieked and whistled at such a fearful rate that for a time the unhappy boy could neither see nor hear; but you needn't suppose the wind cared for that. On it flew—on and on—till at last it reached a high rocky peak miles away, up in the sky. There it stopped, and Franz could get down on his own feet once more.

The next moment the wind cried, in an angry voice:

"I pray, O hermit, come out to me:
I've brought you a bad little boy, you see—
A boy who won't learn his A, B, C, D's,
Who declares he *will* play at fox and geese,
Will run in the streets, and *won't* do what is right:
I thought to myself you could cure him quite."

Immediately there stepped forth from his desolate hermitage the famous hermit Grambus, carrying in his hand a rod that looked almost as long and as slender as he was himself. In a hard voice he replied:

"Thank thee, O old friend of mine—
Thank thee for this child of thine.
He shall study night and day,
Shall make up for all past play,
Else shall feel this rod—ho! ho!
Down his back from head to toe."

The hermit Grambus looked very terrible to him, too, with his long slender hands and his tall pointed cap, on the front of which were three big capital letters, A B C; and indeed gray must have been a favorite color of the hermit's, for his coat was gray, his long waistcoat was gray, gray were the short breeches that buttoned round his knees, and gray his stockings.

The whirlwind had long since gone blustering on its way again when the hermit Grambus said, "Come, come, it's time school begins."

With this he led the way into his dismal-looking house, while Franz, feeling very melancholy, meekly trudged along behind.

Far or near, this was the only house to be seen on that barren peak. Except for a miserable vegetable garden on one side of the hermitage there was literally nothing to be seen but rocks—nothing, nothing. But even this one house managed to look strangely unattractive.

Nor was the inside of the school-room much more inviting in appearance. There were no pictures, no flowers, no sunshine. Before the windows were heavy iron bars that made the room gloomy and dark, although, except the hermit himself, there was not a single soul on the peak. But the hermit, who for many, many long years had lived down below on the earth, and had been a school-master there as well as here, keeping the children under strict discipline with his bundle of rods and sticks, could not bear any pleasantness about him, you see. This is why the children the whirlwind brought him always had to study from morning till night through such fear and trembling, poor dears.

There was no bell to the school-house to ring in the scholars, and no clock, either, to tell the time of day. Instead of a clock the hermit Grambus himself chanted out the hours night and day, having a special couplet for every one. At one o'clock,

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike one,
'Tis time for the rod on thy back, my son."

And so it went on:

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike two,
'Tis hard blows that make thy many faults few."

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike three,
That a taste of the rod will be good for thee."

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike four,
That a bad boy's place is behind the door."

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike five,
'Tis rods make the boys for goodness strive."

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike six,
The time's come for trying the master's new sticks."

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike seven,
That the rod can work on from morning till even."

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike eight,
That for striving to mend 'tis never too late."

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike nine,
The time's come for pulling those long ears of thine."

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike ten,
That ten is the number of blows for thee then."

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike eleven,
That the ways of the wicked are always uneven."

"Oh, know, when thou hearest the clock strike twelve,
'Tis time for bad boys to dig and to delve."



FRANZ AND THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

These encouraging verses the hermit Grambus chanted in a harsh voice that somehow seemed strangely to fit the harsh words. Immediately after the rehearsal, given for Franz's benefit, lessons began.

Now Franz was not in the least accustomed to paying attention to his work. It had always been his habit to stare about him, here and there and everywhere, to count the window-panes, to yawn and stretch, to crack his knuckles, to make a noise with his feet—in short, to do whatever he could to relieve the tedium of the lesson hour. But under the hermit Grambus you should have seen what a different boy he soon got to be. Before the fourth hour had been chanted Franz had been introduced to the big rod, had knelt on peas, worn the paper dunce-cap, stood behind the door, and gone through a dozen other things of the same nature. However, at the end of all that, he had learned a great deal about paying strict attention to the matter in hand.

"Anyway it must be getting dinner-time soon," said Franz to himself, rejoicing at the thought.

Ay, he had great reason to rejoice truly! Boiled carrots—that's all he got for his dinner. Oh, how Franz longed to go back to his mother—to his dear good mother—and to one of those good home dinners that he had hitherto deserved so little!

After dinner there was school again, although during the intermission Franz had not been allowed to be idle. He had been given something to learn by heart, and that was hard, for he'd never done such a thing in his life before. The thing he liked best was working in the garden, although even there he was forced to keep very still, and there was not a flower to be seen; while those rods the hermit had painted up everywhere never would let him feel cheerful very long.

Franz almost stared his eyes out of his head gazing down to the earth; still, look as much as he might, there was nothing to be seen of his mother's pretty little house, with the grape-vine trailing over the windows and the nut trees before the door.

When night came Franz was shut up in a little dark closet of a room, and the bed given him to sleep on was as hard as the rocks outside the house. Even going to sleep was not of much comfort. He would just get his eyes fairly shut in earnest when the hermit Grambus would chant one of those horrible verses of his, and he

would start up in terror, fancying the big rod was just coming down on him. Ah me! that was a very sad and terrible life that Franz led. One day was exactly like another day, and all the days up there in the sky were as gray as the hermit's coat.

The best of it was that, thanks to School-master Grambus's hundred "assorted" punishments, Franz was learning to be a good boy. He was beautifully attentive now, and he couldn't have studied better if in his heart he had liked study better than play. But then he had been a long time with the hermit now; just how long he didn't know himself, because up there it was never summer, or autumn, or winter; it was always the same.

One evening, just as the hermit was chanting his seven-o'clock verse, and Franz was gazing longingly from over his book at the clouds floating along so far below him, he suddenly perceived two children standing near him. They were pretty little things, with long shining golden curls, and on their shoulders bits of snow-white wings. His heart beat so fast Franz could not utter a word. The children, however, smiling kindly at him, said:

"What are you doing up here in this dreadful place? Don't you know that it's spring down below on the earth?"

Franz began to cry as if his heart would break. "I have to stay up here," he said, between his sobs. "I—deserved it—for being such a naughty—naughty boy. Oh dear! it does me good just to look at you."

"We are the spring fairies," answered the children. "We have to fly about everywhere, and let people know that spring is coming. It comes ever so softly in the night when everybody is asleep; then the first thing in the morning, you know, the trees are all red and white with blossoms, and oh! how lovely it is! But up here there are no trees, for it's the hermit's peak. There's no spring-time for School-master Grambus. We were not coming to him; we only wanted to see if there were any little children here that we could carry back with us to the earth."

"Carry back with you?" stammered Franz, trembling with joy. "But I haven't any wings like you, you know."

"Never mind," said the fairies. Then they explained how it was a privilege of theirs to release all the little prisoners on this barren peak—all who had grown obedient and good, that is. "Now put your arms round our necks," they continued, "for we have no time to wait."

So Franz put his arms round the spring fairies' necks, and they floated off to the earth, flying through the clouds every bit as fast as the wind itself. Soon there was nothing more to be seen of the school-master's peak.


Thousands of buds and blossoms already breathed forth their sweet scent. Franz was so tired and bewildered that he shut his eyes and sank into a deep sleep. But the kind spring fairies were only glad. They knew where he lived very well; and when they found the window of Franz's little room standing open, flew in and laid him softly on the bed without waking him. The next morning, when he did finally rouse himself, the sun was shining brightly into his room, the birds were twittering outside, the creepers were blossoming gayly at the window, and on the bed sat his own dear mother, feeling so happy to see her boy getting well again that she could not help crying a little.

"Dear darling old motherkins!" cried Franz. "Oh, what a dreadful dream that was! I'll always be a good boy now—always, always."

This promise Franz has kept so faithfully, too, that his mother has never had any reason to complain of him again. He runs about the garden now as joyously as of old, and with all his heart rejoices over every bird and blossom there; but when it is time for him to learn his lessons he studies with all his might, and since that terrible term at School-master Grambus's school he never has had anything more to do with birch rods or sticks.


THE MAKER OF THE KITES.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.




OWN upon the sea-shore
Where the high tides run,
Stands a homely fisher hut
That looks towards the sun.
There lived a fisher-boy,
Son of sailors he,
Playmate of the wet waves,
And nourished by the sea.

The poor lad was witless—
A weight was on his brain;
He could not learn to reef the sails
Or cruise upon the main.
And faith! 'twas but a foolish trick
His clumsy fingers knew—
To make a fleet of painted kites
And sail them in the blue.



Many a winter morning,
When the great storms roar,
Karl was seated cross-legged
Upon the garret floor.
Round about were huge frames
With a nice touch planned,
Like the bones of giant birds
That bleach upon the sand.

Once the rain is over,
Once the sky is clear,
He's off across the marshes,
He's out upon the pier.
All along the sand-banks
When the wind is high
You may see his airy flock
Soaring in the sky:




On every kite an ensign
Of such as ride the main—
The dragon blue of China,
The crimson bars of Spain,
The pale flag of treaty,
The bloody flag of war,
And none but his will mount so fast,
And none will fly so far.

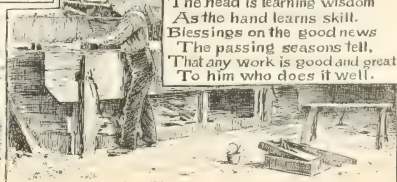
Who'll buy the gay toys
The sailor's son has made?
Karl has left his idle tricks,
And turned him to a trade.
Morning, noon, and evening
Warmer purpose bring,
Lending virtue to the knife
And magic to the string.



Come the bearded fishers,
Full of jest and noise;
They give their coppers for his wares,
And take them to their boys—
A white flag for treaty,
A crimson flag for war;
And where is kite can fly so fast
And chase the gulls so far?



Ah! his mother's growing old,
His father's fallen ill;
The head is learning wisdom
As the hand learns skill.
Blessings on the good news
The passing seasons tell,
That any work is good and great
To him who does it well.





DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have just received the Christmas Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and have read with pleasure over and over again your beautiful poem, "Lord, I Have Nothing to Say." The picture has pleased me, and I see it is also by a lady.

We are now at our estate of San Gabriel, and I am having my summer holidays. To arrive here, leaving the train in the town of Starnes, we got into our coach, which waited for us, and then after a long drive over a dusty road fringed by poplars on each side we got to the river Achibueno, which flows through a part of this estate. There a large ferry-boat took us across. I think this was the pleasantest part of the journey, the boat crossing swift, low, smooth and clear surface of this beautiful river, so clear that one can see the stones at the bottom, while far, far away rose the snowy mountains of the Andes, and above all the cloudless Chilean sky. After passing the river we got again into the coach, and soon arrived at the door of our dear old home.

The country is very beautiful just now. Some fields are like a golden sea with the ripe wheat, while others are green and fresh with the beans, peas, etc., which are grown in quantities, and are the better food for the poor people.

Papa's threshing-machine is in the midst of a large field, and the carts heavily laden with wheat are constantly passing before the house. There is great bustle. Papa stands under a long "ramada" (I don't know what this is in English, rooted over with green poplar boughs; he has a white, which the men and boys use). My little dog Azacena stands by me, looking on, and then looks at me as if she knew all about it. All the threshing machines used here are American, which are found to be superior to the English ones.

Early in the morning one hundred and forty oxen are milked in the "lechero," the milk warm and frothy, is put into an immense wooden pan, and a funny old man, like one of Dickens's characters, makes it into cheese. I like to go in and see him, and all this is going on and to drink the delicious fresh milk.

I am now reading an interesting book, *The Islands of the Pacific*, and have just finished *Reveries of a Solitary Walker* by the late Victor Malot (it is very well written). I have written of my life here, and my letter has little to interest you, but like to think you my friend, my former letter told you that mamma's brother is an artist, and that he painted several pictures during our stay in the mountains. These were hung in the Exhibition in Santiago, and gained the first prize. The Chilean government will send the pictures to the Exhibition in Paris. There will be a Chilean Section there, for the products, etc., sent from this country. Believe me to be always your sincere little friend,

ANA LUISA J.

Santiago, Carmen 21, Chili, South America.

Nothing, dear child, could be more interesting than just this description of your beautiful, healthy, every day life. I am glad to hear that the South American correspondent who uses her eyes and sees the lovely things in nature, and who is very much engaged too in studying and in reading good books.

Here is a letter from a bright little laddie who went to the Inauguration:

OAKLAND, N. Y.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have just returned from a trip to Washington, and thinking that perhaps you would be interested to hear of it, I will tell you HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to hear of the Inauguration. I thought I would write to you. Papa secured seats for us at the Peace Monument, but the seats were gone, so from the morning of March 4th, it began to rain, and poured all the rest of the day. We had to wait a long time for the parade, but were highly entertained by a cow-boy from Wyoming. Several years ago he had been caught out in a terrible blizzard, and had his hands and feet frozen off. He told us stories about the Indians, and gave us their war-whoops. About twelve o'clock the President and President-elect, with a large military escort, passed us on the way to the Capitol. Cleveland was in the front of the parade, and when they passed, they passed our stand every one cheered, and Harrison raised his hat and bowed, but Cleveland was very dignified. We had to wait a long time before the Inauguration ceremony were over, and then the grand parade took place. We watched it for three hours. It was grand, and the soldiers looked so brave. I saw some uniforms. One regiment had dark blue suits (I

think), and their capes were lined with canary-colored and thrown back over their shoulders. Another regiment had light blue suits, with red linings in the capes, and so on as far as we could see down Pennsylvania Avenue were these bright patches of color. Then there were the marines in their uniform. When the parade was over, the Presidents passed Harrison was on the right and Cleveland on the left. Quite a change. I don't think I should care very much if I were Cleveland. There are some things very nice about being a President and some things that are not so nice. I don't think I should care to stand up for hours and shake hands with thousands of people I had never seen before. I went with mamma to Cleveland's last reception, and shook hands with him like all the rest. When he passed by there was a great racket, and he shook hands that reached from the door of the White House to the street. I thought how very tired Mr. Cleveland would be. I should think his poor arm would acher. We were talking about the procession. There were regiments of cavalry and batteries with their big guns, and I can't begin to tell how many bands. After we had better not stay any longer, so we went up to the Capitol and had our dinner, and two hours afterward, when we came back, the parade was passing yet. One day when we were in the street we met Dr. Mary Walker. I think she looked very funny for a lady, but mamma says she thinks her quite sensible. We were introduced to Frederick Douglass; he is a very fine-looking man. Papa met "Buffalo Bill," and he told him he had two little boys who were very much interested in him. He wrote a letter to me, and sent it to us. I could write of a good deal more that is interesting, but this is a very long letter. I think there is much more to tell, and I wish to tell you, and now I am afraid you will all envy me. When in Brooklyn, at my auntie's, I made the acquaintance of—

who do you think?—Mr. Sanger, our dear Postmistress.

HUGH FORD STEWART.

Here is a girl's letter on the same subject:

COLUMBIA HEIGHTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My home is in Steelton, Pennsylvania, but I am visiting my aunt, who lives in a beautiful and interesting place. The opposite is the home of Chief Justice Fuller, with elegant grounds around it, and close at hand is the residence of Mrs. Logan, who is now in Europe. I have been to the city and back, and it was very long, taking three hours to pass. One thing that attracted my attention in the parade was a beautiful St. Bernard dog, which he takes many prizes at. I have been to the Monument, White House, Capitol, Art Gallery, State Department, and other places of interest. I have three brothers and three sisters. My mother is a teacher in a school at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. My eldest brother is a Freshman at Cornell University. My father is a lawyer. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and like it very much.

BETTY B. P. (aged 13 years)

EDMONT, I. A.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are two brothers, just six and seven years old. Our papa has a printing-office, and we have a case of type of our own. We cannot write very well, but we set up letters to our friends, and print them on the proof-press. We have two little sisters and one brother younger than ourselves. Mildred is only four and a half, but she wants to belong to the Little House-keepers, for she helps mamma cook, and washes, and does all the house-work. When the club, we would like to belong, for we help mamma too. We have no pets except our baby.

CLARENCE and DONALD R.

CHEROKEE, KANSAS.

I am a boy eleven years old, and live near the Indian Territory. Sometimes we go down there and camp, and fish or gather nuts. The Cherokee Indians are not wild, but they are being educated. This afternoon our Roman Catholic priest had a debate. The question, "Resolved, that the Indian Territory should be opened to settlement," was decided in the negative. My sister, who is fourteen years old, was on that side. My father is an editor. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; my favorite story is "Captain Polly."

HERBERT C.

WESTMINSTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have been thinking to write you a long time, but I thought my letter might not be published, for my last one was not published or not received by you. My little sister died about three years ago, and she was buried in Trinity Cemetery, New York. In winter, to save the lily on her grave from the cold, we took it home and kept it. A few days ago it had a bud; now it is coming into leaves into a beautiful white blossom. We have a neighbor near us who has a little pug-dog; the dog can kneel down and say "good-bye" and "hello," and make a piping play at being dead, can roll over, and can do a few more

things in the way of tricks. Saturday we went out skating all day, only coming home for dinner. On Sunday my little sister was sick, and could not go to church. We have about thirty-five chickens, and get eleven or twelve eggs a day. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much indeed, and enjoy the Post-office very much. I am very much interested in "Captain Polly," and am waiting anxiously for the next paper to read it. I hope very much that my letter will be published. My home is in Westminster, Mass. Hoping you are well, dear Postmistress, from your little friend and reader, EDMUND L. S.

WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Among my merry Christmas presents was HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year, sent from my aunt Tillie. I think the pictures and reading are very nice. My favorite piece is "The Vrouw Van Twinkles' New-Year Kruikers." My home is in Westminster, on the Susquehanna River, surrounded by a mountainous and hilly country. The residences and lawns are admired by all who visit the city. WilliamSPORT has 38,000 people. I began going to school on the 24 of January. My studies are United States history, arithmetic, geography, grammar, physiology, and English. I have a cat, and write a few lines to you, and more than myself. We have three pets, a dog named Jack, a cat named Frisky, and a bird named Dick. When Jack is hungry he will hunt mamma all over the house. If I ever come to New York I will tell you where HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is published.

JENNIE M. H. (aged 13 years).

LAKE JOSEPH, MICHIGAN, CANADA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and I enjoy it very much. I am a little boy of ten summer months and other months included. My birthday comes in the month of August. I have just lately come to Canada; I came from the States. I am now in a school, and I am teaching some of the settlers' children here. I have a lot of pets, cats, dogs, rabbits, cows, pigs, canaries, and a parrot. I have read a great deal of my favorites are Scott, Shakespeare, and Miss Alcott. On New-Year's Day I had the pick of three books, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, the *Boy's Own Paper*, and the *Koran*, and of course I picked HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My two little sisters are writing.

SONNEY W.

LAKE JOSEPH, MICHIGAN, CANADA.

I am a boy fifteen years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year. I think it is the most interesting and useful of all the papers I live in is a very wild spot, being in the middle of the bush. My uncle George and I have lived in an old log cabin for one year. We have an excellent flock of oxen, and they do a great deal of work. I have to walk eight miles every week to get my paper, but it is a journey of love, as my mother says. I have a very good friend, and my uncle is interested in the tales, and at night, when he is sitting in his old wooden arm-chair, he will often say, "Get us out the paper, lad, and read us that tale again."

FRANK MCB.

MEADFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I like "Captain Polly" better than most of the others. I have been taking the paper for nearly a year. I have one little sister, Winifred, and a cousin who is twelve years old. My father is sick and has gone with his mamma to Colorado. My cousin and I are both ill with the chicken-pox.

FRANCIS E. S.

ALICE BRIDGES, NEW VIRGINIA.

I am not old enough to write, but am going to get some one to write for me. I am five years old, and cannot go to school, but I try to be a good little girl and study at home. I can spell some, and am trying to read now, but I will forget and spell my words. I have a great big yellow cat, and when I take him by his forefeet he jumps up in my lap. I like to nurse him, and I think you will like to see him. He is very friendly with his eyes shut and sings when I have him. I like to look at the pictures in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. They all call me Dollie, but my name is

FRANKIE LOU S.

OSKOA, MISSISSIPPI.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four or five years, and look forward with pleasure every Thursday to its coming. I had a little cousin who was very kind to me, and he was a very delightful time, though my home was in Philadelphia, and of course we missed him very much, as it was the first time he was away from home. I have three little sisters, named Lillian, Mabel, and a nameless little girl that has not been baptized yet. We are Presbyterians, and my brother and I have had some snow here only once all winter long. We have two hunting dogs, and I am fond of

romping with them. I will be thirteen years old in April, and I weigh 112 pounds. Please have this printed, I want to surprise my papa. With love to you, and best wishes for the Post office department.

CAMILLE C.

RADFORD, VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—I had a letter to write, and I thought I would write to you. I am eight years old. I go to school in a very pretty school-house. I hope my letter will be published. I like the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have two sisters and one brother. My oldest sister had a very pretty bay horse, and she had a little colt, and we named it Lady Maud. My brother and myself have a hen house, with beautiful ducks and hens in it. My father is a physician, and of course I do not see much of him, because he is all the time going to see sick people. I am afraid my letter will be very long, so I must close. Your little friend,

FANNIE D. C.

PLEASANT HILL, KENTUCKY.

My little sister and I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much; our brother gave it to us for a Christmas present. We have four cats and two brothers. For pets I have a cat and a chicken. Santa Claus brought me several nice presents. We live up on a high hill. I have plenty of nice flowers in the summer. I have four dolls and a little tea set, and little chairs for the dolls to sit in. I live in the country, and go to school; our school was out last week. I enjoy reading, writing, spelling, geography, and grammar.

MAGGIE C.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it has been published, with the exception of the year 1887 (Volume VIII), beginning November, 1886, and ending November, 1887. I will read the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE who have the unbound numbers of that year complete, in good enough condition to be bound, send them to me in exchange for a box of lovely Bermuda Islands, or I will give in exchange *Youth's Companion* for the year 1888, the *Century* for 1888, or a year's numbers of the *Riviera Magazine* (now out of print). I have sent to the publishers for the papers, but cannot get them unbound, and as I have mine all bound alike, I do not want a bound volume from the publisher. Also would exchange for the first year, which I gave away. I have taken music lessons ever since I was four years old, and I will be glad to give sheet-music and story books in exchange for the unbound numbers of the above years' numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am thirteen years old, and have passed the Regent's examination at all my studies, and am now preparing for the Classical Institute. I got up a club for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year, and received the lovely premium of books. I have never written to the Post-office Box before, and I hope our dear Postmistress will publish this letter, as I am very anxious to hear from any who have either of the volumes I want to exchange for. Please write directly to me, instead of through the Post-office Box, and address,

ELMER NICHOLS,

15 College Street, Schenectady, New York.

I have taken your paper for a long time, but have never written to you before. I am eleven years old. I have lived in Los Angeles all my life, and like the place very much. I am very fond of cats; I used to have eleven.

STELLA S.

PIEDMONT, CALIFORNIA.

We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a year, and like it very much. We live at Piedmont, which is about ten miles from San Francisco, and we have a very large garden. We have a dear little dog, whose name is Buff; she is a small dog, and has silky hair on her head and neck; her body and tail are brown. She begs, and when we hold our hands in front of her and say "Over!" she will jump over them. Buff drives the chickens away from the garden. We bought some buff Cochins a few months ago, and Buff wanted to drive them away from the garden, but we scolded her when she did it, and now she only drives the other chickens. The buff Cochins' names are Mrs. and Mr. Featherlegs, Chalcidat Featherlegs, Yellowball Featherlegs, and Chersicha Featherlegs. Chalcidat died about a week ago; her liver was out of order. Almost two years ago we went walking on the hills, but we got poisoned so badly that we had to stop it. Buff likes to lie on a corner of the lounge, and if there is anything there she will whine and want us to take away. Finkie Bessie Gray is our parrot; she is not very good-natured, but if you have a stick in your hand she will behave very well. We have ducks, chickens, a few turkeys, and some pigeons. In our garden we have a few wild strawberries; they only have a few berries on, but they are very nice. We have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1887, bound.

I like "Uncle Peter's Trust" and "The Household of Glen Holly" very much. MARION R.

ANSWER TO REBUS IN No. 490.

Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Sees from thy hand no worthy action done.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR APRIL, 18TH.

The Rejected Son.—Mark xii, 1-12.

Golden Text: "He came into His own, and His own received Him not."—John i, 11.

Jesus often taught the people in parables or stories, told for the purpose of illustrating truths. In a country where the vine flourished luxuriantly, and vineyards were seen on every hill side, the listening groups around the Master would easily understand such a parable as this of "The Rejected Son."

A vineyard was a place for the cultivation of grapes. A hedge about it was usually composed of a species of thorn-bush, very strong and prickly. This was planted, this hedge would keep out marauders, both wild beasts and men who came to plow and rob the owner of the vineyard of its luscious fruit.

The wine-press, or "wine-fat," was made by digging into the side of the hill, where a cistern or vat was made to receive the juice of the grapes after they had been trodden, as they still are in some vine-growing countries, by the feet of the peasantry or husbandmen.

The tower was a place for the watchman, whose business it was to watch away all perils from the vineyard. The watchman's duty was to be ceaselessly on guard. In Eastern lands these watch-towers may still be seen, sometimes eighty feet high and thirty feet square.

It was not uncommon that a rich man, owning several vineyards, let them out to trusty men to farm or cultivate for him while he went to a far country for pleasure or profit. So your father, wishing next summer to go abroad, might place a careful man in charge of his farm or estate, paying him for his care of harvests and orchards, and expecting to receive the products of his sale.

The householder in the parable sent at the proper time to receive his revenues, but the wicked husbandmen had no welcome for the messengers.

The first servants who came were stoned, and beaten, and killed. The second troop of servants met no better fate. Last of all, the lord of the vineyard sent his son, saying, "Bad as these men are, cruel and treacherous as they have proved, they will not dare to insult me further in the person of my son. They will reverence my son."

"Alas!" these wicked people had no pity. They saw the son coming, and they said, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours."

The application of this parable is easy. As the owner of the vineyard, think of God. He had a people in this world, hedged about by laws and penalties. To them He sent prophets and teachers, whom they imprisoned, hated and reviled. His dear Son then came on an errand of loving-

kindness to the world, and Him they rejected and crucified.

And we are no better than they if we do not listen to the Divine voice, serve the Divine Son, and lead the life of love in a world of sorrow and wrong.

EUGENE WALLACE.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in watch, but not in clock.
My second is in knife, but not in sword.
My third is in scholar, but not in student.
My fourth is in clover, but not in ivy.
My fifth is in Washington, not in Lee.
My sixth is in tread, but not in wheel.
My seventh is in lamp, but not in wick.
My eighth is in mustard, but not in horse-radish.
My ninth is in key, not in lock.
My tenth is in well, and not in ill.
My eleventh is in cloth, but not in paper.
My whole is a hero of great renown.

EUGENE WALLACE.

- 2.—In rat, not in mouse.
In old, not in new.
In life, not in death.
In low, not in high.
In evening, not in morn.
In take, not in give.
Whole is a word in common use.

WILLIS DOWD.

No. 2.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behold a colner, and leave to bury. 2. To dictate, and leave to write back or again. 3. Defensible, and leave to empower. 4. To afflict, and leave a foreign coin. 5. Pipes of chimneys, and leave a pestilence. 6. A Mexican resin used in varnish, and leave a hard, brittle, and beautiful stone of changeable colors. CYRIL DEANE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 490.

No. 1.— L E M U R
M U S E
D E V I L
D E L E P E R
P O D
P A T E S
R O T A T E S
D E T A I L E
S E I Z E
S L E D

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Louise Hosmer, Almy Gardner, Lily L. Reinhardt, Mary Curtis, Elizabeth Jarrell, Archie W. Lewis Canfield, Johnny King, Charley Duncan, Marjorie Anderson, Laura and Dolly Johnson, Fanny Franklin, Eleanor Maine, D. C. K. Laurie F. W. Wilfrid Campbell, Jeanie Sanders, Elbert F., and George C.



REBUS.



THE LATEST THING IN HATS.

DINAH (a new-comer from the interior). "Hi! DAN'S A LI'LE GAL GOT ON HER MA'S HAT."



A LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

"WHAT! THE LITTLE DOLL ISN'T YOURS?"
"NO, MA'M, IT'S MY DOLLY'S DOLL."

POLITICS IN THE NURSERY.

"It's too bad!" said a sturdy young Republican of seven summers, coming to his mother with an expression of deep concern on his dimpled countenance. "I've been trying so hard to teach baby to say 'Harrison and Morton,' and half the time she says 'Kerosene and Water.'"

Little Tommy had had company all day, and a sleeper little man was never put into a little white "nightie." Just as mam-

ma was putting the finishing touches to the undressing, he said drowsily, "I said my prayers on the way up, mamma, to save time."

Ellie has a perverse little fashion of saying "I won't" on occasion. Her mamma reasoned with her gently, telling her to say "I'd rather not" when her small will must have utterance. Soon after, the waters were again moved, and the troubled little spirit, true to her teaching, cried out emphatically, "I'd rather won't."



THE CARES OF AN INCREASED BUSINESS.

"PAP SAY, EF NUTTIN' HAPPEN, 'BOUT NEE! WHEE HE GWAN BUY ME A MULE TER HAUL DIS KYART. HEAN'S YO' FRESH WEG'TABLES!"

(Next week.) "COME ON HYAR, YE OLE SKINFLINT! HARDER WORK PULLIN' YO' DAN 'TWA'S DE KYART."

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WITH SUPPLEMENT.

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SINGING IN THE CHOIR.—SEE PAGE 410.

SINGING IN THE CHOIR.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.



F a choir master sees one of his choir boys fast asleep during the sermon he lets him enjoy his nap. The boy who tries to stick a pin into the little sleeper is fined fifty cents. The boys are worked pretty hard, and it is not surprising that a little fellow who has already, perhaps, sung in two services should be overcome by fatigue and the heat of the church, and drop

into a fitful nap. The boy with the pin would not have been fined if he had been asleep. Now he will have to "beg off" after service. If he isn't a hopelessly bad boy the choir master will probably forgive him; for he knows the little fellow will get into trouble at home for getting fined in church.

The master is apt to be lenient, because he knows the boys have a pretty hard task. The veteran sopranos and altos of the opera chorus or of the Oratorio Society not infrequently sing far less difficult music than the works sung by the little sopranos and altos of the church choirs; for they sing not only the masses, but other portions of the musical services, among which are works by some of the most famous masters—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, and Gounod.

A boy who happens to have a very fine voice will sing the difficult offertories or other solos in the service. It takes a good deal of pluck, as well as a good voice and many singing lessons, for a little chap to face a large congregation and sing a difficult solo without faltering. There is hard work as well as glory in this. Other boys who see those in the choir parading in pretty vestments before the whole churchful are apt to envy them. But stop a moment, and think that often after school-hours, instead of playing base-ball, or foot-ball, or whatever the game of the season may be, these singers have to go to rehearsal. Those boys' choir years (from ten to sixteen) are your play years. After sixteen they cannot make up for the fun they have missed.

There is not much fun for the choir master either. His task is not limited to drilling the boys. He first has to find the boys to drill. The Sunday-school may supply a few members of the choir; the rest he will have to hunt for. He generally can get some from the public schools, but often he has to advertise for voices before he can fill his choir. Of course every mother thinks her boy has a beautiful voice; she would not be a good mother if she did not think so; so the poor choir master who wants four or five boys is besieged by forty or fifty mothers.

Every choir master is anxious to have his choir noted for its skill, and often the choir master in a church that is not rich finds it difficult to keep a boy who has a fine voice. The boy may go to the choir master of some rich church, who, on hearing him sing, will engage him at a higher salary than he received before, or a rich church will of its own accord outbid the poorer church for a boy with a fine voice. This is very hard on a choir master, if he happens to have trained the boy's voice. All his trouble goes for nothing, because no sooner has he developed the voice to its full beauty than a rival choir master gobbles up the boy. For this reason many a choir master, before training a voice, makes the boy promise to remain in his choir for several years. So it sometimes happens that a boy with a fine voice will have to sing for

a mere pittance, to pay for his instruction, when he might be earning hundreds of dollars. There is wrong in both cases. Therefore a number of Episcopal clergymen are now in favor of supplying the choirs entirely from the parochial schools, as is done in the Catholic Church, and fixing the rates of pay, not allowing a choir master to engage a boy who has been singing in another choir unless he can show an honorable discharge from it. Such rules would protect both the choir masters and the boys.

It is usually an expensive matter for a church to maintain a boy choir. The salaries of the boys range from car fare to \$600. The last figure is, however, very large—is, in fact, the largest sum ever paid in this country to a choir boy. It was received by Harry Brandon, of Holy Trinity, New York. As a rule, the salaries run about as follows: solo boys, \$200 a year; leaders, \$100; and boys of ordinary voice, \$50. The salary of the organist and choir master is usually from \$1500 to \$3000 a year. Among the most noted choirs in New York are those of Trinity Church, under Mr. Messiter; Holy Trinity, under Mr. Ball; St. John's, under Mr. Le Jeune; St. Mary's, under Mr. Prentice; St. Ignatius, under Mr. Fairlamb; and the Church of the Redeemer, whose rector, Rev. Dr. Shackelford, himself superintends the drilling of the choir. A very good choir is also that of St. Chrysostom's, where the late John D. Prince, a wealthy gentleman of musical culture, was choir master until his death. At St. Ignatius there was until quite lately a family group of musicians, Mr. Fairlamb being the organist and choir master, Mrs. Fairlamb the solo soprano, and their three boys members of the choir. Two of the three boys have recently obtained places as solo singers at another church.

Dr. Shackelford's choir, though small, is well drilled, as this rector understands thoroughly the difference in method between the training of boys' voices and the training of the voices of grown people. The chief feature in drilling the voices of the little chaps is not to force the chest tones above the middle G. Besides the choir, Dr. Shackelford has another class in which he trains boys, from among whom he can recruit his choir. The choir of the Catholic Cathedral in New York is drawn from the large Catholic orphan asylum, and is under Father Lammell.

Harry Brandon's \$600 a year is to choir boys' salaries what Patti's \$5000 a night is to the salaries paid to other opera singers. Brandon was "discovered" by Dr. Shackelford. He read in a New York newspaper an account of a boy's fine singing at a public-school exhibition. He sought out the boy, and took him into the choir of the Church of the Redeemer. Harry Brandon is the most noted choir boy who has sung in this country for twenty-five years, or, as church musicians say, since Dick Coker's day. A great many people consider Brandon's voice finer than Coker's. It has a great range, for he can, or could when at his best, take the F above high C, and is admirably trained, his phrasing being as notable a feature of his singing as his voice. Brandon is eighteen years of age—two years older than the age at which most voices "break"; that is, change from soprano or alto to tenor or bass. He was born in London, but came to this country when two years old, his parents settling in Louisiana. Eight years ago they came North. The boy had been taught to sing by his mother, and when the family lost much money, his singing became a source of profit.

It is curious that very few of the famous boy singers of past years have continued to be famous singers after their voices changed. Doubtless this is because so few boys' voices are correctly trained. So it is very important that parents whose boys are blessed with fine voices should let them sing only under skilful choir masters. Galassi, the famous barytone, was a choir boy who was well taught. Richard Coker, on the other hand, is not heard of to-day.

TOUCH-ME-NOT.

BY E. M. HARDINGE.

"THROW them away this instant," says nurse to the charge, who has just filled both little hands with the golden stars of St. John's-wort: "they're poison."

The bright things cast away to wither in the dust are as harmless as are most of the blossoms accused and shunned for supposed noxious qualities. Some unbotanical and uneasy people, reversing the old Anglo-Saxon law, suppose everything guilty till it is proved innocent, and are afraid to pick any flower with an unfamiliar face.

Our native poisonous plants are really so few and so recognizable that we can all learn to know and shun them, and enjoy our summer rambles with tranquil minds.

Several of our common wild plants produce berries which are poisonous if eaten, or secrete juices which are poisonous if taken internally. Of native plants poisonous to the touch, however, we have but two species—poison-oak, called also poison-ivy, and poison-sumac.

Of these the first-mentioned is by far the more common, and hence the more mischievous. It is to be met with everywhere, in thickets, in meadows, and along road-sides. The vine clammers over rocks or clings to the trunks of trees, attaching itself to its support by a great number of little woody threads, which a botanist would call "aerial rootlets." These sometimes grow from the trunk and large branches in such numbers as almost to conceal the bark, and give the limbs of the vine a mossy appearance. The main stem of a mature plant is as thick as a man's wrist, and throws out vigorous horizontal branches. The leaves grow in clusters of three, the middle leaf being raised on a stalk an inch or two above the point at which the two side leaves are joined to the plant and to each other. The young foliage is very glossy and of a purplish-red color not unlike that of raw beef. The old leaves have a smooth shining surface, and are thin and of a light green color. The edges are sometimes irregularly cut in large jagged points, but are oftener what botanists call "entire," not finished with any sort of decoration. The leaves are oval, and each narrows to a slender point at the tip. When full grown they are often from four to six inches in length, and from three to five in breadth. The blossoms are greenish, and grow as grapes do, in long drooping clusters, which appear at the joints where the long leaf-stalks start from the branches. They give forth a faint, delicate fragrance like that of white clover, and are much visited by bees.

On the vine may generally be seen clusters of last year's fruits; these are stony, silvery in color, and a little larger than grains of barley. The blossom appears in latter May and early June.

The poison-sumac (*Rhus venenata*) is more noxious than its clambering cousin, *Rhus toxicodendron*, but is fortunately far less common. It is a compact shrub from six to eighteen feet high, and grows in swampy ground, often rooted in a pool of water. The leaves are what botanists call compound; that is to say, many small leaves or leaflets are borne on one stalk. Rose, locust, clover, and ash leaves are compound. The leaf-stalks of the poison-sumac are of a beautiful deep rose-purple color. Each bears nine leaves, one at the tip of the stalk and eight ranged down its sides in pairs. The flowers are very small, of a pale green color, and grow in slender loosely branching clusters from eight to twelve inches long. These clusters spring from the points at which the richly colored leaf-stalks are joined to the branches. Flowers and leaves are borne in a great green mass at the end of the branch. In general appearance this plant, with its compact manner of growth, shining foliage, and bunches of tiny green flowers, is not unlike the familiar "London-smoke" of our gardens. The blossom appears in June, and the fruit is similar to that of poison-ivy.

The virulent properties of these ill-conditioned plants are most active when the sap is stirring and the leaves unfolding in spring. They are also especially to be shunned at blossoming-time. Some persons can gather flowers and foliage with impunity; others are badly poisoned even by the breath of these plants brought to them on the breeze.

Let the summer rambler study to avoid the *Rhus* cousins, and any other native plant can be made to contribute to a bouquet gathered without fear and without unpleasant consequences.

THE A. O. I. B. R.

BY ELIZABETH EGGLESTON SEELYE.

JANIE BUCKMINSTER was an old little girl. It was her delight, when her mother was talking to ladies, to put in sage remarks of her own. But as Janie, who was eleven years old, could never have hired servants, worried over dress-makers, buried a child, or nursed an invalid husband, her grave assumption of experience in such matters usually caused a general laugh which keenly wounded her vanity. Disgusted with life, on such occasions she retired to the society of books, or moped around inventing stories of her own, which she began and never finished.

It is a freak of fortune that old little girls often have very young little sisters. Janie longed for some kindred spirit to unbosom herself to, for where is the pleasure in possessing numbers of unfinished manuscripts if one cannot pour their sequels into the ear of an admiring companion? But Janie took care how she cast any of her pearls before Trixie, for Trixie Buckminster, though but little younger than Janie, cherished a grand contempt for Janie's schemes and occupations, pronouncing them "pokey." Trixie's way of life was anything but pokey, for if she was not racing up and down the block with all the younger children to be found, she was making friends with the boys, engaged in a battle with a dreadful girl in the back street, or defying a certain Mrs. Merchant, who had forbidden Trixie to pass her premises, on the ground that Trixie had slapped her child.

Though Janie was an old little girl, she had occasional relapses into youthfulness when all her pent-up childishness ran riot. She was moping around the second-story front room one afternoon, cherishing a delightful sense of melancholy which she had brought on by fancying herself a lonely orphan who had just lost her parents, and who was left destitute and obliged to earn her bread by writing Sunday-school books, when Trixie burst into the room with the words: "Oh, say, Janie, come out and play! We're going to have awful fun. Come along, and let your stoopid old stories go."

"Oh no," drawled Janie; "your plays aren't any fun, and besides you spoiled a lovely inspiration I had."

"Oh, pshaw with your pokey old inspirations!" exclaimed Trixie. "We've got up a trades-union, and it's awful fun. We're going to call it the 'Sociation of Independent Bell-Ringers, and we are going to go and ring door-bells and play the p'lice are after us, and have lots of fun. Come on—do now. I think you're real mean if you don't."

The wildness of Trixie's scheme and the fact that it was supposed to be organized, and had a high-sounding name, tempted Janie; so she sallied forth to meet the other confederates, who were waiting on the Buckminsters' steps.

It has long been the delight of naughty children in New York and Brooklyn to ring strange bells and run before they are caught, and no doubt this same trick was played with knockers in the old time. Little girls beguiled their way home from school in this manner, and when other plays lost their interest they would devote a whole afternoon to the teasing occupation. The practice seems to have descended from generation to generation. Mr. Buck-



"SHE RETIRED TO THE SOCIETY OF BOOKS."

minster, making a careful cross-examination after the events of this afternoon, found that Mrs. Buckminster had been guilty of like mischief in her childhood in New York.

The Association of Independent Bell-Ringers, or Janie and Trixie Buckminster, Susie Wright, and Mamie Dilligham, sallied forth in quest of streets where their everyday hats and dresses were not familiar objects. Trixie began the raid. She would run up one of the high stoops, ring the bell, effect a headlong descent down the steps, and rush at a breathless rate around the corner after her disappearing confederates, who scarcely waited for her to pull the bell before they made good their flight.

The fun seemed to consist in making a servant toil up from the basement to open the door and find no one there, or perhaps it lay in the possibility of being caught by some one at the door when the bell was rung. However this may be, the breathless conspirators always halted around the corner to laugh over their exploit before they made a new raid.

This afternoon Trixie proposed a novel method of operating, after they had tried the old way for some time and the excitement was wearing off.

"Oh, say we all go," said she, "and ask for somebody at each house. Won't that be fun?"

It was some time before Janie could be persuaded to join an enterprise which required her to face the enemy in this way. However, after having been reproached as a "fraid-cat," she at last consented, on condition that the others would do the talking.

They all now marched up a stoop, rang the door-bell, amid suppressed giggles of excitement. When the door was opened, the spokesman asked for Mrs. Watkins. They were informed that Mrs. Watkins did not live there, and marched away, stuffing their handkerchiefs in their mouths, only to inquire after Mrs. Watkins a few doors away.

After waiting some time at one house a benevolent old lady in glasses opened the door.

"No; she lives next door, the next house to this—right there," she said, going out on her steps, and evidently very anxious to help these poor little things to reach their destination.

The children walked slowly down the steps, out on to

the pavement, and would gladly have passed the next house; but the old lady was watching them, and called out, "There's the house—right there." So they ascended the next stoop, very miserable indeed. The old lady watched them eagerly until they had rung the bell and the bell was answered; else they would have made a precipitate retreat.

The girl stood in the door waiting. Mamie nudged Susie, Susie nudged Janie, and Janie retreated behind Trixie, who frantically wished that the old lady would go in, so that they might ask another name. Far from this, she benevolently explained from her steps that these children were looking for Mrs. Watkins, and they were forthwith ushered into a darkened parlor, where they held a hasty council in whispers, seated on the edge of a sofa. They were fairly caught in their own trap, and were at a loss how to get out of it. Perhaps there never were four more miserable little girls than were the members of the Association of Independent Bell-Ringers at this moment. After a long time a lady came down.

"Did you wish to see me?" she inquired, opening the blinds that she might get a better view of her guests.

"You aren't the one," blurted out Trixie, and they all made a desperate retreat out of the front door and down the street, increasing their speed at every step, as though they feared the lady would pursue them and assure them that she was the one.

This misadventure would have dissolved the association had it not been for the undaunted spirit of Trixie, who called the members all "fraid-cats" without distinction. Their last amusement had become unpalatable, however, and they returned to their former bell-ringing and running. During the afternoon Trixie, Susie, and Mamie had taken turns at doing the bell-pulling. Trixie now took a freak to insist that timid Janie should take her turn.

"Just stand here and see what I can do," boasted Trixie; and she ran up the end steps of a row of old-fashioned houses, the piazzas of which ran across the front, and were separated only by their railings. Trixie jumped from stoop to stoop, ringing all the bells in the row successively. The bolts were rattling on the door of the first house as she ran down the steps of the last one.

"Oh, my! isn't it fun," cried Trixie, peeping around the corner after having made her retreat, "to see all the doors coming open at once?"

It was now the verdict that Janie must ring just one door-bell before they went home, for it was growing late. Unwilling to be despised as a "scarey-boots," Janie reluctantly undertook to "do" one house—a large one, with a gilt sign glittering in the dusk near one of the windows. With a panic-stricken heart Janie climbed the steps and rang the bell. The other children had begun to run, when Trixie, not hearing her sister's footsteps, looked around just in time to see a huge hand stretch forth and draw poor struggling Janie into the house, while the door banged after her.

The hand was that of a big Irish girl.

"I've caught one of yez at last," said she, shaking Janie. "I'll show ye. Kapin' decent girls a-runnin' up and down stairs to wait on ye, till their legs is like to drop off wid thim!"

Never was a child more terrified than was Janie. Alone in a big dark hall with an angry woman, in a strange house, in an unknown neighborhood, the guilty little soul, conscious at once of the extent of her misdeed and of her helplessness, was direfully, wofully home-sick, as children always are when in trouble. The big girl ushered Janie by the nape of her neck, so to speak, into a back parlor, where she introduced Janie to her master as "wan o' thim little vagabon's that's been a-ringin' the bell jist to kape me a-runnin' to the door, and lavin' me bread to burn and me soup to bile over and me potaties a-standin' "

half paled, wid the knife a-stickin' into thim, and me a-stoppin' to wash me hands and put on a clane apron for the likes o' thim. Lucky it is that I was jist to the door to let in the poor man that's been a-havin' all his teeth took out—wan at a time—or I'd niver have caught her."

The girl flounced out, leaving Janie, who was weeping profusely, to the mercy of her master. He stepped forward from a dental chair where a patient reclined with his head at right angles to his body.

"So this is the young culprit who has been pulling people's door-bells," said he, in a terrible voice. "You may sit down there, young lady, and I'll attend to your case presently. You see, I'm a dentist," said he, opening a drawer and fingering over a dozen pairs of forceps, "and I pull out people's teeth when they displease me."

Oh, dreadful! Here was a horrible man, a perfect ogre! He examined the forceps grimly, and selecting a set, returned to his patient. There was presently a groan, and clip! out came a tooth. Terror dried up Janie's sobs. She regarded the dreadful man with wild-eyed horror.

Meantime the terrified conspirators on the sidewalk held a hasty meeting, in which Susie and Mamie would hear of no proposition for a rescue, but beat a speedy retreat, leaving Janie to the mercy of her unknown captor. Not so Trixie. She was nothing if not loyal. Besides, her conscience told her that she was responsible for leading timid Janie into her present trouble.

Presenting a bold front to the enemy, Trixie rang the injured door-bell, faced the terrible girl, and after a sound rating gained admittance to the "dental parlor."

Janie had a gleam of hope on the appearance of her courageous sister.

"I want my Janie!" said Trixie, stamping her foot and clenching her fists.

"Oh, you do, do you?" inquired the horrible man in a sarcastic tone. "You can have her presently, but not until I have pulled out all her teeth. I have resolved to make an example of the first little girl I caught ringing people's door-bells."

"Well, it isn't so dreadful to ring bells anyway. So there, now!" cried Trixie, boldly.

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the man. "Here I've had three girls brought over fresh and green from the old country, and they've all been worn to death answering door-bells for little girls, only to see their hat ribbons disappearing around the corner. One died of it, one went to the insane asylum, and I see revolt in the eyes of the third. I'm afraid she will marry the butcher boy in despair. Now isn't that a shocking state of affairs?" he thundered.

"Well, anyway it wasn't us," spoke up Trixie, promptly, "for I never did it only once or twice in my life, and Janie never did it before, she's too much of a 'fraid-cat.' Anyhow, I don't care; it's awful fun."

"It appears that you aren't a 'fraid-cat,'" said the man, sitting down upon a low ottoman in front of the two girls. "Since, by your own confession, you are the most guilty, suppose you take your sister's place and have your teeth taken out?"

"All of 'em?" demanded Trixie.

"Yes, all of 'em," answered the man, decidedly.

Trixie hesitated, not from fear evidently, but as if she were thinking out some plan.

"All right," she said at last. "You go along home, Janie," pushing her out into the hall, "and"—in a low whisper—"get papa to come quick, and I'll kick and holler so he won't get more'n one of 'em out."

Janie beat a base retreat, like the little coward that she was. She arrived at home in an incredibly short space of time, having been pursued by visions of Trixie's sufferings. Janie explained the situation breathlessly to her father, who, though somewhat inclined to believe that Trixie was not in such very great danger, laid down his evening paper, and taking Janie's hand started to the rescue.

They had gone half-way there when they saw Trixie's figure running toward them half a block ahead.

"Oh, we're too late! we're too late!" screamed Janie. "Oh, papa, Trixie's maimed for life!" Janie had picked up this expression in her reading. She rushed ahead and caught Trixie in her arms. "Oh, Trixie darling, did he pull them all out?" she cried.

Trixie snorted contemptuously, though it was with difficulty that she could get breath to talk.

"I told him," she panted, "papa'd send a policeman after him, and said I wasn't afraid of his old forceps anyway, and if he did pull my teeth out he'd have to make me a nice shiny false set anyhow, and I wouldn't pay him a cent for it either, and would you believe it? he just laughed right out, the horrid thing! Then he said he liked my spirit, and he guessed he would let me go this time."

Mr. Buckminster was quite astonished to find that little girls ever played such wild tricks, and was perfectly satisfied that they had been duly frightened, so he did not accept Trixie's suggestion that he should have the "horrid man" locked up. The little girls firmly believed for a long time that only Trixie's courage had ever softened the stony heart of the dreadful dentist, and they always made a circuit around the block on which he lived whenever they were obliged to pass that way.



"ALL OF 'EM" DEMANDED TRIXIE."

DORYMATES:

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE HAULING OF THE SEINE.

IN less than five minutes after the first cry announcing the appearance of the eagerly expected fish the great thirty-foot double-ended seine-boat, rowed by eight men, had left the schooner and started in the direction of the school. In its stern, with his hand on the long steering oar, stood the seine-master, directing the course of the boat and keeping a sharp lookout ahead. Pulling after them as fast as he could was Breeze McCloud, in the single dory that the *Curlew* carried. The schooner, left in charge of the skipper and cook, was thrown up into the wind, and was held as nearly stationary as possible until it could be seen where she would be wanted.

"Come, stretch yourselves, lads—stretch yourselves. Let's see who'll break the first oar. Those other fellows are just humping themselves. It's Yankee against Yankee this time, and you've got a tough lot to beat," shouted the seine-master.

He would, of course, have been very sorry to have an oar broken, but he had such confidence that the men could do no more than bend the tough ash blades, no matter how hard they tugged, that he was perfectly willing they should try. By the "other fellows" he meant the crew of another fishing schooner which daylight that morning had disclosed not far from them, and which had evidently discovered mackerel about the same time they had. They too were out in their seine-boat, and doubtless looked forward with as great confidence as did the men from the *Curlew* to taking the first fare of the season into New York.

"Easy, lads—easy now!" ordered the seine-master, in a tone of suppressed excitement; "here's our school." Now he tossed overboard a small keg or buoy, to which was attached one end of the upper or cork line of the great net. Near this Breeze was to wait in his dory. Then, bending to their oars, the boat's crew began to pull, with lusty strokes, in a great circle around the school of fish that was rippling the water close beside them. Swimming in a dense body close to the surface, often throwing themselves clear of the water, with their steely blue sides flashing in the morning light, the mackerel were darting madly hither and thither. At one instant the whole school, moved by some mysterious impulse, would make a simultaneous dash in one direction, and the next it would as suddenly rush back again. In the cool dim depths beneath them dog-fish, sharks, and other hungry sea pirates were breakfasting off the newly arrived strangers and devouring them by the score. In the air above them circled and swooped great fishing-hawks, anxious to make a meal off fresh mackerel. Now to these enemies was added man, the most to be dreaded of all. No wonder the poor fish were frightened and undecided as to the direction of their flight from so many imminent dangers.

Meantime the great net, a quarter of a mile long, had been skillfully drawn completely around them. Breeze in his dory, obeying previously given instructions, carried the buoy that had first been thrown overboard to the seine-boat, in which the other end of the cork line was still held and made fast. The circle was now perfect, and the fish were surrounded by a wall of fine but stout twine. Their only chance of escape lay at the bottom of the net, and in another minute this opening would also be closed against them.

While the upper edge of the seine was floated by means of numerous large corks attached to the rope that ran along its entire length, its lower edge was sunk and held straight down by an equal number of leaden rings. Through these ran a second stout line, known as the "purse rope," an end of which remained in the boat. By pulling on this, all the leaden rings could be drawn close together; and as the net was now in the form of a circle, its lower edge would form a purse in which there would be no opening for escape.

Hauling on this rope and "pursing" the seine is the hardest part of the entire job, and takes the united efforts of the seine-boat's crew. It is also a most exciting operation, for if it is successfully accomplished, the fish are caught, and an ample reward for all the previous toil is almost certain. If, on the other hand, the fish take alarm at the last moment and dart downward through the still open bottom of the net, all the hard work goes for nothing, and must be done over again, perhaps many times, before a successful haul is made.

Such was the case in this instance. Success was almost within reach of the *Curlew's* crew, when suddenly the entire school of fish, upon which they were building such high hopes, dropped out of sight like so many leaden plummets, and were gone. They had evidently decided that there were more chances for life among the sharks and dog-fish than with their human enemies, and had wisely seized their last chance of escape from them.

It was a bitter disappointment, and it was made the keener by the sight of certain movements on board the rival schooner that indicated a successful pursing of their seine and a heavy catch of fish. Slowly, and with much grumbling over their hard luck, the *Curlew's* men gathered in their net and empty seine. They piled it up carefully, rings forward and corks aft, in the after part of their boat, ready for the next time. Then they listlessly pulled toward their schooner, which was lying near by, and on board of which breakfast awaited them.

The *Curlew* sailed close to the other schooner in order to learn her luck and witness the lively scene about her. The stranger's seine had enclosed an enormous school of fish, which was estimated at nearly if not quite five hundred barrels. One end of it had been got on board the schooner, and the dipping out of the fish was about to begin. They were greatly frightened, and rushed from side to side with such violence that many of them were crushed to death. All at once they sank, and their weight was so great as to draw one gunwale of the heavy seine-boat under the water, although eight men were perched on the opposite side to counterbalance it.

When a crew find a greater quantity of fish on their hands than they can take care of, as was the case now, it is customary if there is another vessel within hail to give her the surplus rather than to throw it away. Having often done this himself, Captain Coffin did not hesitate, as the two schooners drew close together, to hail the other skipper and ask if he had any fish to give away.

"No, I haven't," was the surly answer. "If you want fish, go and catch 'em."

"All right," answered Captain Coffin, somewhat provoked, but still good-naturedly. "We're the lads can just do that, and we'll beat you into New York yet."

"Looks like it now, doesn't it?" shouted the other, scornfully. "If you do, though, it won't be because I helped you. I'd rather lose every fish I've got alongside here than to give you one of them."

These words were hardly out of his mouth when the captured fish darted violently toward the bottom of the net, and the seine-boat was nearly capsized, as has been related. Its crew hurriedly scrambled to the upper side. Suddenly the boat righted so quickly, that the whole eight men were flung overboard, and found themselves floundering in the cold water.

The situation was startling as well as comical, though the explanation of what had happened was very simple. The frightened fish in their downward rush had torn a great hole in the net, which was an old one, and through it they had instantly darted to depths of safety. The seine, being thus relieved of its burden, no longer pulled the boat down, and it at once yielded to the weight of the men on its upper gunwale.

Under ordinary circumstances this mishap would have excited the sympathy of those on board the *Curlew*. Now, on account of the uncivil reply of the rival skipper to their captain, they were inclined to rejoice at what had happened, and they roared with laughter at the rueful faces of the dripping men as they scrambled back into their boat.

To Breeze the whole affair presented itself in such a comical aspect that he laughed louder and longer than any of the others, though in a perfectly good-humored way, and without a trace of an unkind feeling toward those who had been so unfortunate. His mirth was, however, deemed peculiarly irritating by one of the rival crew, a young man with an ugly face that bore unmistakable traces of dissipation. He shook his fist at Breeze and called out:

"Never you mind, young fellow, I'll not forget you; and maybe I'll find a chance to make you laugh out of the other side of your mouth some day."

This speech sobered Breeze at once, though at first he looked around in a bewildered way, thinking it could not possibly be meant for him. When he realized that it was he shouted back, "Seems to me I wouldn't feel so bad about it if I were you. I wasn't laughing at you anyway. I was laughing to think how surprised those mackerel must have been when you went diving down after them, trying to catch 'em in your hands."

This raised another shout of laughter from the *Curlew* men, but the young man toward whom it was directed only shook his fist again at Breeze, and turned away without a word, going below to find some dry clothes.

Breeze saw that he had unwittingly made for himself an enemy in this stranger, and for a time the knowledge caused him real distress. He was a warm-hearted boy, preferring friendships to enmities, and would at any time sacrifice his own pleasure or comfort to win the former and overcome the latter. At the same time he was not sorry that he had asserted his own independence and answered back as he had. The incident soon passed from his mind, however, in the rush of more stirring events, and it was some time before he was again reminded of it.

Captain Coffin was much puzzled to account for the surliness of the rival skipper until the *Curlew* passed astern of the other schooner, so that her name, *Roxy B.*, and her hailing port could be read. Then it flashed across him that this was the Rockhaven craft that was thought to be so fast, but which he had beaten in a fair race on a run into Boston the summer before.

To bear ill-will for such a cause certainly showed a small and mean mind, and Captain Coffin said he was very glad the other had refused to let him have any fish, for he should hate to be under obligations to such a man.

The *Curlew* had not gone more than a mile from the *Roxy B.* when the fish of which she was in search began to rise to the surface on all sides of her. The seine-boat was quickly sent out, while Breeze in his dory followed it as before. This time a school was successfully surrounded, and the net was pursed without a mishap. A flag hoisted on an oar in the boat was the signal to the schooner that they had made a large haul and needed her assistance. She was soon brought alongside of the pursed seine with its burden of glittering fish, and from it a long-handled scoop-net, worked with a tackle, was dipping them, a half-barrelful at a time, and transferring them to her deck.

The catch was about one hundred and fifty barrels of mackerel that were of a prime quality as to size, but so thin that they would have been unfit to split and salt. The afternoon was drawing to a close before they were all got on board and the seine was properly stowed in its boat; but there was no rest for the tired crew yet a while. Sail was made on the schooner, and she was headed for Sandy Hook, nearly three hundred miles away. Then all hands, except the cook and the man at the wheel, turned to and began "gibbing" and packing the fish.

Mackerel are so delicate that they die almost as soon as they touch a deck, and will quickly spoil if not cared for at once. So there was no time to lose, and the whole catch must be "gibbed," or cleaned, and packed in ice before sleep could be thought of.

In "gibbing" a mackerel the gills are plucked out, and with them come the entrails. This operation was performed with marvellous rapidity by the skilled workers of the crew, the refuse matter was tossed into square wooden boxes known as "gib-tubs," and the cleaned fish were thrown into bushel baskets.

Down in the hold the blocks of ice were removed from a pen, and reduced to small bits by heavy sharp-pointed "slicers." A layer of this broken ice was shovelled over the bottom of the empty pen, and above it was spread a basket of fish. Then came another layer of ice, then more fish, and so on until the pen was full, when another was emptied and filled in the same manner. It was long after midnight before the crew of the *Curlew* knocked off work, with the last of their fish safely packed away; but tired as they were, they were also highly elated by their success, and by the prospect of being the first mackereller of the season into New York.

The next day, spent in running up the coast with a brisk westerly breeze, was one of the happiest that can come to the inshore fisherman. Everybody was in the best of humor, from the knowledge that they had, stowed beneath their hatches, a fair-sized catch of the very earliest mackerel of the season. They knew these would bring an extra price, and pay each of them at least twice as much as he would make under more ordinary circumstances. There was little to do except stand watch and clean ship, so that most of the day was devoted to the spinning of yarns in the fore-castle and the singing of songs to a banjo accompaniment in the cabin. The cook made them a great dish of Joe-floggers (peculiar pancakes stuffed with plums) for breakfast and a gorgeous plum-duff for dinner. Upon the whole, Breeze enjoyed the day so thoroughly that he wondered how anybody could complain of the hardships of a fisherman's life or think it anything but fascinating.

They passed the double Highland lights, and rounding Sandy Hook, stood up New York Bay some time during the following night. The next morning by daylight they were snugly moored in the Fulton Market slip among scores of other fishing vessels, none of which had on board a single mackerel. Theirs was the first catch of the season, and before breakfast-time it had been sold in bulk for three thousand dollars. Of this, after expenses were deducted, each full share amounted to ninety-two dollars, while the half share credited to Breeze was forty-six dollars. This seemed to him a large sum of money to have been earned in a week, only one day and night of which had been devoted to real hard work. He at once wrote to his mother, telling her the good news, and as he did so he felt that he had become, if not an important member of society, at least a very wealthy one.

In the afternoon he took a short walk through the lower part of the great city, but became so bewildered by the noise, bustle, and crowds of people that he dared not go very far for fear of getting lost. On one of the downtown streets that he did visit he was attracted by the sight of a jeweller's window. This reminded him of what his

mother had said, that if anybody could open the golden ball that hung from the chain around his neck it would be a city jeweller.

Entering the store, he stepped up to an elderly gentleman who stood behind a desk, and unclasping the chain, handed it and the ball to him, saying, "I don't know whether this ball will open or not; can you tell me, sir?"

The jeweller examined the trinket carefully, and seemed particularly interested in the unique tracery with which it was ornamented. For several minutes he did not speak; then he asked, abruptly, "Where did you get this?"

Breeze told him in a few words all that he knew of its history as well as of his own.

"H'm!" said the jeweller. "You wait here a moment while I show this to my partner."

He was gone so long that Breeze began to grow uneasy,

and had just about made up his mind to go in search of him when he returned. He was accompanied by a low-browed, swarthy individual, who said:

"This trinket that you have brought in is quite a novelty in our line, and I should like to buy it of you. It is a puzzle charm of East Indian make. Unless one knows the secret of its construction it cannot possibly be opened except by an accident that might not happen in ten thousand times of trying. I learned my trade in Calcutta, and am probably the only man in New York city to-day who can open this little ball. You see that I can do it."

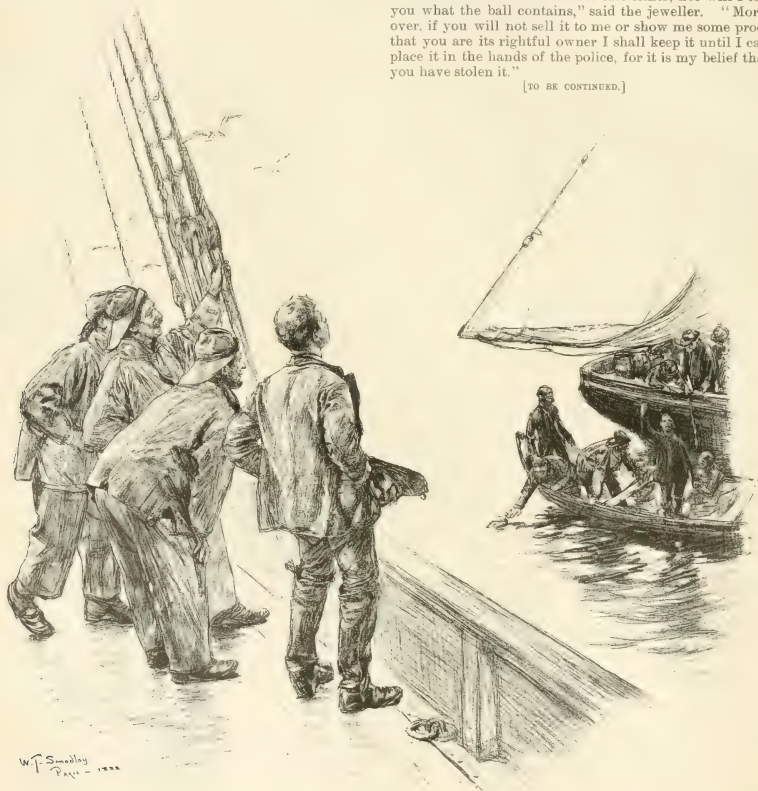
Here he showed Breeze the ball open, but did not let him see its contents. Then turning his back for an instant, he again displayed it as before.

"What will you take for it?" he asked.

"It's not for sale," answered Breeze, "but I am willing to pay for learning the trick of how to open it, for I am curious to know what it contains."

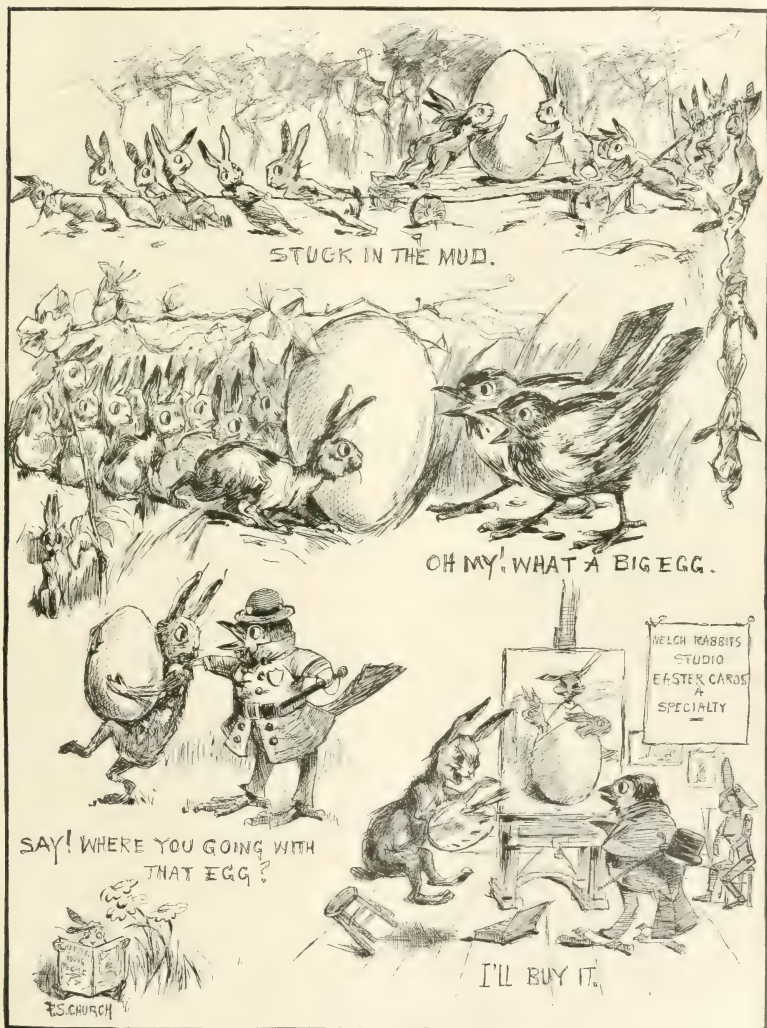
"That information is not for sale either, nor will I tell you what the ball contains," said the jeweller. "Moreover, if you will not sell it to me or show me some proof that you are its rightful owner I shall keep it until I can place it in the hands of the police, for it is my belief that you have stolen it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



W. F. Smalley
1888

"SEEMS TO ME I WOULDN'T FEEL SO BAD ABOUT IT IF I WERE YOU."



EASTER WAYS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WITH the return of spring blossoms and birds a general feeling of gladness prevails the world over. However we may have enjoyed winter, we bid it good-by without regret, and go merrily onward to meet the spring. In our thoughts of winter and in the pictures which the painters make of that season he figures as an old man, stern and severe, with a snowy beard, and icicles clinging to his robes, while his pretty successor is always a maiden, dancing and singing or scattering flowers from full baskets.

When the old paganism of the ancient Saxons was given up for the worship of Him whom the people of Britain in those days called the White Christ, the missionaries found established a festival to the goddess of the spring, whose name was Ostera, a word signifying "to arise," and symbolizing the awakening of Nature after her wintry sleep. This in turn pointed to the old Greek myth of Persephone, called Proserpine by the Romans. The story, familiar to youthful students as one of the daintiest and most poetical of any in the ancient mythology, was that while Persephone was gathering narcissus in a field near Ætna, in Sicily, the god of the underworld suddenly emerged from a dark hole in the ground, with a chariot and four coal-black horses, and swooping down upon the hapless virgin, carried her off to be the queen of his gloomy domains.

Demeter, the mother of Persephone, was wild with grief, and ran up and down imploring everybody she met to tell her what had become of her daughter. Finally the all-seeing and all-hearing god of the sun, from whom nothing that happened could ever be kept secret, took pity on the distressed goddess, and told her of the fate that had befallen her child. She, of course, felt more distressed than before, and begged Zeus and the other deities to interfere and restore the lost one, but they declared themselves unable to do this unless Persephone had eaten nothing in her new abode. The discovery that she had tasted a pomegranate made her return to earth for the whole year impossible, but she was allowed to come back to her mother, Demeter or Ceres, to the fields and the light, for half of each twelve-month, during which the flowers bloomed and the fruits grew ripe, the corn and the wheat flourished, and the land was glad with harvest joy. A legend similar to this is found in nearly all the mythologies of the world.

I have dwelt on this story and referred to the Saxon goddess Ostera, who was Persephone's mythical relative, in order to show that in the old pagan religions there was a hint of that victory of life over death which is one of the grandest articles of the Christian creed. Persephone's six months in the regions of darkness were emblematic of death, winter, with its silence and chill and cessation of activity, being a sign of that dreaded state. Her return to the earth was a poetical way of saying that the torpor of death had been broken, and that spring had brought life and bloom to the world once more.

I am coming step by step to the higher meaning which our Easter has for all who believe in the Lord's resurrection. In winter, you know, there is no real death; it is only apparent; for even when at rest Nature is busy, and under the snows the wheat keeps on growing to make the next year's bread, while the sap is stirring in the heart of the trees, although they are bare and leafless. The early missionaries, wishing great happiness to the people whom they taught to love and serve the White Christ, in contrast with the dark and cruel gods to whom they had hitherto given reverence, desired them to observe the feast of the resurrection. It always came round in the spring, and its name, Easter, was like that of the old goddess, rechristened and made beautiful and fragrant. In keeping the Easter festival, again, the Christians simply endowed

with a new and more lovely life the venerable feast of the Passover, which the Jews had observed from the date of the Exodus.

Easter is full of brightness and joy, not only because of the lower meaning given it by Nature, the vanishing of the winter death and the kindling of the spring-time life, but on account of that event, far greater and most mysterious and sacred, the rising of our Lord from the three days' bondage in the tomb.

Children know little of sorrow, but your parents will tell you that it is this which enables us to bear patiently all the sorrows and partings of this life, feeling when our dear ones are taken away that it is not forever, but only for a time. Sooner or later we shall have them again, if we and they love the Saviour, for He arose from the dead, and He alone can bestow on all who follow Him eternal life.

Why does Easter not always occur on the same day, as Christmas does, is a question asked by some little people who have heard their elders remarking that there will be plenty of flowers to dress the churches this year, Easter coming so late. There was originally a good deal of trouble in deciding on what day to observe the Easter festival, some pleading in favor of one, and some of another day, and it was finally decided by a great Church Council at Nice, A.D. 325, that Easter should always be the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21st, and if this full moon happen to be on a Sunday, then Easter is the following Sunday. It is thus, you see, what we call a movable feast.

In reality every Lord's Day, which was the name given by early Christians to Sunday, is a feast of the resurrection, an anniversary on which we may devoutly say, "I believe in the life everlasting."

In those countries where the Greek Church includes most of the population, and especially in Russia, where it is the state Church, Easter is kept with the greatest pomp imaginable. Good-Friday found every home hushed, the children forbidden to touch their toys and games, the houses closed to visitors, and the churches draped with mournful black. But in the faint pre-dawn of Easter all is changed as if by miracle; people run from house to house with gifts and greetings, and bearded strangers embrace each other in the street, crying, "The Lord is risen!" Similar experiences take place on the continent of Europe, where the Church of Rome keeps Good-Friday with solemn music and a mournful midnight mass, where the shadow of the crucifixion rests on every face until Easter dawns, when the flow of gladness is unrestrained.

The Church of England, as well as the Episcopal Church everywhere, has never given up its right to keep Easter, but until within a few years other Protestant denominations have not entered with full zest into the spirit of the occasion. At present it is pleasant to know that Easter, like Christmas, is an all-round-the-world period of rejoicing in which Christians unitedly share.

The chick emerging from the egg is a favorite Easter emblem, and eggs have been largely used in connection with the pastimes of Easter. An old English custom requires them to be colored in delicate or deeper tints, or gilded, silvered, and inscribed with appropriate mottoes. A little basket of Easter-eggs, painted prettily and filled with moss or flowers, is a very acceptable Easter gift. To test the relative strength of the shells by "pecking," or knocking the ends together, is an Easter game in England, and has found its way to some parts of our own country. In Washington the grounds of the White House are, by courtesy of the highest officials, at the disposal of the children on Easter Monday, and hundreds of boys and girls repair to the accustomed spot to peek eggs, play ball, and indulge in happy sports. The cracked eggs become the property of the winner who happens to possess a very tough-shelled egg or else to have a happy knack of hit-

ting softly. If he have the true Easter spirit, he gives away his winnings to somebody too poor to buy eggs for an Easter feast.

In a certain part of Oxfordshire, England, up to a recent period, there was a custom of throwing apples into the church-yard after evening service on Easter Sunday, those who had been married within the year being expected to throw three times as many as the rest. The chronicle fails to tell why the apples were thrown into the church-yard, and whether anybody took the pains afterward to gather them up, but the farmers and their wives and children finished the ceremony by adjourning to the house of the clergymen to eat bread and cheese and drink spiced ale.

The most beautiful "Easter way" that I know about is that which sends flowers to the sick and the sorrowful on the morning of Easter Sunday. This year there will be a great many varieties from which to choose, and nobody need refrain from the charming attention because he or she cannot buy expensive bouquets in conventional arrangements from the florists. A few of the first wild flowers, if you live in the country, or a dainty bunch of pussy willows and grasses, will carry comfort wherever they go. And if your hyacinths and callas are in flower, your jonquils and crocuses laughing up to the sky, you will certainly want to take some of them to church, where they can help the happy people to praise God.

In many Sunday-schools and households, children present their offerings, saved or earned perhaps by the self-denials of Lent, on the afternoon of Easter Sunday. One little girl has broken herself of the habit of procrastination and been rewarded therefor; her brother has learned to rise when first called in the morning; a little friend has sewed, or gone on errands, or worked in some way to earn Easter money and give it to the Lord. We can give to the Lord only by denying ourselves and making others happy, and this is the true spirit in which we should leave Lent behind us and enter upon Easter, the feast of our ever-living King. That which we do to help the poor, the sick, the sorrowful, or the little children, He accepts as done unto Himself.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

A PRACTICAL joke is a sort of trick played by one person upon another, in the hope of making him uncomfortable and ridiculous. To put one's friend in an absurd situation, to interfere with his rights, to do something which will hurt him in body or mind, not very deeply perhaps, yet really, is the object of the practical joker. I have never in my life been able to see the least good, the least innocent fun, in practical jokes, but I have seen a great deal of evil and mischief resulting from them. I cannot think of a person addicted to practical joking as anything but mean and contemptible. For how can we honor the disposition which takes pleasure in cruelty?

Some years ago, just at dusk, a maid-servant in a certain beautiful home took it into her head that it would be rare fun to dress herself in a sheet and frighten another of the servants. So she slipped into the grounds, hid herself behind a tree, and waited her opportunity. Dancing merrily along, singing with a voice like a bird, came a sweet little daughter of the house, who had been sent on an errand to the lodge at the end of the green avenue. The merry child, sensitive to her finger-tips, caught a glimpse of the straight stark figure skulking behind the oaks, and was so frightened that a few months afterward she died—of nervous shock the physicians said, which then began its fatal work.

In one of our New England colleges a youth who had been studying hard that he might enter the Freshman Class was startled from his sleep at midnight by a party of fellows in masks, who proceeded to make sport for themselves by the stupid process called "hazing" their companion. They had their silly fun, but it is to be hoped that none of the number engaged in it can ever think of that night without a pang, for it made the youth insane.

I don't like to believe that any of my readers engage in this wretched kind of jesting. If they do, it is because they have

never looked at it from the right point of view. There isn't among my friends one, I am sure, who would be happy in making any one else miserable.

I saw Fred the other day perched in a nook 'way, 'way up in a tall tree, and I thought, "What a splendid climber you are, Fred, and how nimbly you'd run to the wizen-top if you were a sailor boy!" I knew that Fred was as sure-footed as a cat, and had eyes like a squirrel, and the grip of a monkey, so I was not alarmed on his account. Not so his mother. She came to the door, called "Fred! Fred!" and finally descried him in his airy nest, from which "his voice fell like a falling star." Then she was greatly distressed and frightened, and I was disappointed in Fred, because, instead of relieving her fears at once, he said:

"Oh, poof, mamma! there's no danger. Why are you so excited? I've been here dozens of times."

He did descend at last; but a true gentleman—and Fred means to be a gentleman—would not have allowed a woman to be frightened even for an instant, especially when the woman was his own mother.

The spirit which leads one not to care when a friend is suffering terrors on one's account is the same which makes the practical jest possible. Aunt Marjorie's children must banish this if they would make their little world happy.

"SPIRIT" AND "LIFE."

BY MARGARET EMMA DITTO.

TWO little souls were speeding their outward way from God. Angels folded their white wings in wondering silence, and watched the little ones go forth upon their unknown mission. The sky parted to let them pass, and "trailing clouds of glory" the two souls swept on into that unmeasured space where there is no light but the stars, and no sound but the voice of their harmonies. Then the little souls spoke. "Who are you?" "Who are you?" asked each of the other.

"I am Spirit," "I am Life," they made answer.

"It is all one," sang the little souls together. "We are the same. We came from God; we are going to dwell with men."

So they sang very happily as they sped along, and their voices were attuned to the music of the great spheres.

When the little souls reached the earth they said goodbye to each other, for each little soul had a house of his own. Not an immovable house made of wood and stone, but a tiny tabernacle that could be moved about. It was made of flesh and blood and skin and soft bones. It was the form of a little child.

"Oh, how nice!" cried each little soul, quickly speeding through the house from top to toe, and pulling the strings which set the breath to coming and going, and the little fingers and toes to quivering and nestling.

"I must take a peep out of the windows," cried each little soul, as he pulled up the curtains and looked out.

"Oho! our baby has blue eyes like the violets," shouted the noisy children.

"Ah, the Prince looks upon us; his Royal Highness has eyes like his father the King," said the grand courtiers, speaking low, with deep reverence, for one of the little souls had found its home in a peasant's hut, the other in the palace of a great king.

The little souls never saw one another again until they had spent their time on earth and were flying back to God. Again they were speeding their way through the unmeasured spaces of the stars.

The souls knew each other, remembering the time when they had gone out from God to dwell among men. They gazed with joy at each other, for these returning souls were full of gracious loveliness, such as earthly eyes have not seen.

"Sweet Life, you are no longer a little soul," said Spirit, "you are strong and beautiful; you must have dwelt in a great house."

"Ay," replied Life, serenely, "it was a perfect house, for the greatest of builders made it for me."

"Then it was spacious and lofty and beautiful, and it stood in a high and sunny place?"

"Oh no; it was none of these," replied Life. "It was narrow and infirm, and it trembled in the blast. No one who saw it desired it. But I loved it because it was the gift of God, and I was so thankful. It stood in a deep valley, the shadows of the mountains made it dark, and I could not look far away. I could not look down: there was only one way to look, and that was up, and my light came not from this side or that, but straight down from the Father of Lights, and so I was a shining one, though I lived in a dark place."

"What did you do in your house?"

"Always I toiled and served and suffered and loved, for some needed me who were poorer and weaker than I. Sometimes I was hungry and thirsty and in pain, but oftener I shared my loaf and cup, and helped the pain of others, and I kept the door ajar so that the poor and troubled ones, those who were cast down and ashamed, could come in without knocking and rest in a warm place; and they loved me—the poor, the weak, and the little ones. They are weeping now because my house is empty, and I shall look out of the windows no more: it is cold, the hearth fire can never glow again. But my house was weak and crumbling down upon me. I could stay no longer. So I came away and left it fallen, prone upon the ground—earth to earth."

"My house," said Spirit, "was not like that; it was noble and strong. It stood on high among the kings of the earth, and looked over my broad dominions. My house had towers of strength and halls of bounty and fair gardens with pleasant fruits. Every one who saw it desired it for its beauty and feared it for its strength. It could not be shaken in the rudest blasts, and the shock of war could not make it tremble or force its gates."

"What did you do in your house?"

"Always, like you, I toiled and served and suffered and loved, but not like you in the way of doing, for I was a king with sceptre and crown, and what I did was done in the royal manner. I could not share my cup and loaf with the hungry, nor lay my hand on the brow of pain as you did, but I could make laws and find out wisdom that would strengthen the land and bring bread and meat and health to my poor people. I could not take the suffering ones into my own house as you did, for they were many and my house was but one; but my house should stand a castle in their behalf—a stronghold and defence—and so standing it met its doom; in the prime of its glory it reeled, turret and foundation, beneath the onslaught of the oppressor, and with a great fall it lay prone on the battle ground, crumbling back to earth."

A herald went through the land crying, "The King is dead! the King is dead!"

"So is good Barbara," answered the peasants. "She was born the same night as the King, and she died the same day."

"How dared she?" exclaimed the herald, scornfully. "It was a great impertinence." Then he stopped the dead woman's bier and gazed upon her body; his lofty look spurned the bent and crippled form of the corpse.

"Truly a miserable creature," he said, tossing the fine black plumes of his court mourning.

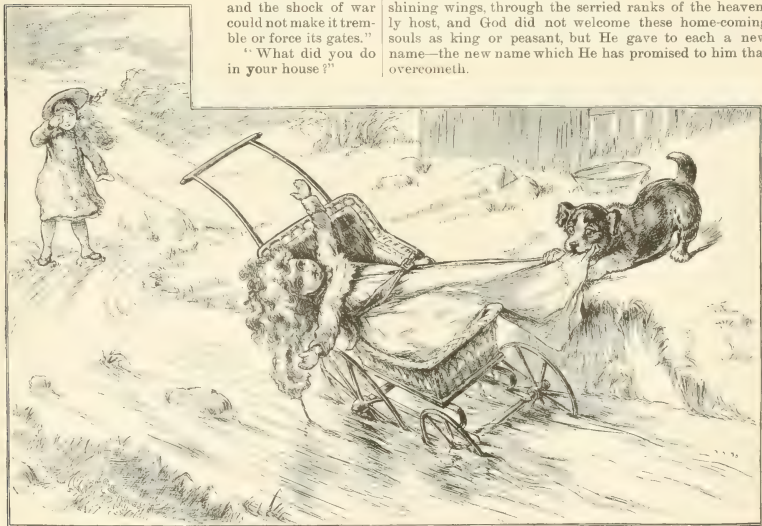
The two souls swept on through the wide spaces of the stars, on and on through the pearly gates of heaven. Angels folded their wings, and looked with tender awe upon these gracious beings who had come from the earth.

"We cannot tell who they are," said the angels.

"One was a king." "One was a peasant."

"But we cannot tell which was the king and which was the peasant," said the angels: "these beings are alike wondrous fair and noble."

The two souls swept on, with equal stroke of their shining wings, through the serried ranks of the heavenly host, and God did not welcome these home-coming souls as king or peasant, but He gave to each a new name—the new name which He has promised to him that overcometh.



THE SPRING FRESHET—A GALLANT RESCUE.

THE FORGOTTEN LILY:

BY:
Margaret: Johnson:



WITHIN gray convent
walls
A lily bloomed.
At morn and noon and
night, when prayers
were said,

Through all the vibrant air above its head
The great bell boomed.

Among cool cloistered paths
The black-robed nuns

Walked with pale eyelids meekly drooped to pray,
Or breathed, where warm the checkered sunlight lay,
Their orisons;

And through the windows wide,
When stars were bright,
The twinkling tapers of the altar gleamed,
And anthems, sung by silver voices, streamed
Into the night.

Without, the world went by,
Unseen, unknown,
Save as a mingled sound of many feet,
The ebb and flow of voices in the street—
A ceaseless drone.

Close by the wall it grew,
And day by day
Gave from its opening buds a breath so rare
It filled with sweetness all the hovering air,
And winged its way

Out to the boisterous world.
Then they who sped
This way and that, for lofty ends or mean,
Paused, wondering at the influence unseen
About them shed.

To their dull souls a breath
From heaven there crept;
And some stood by and crossed themselves apart
With muttered prayers; and strangely stirred at
heart.

Some, lingering, wept.
And sad lips smiled again
All unaware,
Stern eyes grew soft with memory, and the face
Of happy childhood wore a holier grace
In that sweet air.

Each day a gentle nun
Came, grave and fond,
And passed the corner where the lily stood
To watch and tend the lovely sisterhood
That bloomed beyond.

And when on Easter morn
These all were brought
With joy to shed their sweetness, half divine,
Upon the risen Lord's exalted shrine
In splendor wrought,

While silver censers fed
Their odoriferous fires,
And all the altar blazed, and all the nave
Throbbled with celestial music, wave on wave,
From raptured choirs,

In its forgotten nook
The lily bent,
And heard the voices of the world go by,
And pause to breathe its perfume with a sigh,
And was content.





EASTER EGGS.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

THOSE who like fairy tales will be pleased to learn that we have a serial fairy tale for them. It is called:

THE PRINCESS LILIWINKINS.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT,
AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN'S STORIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY," ETC.

It will run through eight numbers, and will be illustrated by Miss LYDIA F. ENMET.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ATTENTION, little gardeners,
'Tis time for spade and hoe,
'Tis time for dropping tiny seeds
In many a fairy row,
'Twill soon be time to gather flowers
All in the wild woods gay,
For after April's crystal showers
Shines forth the sun of May.

Attention, little farmer-lads,
And farmer-lasses too,
To hear about the little chicks
We must depend on you.
Please tell us if the robins come
To build among your leaves,
And if the little wrens have sought
The old protecting eaves.

Attention, Little House-keepers,
The broom ridder now begins,
For lo! her silver web to-day
The silent spider spins.
And moths and beetles mischief make
Where careless people dwell.
Attention, Little House-keepers,
And keep the household well.

Attention, little writers, please!
On both sides of the sheet
You must not write, if you would send
A copy plain and neat.
The blackest ink that you can find
Is what we here prefer,
And tell the P. M. something new
If you are fond of her.

Attention, little people all,
Wherever you may be,
Of gardens, chickens, birds, and flowers,
Make haste and write to me;
Of books and studies you may tell,
And little stories send,
And puzzles make to please the rest
And gratify your friend.

THE POSTMISTRESS.

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.
In reply to an inquiry in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 490, in regard to the age of canaries, I

think birds raised in the house, with good care, live longer than a store bird. We bought a bird years ago of a woman who had been successful in raising canaries. He had a crown, was a mighty singer, and full of whims and mischief. He lived to be full fourteen years of age, and died in the winter of 1887. We raised two or three broods, and they being pets and allowed to roam about houses of owners freely, got eaten by cats, stepped on by small children, one flew away, and one only of six good singers died of consumption, but his decline was owing to grief. I think, at the absence of his mistress and her subsequent death with the same disease. These birds had all been given away of course. We kept only the father bird. The remaining one of the family is still alive and vigorous, and is now in his fourteenth year as near as I can estimate. It was in 1855 or 1856 I fed the little fellow every day to help the busy mother; he is in a book-store, in the office of W. F. D., and is owned by one who supplied the mother of the broods. It is very unusual to have two birds of such an age, but we attribute it to their being always kept in the same place from year to year, with even temperature. When old, they should be covered at night. He is still a good noisy singer, like his father, has a crown, is good part finch, well marked with the dark feathers, yellow ones very bright. I think a canary of good stock, properly cared for, ought to live twelve years. The extreme heat of the room at the top and lack of house-cleaning is the cause of most diseases which carry them off young. C. H. A.

CHRISTIANA, N. H.

Some time ago I received a letter from an American girl, who did not tell me her name, but asked if I would like to correspond with her, and that I might send a letter to you and say, "Let the little girl write." I should like very much to correspond with her, as I take great interest in knowing how girls in other parts of the world live and what they do. I have had letters from some other girls in America, which I have answered. The little girl who did not tell me her name must really excuse me for keeping her waiting so long for an answer. I had intended to write long ago, but I always forgot it. Thank her for the nice card she sent. I will close now, with much love from yours, EDITH MACK.

HAYMARKET, VIRGINIA.

Having noticed a request in your paper for your subscribers to write you a letter, I thought I would write you one. It is my first attempt, and I hope you will print it. I have been reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for eighteen months. Papa and my step-mother gave it to me for a Christmas present. I think it is the best book I ever read. I like "The House of the Golden Holly," "Uncle Peter's Trust," and "Captain Polly" very much. I was thirteen years old the 4th of March. My birthday present was *Oliver Twist*. I like it very much. I have read all books that I wisher. I hope by the time I am grown I will have a book-case full of nice books. THOMAS A. H.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—This is the first time I have written to you since last November, when we first had this delightful paper. I have taken much interest in the Post-office Box, and have read many of the letters from young friends, so I thought I would write also. I have three brothers, aged respectively twelve, ten, and eight;

a sister older than I, papa, mamma, and grandma. The stories I like best are "Captain Polly" and others. That I am a lover of books may be seen by some of the books that I have read. The books I have found very interesting, and which I would advise your little friends to read are the following: *Little Women*, *Little Men*, *Fifth Cart-wagon's Fairhood*, *Rose in Bloom*, sequel to *Eight Cousins*, and the "Kathie Bowdler" *Brother* has been recommended to me by a friend, so I hope to read that next. As you can see, I live in Brooklyn, and every summer we visit Coney Island, Port Hamilton, and many other places. ISABELLE H.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for the first time this year, and we take great pleasure in reading the stories it contains. I have just joined the King's Daughters, and we are going to have a "home-made cake and candy sale." With the money we receive from this sale we intend buying material for sewing for some charitable purpose. I belong to the Young Woman's Christian Association. I will tell you about it some other time, as I don't want my letter to be too long. Here is a recipe for sponge-cake, which is so simple I think all the readers may try it:

SPONGE-CAKE.—One cup of flour, one cup of sugar, half a cup of shortening, three eggs, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, a pinch of salt; lemon to flavor. GEORGINA H.

BARKER, A. SPOONER, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years, and like it better than any other magazine we get. I live in Australia, nine miles from the nearest township, quite in the bush, on a sheep station, but we have a great many horses and cattle too. I have three brothers and two sisters. We have a great many pets. I have three cats and three kittens; one of them is all black. I have two doves that fly about the garden, and come every morning to be fed. There are no wild beasts here except opossums and native cats, and iguanas, and dew-lizards. They are very destructive among the poultry, so we have great work rearing chickens, but we have an incubator and foster-mother, which are great helps. My sisters and brothers all ride, but papa says I am too young yet, but I am to get a pony soon. This is the first letter I have ever written to a magazine, and I hope you will put it in. DAISY S.

BRIDGEVIEW, N. J.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My sister, brother, and myself go to a country school two miles away, and like the school and teacher very much. We have a telegraph line from our house to one half a mile away, and I am learning to operate. I take *Golden Days* and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am twelve years old, but have been a little deaf since I had scarlet-fever when a baby. I caught nine rabbits and a weasel last fall; when I first saw it I did not know what it was, so I killed it, and after a while I found out in the dictionary that it was a weasel. Lakewood, a winter resort, is four miles from us, and one of the large hotels there, called Clifton Hall, burned to the ground March 11, 1889. I like Howard Pyle's stories very much. JOHNNIE D. S.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

Do not any of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE belong to the Ministering Children's League? I have read all the children's letters

PIGS IN CLOVER.



(1). "HERE, BOYS, IS ONE OF THESE PIG PUZZLES. I DID IT THREE TIMES COMING HOME IN THE CAR. LET ME SEE IF YOU BOYS ARE AS SMART AS YOUR DAD."



(2). "THAT'S IT, GEORGIE; THAT'S THE IDEA. STEADY, NOW! YOU'VE GOT ONE IN. GOOD BOY! SHAKE IT A LITTLE. THAT'S IT!"



(3). "GOOD, GEORGIE!—GOOD! THERE GOES ANOTHER—AND ANOTHER! JUST TURN YOUR WRIST A LITTLE WHEN HE— OH, PSHAW! THERE HE GOES OUT AGAIN."



(4). "NOW, GEORGIE! NOW YOU'VE GOT 'EM! LOOK HERE, MAMMA! ALL IN BUT ONE! THAT'S IT! QUICK! QUICK! DON'T BE IN A HURRY, GEORGIE!"



(5). AND IF THE CHAIR HADN'T GIVEN WAY JUST AT THAT MOMENT, THERE IS EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE THAT GEORGIE WOULD HAVE GOT THOSE PIGS INTO THE PEN.



IN THE SHADE.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. P. MESLE



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DUTCH CHILDREN.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY FRANZ HALS.—SEE PAGE 426.

SOME CHILDREN BY FRANZ HALS.

BY CARMOSINE.



LITTLE before the time of Rembrandt, who is the greatest of all the Dutch masters, there lived in Holland half a dozen really great and original painters, amongst whom the most remarkable was Franz Hals (born 1584, died 1666). The best of his work is to be seen at Haarlem, where he lived, and where he painted with unrivalled spirit and

broad simplicity portrait groups of the members of the various corporations, guilds, and eminent families of the town. We have engraved a fragment of a large family picture representing a man, his wife, and their children, who are grouped to the right of the picture, sharing a basket of fruit.

In these portraits of Dutch boys and girls you will note at once the difference of race, of aspect, and of manner of being, as compared with the Latin boys and girls whose features we have been studying in previous pages. In the Germanic races the flesh is whiter and softer; the eyes are generally blue, pale blue, which grows paler the further north we go; the hair is blond and flaxen-colored, and on the heads of small children almost white—a fact which astonished the old Romans, who used to say that amongst the Germans the children had the hair of old men. The complexion is very fair; the cheeks of the young girls are of a most delicate rose; the faces of the boys and young men are of a higher color, but generally amongst the working classes, as age advances, the complexion becomes cheesy, palish yellow, almost the color of a turnip. The body is generally large, heavy, and without elegance; the features often irregular, lumpy, with prominent cheek-bones and powerful jaws. So to speak, the drawing of these Dutch people is incorrect, blundering, unintelligent. Men, women, and children alike are often living caricatures. Compare, for instance, these children in the Franz Hals picture with the children by Donatello, Botticelli, Pontorno, Carpaccio, and others of Latin race which we have admired together in the early articles of this series. How much less elegant, less refined, less well-mannered they seem! How much more boisterous! How violent their games, how noisy and rough their playfulness!

We do not say all these disagreeable things for the purpose of making our young readers despise the Dutch boys and girls, but simply in order to awaken their minds to the amusement and interest that may be found in observing and comparing. When you travel through Holland at the present day, in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Leyden, or Haarlem, you will see people in the streets who look exactly like those in our picture, excepting, of course, as regards dress—people who give no outward signs of emotion or sentiment, who are averse to talking, and whose faces are so full of repose that they often seem inanimate.

On the other hand, when you travel through France and Italy you find the people still displaying the agreeable qualities of the Provencals of the twelfth century and of the Florentines of the fourteenth; they know how to talk, to aid the expression of their thought by gesture and pantomime, to be elegant without effort, and to be in all things tasteful, cultivated, and civilized.

These remarks apply only to the outside, to the artistic aspect of life, for we know from their history what splendid qualities the Dutch have displayed in politics, in commerce, in war, and in civic life.

THE PRINCESS LILIWINKINS.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

I.

LISTEN to the story of the Princess Liliwinkins. She lived at her father's court, and was treated with the greatest respect by every one because of her high rank; but she was not always happy, because it was the law of that land that the royal children should never be allowed to play, and so the little girl was often very lonesome.

Once in a great while she teased her nurse to let her go blackberrying all by herself in the royal blackberry fields, and then she would play that every berry was a little girl, and be very happy with so many companions to tell her thoughts to, for of these she had many. There was nothing that she did not have her own ideas about, and having so many ideas made her seem to herself a very wise child. She was sure she knew much more about a great many things than any of her elders; but no one would believe that, so she kept it all to herself.

She had a pet fawn to which she whispered her thoughts about the trees and birds and flowers, for she rightly guessed that he knew all about such things; but as for other matters, she never spoke a word of them to any one. She had tutors and governesses innumerable, but after the lessons of the day were over she used to go off quite alone by herself and laugh over the silly things her teachers had told her. As, for instance, that the fawn could not understand her; that the brook never told her stories of its home up among the hills; and that the stars were so far apart they could not see one another.

Liliwinkins had to learn many long, weary lessons out of dull, stupid books, but she managed to keep happy by forgetting them all very soon; and by carefully repeating to herself all the things she had found out without books, she came to have quite a store of knowledge.

On her seventh birthday something very important happened. She was awakened in the morning by a great noise and commotion in the palace, and sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes, and wondered what could have happened. Then she remembered that it was her birthday, and thought perhaps they were preparing a grand surprise for her.

But very soon her old nurse came in with a very sorrowful face and told her she must get up and be dressed, for the King was dead. Liliwinkins was very much frightened when she heard this, because she did not know what it meant, but supposed, from the nurse's manner, it must be something very terrible indeed; and she had always been very fond of the old man whom she had always been told was her father, and who used to smile very kindly upon her when she chanced to meet him and made her grave little courtesy, and said, "Good-morning, your Majesty." But now he was dead, whatever that might mean, and she wondered if some other old man would come to the palace instead, and live in the beautiful rooms and sit upon the King's golden throne.

But when she asked the nurse if this would be so, the nurse said, Oh no, indeed! for now that his Majesty was dead, Liliwinkins herself would be Queen, and rule over all the land.

Liliwinkins was very much surprised to learn this, and wise as she thought herself, wondered if some man could not be found who would know better how to rule the kingdom than such a little girl; but she said nothing of this, being so used to keeping her thoughts to herself; and she had no doubt it would be very great fun to sit upon the golden throne and wear the beautiful jewelled crown that she so much admired.

For three days no one said anything to her about being Queen, for they were all very busy with burying the

King and deciding who should be Regent; but on the morning of the fourth day the nurse came to her and said that all the lords and ladies of the court were waiting to see her in the throne-room.

Liliwinkins was sadly annoyed at this, and began to pout, for she had decided to go that day and stay all the morning in the fields with her fawn.

But the nurse told her that this would never do, for now that she was Queen she would never be allowed to go anywhere alone; and above all she could never go blackberrying again, for that was something that queens never did. And then she showed her a beautiful satin dress trimmed with swan's-down and embroidered with pearls, and told her that she was to wear this dress and sit upon the golden throne and be crowned.

This pleased Liliwinkins so much that she quite gave up the idea of going blackberrying, and consented to be taken down to the throne-room. Here she found a great assemblage of princes and princesses from all over the country. Among them were many noble-looking men and beautiful ladies, and the little girl felt very timid and shy when all these grand personages bowed down so very low before her, and treated her with such great respect.

One of these noblemen had been chosen Regent, and he now came forward and escorted Liliwinkins to the throne, and then stood by her side and read a long, long paper, during which time the young Queen kept herself from going to sleep by industriously counting the number of jewels in his sword belt.

When he had finished he looked at Liliwinkins, who smiled at him very prettily, being very glad he had stopped. Now was the time for her to recite that long piece that her Wisest Tutor had been so busy teaching her for the past three days; but as she had only thought it was part of her regular lessons, she had speedily forgotten it, as was her rule, and could not imagine why every one looked at her so strangely.

At last the Regent said, "Will the Queen please make her desires known unto us?" He looked so very stern and angry that poor Liliwinkins became very much frightened, and would have spoiled the grand ceremony by a fit of tears if one of the beautiful ladies, seeing how matters stood, had not come forward and laid her hand soothingly upon her head. "You know what to say, dear, do you not?" she whispered. "Tell him what you wish for yourself and the kingdom."

Liliwinkins brightened at once. She turned to the Regent and cried, joyously, "Oh, if you please, your Highness, I should like hot cakes every day for breakfast, and not to have my tutors and governesses teach me things that are not true, and to have all the queens all over the world go blackberrying whenever they want to." At this there was a great commotion; several of the ladies fainted, and many gentlemen drew their swords, and the Regent scowled terribly; but the beautiful lady who was standing by the throne smiled at Liliwinkins tenderly, as if she felt sorry for the poor little Queen, and one silly little page, who had not been long at court, giggled so much that he had to hide his face in his pocket-handkerchief.

Seeing all the trouble, the Wisest Tutor came forward and said that as the Queen had forgotten her speech, perhaps his Highness would allow her to read it, and to this the Regent consented, for he had written the speech himself, and was very desirous that all the lords and ladies should hear it.

So Liliwinkins stood up and read the long paper so prettily, and pronounced all the big words so well, that the Regent was very much pleased, and called her "Gracious Majesty" the next time he spoke to her.

Then, as was the custom in that country, the Keeper of the Seal brought down from the secret tower the great Book of the Kings, in which Liliwinkins was to write her name, and the Regent being offended at the little page

who had giggled, commanded him to kneel and hold the book while the Queen read all the acts of her father's reign, and signed her name at the end to show that she was the next sovereign.

The page came forward and knelt down and received the book, and then all the lords and ladies left the room, for it was the law that the Queen must be quite alone while reading.

Now no sooner had Liliwinkins's eyes fallen upon the pages of this book than she perceived that it was the most beautiful object she had ever seen. The leaves were of heavy sheepskin, as smooth and lustrous as satin; the letters were of silver, and the pictures wrought in blue and gold, while all the margins were covered with exquisite designs in gold and jewels. She turned over page after page in wonder and admiration, looking at the portraits of the kings and queens who had reigned before, and enchanted with the gorgeous display of birds and flowers; for whenever a rare or beautiful bird or flower was brought into this kingdom by travellers from abroad a picture of it was immediately placed in the King's Book; and as all the pictures were made of gold and silver and bronze and precious stones, the effect was indeed magnificent. Liliwinkins gazed and gazed at this treasure of a book, until she was startled by a deep sigh from the little page, whose arms had begun to ache badly.

"Dear me! you must be tired," she said to him; "just put it down on the floor, and we will look at it together."

The page was quite willing to do this, and the two children sat there and examined and admired the beautiful book until Liliwinkins was sure that she knew every picture by heart.

Then she climbed upon the golden throne, and motioning the page to sit down on a low hassock near, began to examine him with as much interest as she had looked at the pictures. She saw that his eyes were brown, while hers were blue, that his curls were also brown, while hers were golden, and that his dress was of dark crimson velvet, while hers was of violet satin. Then she began to talk to him.

"What do you know?" she asked.

The little page leaned his head upon his hands and thought for a long time. He knew a great, great many things, but he thought they were not of a kind that would interest the Queen. He could have told her very interesting things about his life up among the northern mountains, of his six big strong brothers and their perilous adventures with bears and wolves, or of his own excursions in the forest after rabbits and squirrels, or up among the cliffs after birds' eggs and eider-down; and thinking of all these things, and of the gentle lady, his mother, who had cried when word was brought that the old King had desired her little son at court, he sighed again and said nothing. At this Liliwinkins grew impatient.

"Bah! you know nothing," she said, "or at least you only know as much as my tutors and governesses."

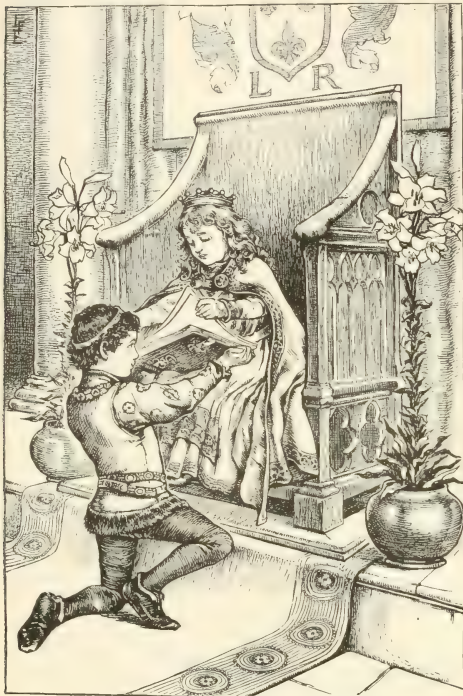
The little page blushed with shame. What did he know that a girl could understand? At last he said, timidly, "I know hide-and-seek."

"What is that?" asked Liliwinkins. "Is it anything in a book?"

"No indeed," said the page.

"Well, then," cried Liliwinkins, "tell it to me immediately."

Whereupon he explained the mystery of this fascinating game to the little Queen, who was so charmed that she declared they must play it at once. But the page said that first the Queen ought to write her name in the King's Book. So Liliwinkins sat down on the floor and leaned over the page where her father's name was written, and after some moments spent in thought declared that she could not possibly write her name there, as there were no lines to write upon.



"THE PAGE CAME FORWARD AND KNELT DOWN."

The page said he could write straight without any lines; and then the little girl begged him to write her name for her, as she knew she would surely make it run up and down. To this he agreed, but it seemed to him such an important thing to write in the King's Book that he quite forgot to write the Queen's name, but wrote his own instead, without ever knowing it, and there it stood right under the King's name. *Prince Allola*. It was written very nicely, and after the little boy had looked at it until he was satisfied, he said he was ready to play.

Certainly there could not have been chosen a better place for the game, for the throne-room abounded in queer nooks and unexpected recesses which, with the beautiful curtains and large pieces of heavy furniture, made the nicest hiding-places that could possibly be imagined.

Although the little page had played the game many times before, it was Liliwinkins who found out the securest hiding-places, and once when she squeezed herself under a large ottoman, and once when she climbed into a cabinet that hung on the wall, she had to come out and show herself at last, for he could not find her at all.

But in the midst of the game, just as Liliwinkins had

congratulated herself on finding the very best hiding-place of all, the door opened, and the Regent walked solemnly and majestically into the room. And what did he see? The King's Book lying open on the floor, with its beautiful pictures exposed to the dust, the little page standing on tiptoe peering down into a great bronze vase to see if Liliwinkins were there, and Liliwinkins herself snugly ensconced under the very throne itself, with her eyes full of mischief, and her golden crown all askew on top of her curls.

At this sight the Regent gave such a terrible shout of anger that all the court rushed in, thinking there had been an assassination. The little page hid himself behind the vase, and Liliwinkins crept out from under the throne, and ran and hid her face in the dress of the beautiful lady who had taken her part before; and while every one stood trembling and wondering what could be the matter, the Regent pointed to the poor child and said, slowly and impressively,

"Ladies and gentlemen of the court, I found the Queen *playing*."

At this dreadful intelligence all the court gazed in horror at Liliwinkins, until the beautiful lady felt so sorry for her that she just stooped down and gave her a kiss.

"She is such a child, your Highness," she said to the Regent, "I am sure you will forgive her."

But at this the Regent only got into a greater rage than before, and vowed that he would no longer keep the Great Seal, and said that they might choose another Regent, for he had been disgraced.

Then all the lords and ladies fell upon their knees and besought him to have mercy upon the kingdom and save it from ruin. And after many tears and entreaties the Regent relented, and said he would forgive the Queen this time, but it must never happen again, or he could not say what he would do; and Liliwinkins was so rejoiced that the trouble was over that she settled her crown joyously upon her

head, and climbing up into the throne, sat there smiling. But the trouble was not quite over, for the Regent now ordered the King's Book to be carried back to the tower, and then turned around and began looking for the little page, who finally was brought trembling from behind the vase, and stood before his Highness in great fear.

"You have been the means," said the Regent, very severely, "of my disgrace and the Queen's misbehavior; therefore I deem it right that you should be punished, and I command you for a year to wear your coat buttoned up in the back." The little page wept bitterly at this sentence, and wished he were back home again, with his mother to comfort him; but it did no good, and he had to submit to the disgrace and wear his coat buttoned up in the back; and very uncomfortable it was, with the collar reaching up to his nose, and his arms so stiff and awkward. And, besides, strangers coming to the court always laughed at him; so he got into the habit of creeping off by himself, and climbing into the high tower and looking up toward the mountains where his home was, where he used to be so happy with his mother and his six big brothers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CAROLA.

BY E. CAVAZZA.

THE pear-trees were in full white bloom in the garden. On a conveniently low branch sat Dorina Marselli, who resembled a robin-redbreast in her gown of brown wool with a softly puffed vest of scarlet surah. She had been singing like a robin, but ceased her song when she saw Alice Norton come into the neighboring garden, which was separated by a low stone wall from that of Mr. Marselli. Dorina supposed that Alice was looking for her, and thought it would be fun to keep perfectly quiet until her friend should come to their favorite seat under the pear-tree, and then call to her from overhead. They had been inseparable companions for several years. Alice's father was president of a silk-mill in a thriving New England town; and Mr. Marselli, who had had in his own country much experience in the manufacture of silk, superintended the work of the many Italians employed in the mill.

As Alice came along the path, Dorina observed that she looked very serious indeed. Alice seated herself on the bench directly beneath the tree where Dorina was perched, but without looking up at its boughs. Then she drew her handkerchief from her belt and wiped away a few tears. A shower of white petals scattered over her, for Dorina, full of pity, let herself down upon the wall and then jumped to the ground. She took a seat beside Alice, and cuddled her friend in school-girl fashion.

"If you have a bother, Allie," she coaxed, "let me take half of it. Your most devoted Dorina, you know."

Alice smiled rather mistily to hear Dorina's fervent little phrases. The Italian girl spoke English very easily, but with turns of speech quite her own.

"What is the matter, Alice? Has anything happened? Didn't your cousin Rosamond come?"

"Yes, she came last evening. But only think, Dorina,

we can't have any favors for the german at my party to-night. Mamma wrote to order them in New York a week ago; and every day, you know, we have looked for them. This morning we telegraphed to ask where they were. Mamma's letter went astray, it seems, for it was not received. And now it is too late to do anything. We simply can't have a german, after all that has been said to everybody about it. Dorina, it is a dreadful mortification."

Dorina was also dismayed. "Would bows of ribbon do for favors, or things that we could make out of colored paper?"

Alice's ideas were loftier. "No; they would not be nice enough. You see, Dori darling, Rosamond lives in New York, and goes to the loveliest parties. It will be just a failure. Everybody will have a stupid time. We can't help it—that's all."

Dorina had an idea. "Let us ask mamma what to do. She always can find the good thought."

The two girls mounted from the bench to the top of the wall, jumped down upon the soft turf in Mr. Marselli's garden, ran to the house, and were soon able to find Dorina's mamma sewing in the library. The state of the case was explained to her.

"We must do something very nice, you know," remarked Alice, "because Rosamond is very experienced about parties." Alice and Dorina were only eleven years old, and Rosamond, at nearly fourteen, seemed quite a grown person to them.

"Yes, I understand that you wish to do honor to your guest," said Mrs. Marselli. "Let us think a moment."

Alice began to look less disconsolate, as Mrs. Marselli went to a bookcase and took down a foreign-looking volume. It was lettered on the back: *D'Ancona. La Poesia Popolare*. Alice rightly supposed it meant popular poetry, and that D'Ancona was the name of the author, but she could not see what it had to do with her party.



DANCING THE "CAROLA."

"Now," said Mrs. Marselli, "you may amuse yourself with these photographs while I try to think of some rhymes in English, which are not so many as in the Italian language. I hope to be able to help you out of this especial juniper bush."

Alice had never heard this Italian phrase for a difficulty, but she often learned new and amusing things at the Marsellis'. Mrs. Marselli seated herself at the writing-table; her pen rippled over the paper; then she looked up at the ceiling as if she expected to find her English rhymes clinging to it like flies. Finally she called the little girls, who took possession of the paper, and found that she had written the directions and incidental rhymes for a curious thing—half dance, half game.

"I think it will be lovely. Thank you ever so much, Mrs. Marselli. Now how shall we arrange?"

"I would ask your brother Will to be the leader of the dance, and I would also take Rosamond into confidence, because that will be pleasanter for her than to be left outside of your plan. For the others it may remain a mystery until the time shall come."

"I told all the girls we should dance a german, but now I shall tell them the programme is changed and we shall dance an *italian* instead," laughed Alice.

"I think it would be better to say nothing, lest they should be disappointed, expecting too much. By-the-way, this combination of dance and song was usually called the *Carola*."

The evening came—a delicious spring night that permitted open windows. The blue-gray walls of the large music-room of Mrs. Norton's house had been adorned with branches of white pear blossoms tied with rose-colored knots. Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Marselli willingly alternated in playing the piano for the young people to dance. Wax candles made a soft light through their shades of rosy glass. Alice presented her friends to her cousin Rosamond, who was considered by them to be a very cordial, unaffected girl. After supper should have been the time for the german. But Mrs. Norton said:

"How would you like to try an ancient Italian dance? Mrs. Marselli tells me that it is said to be the very same that Lady Belcolore danced so well, according to Boccaccio's story."

"Oh, Boccaccio! we read about him in our literature class," said Elvira Willis.

"The words are still to be found, the critic D'Ancona says, in a book which dates from the sixteenth century. The author says he heard them sung in the year 1552, not far from Varlunga, where Lady Belcolore was imagined to live," concluded Mrs. Norton.

"Is it a difficult dance?" asked John White.

"Will you tell us how we are to dance it?" asked Jessie Dunbar.

"Oh yes. Will, you know what to do; you are the leader. Take Rosamond's hand in your right hand. Now, Rosamond, give your right hand to John. Jessie takes his, and next comes Frank, and then Elvira, and Dick, and Dorina, and James, and Ethel, and so on, alternately a boy and a girl, to make the circle."

Mrs. Marselli began to play a simple, very graceful melody. The young people danced round and round in a ring, while Will Norton, who was leader, and fortunately could sing well, began the song,

"The leaves are trembling on the tree
To the sound of falling water.

Sing, all of you," he prompted the dancers. So all sang, still moving in a circle,

"The leaves are trembling on the tree
To the sound of falling water."

The fresh young voices sounded delightful. But they began to laugh when Will released the hand of Clara

Bell, who stood at his left, and turned Rosamond as if in a contra-dance, singing at the same time,

"My father is very fond of me,
So give to me this daughter."

Meanwhile Will had placed Rosamond at his left, between himself and Clara; and now his right hand clasped the hand of John. Round again went the dancers, singing, "The leaves are trembling," etc. Then Will turned Jessie precisely as he had turned Rosamond, placing her between Rosamond and himself, while he repeated his quaint couplet. Then the chorus sang "The leaves" again as they danced around. Girl after girl was turned by Will and placed at his left hand.

"You're taking away all our partners, Billy," said Walter Stevens.

"Your turn will come," replied the leader.

After all the girls had been taken out and turned by Will the circle remained whole as ever, but all the boys were on one side of it and all the girls on the other side. Then Will changed his words, but not his tune:

"The dance does not go well, I see,
So let us try again."

"I should think it didn't," remarked John White. "We fellows do not make a very graceful show hopping around hand in hand."

And the whole chorus sang as they danced,

"The dance does not go well, I see,
So let us try again!"

Then Will sang, while they all danced around,

"And now my comrade John I call
To choose his partner from them all,
And at her side remain."

He then turned John, but instead of placing him at his left hand, as he had done with the girls, he left John in the middle of the circle, free to select his partner. The dancers went round again, singing, "The dance does not go well," etc., while John made his bow to Dorina, and took his place between her and Margaret Deane, who stood next to her. Then Will repeated his verses, with a change of the "comrade's" name, and turned off Frank, who chose Rosamond; and after the chorus and dance Dick was turned into the circle, who elected Alice as his partner; James chose Clara, and Reuben Parsons, who was a very tall boy, made his bow to little Amy Wilson, who was such a tot that her mamma had doubted whether to let her go to a party. At last every boy had taken a partner, and now the ring was formed, as at first, alternately a boy and a girl. Round and round they danced, while Mrs. Marselli skilfully changed the time and then the tune, until the young people whirled off in a galop.

"What fun that new old dance is, Alice!" said Rosamond. "Would you mind, and do you think that Mrs. Marselli would mind, if I copy the idea for my little garden party next month at Newport? It is so hard to invent things! and mamma says it is not nice for girls' parties to be grown up and extravagant. I know she would think this dance lovely."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Marselli, who stood near, "I am very glad that my little idea should have given pleasure. These antique dances with song were performed in the squares of the Tuscan cities or in the fields during the May-time festivals, which, by-the-way, lasted from the first of May to the last part of June; precisely until Midsummer Day. Just now one would need rubber shoes to dance out-of-doors in New England, so Alice had her party in the house."

Alice watched her guests depart laughing and chatting. "I think," she remarked, "it was really fortunate the favors did not come."

DORYMATES:

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A SUDDEN DISASTER.

THE jeweller's accusation was so unexpected and startling to Breeze that he flushed hotly, and for a moment found no words to answer it. Then he demanded, indignantly:

"How dare you say such a thing? Give me back my property instantly, or I shall be the one to call in the police."

"Certainly, my young friend, certainly, when you produce the proof that it is yours," replied the man, dropping the trinket into a drawer, of which he turned the key.

There was no element of decision lacking in Breeze's character; he was quick to act in emergencies, and without another word he stepped to the door. A small boy was passing.

"Sonny," said Breeze, "run quick and bring a policeman. If he is here within five minutes I will give you five cents."

The boy, keenly alive to a situation that promised so much excitement as this, started off on a run. Breeze remained standing where he could survey the whole interior of the store, and could especially keep an eye on the drawer in which lay his property.

The men inside watched him closely. They had seen him despatch the boy on some errand, but had not overheard what he said, and did not know what it was. Now the one who had opened the ball approached him and said:

"Why don't you go for your proofs? You had better hurry, as we shall close up soon, and then we could not look at them until to-morrow."

"I have sent for them," answered Breeze, simply.

"Oh," said the man, somewhat disconcerted. "Well, of course, if they come in time, and are satisfactory, you shall have your charm back, and an apology into the bargain."

"Here comes one of them now," replied Breeze, as he handed a five-cent piece to a breathless small boy who came running up just in front of a big policeman.

To this officer Breeze said: "That gentleman there," pointing to the dark-skinned jeweller, "refuses to return a gold ball and chain that I handed him for examination. He says he thinks I stole them, and he has locked them up in a drawer. I think I can bring one of the best-known men in New York to vouch for my honesty; but it may be some time before I can find him. Now I want to know if you will take this trinket, as the gentleman calls it, and keep it for me until I return?"

"Why not just as well leave it where it is?" interrupted the jeweller, eagerly. "It will be perfectly safe here, as this officer knows."

"No," said Breeze, "that will not do. You must give it to the officer at once, or else I shall go to the police station and enter a complaint against you for stealing."

The partners whispered together for a minute. Evidently the bold stand taken by the lad and his prompt action had made a decided impression upon them.

Before they could reach a decision as to what they should do, the officer spoke up and said:

"The young man is right. If there is any stolen property in the question, the proper place for it is in the station-house. So if you will just hand over this article, whatever it is, I will take it there."

There was no appeal from this decision. The locket was reluctantly given up to the officer, who took both it and Breeze to the station-house near by. Here the sergeant in charge listened attentively to all that he had to say, as well as to the story Breeze had to tell.

"Go with him," he said, finally, to the officer, "down to the schooner, and see what sort of a character its captain gives him. Then bring him back here."

With this he placed the golden ball and chain in a drawer of his own desk, and again turned to his writing.

Breeze and the officer found Captain Coffin talking to the gentleman to whom he had sold his cargo of fish that morning. He happened to be not only a prominent business man, but an active local politician, and was the very person whom Breeze had in his mind when he had offered to bring a well-known citizen to establish his character.

Begging their pardon for the interruption, Breeze told his story to Captain Coffin, and the politician also listened to it.

When the story was finished, the latter, turning to the captain, said, "Can you vouch for this lad's honesty, skipper?"

"Certainly I can, as I would for my own," was the answer. "I have known him from his babyhood, and, moreover, I have often heard this golden ball spoken of by his adopted father, though I have never seen it."

"Then," said the other, "suppose we step up to the police station and have it returned to him. It is one of the most curious cases I ever heard of, and I am interested to see that the boy comes out of it all right."

Within ten minutes the sergeant had been satisfied that Breeze was the rightful owner of the locket, and had returned it to him, and Breeze had again clasped its chain about his neck. He was very happy in thus regaining possession of it, and very thankful to those who had so promptly assisted him. When Captain Coffin proposed that they should now go to the jeweller's shop and get him to again open the ball, Breeze begged him not to think of such a thing. "I don't want that man ever to get it into his possession," he said, "and I don't believe he'd open it for us anyway now."

"I guess the boy is about right," remarked the politician, thoughtfully. "That fellow has evidently some strong reason for wishing to obtain the trinket, and if he got hold of it again he might change it for another that looked just like it, and we never be the wiser."

This was just what Breeze had thought of when he had refused to leave the jeweller's shop and go in search of proofs of his ownership of the locket, and he was greatly pleased at this evidence that he had acted wisely.

That night the *Curlew* sailed out of New York Bay, and was once more headed to the southward in search of the early mackerel. The following day was clear and bright, but very cold for that season of the year. There were only a few clouds to be seen; but the sky was coppery in color, and the wind, which was still off-shore, was fitful and baffling. At supper-time, about an hour before sunset, the man at the wheel, who happened to be one of those who ate at the first table, said,

"Here, McCloud, you belong to second mess; take the wheel while I eat supper, will you?"

"Certainly I will," answered Breeze, cheerfully. "What is the course?"

"South by west, half west, an open sea, a favoring wind, and no odds asked or given," was the laughing response, as the man hurried forward.

Captain Coffin was impatient to get back among the mackerel, and so the schooner was running under all the sail she could carry, including a jib-topsail and a huge main-stay-sail.

Somewhat to his surprise, Breeze now found himself the sole occupant of the deck. The skipper and half the crew were eating their supper in the fore-castle, while the

others were in the cabin, sleeping, reading, and keeping warm. On account of the cold, they had drawn the slide over the companion-way.

It was the first time the young sailor had been left in sole charge of the vessel, and he realized the responsibility of his position. Still, owing to his father's teachings and careful training, he felt quite competent to manage her, so long as no especial danger threatened. He also comforted himself with the thought that there was not the slightest chance of anything happening in the short time before he should be relieved.

While thus thinking, and at the same time keeping a sharp watch on the sails, the compass, and the dog-vane that, fluttering from the mainmast-head, denoted the direction of the wind, he was startled by a curious humming sound in the air above him. It was a weird, uncanny sound, unlike anything he had ever before heard, and it filled him with a strange fear. He was just about to call the men in the cabin, when suddenly there came a roar and a shriek above his head. Then the little circular tornado, directly in whose track the unfortunate *Curlew* happened to be, struck her such a terrible blow that she was powerless to resist it. In an instant she was knocked down and thrown on her beam ends. The white sails that had soared aloft so gracefully, and offered so tempting a mark for the spinning whirlwind, now lay flat in the water, heavily soaking, and holding the schooner down.

Breeze had spun the wheel with all his might, and thrown the helm hard down, in the hope of bringing her up into the wind; but the blow had been too sudden and too heavy. The rudder no longer controlled her, and she

lay as helpless as though waterlogged, held down by that terrible dragging weight of top-hamper.

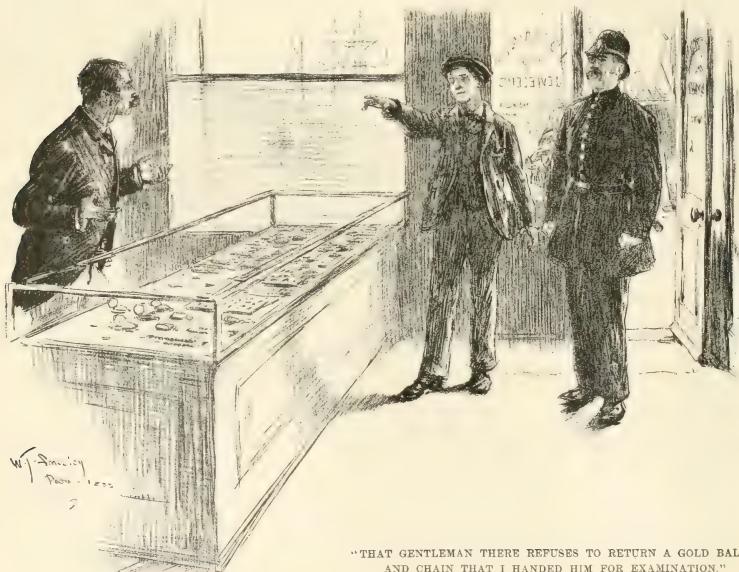
As she went over, one man had struggled up from the fore-castle, and been instantly buried in the sea beneath the heavy canvas of the foresail. Breeze knew that the reason no more came was that a torrent of water was rushing with resistless force through the narrow opening. Beneath him he could hear the smothered cries and struggles of the prisoners in the cabin. In a few minutes more the vessel would sink, and all within her would be miserably drowned. Their only hope was in him. What could he do?—what could he do?

Standing on the weather side of the wheel when the schooner was struck, he had saved himself from going overboard by clinging to it. Now he scrambled to the upper side of the house, and holding on to the weather rail, began to hack desperately at the lanyards of the main-rigging with his sheath-knife. If only the masts would break off and relieve the vessel of that awful weight of soaked canvas, she might right herself.

One after another the lanyards snap like strained harp-strings. There! the rigging has gone and the mast cracks. Now for the fore-rigging! How he reached it the boy never knew; in fact he afterward had very little recollection of what he did amid the terrible excitement of those two minutes; but he did reach and cut it.

Then there came a rending of wood as the tough masts broke off. Then slowly, very slowly, the vessel righted herself, and once more rode on an even keel, though half full of water, and as sad a looking wreck as ever floated.

As she righted, the after companion-way was burst open by the mighty effort of those beneath the slide, and they



"THAT GENTLEMAN THERE REFUSES TO RETURN A GOLD BALL AND CHAIN THAT I HANDED HIM FOR EXAMINATION."



THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET TEACHING THE DEAF-MUTE.—AFTER THE GROUP BY DANIEL C. FRENCH.
SEE PAGE 434.

rushed out, gasping for breath and with glaring eyes. They had been very nearly suffocated by steam and gas generated by the water pouring down the funnel on the glowing coals in the cabin stove.

From the forecabin also emerged, one by one, the half-drowned figures of those who had been imprisoned in it. But for the prompt action of the brave boy on deck they would never have left its flooded recesses. One of their number was missing, and he was the man whose place at the wheel Breeze had taken, and who had forced his way out, as the vessel capsized, only to be drowned beneath the canvas of the foresail. He would be sincerely mourned later, but there was no time to think of him now. The others were still in too imminent peril of losing their own lives.

As the stricken craft rolled like a log in the sea-way she pounded heavily against the masts and spars, which, still attached to her by the lee rigging and head-stays, floated close alongside. The danger that her planking might thus be crushed in was so great that, in spite of his own wretched condition, Captain Coffin saw it the moment he gained the deck. Calling upon the others to follow his example, he drew his knife and began to cut away the tangle of cordage that bound the vessel to this new enemy.

When it was finally cleared, the seine-boat, which was still dragging astern, was pulled up, and half the crew went in it to tow the mass of spars and canvas clear of the schooner, and save such of the sails as they could. The rest began to labor at the pumps, and to rig a jury-mast on which they might spread such sail as would carry her into port. The mainmast had snapped off so close to the deck as to leave nothing to which they might fasten a jury-spar; but of the foremast a stump some six feet high remained, and with this they hoped to accomplish their purpose.

While the skipper, Breeze, and two others were thus engaged, those at the pumps suddenly called out that the water was gaining on them, and that the vessel was about to founder.

It was only too true; the staunch little schooner had evidently made her last voyage, and would never again sail into Gloucester harbor. In fact the water was gaining so rapidly that it was within a foot or two of her deck, and there was no time to lose in leaving her. Those in the seine-boat were fortunately within easy hail, and dropping their work, they quickly had the boat alongside.

There was no need of seeking an explanation of the rapid inflow of water. It was only too plain that gaping seams had been opened by the great strain of her masts and sails while the schooner lay on her beam ends. It was more than probable also that butts had been started here and there by the jagged ends of the heavy spars as they lay in the water pounding against her sides.

Nothing could be saved. There was barely time for all hands to tumble into the seine-boat and pull it to a safe distance from the fast-sinking vessel. Then they lay on their oars and watched her. She seemed like some live thing, aware of the fate about to overtake her, and struggling pitifully against it. The swash of the water in her cabin sounded like sobs, and the faces of the men who watched her, usually so bright and merry, were as sad as though they watched at the bedside of a dying friend.

The sun was setting red and angry in a mass of black clouds that came rolling up out of the west as she took the final plunge, and diving bows had disappeared forever, leaving her crew silent, motionless, and awe-stricken at the catastrophe that had thus overtaken them.

The skipper was the first to break the silence, and in a tone of forced cheerfulness he said: "Well, boys, the old *Curlew* has gone where all good craft go, sooner or later, and we must be thankful she hasn't taken us along with

her. I honestly believe we should all have shared her fate, and that of poor Rod Mason, if it had not been for this brave lad, and the quick wit that taught him to do exactly the right thing at the right moment. I have not the slightest doubt that we owe our lives to Breeze McCloud, and right here I want to thank him, and to pay my respects to the memory of the brave man who brought him up to act as a true sailor in such an emergency."

These were grateful words to poor Breeze, who was feeling the loss of his shipmate and of the schooner more keenly than any of his companions, and fearing that perhaps they would blame him for what had happened. He had given Captain Coffin a hurried account of the disaster, and of how he had cut away the masts; but the skipper had found no time then to say what he thought of the course the boy had pursued.

Now, one by one, the men reached forward to shake hands with him, and had it not been for the thought of the drowned man, he would, in spite of their miserable situation, have felt as light-hearted as though already in port.

There was neither water nor provisions in the boat; they had no mast, sail, or compass. Most of the men were wet through, and already chilled to the bone by the cold wind, which was rising, and promised to freshen into a gale before night. Breeze was the only one who was dry and had his oil-skins on, and but for his hunger he would have been comparatively comfortable.

They stopped near the floating wreckage of spars and sails long enough to obtain the schooner's main-topsail, and the fore-gaff, which they hoped to rig up as a mast in the boat. They also cut away a small lot of the lighter cordage. Then they headed their craft to the westward, and started to pull for the distant land. The skipper said they were not more than fifty miles from the coast, and if the sea did not get too rough, they ought to make it by noon of the next day.

They were divided into two watches, and while half of them rowed, the rest huddled together as close as possible in the bottom of the boat for warmth.

It was nearly midnight, the wind was blowing a gale dead against them, and they seemed to be making no progress whatever. Breeze, unable to sleep, was sitting up gazing out into the blackness behind them. Suddenly, as the boat rose on the crest of a great wave, he sprang to his feet and cried, "A light! I see a light!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TEACHER OF THE SILENT.

BY HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.

MANY years ago there lived in the pretty little city of Hartford, Connecticut, the distinguished surgeon Dr. Mason Fitch Cogswell, who had a beautiful young daughter. Alice Cogswell was as playful, sweet, and bright as any other child, yet she never spoke, and when spoken to she did not hear or understand. To her, all of life was silent. The voices of parents and playfellows, the sound even of her own laughter, were all unknown to her. The song of birds, the music of instruments, the roar and rush of falling water or of surf, the pattering of rain, the whistling of the wind, the deep roll of the thunder, were all as nothing to her. She could not conceive of their existence. She could ask no questions, she could make no requests, she could tell no thought or feeling of her heart. Those who were well acquainted with her of course knew by her gestures whether she was glad or sorry, hungry or thirsty, sleepy or wakeful, comfortable or uncomfortable; but she had no words to tell them what they could not see. She might wonder at the succession of day and night, she might watch the sinking sun or gaze at the pale moon and twinkling stars, but she could neither ask nor be told what they were; neither could she be made to understand whether an action was right or wrong, or why it was either, for she was deaf and dumb.

Next door to the family of Dr. Cogswell lived a family named

Gallaudet, whose oldest son, Thomas, pitied the unfortunate little Alice with all his compassionate heart. One day it occurred to him that she might be taught to read, and then what a world of happiness might be hers! He began by showing her the letters in—a—t, and soon made her understand that they expressed the hat which he held in his hand, and so by little and little he succeeded in teaching many things to the silent child; but this was not enough for him. From loving and pitying this one little "prisoner of silence," he was led to think of and pity all the other unfortunates who could neither hear nor speak, and at last he determined to devote his whole life to helping not only Alice, but as many others as he could.

About thirty years before Thomas H. Gallaudet had tried to teach poor little Alice Cogswell, a good French abbé, named L'Épée, had also pitied those who were thus locked out from the knowledge which to the rest of us comes so easily that it seems to us we know it of ourselves; and he, and later on a pupil of his, another good abbé, named Sicard, had studied out a sign language by which deaf-mutes could learn to talk with others. Mr. Gallaudet had heard of these two good men, and of how much they had been able to teach by means of their finger alphabet, and so he went across the ocean to learn it. It was a long voyage in a sailing vessel, for there were no steam-ships then, and he was absent about fifteen months; but at last he came back, and on April 17, 1817, the first school on this continent for the instruction of deaf-mutes was opened in Hartford, Connecticut.

From this school, beginning with only seven pupils, have sprung many similar noble institutions in all parts of our wide land, wherein the deaf-mute children of rich and poor alike can find faithful, devoted teachers to open for them with silent key the doors which lead to the many paths of knowledge.

Even before the time of the two good abbés there had been single instances in which some devoted parent had so carefully instructed a child, rendered doubly dear by the misfortune which had closed upon it the door to many of life's choicest blessings, that it had learned to read and write a little, though never well, and to follow some mechanical employment. In some of the convents in France very beautiful embroidery was done by deaf-mutes, and some of the finest laces were the work of their nimble fingers and sharp eyes.

There were also some deaf-mutes who had shown decided artistic ability. In this country, in the early days when the fine arts were little cultivated among us, a portrait-painter, whose work is equal to that of most of his compeers, was a deaf-mute, whose sole instruction was gained from mixing colors in a coach-painting shop. His name is now forgotten, but the writer remembers that her grandfather, showing her the portraits (still existing) of his grandparents, told her that they were painted by this man, and added, "If he had lived in good Mr. Gallaudet's time, this poor deaf-mute would have been educated, and very probably have become a celebrated artist."

Our engraving shows us the figure of Mr. Gallaudet teaching the little Alice Cogswell the first letter of the sign alphabet, as they appear in the marble group erected by the "deaf-mutes of America" to the memory of their benefactor. The group will soon be unveiled at the National Deaf-mute College in Washington, D. C.

This large and flourishing institution is presided over by Professor Edward Gallaudet, a worthy son of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, and in its fine location and great extent forms an interesting and grateful contrast to the humble building on Prospect Street in Hartford in which the beloved father began his unselfish labors.

Another son, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., has also devoted his life to the deaf-mutes, but more in the way of giving them pastoral care and religious instruction. On every Sunday morning any who wish may attend a service at his church on West Eighteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York, where they will hear from Mr. Gallaudet a sermon which his stated congregation will see, for, while he speaks, his remarks will be interpreted by means of the sign language to the gazing, not listening, assembly. The afternoon service is conducted wholly in the sign language.

As might be supposed, there have been improvements upon the method originated by L'Épée and Sicard and taught by Gallaudet. The one that has attracted the most interest has been that of making the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak—the first in a figurative, the last in a real sense—so that we may now converse with a deaf-mute without being conscious that to one of us there is no such thing as sound. This power of speaking as others do and of understanding spoken words is taught by

watching and causing the pupil to imitate the motions of the lips and of the throat muscles of those whose speech is unimpaired. The sons of Mr. Gallaudet employ this method for those who, having lost their hearing in early childhood by some disease—as scarlet-fever—still possess the memory of sound and some power of articulation. With such their success is wonderful. But for those to whom life has always been soundless they think the sign language to be the more natural, and therefore employ it.

Long years ago the bright and loving Alice Cogswell and the noble teacher, whose self-denying labors made her life a happy one, have passed into the Unknown Land where, as our Christian hope teaches us to believe, every good thing is theirs. Looking reverently at the two earnest and affectionate faces in the marble group, we thank God in our hearts that He has made such men to guide His helpless ones, and remember gladly that it is those whom Mr. Gallaudet's laborious life so greatly benefited who have gratefully raised this beautiful tribute to his memory.

A SERMONETTE ON ETIQUETTE.

BY MARY S. MCCOBB.

II.

"O H, she's my mother's guest."
"No; I needn't trouble myself with her. She's my sister's company."

Not a bit of it, my dear. Every person who enters the house is in a degree *your* company."

Of course I do not mean that if somebody comes to see an especial member of your family you are to intrude your precious self; but if a guest comes to spend several days she belongs to the whole household, every member of which can do something to make the visit pleasant.

Suppose you should take it upon yourself to see that the friend always has a glass of fresh water in her chamber at night; or, if there be no maid to carry it, the pitcher of hot water for her morning bath. An occasional flower laid on her breakfast plate is a very engaging attention; and a boy does not necessarily pull flowers up by the roots, does he?

It would not be thought "good form" to plump one's lazy self into the most comfortable chair when a guest was present, nor to whisk into one's seat at the table when by accident the visitor's chair had not been placed.

But suppose a friend comes merely to pay a short call? The same rules apply, only modified. If you are in the room, of course you will rise with others to receive her. Nothing can be ruder than for any member of the family to continue his reading or his game without pausing to greet whosoever may come. If for any reason it be necessary for you to leave the room, a quiet "I am sorry that I must ask to be excused" is proper, and allows you to "gang your ain gait."

If your mother be detained in another room, it is your part to take upon yourself the entertainment of her visitor. If you find it hard to converse, generally the older lady will be ready to speak, and a good listener is one of the rarest and most charming people in the world.

Don't let your eyes go wandering about the room, but look straight at the person who is speaking. Nothing is more annoying than to try to talk to some one who is evidently thinking of something else.

Ten to one you will be thought interesting if you pay marked attention to what your companion says.

Did you never hear of the gentleman who travelled miles and miles with some one whom he declared to be "the most intelligent person" he had ever had the pleasure of meeting, and never discovered that his companion, who listened so alluringly, was *deaf and dumb*?

APRILLE.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

APRILLE, alacke!

With sunnie laugh her snow-white cloke flung backe,

And gailie cast aside;

Then cryd,

With little wilfulle gustes of raine,

Because she could not have her cloke againe.

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE E. HERRICK

IV.—AIR.

THE surface of the earth is, as you know, very irregular. High mountains ridge it somewhat as the rim of an orange is roughened. High as our mountains seem when we look up at them, they are really no higher in proportion to the globe than the roughness on an orange is in proportion to its size. Besides these irregularities that we see, there are others quite as great hidden from us; these are the hills and valleys, and great plains that lie under the water of the oceans. All the lowest parts of the earth's surface are filled with water, as if they were great irregular bowls.

Above the ocean of water, not in spots like the seas, but all over the earth, there is another great invisible ocean, which is held in its place, just as the water is, by gravity. This is the ocean of air, and we live down under its surface just as the fish live down under the water. The weight of the water presses on the fish, but they were made so that they need that pressure, and do not suffer from it. Deep-sea fish, living where the weight of the water is tremendous, and would kill you or me, have been brought up to the surface; instead of feeling better when the weight of water was taken off from them,

they gasped, their eyes burst out, and they died. If you were suddenly lifted out of the ocean of air you would suffer very much in the same way. On the tops of high mountains, where the air is lighter than it is down below, people suffer great pain. The blood often bursts from their eyes and nose, where the skin is delicate, the breath comes in gasps, and it seems impossible to live.

The air ocean is called the atmosphere. If the air was no thinner in one place than it is in another, this ocean would reach five miles up from the earth; but gases, you remember, always try to expand; the particles fly off from each other, so the sea of air gets

thinner and thinner the farther up a place is from the earth's surface. It probably reaches from fifty to a hundred miles up. If it were not for the pull of gravity it would fly entirely away. The pressure of the air at any place is the weight of the air above that place, but pressure is not only downward, as that of a solid would be, but upward and from every side. There is just such a pressure as this in water; up and down and from every direction exactly the same. The weight of the atmosphere is equal to a weight of fifteen pounds on every part of your body, measuring an inch both ways. So you have about twenty thousand pounds, or ten tons, of weight pressing on you. The air is soft, the pressure is even, and it comes from every direction at once, and so it does not hurt you. Besides, you are made so as to resist this pressure. There is a kind of outward push of the fluids of your body that balances it. It is this outward push that makes the blood burst out when the outer pressure is removed.

Air has weight, even in small quantities: how much it weighs can be found out. A large hollow glass ball has the air pumped out of it, and it is then weighed in the

scale pan of a fine balance. While it rests there, a stop-cock like that in the tube in the experiment on weight (HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 485) is turned, and the air is allowed to rush into the ball; the scale pan of the balance which holds the ball begins to sink; the air that has rushed into the glass globe has tipped the beam. The weight that has to be added in the other scale pan tells the weight of the globeful of air.

Of course air is very light. We could not notice the difference between a bottle filled with air and emptied of it; but there is a difference; and when you remember that the air pressing on us is not a small amount, but is miles high, it does not seem so wonderful. Since this is the case, you see that the higher one goes up, the less the pressure will be. This is known so perfectly that the height of a mountain can be measured by finding out the weight of the air on its top.

Take a common glass bottle (a tall one is best), fill it to the brim with water, put your finger in the mouth, and turn it upside down, so that the mouth is under water in a bowl. Now take your finger away: the water does not run out of the bottle; it is held in by the pressure of the air on the water in the bowl. If instead of a bottle you had had a long tube, corked at the far end (Fig. 1), you could take out the cork; in a minute the water would all run into the bowl; the air presses on the water in the open tube just as it did on the water in the bowl, and so the two come to a level.

You have only seen a few inches of water held in the tube in Fig. 1; but in a U-shaped tube like that in Fig. 2, thirty-four feet high, you would see, if both ends were open, the water stand even on both sides (A); but if one end were closed, as it is in B, and the water made to fill that end by carefully tilting the tube so as not to let air get into the corked side, you would find that the pressure on the open end will hold up a column thirty-four feet high. You really have five miles of air pressing on the open end, and that weighs as much as thirty-four feet of water in height of the same sized column. This closed tube is really a sort of barometer, and the height of the column in the closed end balances the column of air above the open end. Before a storm the air is lighter than it is in clear weather; so the column of water in the closed end drops and is lower. A water barometer, having to be thirty-four feet high, would of course be too large for any use. So a much heavier liquid is used; if the liquid is ten times heavier, of course we should have to use a column only one-tenth as long. Mercury, or quicksilver, is the heaviest liquid we know; it is almost twelve times heavier than water, so we only have to use a tube about one-twelfth as long. Another advantage of mercury is that it is so heavy the air cannot get through to the closed end; if it could, the weight of the air would pass through the cork, and the liquid would stand even on both sides.

In old times people were often satisfied with a form of words, without troubling themselves to think whether they had much sense in them. One of these sayings was, "Nature abhors a vacuum." A vacuum is

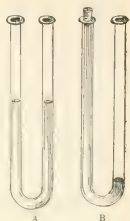


FIG. 2.
A. OPEN-END TUBE—
WATER EVEN.
B. CLOSED TUBE—WATER
STANDING IN CLOSED
END.



FIG. 1.

TUBE WITH WATER HELD UP IN IT BY
PRESSURE ON SURFACE OF WATER
IN BOWL.



FIG. 3.
TUMBLER FULL OF WATER
HELD UPSIDE DOWN.

a place where there is nothing, not even air. They thought when air was pumped or sucked out of a tube, for instance, water would rush in if the tube was touching it, because "Nature abhorred a vacuum;" but Nature's likes or dislikes had nothing to do with the matter. It is the pressure of the air outside that forces the water into the empty tube. If there were no air outside, the water would not move. When you put a key to your lips and suck the air out, you know a part of your lip goes into the hole of the key; this is partly the outside pressure of the air, and partly the outward push of the blood inside the lip, which forces it into the hole.

More than two hundred years ago the weight of air and its pressure was discovered, and the air-pump was invented. An air-pump works very much as a water-pump does, sucking up the air out of a closed vessel and throwing it out. It goes on drawing out more and more, till the space below it is almost empty of air. The wise old Dutchman who invented the air-pump had a great hollow brass globe made in two halves that fitted perfectly air-tight together. He tried the experiment of pumping the air out of it, and then he fastened one side of the globe to four horses, and the other side to four more, and had them driven in opposite directions; but the two halves of the globe could not be separated. Air was let into the globe, and two men could easily pull them apart.

Take two flat pieces of glass; have them perfectly clean, and then wet them; slide one over the other till all the bubbles of air are driven out, leaving nothing but water between. The water does not make them stick, as you can see by the ease with which they slip backward and forward. Try to separate them by lifting one off from the other, and you find you can scarcely do it. This is because the air is pressing on both sides. In perfectly smooth plate-glass you do not need the water between; the glasses fit so closely together that the air cannot get in and separate them.

Take a common glass tumbler or wine-glass; fill it full to overflowing with water; slide a piece of letter-paper over it, pressing it on with the palm of your hand so as to squeeze any air-bubbles out; turn it upside down, and the water does not spill out: the air presses upward on the paper, holding it as tightly as your hand did (Fig. 3). Pull the paper the least little bit away from the rim of the glass, over a pan or basin, and the water falls out; it goes so suddenly that "running out" does not seem a suitable word to use.

Take a rather small tube; fill it with water; cork one end and stop the other with your finger; turn that end downward and take away your finger: the water does not come out of the tube. On the surface of the water there seems to be something like a film, and this film, or whatever it may be, in a small surface acts like the piece of paper: it holds the water in. Take the cork out of the far end, and the water is down in a minute. Try this experiment with a homœopathic bottle, only, since you cannot let air in at the farther end, tilt the bottle so that the air can get in edgewise.

Take a small china cup, hold it over your lips, and suck the air out of it: you will feel your lips going into it; they will swell and tingle. You have made in the cup a sort of vacuum, and the flesh has gone in to fill the place. Do not draw it hard nor hold it so long, or you will find that the blood has settled like a dark bruise around your mouth.

You have often seen or played with a common sucker—a round piece of leather with a string through the middle—and know that when it is wet and pressed against a stone so as to squeeze out all the air, you can lift quite a heavy weight by the string. The air presses so strongly against the leather that it cannot leave the stone unless its weight proves too great; that is, unless the pull of gravity is greater than the pressure of the air against the wet leather.

It is by means of this upward pressure of the air that balloons are made to rise. If the balloons were heavier

than their own size in air they would stay on the ground. But what is true of water is also true of air. Bodies in it float just where they push their own weight of air out of the way; that is, they come to rest where the downward pull of gravity is exactly equal to the upward push of the air. As the air gets thinner as the height increases, the balloon, which is filled with a very light gas, rises till it pushes just its own weight of air out of the way, and this is higher or lower according to the lightness of the gas.

Balloons float as a boat does; not at all as a bird sustains itself in the air. When the balloonist wants to rise, he makes his balloon lighter by throwing out sand bags; when he wants to sink, he lets out gas. The balloon is really made lighter by this, but it is made at the same time very much smaller: it is heavier in proportion to the air it pushes out of the way, so it is relatively heavier—it has greater specific gravity.



"GOOD-MORNING, little neighbor; Pray how are you to-day? Your name, I've heard, is Dickie Bird, And mine is Mabel Gray. You've only moved in lately; We've lived here since the fall. Pray am I rude, do I intrude, With such an early call?" And Mr. Dickie Bird said "Peep," Which means, "Why, not at all."

"So many folks are moving About the first of May. This neighborhood is very good; I hope you've come to stay. I am an old inhabitant, At least compared to you, So I thought it right to be polite, And call upon the new." And Mr. Dickie Bird said "Peep," Which means, "I think so too."

"How are your wife and family? I hope they're coming soon. What! not to-day? Why, you don't say! This very afternoon? I shall be pleased to meet them. Dear me! it looks like rain, So I must go, because, you know, These bows and ribbons stain." And Mr. Dickie Bird said "Peep," Which means, "Pray come again."



NELLIE AND HER DEAREST FRIENDS.

"Now, Rover dear, we will wait for the postman, and maybe he will bring the letter mamma wrote for me, all printed in the *YOUNG PEOPLE*. Won't you and Fussy and Jack be glad when you read all about your selves in my paper?"

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

OUR first letter this week is from a correspondent who tells very charmingly of her far-away home:

KALEA, MOLOKAI, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking in writing this letter to you. I must first introduce myself as an old reader of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, having taken this very interesting little paper since 1880; and seeing so many pleasant letters in Our Post-office Box from other readers in all parts of the world, I thought I would avail myself of the pleasure of writing also. Besides *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* I also take *HARPER'S BAZAR*, out of which my sisters and myself have copied several crochet patterns, and cut out and made some very pretty suits for our little nieces and nephews.

Perhaps you would like to hear something about my home, so I will begin by telling you that my father is a German and my mother a native of the islands. We are a family of ten children, six boys and four girls; three of these are married and have children. With the exception of my eldest sister, who is living in Honolulu, the whole family live together. My married brothers' houses are close by, and their children spend part of their time in and around our house. We live six miles away from the landing-place, where a little steamer calls every Tuesday morning from Honolulu, bringing mail, passengers, and freight, taking the same in return on her way back. Our home is 1600 feet above the level of the sea. We are only about two miles from the mountains, and our climate is pleasant all the year round. It is only when the south wind comes, which is very seldom, that it is not pleasant. It blows so hard that sometimes some of our large cypress-trees are knocked down, and all the plants stripped of their leaves and flowers. This only happens two or three times a year, though. Our average temperature is always between 65 and 75 degrees.

We have quite a collection of roses, dahlias, begonias, gladioli, crotons, and other flowers, besides a good many of the annual varieties, which grow well and bloom to perfection. The pansies are among the prettiest, and are my favorite flowers. We have a native begonia growing in some ravines in the mountains, about seven or eight miles from here; they are from four to five feet high, and bear large clusters of pale pink flowers. They die down every summer, and come up every spring. I sent some bulbs to a friend in California, who I hope will succeed in planting them to flower, for they are very pretty. We also have some very pretty vines; one,

each leaf, but have often found as many as four or five shells. There are many varieties. They are seldom apples and pears, but are mostly cherries, shells, butterflies, old curios, and stamps. We have peaches, mangoes, oranges, figs, limes, bananas, guavas, alligator pears, and other fruit growing in some of our valleys, so we don't lack for fruits. We make splendid jelly out of the guavas. We also have a vegetable garden, in which we raise vegetables every year.

About a mile and a half toward the northeast you get to the top of a high precipice, on which you can look down and obtain a fine view of a part of the Leper Settlement below. This is the place where all the lepers are confined, as soon as detected. The government has built a large hospital and a number of houses for their special use, and they are all under the supervision of the best of doctors and some very good nurses. A very wealthy gentleman in Honolulu lately established a large building at the settlement for the sole use of leper girls and unprotected women, and this is under the superintendence of three Sisters of Charity, who do their best to take care of these unfortunate people. A good many strangers come from the United States to visit the islands, and some of them go down to the Leper Settlement on purpose to study the disease, and are the agents of the pestilence, either on their way there or back from there, before they can go back to Honolulu or to the Settlement. The road for going down is very rough and steep, and no one is permitted to go there unless he obtains permission from the Board of Health. A steamer also calls there, but the landing is so rough that visitors prefer coming here first before going down, and thus they have to do on foot from the top of the precipice, a distance of almost a mile. I have never been here, but my father often goes, as he is the agent of the pestilence to the island. I would like very much to correspond with some of the readers of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* in Australia, New Zealand, or in any of the smaller islands in Polynesia or the West Indies, with a view to exchanging stamps.

ELIZA D. MEYER.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Thank you so much for your letter. I will try to remember what you say about getting to please everybody, and about trying to improve the "shining hour" in 1889. I have more than one hundred books, but I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* best. I like "Sunbeam's" letter very much, because I too have lost a dear puppy with three little kittens. If "Sunbeam" will write to me, I should like to tell her the story. I am a little Japanese girl

nine years old, but though I was born in Japan and father is Japanese, I have lived nearly all my life in Germany, which is mother's country. We came here three years ago, and I am very happy in Japan, where I have many friends. I have no brothers or sisters. Sometimes there are dreadful earthquakes here, which frighten people very much. The other day we had such a one early in the morning. We jumped out of bed and rushed out of our rooms. It was really funny to see us all in the hall in our night-gosses; it would have been very funny if you had just come to call and found us so. Please, dear Postmistress, do print this, I should so like to see how it looks in print. Your eager reader,

I am delighted to have you among my little friends.

SHASTA, CALIFORNIA.

A dear child who is so unselfish as my next little writer deserves to have her letter published, and here it is:

My little friend Clara is writing a letter to you also; if you can't print both, please print hers. Such rainy weather as we are having now. It just pours down. We have had a very dry winter, so spring is going to make up for it. The wild flowers did not bloom, so we are going to pick them ourselves. I send you a few pressed flowers. Will you please tell me what a King's Daughters society is, or how it differs from most clubs? I belong to a club, the A. C.'s, and there are three clubs in Shasta; the M. M. of S. is the great big girls' club, and the A. C.'s is for the young ladies. M. M. of S. stands for Merry Maids in Shasta. The A. C. club keeps its name a secret. My favorite author is Dickens. I have read nearly all of his books. My favorite male character is Sir John Falstaff, and though I like Bella Wilfer very much, and Susan, I don't like her. I think I like Florence Dombey best. I liked Nell in *Old Curiosity Shop* too. I just love to ride horseback. Clara comes out here some evenings, and we have fine rides. My favorite studies are arithmetic and history. I saw a letter from a girl in Ohio quite a while ago, whose name was Anna Sprague. I wonder if she was any relation to me. I am thirteen years old, and weigh ninety-three pounds. I take *St. Nicholas*, *Little Folks*, *Truth's*, *Opportunity*, *Sundays*, and *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*.

In *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, No. 456, you will find a full account of the King's Daughters and their work.

SOUTHWEST, TENNESSEE.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—The greater portion of our country is hilly, but fertile soil. Between the counties of Maury and Giles is a chain of hills called the Elcuries, which have some very large caves. One famous one, situated on our farm, known as the Saltpetre Cave, is a very large one, and contains many natural curiosities; it abounds in yellow chalk, and also dry earth from which saltpetre has been manufactured. The woods in this hilly range abound in game, such as quail, and other birds. The streams of this county have a great many fish, and fish known as German carp are being raised in ponds, and are doing quite well. This is a fine stock-raising county, the New York *Tribune* made the statement that Maury was the banner county of the Union for mules. I have four brothers and two sisters. I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very much.

JOHN MILES M.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I thought I would write you a letter. I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years, and I like it very much. I go to school, and study grammar, arithmetic, spelling, history, geography, writing, and singing. I take music-lessons on the piano. My favorite authors are Martha Finkel, Sophie Sweet, and John R. Coryell. I think *Six Girls* is a lovely book.

SARAH C. R.

FORT SWELLING, MINNESOTA.

As I have never sent a letter from this fort, I thought I would write. I like to read "Home Studies in Natural History," and as I saw some stories about dogs, I thought I would tell you a story about a dog that belongs to a friend of mine. This man has a farm, but he takes care of a club-house about twenty miles away. He has a dog that came out from a puppy, and once or twice a week that dog will start in the morning and walk to the farm and look to see if everything is all right, and he will come home in the evening. I have never seen a dog like this. In *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very long, but have read it from a friend of mine; he is at Fort A. Lincoln now. This is a pretty long letter. I think, so I will have to stop. From your loving friend,

G. P. B.

CHARLESTON, IOWA.

I commenced taking your magazine last July. My papa gave it to me on my thirteenth birth-



ALMOST AS BAD.

MAMMA. "WHY, WILLIE, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

WILLIE. "I F-PELL IN THE B-BATH TUB."

MAMMA. "WELL, DEAR, BUT THERE WAS NO WATER IN IT."

WILLIE. "No, BUT I TH-THOUGHT THERE WAS. BOO-HOO!"

BABY ALTON'S mother has been trying to break his older brother and sister of a habit of talking foolish baby talk—"gibberish," she calls it. Evidently the baby has overheard the gentle lectures and stored them up in his small mind, for the other day he suddenly reproduced them in this wise. He was sitting on the floor, busy with his blocks, while one of his aunts was reading aloud from a French novel. Of a sudden the little fellow shook his mite of a forefinger sternly at auntie, crying in sober disapproval, "Auntie! auntie! oo 'top oo gibberish."

"Didn't George Washington ever tell a lie?" asked Harry.

"No; he always told the truth; and his father was so glad that he didn't whip him."

"I wish I'd been Washington. He could be awful bad if he wanted to and never get whipped, just because he'd go and tell on himself."

Harry had been asking questions for nearly an hour, and his father had very patiently tried to answer them all. The examination was closed abruptly, however, when the boy, with a look of pained surprise, asked, "Say, papa, why aren't you President of the United States?"



PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

"CAN'T CARRY SUCH A BIG UMBRELLA, EH? WHY, I'M AWFULLY STRONG, I'M STRONGER THAN THIS OLD WIND ANYWAY."

BUT AT THE NEXT CORNER THERE WAS AN UNLOOKED-FOR CHANGE IN THE WIND—AND LIKEWISE IN HIS CONCEIT.

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A BOY'S LETTER IN 1789.

17 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK,
the third of May, 1789.

MY DEAR WINTHROP,—It is a thousand pities that you had so soon to return to Boston, for vastly stirring times have we had in New York this spring, and we boys have come in for our share of the sport, and have paraded the streets in cocked hats, with swords at our sides, every minute out of school for a full month past. I was chosen the captain of the "Juvenile Tomahawks," and I flatter myself that my company did credit to its commander when, on the 23d of April, we marched in the wake of the military procession down to Murray's Wharf to welcome the new President, and I know we made more noise than any other regiment there, as every mother's son shouted at the top of his lungs,

"Brave Washington arrives,
Arrayed in warlike fame,
While in his soul revives
Great Marlboro's martial fame,
To lead our young republic on
To lasting glory and renown,"

which is an old song made over to suit the occasion.

The girls fancied it immensely, for as we passed Mistress Graham's Select School all the pupils came running to the windows, and comely Betty Waddington, who generally is such a high and mighty little puss, flung a great bunch of purple laylocks and yellow daffies right at my feet, while the rest giggled and cheered and waved their kerchiefs as though they were half daft with delight.

I assure you after that the drum and fife outdid themselves, and every "Tomahawk" held himself as straight as an Indian brave; but the wharf once reached, such a rare view met our eyes that we all broke ranks and scrambled for good places to see, while little Wash Irving's eyes



MARTHA WASHINGTON.—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART.

nearly popped out with excitement. And verily, Win, it was grand to behold the blue bay dotted over with hundreds of boats, dancing up and down on the waves, and every ship in the harbor but one a perfect nosegay of banners and streamers. The government vessel *North Carolina* was a "sight for gods and men," as brother Jake says; but will you credit it, the *Galveston*, the Spanish

man-of-war, never displayed a color except her own national flag? Deary me! you ought to have heard how the people growled and grumbled at the "ill-mannered Spaniard"; but pretty soon we forgot all but the coming hero as a volley of cannon sounded from the Jersey shore, and the finest barge that ever I saw came darting out of the Kills, rowed by thirteen masters of vessels, all dressed in white, with little Tom Randall's father acting as cockswain, and commanded by Commodore Nicholson.

In the centre sat the General, and what do you think! Just as he came abreast of the *Galveston*, in an instant, as if by magic, the ship bloomed out with every flag and signal known, while from the deck was fired a salute of thirteen guns. Wasn't that a handsome compliment? And the crowd changed its tune in a twinkling, and cheered and shouted itself hoarse, while the "Tomahawks" did their share so nobly that an old soldier with a wooden leg nodded approval, and said: "Ay, that's right, my little cockerels! Crow away! Ye'll never again see a day like to this day."

Billy Van Antwerp, Arty Tappan, and I crept down close to the stairs prepared for the chieftain to land by, so heard every word of Governor Clinton's address of welcome, and then tramped after the troops when they escorted his Excellency up through Queen Street to the Governor's quarters, near Pine. There was a chariot waiting for him to ride in, but he would have none of it, and walked off arm in arm with his host under the floral arches erected in his honor just as though he was Billy the fiddler or some other commonplace body. But for all that, Cousin Win, he is the grandest, most splendid gentleman that ever wore shoebuckles, and my thro' was sore for two days from shrieking, "Huzza! huzza! three cheers for the Father of his Country!"

Master Hoppin gave us holiday for the whole day, so we had a famous drill in the afternoon, only a shower came up and wet us to the skin, while we were afraid it would spoil the illuminations in the evening. Howsoever the rain held up after sundown, so, although the pavements were very damp, New York was as gay as a pantomime with candles, lamps, and transparencies.

But if the 23d of April was a goodly day, the 30th was goodlier, for then the Inauguration took place in the Federal Hall, at Wall and Broad streets, which you will remember as the old tumble-down City Hall, but which has been all made over by the French architect Monsieur L'Enfant, and now has a most beautiful balcony and arcade.

I tried to persuade brother Jake to ask the Marshal, Colonel Lewis, to let the Juvenile Tomahawks march in the procession, but Jake is vastly stuck up since he joined the "Grenadiers," and laughed and poked so much fun at the idea, saying, "Little bantams shouldn't try to stretch their necks too high," that I was sorely affronted, and stamped out of the house to cool my rage. Anyway I shall be six feet myself some day, and then if I'm not a Grenadier my name is not Bob Van Zandt.

Well, on the morning of the 30th all the old folks went to church to pray for the new government, but we boys were off early to Broad Street, and secured a capital place on a roof opposite the Hall, where we sat and dangled our feet over the edge and munched gingerbread until after twelve o'clock, when Captain Slakes's dragoons hove in sight, for again the city troops had to escort the President-elect from his residence in Cherry Street. After them came Captain Van Dyck's artillery, and then the other foot-soldiers; and verily I did feel proud of Jake when I saw him marching with the other tall youths, in his blue uniform with its red facings and gold ornaments, his cocked hat adorned with white feathers, and his black "spatterdashes" buttoned close from knee to shoe-top.

Captain Scriba's German company also looked as

gorgeous as a flock of peacocks in blue coats, yellow waistcoats and breeches, and funny black bear-skin caps, while every fat face beamed with happiness, for many of them were once the slaves of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, but have lately had their liberty purchased for them. The Highlanders too marched well, and they squeaked away on their bag-pipes like good fellows.

The street below was one mass of upturned faces; every window and roof and balcony was thronged; and while we waited, that pudding-head Fig Coltey wagered me a dozen cheese-cakes that the new President would wear a crown like the picture of King George and a big cloak trimmed with ermine.

You can fancy my joy, then, when the great man stepped out on the balcony dressed in a plain suit of brown, white silk stockings, and shoes with the simplest of silver buckles, all of which they tell me are of American manufacture; and I am sure you would have laughed could you have seen Fig's disgusted countenance (his father is suspected of being a bit of a Tory) as he gazed with his mouth wide open, his nose an inch higher than usual, and looking for all the world like a dying duck in a thunder-storm. So I won the cheese-cakes, and uncommonly good they were, but just after that we had no time to think of wagers, for we were all busy picking out the distinguished men in the background—John Adams the Vice-President, Roger Sherman, General Knox, Baron Steuben, and a host of others that I have not time to mention. Then Chancellor Livingston, dressed from top to toe in black, like a mute at a funeral, arose, and the little Secretary of the Senate held up a large open Bible on a beautiful crimson cushion. It was so still you could have heard a pin drop, and oh, how noble and dignified Washington did look as he stretched out his hand to take the oath of office, and bowing his head, kissed the book! But as soon as the Chancellor proclaimed, "Long live George Washington, the President of the United States!" I verily think the huzzas might have been heard down at Sandy Hook. Faith, it was a magnificent, solemn scene, and one I shall never forget should I live to be as old as Daddy Topliff; and much did I desire to hear the inaugural speech. But they would not let us into the Hall of Representatives, where it was delivered, so all the Tomahawks scampered off to St. Paul's Church, and waited in line until the new President drove up there, when, as he entered, we presented arms, at which he smiled and nodded and said something to Mr. Adams about "Young Americans."

Cousin Bella will be interested to know that next week a very grand inaugural ball is to be given in the City Assembly Rooms, for which my sisters are having made exceedingly fine petticoats and perriots of striped silk trimmed with gauze—at least that is what I think Eve told me to say—while they are taking private dancing lessons from Monsieur Hewlett, in hopes of having the honor of treading a minuet with "Mr. President," as Congress has decided the new ruler shall be called. Howsoever many regrets are expressed that Lady Washington will not be here on the occasion.

In faith, Winthrop, this is a lengthy letter that I have writ you with my own hand, the more so that I am none too fond of wielding the quill, so I will only add that I have just heard that Arty Tappan has been selected to serve as a page at the ball, and present each lady with a French fan of ivory and paper, bearing a likeness of George Washington, as a *souvenir* of the first inauguration.

Please present my respects to Uncle and Aunt Endicott, and believe me, as ever,

Your affectionate kinsman,

ROBERT VAN ZANDT.

P. S.—The J. T's have changed their name to the "Washington Light Foots."

BETTY'S MAYING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY MARY DENSEL.

MAYDAY was coming, and Miss Betty was—going. At least so she said; and when this determined little person made up her twelve-year-old mind she was apt to carry her point. All the household gave in to her. Grandma, mamma, Aunt Lu, Uncle Jack—Betty rode roughshod over every one of them.

If grandma should say, "Tut, tut, child! you'll break your neck," all the others cried, "How can you spoil the darling's pleasure?"

When gentle mamma ventured a "No, no," a chorus immediately shouted, "You'll ruin her disposition if you cross her, Eliza."

But for once, when Miss Betty announced, "I'm going a-Maying," the family rose in a body.

"The ground is like a soaked sponge," declared mamma.

"And it will rain again before noon," said grandma.

"And you're only just over the measles anyway," cried Aunt Lu.

"See here, young woman," said Uncle Jack, who had lately graduated from the medical school, and knew all about every disease under the sun, "do you know what is waiting for you out there in Buzzell's Woods? The very mildest 'catch' will be rhinorrhœa, and ten to one you'll get cynanche, pharyngea, and phlegmonodes along with it. Just wait till your maxillary sinus is inflamed and you take a pull at otitis media suppurativa chronica, and see how you like it. A week or two with polyarthritidis rheumatica and endocarditis acuta is no joke, let me remark. And once you get laryngismus stridulus you'll wish you'd never been born."

"Gracious!" said Miss Betty. But her eyes danced. She delighted in long words as much as Uncle Jack himself. He taught them to her by the yard, and she rehearsed them to her admiring mother.

In vain the family clasped its hands and entreated. In vain candy and a new parasol were offered as bribes.

"If you were my child I'd lock you up till I'd broken that will of yours," declared Uncle Jack, savagely.

Then everybody exclaimed, "Oh, Jack! how can you?" and Betty knew that her cause was won.

"You'll take your rubbers, honey."

"And an umbrella, sweetheart."

"And your water-proof, darling."

"And your death o' cold," said Uncle Jack.

"And you won't go near the Swamp, will you?"

"And you will come home before dinner, won't you, dear Betty?"

"And you wouldn't think of sitting on the damp ground, would you, dear Betty?"

"And you will act like an obstinate little mule," said Uncle Jack.

Down the garden path marched Miss Betty, her gossamer bulging behind her. But when fairly out of sight, this headstrong little lady took off her rubber cape, tucked her overshoes into its folds, and laid the bundle, with her umbrella, behind a hog'shead near the carriage-house. "I'm not going to lug you!" said the goose.

Noontime at home. No Betty had returned. Grandma went to the gate to cast anxious glances up and down the road. Mamma haunted the windows. Big rain-drops began to splash on the panes.

"Why doesn't May-day come the first of June, when it is decently pleasant!" complained Aunt Lu. "And why isn't there a backbone among us when Betty wants to do idiotic things?"

One o'clock. A growl of distant thunder. No Betty.

Two o'clock. Watery sunshine, but no Betty.

At four o'clock the rain poured in torrents. What—who is that coming down the street? Can it be— It is Jack. But what has he in his arms—a bundle?

Mamma and Aunt Lu rush to the front door.

"Achoo! achoo! achoo-oo-oo!" sneezes the bundle.

Was there ever a more dismal object than Betty when she was set down on the piazza?—as dripping, woe-begone, miserable a damsel as one would care to see.

"Where do you suppose I found her?" demanded Uncle Jack. "In the middle of Morrell's Swamp. Up to her knees in mud. Couldn't go backward; couldn't go forward. Would have stuck there till the end of time if I hadn't hauled her out."

"Achoo oo!"

"Oh yes; sneeze away, miss. Didn't I tell you you'd catch a coryza? How do you like it now? Weren't you expressly told not to go near the swamp? Did nobody ever teach you the fifth commandment, you little pagan?"

"Oh, don't scold her, Jack," implored mamma. "My poor Betty! Did you get into the mire, my precious? And she's drenched to the very skin!"

How everybody spun around. Off came the shoes and stockings caked with mud. Into a hot bath they popped shivering, wailing Betty. They gave her aconite. Aunt Lu added six drops of camphor when Dr. Jack's back was turned. They rolled her in hot blankets and tucked her in bed.

"Oh, my throat!" croaked Betty; "I can't swallow, it's so sore. Oh, my knees! they're so lame. And I can't breathe, my head's so stuffed. And my back aches, and my eyes ache. Oh, and my ear aches! Oh, and my tooth aches! And my ce-re-bel-lum aches!"

"Dear heart, she remembers her long words even in her agony," said Aunt Lu.

Betty wept and coughed. Her cheeks grew hot and hotter. The more she was pitied, the louder she wailed. At last Uncle Jack spoke in his decided doctor voice:

"Go out of the room, Eliza; you too, Louise. Leave the child to me. Now, Betty, swallow this powder. No fuss! Do as I tell you. Now lie down and shut your eyes."

Wonderful to relate, Miss Betty obeyed without arguing. She was pretty well tired out. The bed felt very comfortable. If Uncle Jack would sit by the window she would—go—to—sleep *maybe*; only her throat and head stung and burned.

"Uncle Jack, are you there?" Her voice sounded as if it were wrapped in cotton batting. "Uncle Jack, I want to goggle my throat."

Uncle Jack did not hear. But there was a soft rustle just outside the door. It must be mamma. She would bring a gargle. Betty turned her eyes, expecting to meet her mother's loving, anxious face.

"Why, what!" she exclaimed, sitting bolt-upright in bed.

In at the door was thrust cautiously, cautiously, a head—a bird's head. It came in farther and farther, by reason of a neck so long—so long that it seemed as if the fowl were all neck and no body.

Betty gazed in blank amazement.

And now—still with caution—appeared two big scaly feet, each with two toes, a body covered with ruffled feathers, ending in a few tightly curling plumes.

"Just like those on my Sunday hat," gasped Betty. "I know what you are; you're an ostrich." The ostrich eyed her solemnly. "Oh, I know all about you," cried Betty, excitedly. "I learned you at school. 'The African ostrich is the largest of living birds. It stands seven or eight feet high. When it runs at full speed its legs can no more be seen than the spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel.' Spell 'revolving,' r-e, re, v-o-l, vol—" I can if I want to. 'Their head and neck is nearly naked, and—'"

"Yes, that's it—the neck is *naked*," interrupted the ostrich, in a hoarse whisper. "That's what is the matter. How much sore throat have you, you small girl? I have two yards—six feet—seventy-two inches of sore throat!"



"ROUND AND ROUND THE LONG BARE THROAT SHE WOUND THE
SOFT WOOLLEN."

It wagged its bald head up and down. "Seventy-two inches of sore throat," it kept repeating, when suddenly, to Betty's great horror, it stretched out its serpent-like neck and seized a china match-box from the dressing-table.

It groaned and tears of anguish stood in its eyes. Nevertheless, crash went the match-box and disappeared down that writhing throat. A couple of slate-pencils followed. A brass paper-cutter went after the pencils.

"Oh, stop!" cried Betty. "It's your frightful gizzard which makes you do that. 'The crop is enormous and the gizzard very powerful,'" she quoted, hurriedly. "'It is fond of swallowing all kinds of in-dig-es-ti-ble substances.' Oh, don't! Grandma gave me that silver fruit knife; don't—don't eat it."

"It nearly kills my seventy-two inches of sore throat," whimpered the ostrich, making a dive for a button-hook on the bureau.

"Come here and I'll bind up your throat," pleaded Betty, in desperation.

If this fearful African fowl could only be kept from devouring everything in the room! Betty seized upon a pair of scissors which was about to vanish within the heavy bill, and began to cut her bed blanket in strips. Round and round the long bare throat she wound the soft woollen.

"Six feet of sore throat!" sighed the ostrich.

"Go stretch it over the stove and keep it warm," commanded Betty.

With one stride the enormous bird crossed the room.

"'Taking twelve feet as the average stride,'" began Betty, remembering her text-book; but she broke off in a peal of laughter to see that melancholy neck basking in the heat of the air-tight stove.

The ostrich seemed to catch the spirit of fun also, and in spite of his pain playfully managed to swallow Betty's

cologne bottle, a clock key, also the glass which covered a photograph.

Betty stopped laughing. Her head throbbed with distress at her losses. The blood surged into her temples.

Splash! splash! What a commotion in the bath-tub, which had been left in the room! A fine high voice pierced the air. "Your head aches?—your tiny little head? That would become of you if you were *all* head, like me?"

Bewildered, Betty stole out of bed and tiptoed across the floor. What did she find lying in the water but a small sunfish!

"And I'm only a baby!" the shrill voice went on. "What shall I do when I'm grown, and all head just the same? All head—all ache."

"All head—all ache," repeated Betty, pityingly. "I saw you in Buzzard's Bay last summer. You ate the jelly-fishes; that's what's made you ache. Here are my smelling-salts. Only I can't breathe through *my* nose, because of my cold, and—"

"Give me the salts," shouted a voice like a trumpet.

Betty jumped right up into the air, she was so startled. Behind her stood an enormous elephant waving his great trunk up and down.

"If you want a first-class nose for a cold, look at mine," he snorted. "I'll trouble you to fetch me some handkerchiefs and some ammonia. Come, be lively."

Betty meekly held out her pretty handkerchief case. The huge beast whipped out a dozen handkerchiefs.

"Oh, what will Norah say on Monday?" thought Betty. But even while the idea flashed through her head the elephant had sunk down on the floor, which shook and groaned, and had dropped sound asleep, giving such tremendous snores that the windows fairly rattled.

Betty stole back to bed, shivering with cold and fright.

How good the rubber hot-water bag felt, and the warm flat-iron, and the big jug which also held hot water! She warmed her icy feet and her blue fingers against them. She pressed the rubber bag against her stomach, which held a very decided pain.

Drip—drip—drip. Was the ceiling leaking, as it sometimes did in an easterly storm?

Once more Betty sat upright. Over the foot-board came the mournful face of a cow. Tears were dropping in showers from her soft brown eyes; they trickled along her hairy nose, and fell on Betty's coverlet.

"One stomach to ache," she was saying, piteously. "Only one. Ah! dear little girl, I have four stomachs—rumen, reticulum, omasus, abomasus—and they're all aching like—like *fury*."

Here was a pretty state of things. To add to the trouble, the cow began to gasp in a shocking fashion. It seemed as if she were strangling. Her head shook wildly. Then Betty saw something evidently coming up in her throat. A look of relief came into the brown eyes.

"I've got it," panted the poor thing. "It's my cud. I swallow the grass, and then I bring it up again from stomach number one to chew it all over again. But if I lose the cud before I get it up to my mouth, sometimes there's danger of my choking to death."

She began to chew contentedly, though all the time her tears fell from pain.

Betty hastily fumbled in the bed. She held out her hot bag. "Put this against your—your—what did you call your first stomach?"

"Rumen," answered the cow, meekly.

"Lie down, then, and hold this up to your rumen," said Betty, kindly.

Next she found the warm flat-iron. "Put this against your—"

"Reticulum," said the cow, promptly. "Let me have that hot jug for my omasus," she added, pleadingly.

"But I've nothing for number four," faltered Betty.

"For my abomasus?" questioned the cow, patiently. "Never mind that, my sweet. Anybody can bear one stomach-ache. But four—why, four is three too many. Four—three—too many," she kept repeating, drowsily.

"Oh, my two kneest!" cried Betty, suddenly. "They're stiff. I can't move them. It's 'rheumatica acuta.' I know it is. Oh, my two kneest!"

There was a snarl at her very ear. Then a sound as if some one were scraping the rough edges of a couple of files together.

Betty made one frantic bound and landed on the floor. For on her pillow she saw an enormous spider-like insect. He was brown, spotted with gray. His belly was yellow, with a black band running across it. But his legs were horrible. Four pairs, with one—two—three—

"Seven joints apiece, if you want to know," shrieked the file-like voice.

"Oh, you must be a tarantula!" cried Betty, retreating to the farthest corner of the room. "When you bite a person the only cure for him is to dance and dance and dance till he—dies. Aunt Lu told me. She can play a piece on the piano about that sort of dance, and the name of it is 'a tar-an-tella.' Don't bite me; I'm too lame, oh, much too lame to dance. Can you dance?"

"Can I dance?" repeated the dreadful voice. "Dance with four pairs of legs that have seven joints in each leg, and every joint stiff with 'rheumatica acuta'? Don't stand there blinking at me! Bring some liniment—some flannel. Be spry! Bring some eye-salve too. I've eight eyes, and all smarting like red-hot coals. Do you think you're the only one who can have weak eyes?"

Betty dared not for her life irritate the fierce tarantula. She flew for Pond's Extract; she ran for Becker's eye-salve; she cut her very best flannel petticoat into tiny strips; she tried to bind them about that multitude of joints. The tarantula lay near the middle of the bed, but Betty dared not ask him to move. She bent forward till her spine nearly broke.

Something stirred behind her. She felt warm breath on the back of her neck.

"Twelve hundred miles to go," whispered a voice. "They didn't give me enough food to keep a mouse from starving. No wonder all the fat of which my hump was made has been absorbed. My back is one big ache."

Betty stood upright. There, limply leaning against the wall, was a camel, and sure enough there was not a sign of a hump on his back.

"I've seen you at a circus," began Betty. "They said you could hold enough water in your inside to last days and days, and they said when you couldn't get food—"

"The fat of my own hump sustained me," finished the camel, sorrowfully. Then suddenly it seemed to be greatly vexed. "Do you think I want to be toted round in a circus, and have remarks made on my habits? Can't you take the hint, and see how I despise you when I turn up my nose at you all? Only don't stand idle here while I have eight feet of back-ache."

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Betty.

"Go to the barn and get some hay for me," replied the camel. He went on saying, "Hay, hay, hey, eh?" He was peering round the bed-post.

There was a crackling laugh.

"Get a quart of oil of cloves; get Perry Davis's Pain-killer; bring a barrel of Radway's Ready Relief; put them all on a sponge. Ha, ha! oh! eh! a—h—ha!"

It was a frightful sort of laugh that; there was pain in it, and no mirth.

"For my ears ache," said the big mule, which was standing near the camel. "Your little two-for-a-cent ears—talk of their aching! Look at my ears, if you want to know what an earache means."

"How did that mule get here?" Betty wondered. "And he won't go, even if I beg him. 'Obstinate as a mule!' Who said that? I'm not as ob—"

"Radway's Ready Relief!" shouted the mule. "Oh, my ears!"

"Hay, hay, hay for my hump!"

"More Pond's Extract for my fifty-six joints!"

"Hot bottles for my four stomachs!"

"Handkerchiefs! Talk of your nose!"

"All head—nothing but head! All head, all ache!"

"Seventy-two inches of sore throat! Seventy-two inches of sore throat!"

The din was deafening. All the creatures were shouting at once. Betty was spinning round and round.

Suddenly the ostrich made a snatch at her. Betty threw out her hands and clutched—Uncle Jack.

"Save me! save me!" she screamed.

Into the room ran mamma and Aunt Lu.

"The animals! the creatures!" shrieked Betty.

"Why, precious, there are no animals here," said mamma.

Betty was raised in the tenderest arms. She was kissed and cuddled and soothed. They bore her, wrapped in a blanket, down-stairs among them all.

As for Uncle Jack, he was leaning his elbow on the mantel-piece, and gazing into the open fire. Nobody in the world ever *could* be quite as wise as Uncle Jack looked. Betty thought she heard him say: "Lucky it was my own niece I gave that powder to. I believe I won't try it on any one else's child."



THE MUSIC LESSON.

THE CLOUDS.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE sky is full of clouds to-day,
And idly to and fro,
Like sheep across the pasture, they
Across the heavens go.
I hear the wind with merry noise
Around the house-tops sweep,
And dream it is the shepherd boys—
They're driving home their sheep.

The clouds move faster now; and see!
The west is red and gold.
Each sheep seems hastening to be
The first within the fold.
I watch them hurry on until
The blue is clear and deep,
And dream that far beyond the hill
The shepherds fold their sheep.

Then in the sky the trembling stars
Like little flowers shine out,
While Night puts up the shadow bars,
And darkness falls about.
I hear the shepherd wind's good-night—
"Good night, and happy sleep!"
And dream that in the east, all white,
Slumber the clouds, the sheep.

DORYMATES.*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STEERING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

SAVED BY ELECTRICITY.

THE joyful news of a light at once put fresh life and hope into the hearts of the hungry, drenched, and shivering occupants of the seine-boat. Those who had huddled together under the wet canvas of the topsail in the vain effort to keep warm, as well as those who were pulling hopelessly and wearily at the oars, gazed eagerly in the direction indicated by Breeze. Yes, there it was, faint and yellow in the distance, apparently that of some vessel approaching them from the southward. They could see it as their boat rose on the crests of the great billows, though it was lost again when they sank into the black hollows between them.

Soon they were able to distinguish a second yellow light, lower than the other, and by the position of these they knew that the approaching vessel was a steamer, and a large one at that. Then her red and green side-lights came into view. They watched anxiously to see which of these would disappear first, in order to determine on which side of them she was going to pass. If the red light should be lost to view, then they would know she was passing to windward of them. In that case there would not be the slightest chance of any cries they could utter reaching her, and she would go on her way unconscious of their presence. If the green light should disappear, it would be a sign that she was about to pass to leeward. In that case there was a possibility that their shouts, borne down the gale, might attract the attention of the watch on her deck. Still, she might not stop even then, and it was an almost unheard-of thing for a boat to be picked up at sea in the darkness of midnight, amid the noise and tumult of a gale. They fully understood their position, but slight as their chance was, they watched for it hopefully.

All at once, as they were lifted from a deep watery

hollow, and looked for the lights, they gave utterance to exclamations of dismay. They could still see the green light and the two yellow lights, but the red one was no longer visible.

"Tain't no use; she's going to windward of us," muttered one of the men, at once giving up all hope, and again lying down in the bottom of the boat. "Luck's against us, and we might as well reckon on help from the old *Curlew* as from that craft."

Most of the others evidently thought as he did, and they turned their eyes resolutely away from the lights, as though determined to be no longer tantalized by them. But Breeze could not give up so easily, and he still watched the lights whenever a lifting wave afforded him an opportunity of seeing them.

What! Can it be? Or are his eyes deceiving him? No. It certainly is the red light again, now much more distinct than before. The steamer has altered her course, and is heading directly for them. The men are filled with new life at the boy's exultant cry announcing his discovery. They spring up and gaze incredulously. It is true, and both lights are now to be plainly seen, not more than half a mile away, and bearing directly toward them. Now they fear that she may run them down, and begin to pull to windward, so as to give her a clear berth. At last she is close upon them, and the green light disappears, while the red shows clear and steady.

"Now for a shout, men! All together as I give the word. One! two! three!" commands the skipper.

It is a wild, desperate cry that startles the lookout on the forward deck of the steamer from the half-reverie into which he has fallen.

Again it comes to his ears, borne on the wings of the gale across the angry waters; and now it is heard by the steamer's captain, who has not left the pilot-house that night.

A gong clangs down among the engines, and a hoarse order is shouted to the engineer through the speaking-tube. The great screw under the steamer's stern stops for a moment, and then churns the water violently as its motion is reversed, and it revolves rapidly backward.

"See if you can pick them up with the electric," is the captain's order to the second officer, who has just appeared on deck. At the same instant a dazzling flash of white light darts from the steamer's bow, and cuts a gleaming pathway between two solid walls of blackness above the raging waters.

The second officer seizes the handles at the back of the great lamp, and the broad band of light is slowly swept round to the direction from which the cries have come. In another moment it flashes full in the white faces of Breeze McCloud and his companions, sitting in their seine-boat not more than a hundred yards away. The wonderful eye of the search-light has discovered them, and they cover their eyes with their hands, or turn away from the unbearable radiance.

"Pull under our lee," shouts the captain of the steamer through a speaking-trumpet, "and we'll try and get you aboard."

It was a difficult task, for the ship rolled so deeply that it would have been unsafe to open her side ports, and they must be taken aboard over the rail. As the seine-boat lay alongside, it was at one moment on a level with the steamer's deck, and the next so far below it that her wet side rose like a black wall high above them. Nothing could be done until she was turned so as to lie head to the wind. Then, one by one, the wrecked men caught the ropes flung to them, fastened them under their arms, and were hauled up to the steamer's deck, where they were received and pulled on board by the stout arms eagerly outstretched to aid them. Some of them were buried beneath the huge waves that sprang after them as though furious at being thus robbed of their expected prey, and still determined to clutch it. Others were bruised by being swung vio-

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492.

lently against the iron side of the steamer. At last all of them were safely rescued, and with the seine-boat towing by a long line astern, the great steamer was again headed on her course.

Was there ever anything so delicious as the hot coffee that was at once served to them, or so welcome as the plentiful meal that awaited them in the steamer's mess-room, after they had got into the dry clothes furnished by her crew? Breeze did not think there was. And when, soon afterward, he found himself in a comfortable bunk, under warm blankets, and dropping to sleep, he felt that he was one of the most fortunate and marvelously cared-for boys in the world.

The steamer which thus furnished the weary fishermen with shelter, safety, and all the comforts of a sailor's life, was one of a line plying between Boston and a Southern city, from which she was now bound. Her captain was one of those noble sailors who are never so happy as when rescuing other toilers of the sea from its perils. He told Captain Coffin that, without any definite reason, he had felt impelled to alter his ship's course half a point to the eastward shortly before their cries had been heard. It was this change of direction that had brought the red light once more into view.

Before morning the gale had so increased in fury that it was not probable their light craft could have lived through it had they not been picked up when they were. As it was, the seine-boat, while towing behind the steamer, was struck soon after daylight by a great sea that capsized it. The next crushed it like an egg-shell, and the broken wreck was cut adrift.

Twenty-four hours later they entered Boston Harbor, and the crew of the lost *Curlew*, after expressing their heart-felt thanks to the captain, passengers, and crew of the steamer, who had done everything in their power to make them comfortable, left her. They made their way at once to the market slip devoted to the use of fishing vessels, where they were sure of finding friends and fellow-townsmen.

While walking slowly along the wharf, and looking wistfully over the many fishing vessels crowded into the basin, in search of a familiar face, Breeze was slapped on the shoulder, and a well-known voice exclaimed,

"Vy, Breeza, ma boy! how you vas? Vere you come from, eh?"

Turning, he saw the smiling face of old Mateo, the Portuguese cook who, on board the *Sea-Robin*, had fed him with milk from the "lit tin cow" when he was a baby. The old cook had always retained a warm affection for the boy whom he had thus cared for in his helplessness, and had never returned to Gloucester without visiting him and bringing him some present. Now-to see him seemed to Breeze almost like a glimpse of home.

Mateo, who in spite of his years was still hale and hearty, and one of the best cooks to be found in the fishing fleet, would listen to nothing where they stood. He insisted upon dragging Breeze aboard a new and handsome schooner, named the *Albatross*, in which he had shipped for a cruise to the George's. She had left Gloucester the day before, and run up to Boston, where her skipper had some business to attend to. Now she was to sail again within an hour.

Pulling his young friend down into the fore-castle, and seating him before the mess table, Mateo exclaimed, "Vell, Breeza, you hongry, eh?"

To him eating was the most important business of life, and until Breeze had assured him that he had just finished one breakfast, and had no room for another mouthful, he would listen to nothing else. His mind being set at rest on this point, Mateo asked,

"Vell, you not hongry, ma boy, ver is ze *C'loo*?"

"Gone to the bottom," answered Breeze, "and poor Rod Mason has gone with her."

"Vat you say? ze *C'loo* los', and Rod Mason drowned? Oh, ze holy feesh! an' his bruzzer Bill here, on ze '*Batross*.'"

It was indeed so; the only brother of the drowned man had shipped in the *Albatross* the day before. When he heard the sad news brought by Breeze he declared he must return at once to Gloucester, and make arrangements for the future of his brother's family. He would not even wait for the skipper's return, but, collecting his dunnage, hurried away to catch the first train for home.

The rest of the crew, most of whom knew him, were intensely interested in what Breeze had to tell them of the loss of the *Curlew* and the rescue of her crew. They were still plying him with questions when the skipper of the *Albatross* returned. He, like Mateo, had been one of the *Sea-Robin*'s crew upon the memorable occasion when Breeze had come to her, and now he gave the lad a hearty welcome. When he learned of William Mason's desertion he was somewhat annoyed, but in a moment his face cleared, and he said,

"Why won't you come with us in his place, Breeze? You shall go as an A1 hand, have a full share of the catch, and we are not likely to be out more than a couple of weeks anyhow. She's a good vessel, and you are always such a lucky chap that you'll be more than welcome aboard of her."

"Yes, Breeza, come 'long," urged the cook. "Ole Mateo feeda you till you git fat like dog-feesh. Joe-flog, sea-pie, hatch, plenty good t'ings."

Breeze laughed at the earnestness of the old man and the inducements he held out, but said, "If I only could go home and see mother for a little while first, I'd go in a minute. I'd have to get a new outfit too; the only thing I saved from the *Curlew* is this oil suit."

"We'll wait an hour for you to write to your mother and tell her just how things stand. That'll give you time to get an outfit in too. I guess you'd better come along," urged the skipper.

"Outfit!" cried Mateo, eagerly. "Vat you want? Peajack, boota, gole vatch an' chain, eberyting vat you vill hab me getta him."

So it was finally settled, and an hour later, having written a loving letter home, and been provided, through the old cook's generosity, with an outfit of clothes quite as good as the one he had lost, Breeze found himself sailing out of Boston Harbor in the good schooner *Albatross*, bound for the George's Bank. Certainly nothing had been further from his mind than this when he had entered the same harbor a few hours before; but he was rapidly learning that nothing is so likely to happen in this life as those things we least expect.

St. George's Bank, which furnishes the finest cod and halibut found on the American coast, lies about ninety-five miles due east from Highland light on Cape Cod. Its waters are fished all through the year by a large fleet of vessels from New England ports, but its supply continues apparently undiminished. It lies in a dangerous part of the ocean, for it is swept by the current of the Gulf Stream, is subject to fearful storms and dense fogs, and is crossed by all the transatlantic lines of steamers.

Although it is so near at hand, and though fishing was one of the earliest industries followed by the New England settlers, it was not until about 1836 that trips to George's became a regular feature of the business. The bank was known to exist, and fish were known to be plenty on it, long before, but the fishermen were afraid of it. This fear was owing to the belief among them that the current always sweeping across it was strong enough to drag under and sink any vessel that should anchor within its influence.

The first three fishing vessels that visited the dreaded bank kept close together, and their crews fished as they



"IN ANOTHER MOMENT IT FLASHES FULL IN THE WHITE FACES OF BREEZE McLOUD AND HIS COMPANIONS."

drifted about. Finally one of the skippers, who was regarded as a perfect dare-devil for proposing such a thing, said he was going to anchor and take his chances. Several of his crew were so frightened that they begged to be put aboard the other vessels, whose skippers were not so venturesome. They were allowed to go, and volunteers were called for from the other crews to aid this bold skipper in his desperate venture. When enough brave fellows had gone on board to be able to get the anchor up quickly in case of trouble, it was let go, the cable spun out, was checked, the anchor held, and the schooner rode to it as easily and quietly as though in Gloucester Harbor.

Now occurred the most amusing part of this bold experiment. The swift current quickly bore the other two vessels away from the anchored craft, but those on board the latter imagined that they were moving and leaving their friends behind. They began to heave desperately on their cable, got their anchor up, and started back in pursuit of their companions. When they were once more united, all hands were fully satisfied with their exploit; and though they had taken but a few quintals* of fish, they sailed back to Gloucester filled with pride because one of their number had dared drop an anchor on George's.

It is no rare thing to find a hundred fishing vessels at anchor at one time on George's during any month of the year, and it was to join this fleet that the *Albatross* was now making her way swiftly around the point of Cape Cod. She was fitted out as a hand-liner—that is, her crew would fish with hand-lines over her sides—and she had a

quantity of frozen herring, stowed with the ice in her hold, to be used as bait.

They reached the bank and caught sight of the anchored fleet early the following morning after leaving Boston. As they slipped along past one after another of the vessels already at work, they could see the crews hauling in their lines and tossing fish over the rail as fast as their arms could move. It seemed curious to Breeze that this busy work should always stop as soon as the *Albatross* drifted near any of the others. He asked why it was, and was told that they were afraid the new-comers would notice their good luck and anchor near them, which they did not wish to have them do.

As the *Albatross* moved slowly across the bank, soundings were taken, and the skipper kept a baited hook down. At last, in fifty fathoms of water, he got a strong bite, and at once ordered the anchor to be dropped. Then the sails were snugly furled and the riding-sail set. This is a small triangular bit of canvas bent to the mainmast, and is used to hold the vessel's head to the wind.

Now baskets of bait were got up, lines were overhauled, and soon every man on board had one or two over the side. They were allowed to run out until their leaden sinkers touched, when they were drawn up so that the hooks were raised a few feet above the bottom.

There was an intense eagerness to bring up the first fish, and each man kept an eye on his neighbor's line as well as on his own, to see if he were to be the lucky man. At last a shout announced a bite, and all turned to see Breeze McCloud tug away at something so tremendously heavy that it seemed to him he must be lifting a large piece of the bottom of the ocean.

* A hundred pounds weight.



GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMAMMA'S TOILET FOR THE ASSEMBLY BALL, MAY, 1789.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

THE PRINCESS LILIWINKINS.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT

II.

NOW after a while a stranger passing that way carried the news of Allola's disgrace up to the North, to his home among the frozen lakes. And no sooner had the six big brothers heard it than they stamped their big feet and shook their big swords, and vowed they would go straight to the court and make the Regent apologize for the insult to their brother.

And so the little page, looking north one day, saw a little white cloud moving over the mountains; and as he watched it it came closer and closer, until he saw it was the plumes in his brothers' hats, and knew they had come down to his rescue.

He clapped his hands for joy, and then ran down to meet them and escort them to the Regent, who looked very much astonished when he saw these big brothers and their tremendous swords.

"Your Highness," said the biggest brother, "we have come down to see what this means." His voice was so loud and his manner so fierce that the Regent began to get a little frightened, and to think perhaps he had made a mistake in treating the little page so badly. He had no idea the brothers were so big and so strong. But he did not show his fear, and only said it would be impossible to answer any questions except in the presence of the court, as it was a state matter.

The big brothers then said the court would have to be called immediately, as they did not choose to wait. So the court came in, and all the ladies looked with admiration and all the gentlemen with respect at the six big brothers in their beautiful velvet suits, and with their great jeweled swords hanging by their sides.

Then the Regent explained that they had come down to ask why their brother had been punished. And gaining courage at the sight of all his lords standing around him, he added that the little page had been punished because he deserved it, and that was the end of it. At this the big brothers gave such roars of anger and waved their swords so fiercely that it almost seemed there was thunder and lightning in the room. The Regent and his lords also drew their swords, and there was a great commotion, in which every one might have been killed, had not the little page suddenly been discovered standing upon the throne with his coat buttoned up before, and his little hands stuck comfortably into his pockets. He had changed his coat as soon as his brothers drew their swords, knowing that they would protect him, and as he was afraid of being hurt in the *mêlée* that ensued, he jumped up on the throne as the safest place. But the Regent was horror-stricken to see a common page in that royal seat, and leaving his lords and the brothers to fight it out among themselves, went up to the page and ordered him down.

This attracted the notice of the big brothers, who gathered around the throne and declared that Allola should stay there as long as he liked, and if no one but kings and queens had a right to occupy the throne, why, they would make him King right away, and send the little Princess off to Quimbeatapetal.

On hearing this the Regent and his lords drew themselves up in a line in front of the big brothers and commanded them to leave the room.

To which the brothers replied that they would not, and ordered the keeper of the tower to bring the King's Book and let them see the Princess's name, for they did not believe she was Queen at all.

The Regent now thought that his troubles were over; but when the book was opened, there stood Allola's name right beneath the late King's, and the big brothers laughed

heartily, thinking it was a magic sign that their little brother was to be King.

All the lords and ladies were very much impressed by this, and some of them agreed with the brothers, and some of them agreed with the Regent, and some of them said nothing, until at last the Wisest Tutor came forward and said there would have to be a war to settle it.

Whereupon Allola cried out that he could explain it all in one minute, but no one paid any attention to him, and when the Wisest Tutor proposed that they should listen to the little page they all laughed in his face, as they always did when he proposed things they did not like.

Now it was the custom in that country, whenever there was war, to have the cats and dogs fight all the battles, as this saved much powder and shot and also many useful lives.

So as soon as war was declared all the dogs were brought from the North and all the cats were brought from the South, and fed on quantities of meat for three days, to make them fierce and warlike.

It was decided that there should be no more than three battles, so that there might be left enough cats and dogs to begin another war if one ever became necessary; and if the dogs won two of these battles, then Allola would reign, but if the cats won two, then Liliwinkins would remain Queen. When the first day's fight was over, and the dead were counted, it was found that the dogs had won, whereupon the six big brothers were so delighted that they made themselves dukes. But on the second day it was found the cats had won, and then the Regent made a proclamation that the big brothers were all to be beheaded the next day immediately after the battle, and this would surely have been done had it not turned out that the dogs won again. And this ended the war, and thus Allola became King.

And then of course there was another coronation, and more speeches, in the midst of which Allola yawned and yawned, and grew so sleepy that it was with difficulty he could sit upright on the throne; but no one dared say a word, for there stood the big brothers all around him with their swords, and although they themselves would have preferred Allola to sit straight and keep his eyes open, they did not hint this to any one, for from his earliest years the little page had ruled his six big brothers absolutely, and it had always been the law of the house that he should be obeyed in everything; and as he was still only a child, they were very much afraid that in the midst of this splendid coronation he would suddenly propose that they should all get down on their hands and knees and play *bear* or some other game; and rough as they were, and unused to the manner of courts, they could not but think that this would have been highly improper, and so they thought it would be the wisest thing to let him go to sleep if he wanted to.

And all this while no one paid the least attention to Liliwinkins. She went here and there, just as she liked; and as she had never been allowed to do this before, she thought she was having the very nicest time she had ever had in all her life.

The night after the little page's coronation her nurse came as usual to put her to bed, and then she learned that she was no longer to be called *Royal Highness*, or any other title, but just plain Liliwinkins, for the war had proven that she was no more a princess than she had been a queen, and that in fact she was *nobody*.

She thought it very strange that she should not be *somebody*, but the nurse told her no, that she was nobody at all, not even as much as a beggar.

This seemed so curious that she looked in the glass over the nurse's head to see if she had really changed to somebody else; but when she saw her own blue eyes and golden curls, she came to the conclusion that the

nurse was only talking stupidly, as people did in books, and that she was really herself, and there was no occasion to worry about it.

Now if Liliwinkins had not been such a very wise child, she would no doubt have gone straight to sleep as soon as her nurse left her, and thought no more about royal highnesses. But her wisdom kept her awake; for as soon as she was alone in the dark she began to think of all the things she had ever read or heard of princes and princesses who had had wars and seen their thrones occupied by strange and even silly little pages. And think as hard as she might, she could not recollect one dethroned prince who had been allowed to live happily and quietly, but all had been beheaded or put in dungeons, and this fate seemed so dismal that the poor little Queen could not help shedding some tears over it, turning over with her face in the pillow, and feeling very lonesome and heart-sick.

So she got up and dressed herself and smoothed back her tumbled hair, and sat down by the window to think where she would go. She knew no one outside the palace in the whole wide world, which was a much larger place than she had ever believed. But as she looked out of the window over the moon-lit country all around, it seemed to her such a pretty world that she had no doubt she could find a place somewhere in it that would suit her very well. She leaned out of the window and looked down.

Liliwinkins had never seen the night before, having had to go promptly to bed always at seven, and now the beauty of it seemed wonderful to her. From the white earth below to the bright sky above, where the great clusters of stars shone, it was all a beautiful, brilliant, magical picture that filled her with gladness. She could not be afraid to go out into this beautiful night that the flowers and the birds seemed to love, and as she looked toward the west and saw a great fiery star that burned more brightly than the rest she suddenly made up her mind that she would travel that way, and see if she could not come to it. It must be the Evening Star, she said to herself; she had heard of it, and she had heard of the Morning Star too, and had looked for it once or twice when she had been up *very* early, of course without seeing it; but it could not be as beautiful as this; and then, in great haste to be off on her journey, lest she should be discovered, she crept softly down the staircase and out into the court-yard, where the sentinel stood looking in at the open window in the hall, and keeping safe in the shadows, she reached the gate, which was not yet barred, and pushing it open a little way, she slipped through, and so stood outside, free. And thus this little Princess stole away from her palace, and went out through the night in search of the Evening Star.

By-and-by, as she got farther away from the open country and entered the heart of the woods, she found that one by one her companions left her, and finally she was quite alone. But she was not afraid, for the voice of the deep forest was familiar and sweet to her, sounding like the song of the pines that bordered the little stream that led from the palace park up to the hill country.

By the time she had reached the deepest and darkest part of the woods, where the moonlight only fell in little dancing bits, and the stars shone not at all, she was so tired that she thought she would sit down and rest awhile. She found a nice bed of leaves and moss all ready for her at the foot of a big tree, and lying down, was soon asleep, and slept on and on, while the Evening Star glided down into the west, and so disappeared without even knowing there was such a person as Liliwinkins in the world.

When the little Queen awoke it was bright broad daylight, and the forest was joyous with the sunshine of a new day. Liliwinkins sat up, rubbed her eyes, forgot all about the Evening Star, and wondered what she should

do for breakfast. Berries there were none, and the nuts hung far above in close clusters that only the autumn frost might loosen. If Liliwinkins had been the very first little girl ever born into this world she could not have known less how to set about getting her morning meal.

But while she sat there thinking, she heard a sound that gladdened her heart. A little merry tune came softly through the trees; a magic tune that one must hear first in childhood if it is ever heard at all. A little song that is made up of bird notes and hill echoes and the melodious voices of the summer meadows. As soon as Liliwinkins heard it she arose and followed its call, and so found her old friend the meadow brook, by whose side she and her fawn had spent many a happy hour, and which she felt sure had crept into the forest to be her companion and playfellow on her long journey.

She washed her face in its clear waters and drank a sparkling draught of it with her two hands for a cup, and gathered some of the cardinal flowers that grew on its banks, and then, trusting to its guidance, she followed its winding course through the forest, feeling sure that such an old friend could not but lead her safely.

A mile or so farther on the brook widened into some clear golden-tinted shallows that rippled up against the mossy sides of an old tree trunk, and sitting thereon, with his face hidden in a book, Liliwinkins saw an old man.

He seemed very old indeed; his face was full of wrinkles, and his hair was snow-white, and fell down on his shoulders from under a black velvet cap that he wore on top of his head; and because he was so old and looked so wise, Liliwinkins thought that he must be a king, for just so had the King, her father, looked whenever she chanced to meet him in her wanderings through the palace.

She stood a long time looking at him, but the old man did not move or raise his eyes until she called out to him across the shallows, in a voice as sweet as a bird, "Good-morning, your Majesty."

At this he looked up for just a moment, and seeing the little girl, bade her good-morning very civilly. Then he went on reading again. Liliwinkins did not know quite what to do; she did not want to disturb the old man, and yet she wanted very much to ask him where she might get some breakfast. While she stood there, thinking, he unexpectedly looked up again.

"I thought I heard a voice," he said. "Ah, yes! it was you, perhaps. I had forgotten that I was not at home with my children and grandchildren; but perhaps you are my grandchild; are you?"

"Oh, no indeed, your Majesty," said Liliwinkins, smiling; "I am nobody's child or grandchild; I am only plain Liliwinkins."

At this the old man went on reading again, having only half listened to her.

By this time the little Queen was so *very* hungry that she felt she must have breakfast immediately.

"Please, your Majesty," she called out, "will you tell me where I can get some breakfast?"

"Breakfast?" said the old man; "I do not want any."

"But I do." Liliwinkins forgot she was not a princess or queen, and spoke very decidedly.

"Dear me!" said the old man, jumping up. "Are you hungry? I never thought of that. But I might have known it; I never saw a child yet that was not hungry. Well, well, let me see."

Liliwinkins ran around the shallows, and climbed up beside him, while he took a little leathern bag out of his big coat pocket and opened it leisurely.

Here were some pieces of cake and an apple. "Eat it all up," said the old man; "I had my breakfast long ago."

And as neither of them thought a word about dinner, Liliwinkins made a very good breakfast, thinking it much better than her usual porridge and milk.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF MOUNT VERNON.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

OUR first President was never blessed with sons or daughters of his own, but this want he scarcely felt, so warmly did the children and grandchildren of his wife entwine themselves about his heart and grow into his life and love, while to them he ever proved a most wise and devoted father.

Little John and Martha Parke Custis were but six and four years of age when their mother, the rich and charming



JOHN AND MARTHA PARKE CUSTIS.

widow, Martha Dandridge Custis, married gallant Colonel Washington, and three months after the wedding they accompanied their parents to beautiful Mount Vernon, that famous old house filled with massive furniture and odd bric-à-brac, where they found acres of rich land laid out in lawns, fruit orchards, and flower-gardens; a blue rippling river to fish and wade in; and a great enclosed portico, more than ninety feet long, that was the finest play-room in the world of a rainy day.

In this lovely home they passed the happy hours of childhood, Martha, who is spoken of as "a lady-like child of winning ways," studying the simple lessons then thought necessary for girls, working samplers, and practising her exercises on the harpsichord beneath her mother's gentle but firm tuition, and meanwhile growing into the charitable little "dark lady," as she was called, from her brunette complexion, who as years increased might often be seen on her pony going about on errands of mercy to the cottages of the poor and afflicted.

Young John, on the contrary, was his step-father's daily companion, learning from him military tactics and engineering, while together they enjoyed many a glorious gallop over the

fair Virginia hills or tracked some wily Reynard to the death. As Washington once records in his diary, "Went a-hunting with Jacky Custis and caught a fox; after three hours' chase found it in the creek."

In the evening there were often guests at Mount Vernon, but when there were none the master was fond of reading aloud, or we can imagine him, of a winter night, by the great open fireplace, drawing the little folks to his knee and telling them stories of his own boyhood, of the pranks of the pupils at Master Hobby's school, or how he once attempted to tame a

wild colt and the dire result thereof. And here I would like to say that this last true incident better sets forth the honesty and manliness of Washington's youthful character than the popular and rather mythical tradition of the cherry-tree and the hatchet.

George was but a lad in his early teens when one summer morning he, together with two or three boys who were visiting him, sauntered out to inspect his mother's colts, among which was one very valuable but equally vicious young horse that was particularly prized by Madam Washington because it was of a blooded race which her husband had bred. Never did an animal display a more fierce and ungovernable nature, and the general belief was that it could never be tamed. Youth, however, is daring, and on this occasion George suggested that if his friends would assist him in confining the colt and putting a bridle-bit in his mouth he would mount him. To this they agreed, and before the sorrel quite comprehended what was plotted he was driven into a small enclosure, the bridle was adjusted, and our future President on his back. But then a most terrific struggle ensued. His lordly horsemanship wildly reared and plunged and rushed madly about the fields, while the boy pluckily kept on his bare back and curbed him with his strong young arms. In vain the colt tried to dislodge his rider, and at length, making one desperate effort, he burst a blood-vessel and fell, dying, to the ground. At this unexpected result the lads were frightened and dismayed beyond measure, for all stood deeply in awe of Madam Washington, and "what to say to her" was the question all but George were debating when they were summoned in to breakfast.

As it chanced, almost the first remark made by Mary Washington was, "Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of; my favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire."

At this the visitors were overwhelmed with embarrassment, but when the question was repeated, George at once replied, "Your favorite, madam, is dead."

"Dead!" she exclaimed. "How has this happened?"

"That sorrel horse," said the brave boy, "has long been considered ungovernable, and beyond the power of man to tame him. We forced a bit into his mouth this morning. I mounted him and rode him around the field, and in a desperate struggle for the mastery he broke a blood-vessel, fell under me, and died."

For a moment the mother's cheek flushed with anger, but the next she remarked, with the calmness and justice for which she was noted, "It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite animal, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."



WASHINGTON AND THE COLT.



MRS. WASHINGTON'S WATCH.

Doubtless this anecdote was a favorite at the Mount Vernon fireside; but no matter how entertaining the reading or conversation, the family party always broke up and retired as soon as the hands of Lady Washington's watch pointed to the hour of nine; and here it is interesting to note that the quaint little gold time-piece so familiar to the Custis children is still in existence,

and may be seen by the young folks of to-day at Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh-on-the-Hudson. It was made expressly for its owner, and was presented to her by her first husband, Daniel Parke Custis, shortly after their marriage in 1749. Besides the numerals on the dial,

MRS. WASHINGTON'S IRON CHEST.

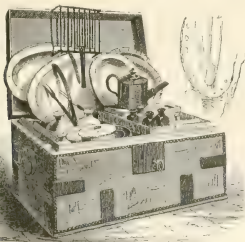
it bears the twelve letters of her name, "Martha Custis," a letter marking each hour. The illustration shows the watch as it is at present, after the wear and tear of more than a hundred years.

Surrounded by every comfort, ten years rolled smoothly, happily on in the pleasant Virginia home, for not until 1773 came the first sad break in the early death of sweet young Martha, then only in her seventeenth year, but who had inherited from her father the dread seeds of consumption. Washington, hastening from his public duties at Williamsburg, reached her bedside just in time to see her breathe her last, and to him she bequeathed all her property, which was quite a small fortune. The negroes as well as the family were heart-broken at the loss of the gentle girl, while the following year Mrs. Washington was still too sad to attend the wedding of her son, for in February John gave her another daughter of "sweet sixteen" by marrying young Eleanor Calvert, a grandchild of Lord Baltimore. Ready enough, though, was she to welcome the girlish bride, and sent her this note:

"MY DEAR NELLY,—God took from Me a Daughter when June roses were blooming. He has given me another daughter, about her Age, when Winter Winds are blowing, to warm my Heart again. I am as Happy as one so Afflicted and so Blest can be. Pray receive my Benediction and a Wish that You may long live the Loving Wife of my happy Son and a Loving Daughter of
"Your Affectionate Mother,

M. WASHINGTON."

The first wish was only fulfilled for nine years, for at the age of twenty-eight Colonel John Custis was seized with camp-fever, and followed his sister, leaving his wife a widow at twenty-



WASHINGTON'S CAMP CHEST.

ty-five, and four small children, the youngest two of whom, Eleanor Parke Custis, two and a half years old, and George Washington Parke Custis, a baby of six months, were legally adopted by General and Lady Washington.

So again the old rooms at Mount Vernon rang with merry childish voices, and a new generation filled the places of "dear

Jacky" and the little "dark lady"; but the grandparents found dark-eyed, curly-headed Nelly a far different pupil from her tractable aunt Martha, for the gay saucy lassie cared far more for play and romping than for books and music, while she fairly rebelled at having her head dressed each day with feathers and ribbons. As she grew older, her foster-father, to encourage her, presented her with an elegant new harpsichord, costing one thousand dollars; but this only proved an instrument of torture to the young lady when forced to practise, and her brother records that "she would cry and play and play and cry for hours." The hated harpsichord still graces Mount Ver-



NELLY CUSTIS'S HARPSICHOORD.

non, having been generously sent back there by Mrs. Lee after the purchase of the historic place by the women of the United States.

Fair little Washington was undoubtedly his grandmother's favorite, and Nelly often said "it was well grandpa and not grandma was educating Washington, for grandma certainly would spoil him." But both petted darlings accompanied Lady Washington on her triumphant journey to New York a month after her husband's inauguration as President, and at the ages of eight and ten years enjoyed many a peep at the fashionable gayeties of the day. Their studies, however, were still rigorously kept up, and thanks to the wise discipline of her grandmother, vivacious Miss Nelly developed into one of the most brilliant as well as beautiful women of her time, and on Washington's birthday, 1799, gladdened the ex-President's heart by wedding his favorite nephew, Lawrence Lewis.

During his school life at Princeton and Annapolis young Washington Custis was chiefly distinguished for his faculty for spending money, but in later life became known as a man of fine taste and versatile talents. He was fond of music and art, and painted some very creditable battle scenes, while he also wrote plays and poetry and contributed to newspapers. He married an extremely accomplished woman, Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh, and after the death of Lady Washington built the mansion known as Arlington House, on an estate left him by his father on the west side of the Potomac. Here he gathered many of the family portraits and relics of our first President and the Revolution, conspicuous among which were the little iron chest, twenty by thirty inches, heavily banded and padlocked, in which Martha Custis brought to Colonel Washington her fortune of thirty thousand pounds sterling, in certificates of deposit on the Bank of England, an exquisitely wrought miniature of the fair lady herself, and the massive silver tea-service made in New York in 1759. But more interesting still is the General's old war tent, the canvas veteran of so many battles, and the only fitting companion for Washington's camp chest, which, together with the original Declaration of Independence, is religiously preserved in the National Institute at Washington as the most precious souvenir of our struggle for liberty.



OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SOME LITTLE AUSTRALIANS.

THIS pretty group of healthy, rose-cheeked young people are among the correspondents of the Post-office Box, in Adelaide. Can you find Adelaide on the map, little class in geography? Their papa is the rector of a church, and the Postmistress knows how it looks for she has a lovely picture of it on her table, and their grand-papa is the oldest physician in that part of the world. Long life to the little R's, with their merry eyes and bright faces!

PITCAIRN ISLAND.

BY MARY B. SMITH, OF RICHFORD, MD. V.

Almost every boy or girl will agree to the statement that map lessons in geography are hard to remember, and that of Oceania not the least puzzling of them all, yet the attention of the world has recently been turned to a few islands lying about the centre of this map, called Samon or Navigator Islands. Very much has been written about them, because they are the subject of an international dispute.

It will not be hard to find in reference books, and even in newspapers, interesting facts about these islands and the people who live there. Once you become interested in the Samonians and their simple customs, you will find that even the puzzling map of Oceania is very interesting now, because you know something about one little group of islands which lie in the wide expanse of the southern ocean. But what are the dots which mark island homes in the South Pacific, the tiny dot called Pitcairn suggests to us the nicest history and the most interesting people.

First, on the map, find the Navigator Islands. Now draw a straight line south to the Tropic of Capricorn, then at a right angle with this draw a straight line eastward about forty degrees, and you will find Pitcairn. In fancy let us visit this island.

Unlike the other islands surrounding it, Pitcairn is inhabited by white people, speaking the English language and observing the national holidays of England. Of course the question arises in your mind, how came white people to be living on this little island, so far away from other countries of like race and language? The answer can be found by consulting any standard encyclopedia. Condensed somewhat, the history would read as follows:

Just one hundred years ago, on the 28th of April, a mutiny broke out on board the *Bounty*, a ship then employed by the British government in conveying young bread-fruit trees from other islands to the West Indies (Tahiti is northwest from Pitcairn). The commander of the ship, Lieutenant Bligh, was so defeated in the hands with a number of his officers and crew, but managed to make his way to Kupang (Dutch Islands).

The mutineers, twenty-five in number, at first all returned to Tahiti. Of those who chose to be landed there, six were condemned to death by court-martial in England, and three of these were executed in 1792. In 1790 the rest, consist-

ing of the leader of the mutiny, eight other Englishmen, six Polynesiats, and twelve Polynesian women, took possession of Pitcairn and burned the ship *Bounty*.

How sad is the history of the first years of this little colony! Treachery, drunkenness, madness, and murder fill its annals. In 1800 all the party were dead except John Adams, some women, and the children of his comrades. History informs us that this good man deeply regretted the sins of his younger days, and associated the remainder of his life to the training of the youthful generation thus left to his sole charge. Perhaps no brighter example of the influence of one life devoted to the establishment of right morals and good living is found in the last century. If the early records of Pitcairn seem dark and cruel, the peaceful and happy years which have elapsed should cause us to forget them. Not more cruel or dark are they than many years of the early history of our own beloved America.

The island is not more than three miles long, and about two miles broad. It rises abruptly from the sea, in steep and rugged cliffs. There is no anchorage except on a bank on the west end. For this reason communication with passing vessels is very difficult, and can only be effected when the weather is clear and not too strong a wind blows.

The island is mostly visited by merchant vessels sailing around Cape Horn from San Francisco to Liverpool. The glad to make Pitcairn a stop for fresh vegetables. Imagine the keen disappointment of the islanders when a ship bearing news of the great outside world fails to make a landing.

The letters and cargo of mail which voyaging round before they reach them at all. Under favorable circumstances, a letter reaches them direct from San Francisco in two months, and its arrival makes a pleasant break in their uneventful lives.

It may interest Harpers's young people to hear how the people on Pitcairn learn of the world who is a native of the island, and from whose letters she will gather truthful information. It is very much the same as that of the little R's. Harpers's Young, has already furnished articles for some of our leading magazines, the longest appearing in *Scribner's Monthly* for May, 1881.

Extracts from Rosalind Young's letters (postmarked Coquimbó, Chile):

—PITCAIRN ISLAND, September, 1880.

"DEAR FRIEND, Your letter of May, 1880, reached me only last month, the 24th; it should have reached me on the 19th August of the same year, but the captain who had it did not venture near enough for fear he would lose the ship with weather being at the time foggy, rainy, and with a rather strong wind blowing. You can imagine how disappointed we all were at not receiving our mail. But 'better late than never' so after a double voyaging round our letters came safely to hand at last. In one that came at the same time the writer mentioned the way we can establish some means of regular communication with the outside world, but such a thing will always be impossible, and no doubt we are destined to drag along our lives in the world the old way to the end. You see we remain stationary, and cannot, like you, move from place to place where brighter prospects are held out."

Extracts from the *Evening Mercury* (have from time to time found their way here, and these, as well as papers that come to us occasionally, keep us fairly well in the knowledge of what the world is doing, and we manage by these means to maintain our interest in what passes in the world at large.

I fancy that you would feel somewhat amused when I tell you that we here, in little Pitcairn, get highly interested in your Presidential election, and many a time we wonder which party will win. Your slight mention of school life has interested me, and woman-grown as I am, it is a pleasure to me at any time to read stories of school-girl life, and I long for our own schooling here does not amount to much; if I say only the three 'R's are taught, it is no harm. Literally true, as you remember, I am Pitcairn Island, and I had thirty years old, and attended school there until I was ten, when we returned here. From that time all I have had to do was to read and write, and I obtained here, from our extremely limited resources, and I learn more and more how deficient I am in all that constitutes a good education. I sometimes think if I had thirty years the privilege of attending some of your excellent schools how I would have tried to make the most of my time."

Another letter, postmarked Paapeete, Tahiti:

—PITCAIRN ISLAND, September 29, 1880.

"... Your letter of September 22, 1887, was received a week ago. You ask me to tell you something of my home life, and what I do. The general hour for rising here is with the sun, often before that, very seldom after that, every family the duties of the day are never entered until all have met around the family altar for prayer and praise. In homes where more than one person is capable of doing the housework, the cooking is done by turns. For instance, in our house, a brother's family included, there are five of us who take turns in cooking. For myself, however, my time is not really, nor methodically divided, as I suppose yours is, for living on this island as we do there is, as a matter of course, less worry and careful cares than there is with you, so I take time more leisurely. Now sometimes I sew, then when I get tired of that I lay down that work and embroidery, in wool, pictures or flowers or fancy baskets."

"When my eyes get weary with that work, I give them a rest by working in my flower-garden or in the field, as I choose to call the place where I have planted grapes, sugar-cane, water-melons, beans, and pineapples. Hoeing, forking, digging in the soil give me much enjoyment. Then washing and ironing the clothes of the family. Every day from half past ten to half past two I am in the school-room with father, helping to bring up the little knowledge into the play-loving brains of our noisy, restless boys and girls. Sometimes I go on the rocks to fish. Do you ever fish? It is capital enjoyment to go where the breakers are breaking, and the fish are jumping, and you with the salt spray. The sea—oh, I never tire of its endless, varying moods! If you have Niagara we have the Pacific, and it is difficult to decide when it is more lovely, whether in its glassy smoothness, or with its rippling waves dancing in the sun, reflecting, but in deeper hue, the lovely azure of the skies above it. It is most grand when you behold it rolling in the folds of thunder, stretch after stretch of mighty, heaving billows, far off as the eye can reach, then the rugged, rocky shore, the sea breaking in a crash, as if a thousand cannons were booming at once. Grand it is, but awful, and the very sight makes one almost shudder. But, oh, I love the sea, and I love the Pacific, and I love its wide expanse. ... As regards the question of Prohibition, it is not saying too much when I tell you that not my father and I only, but the symphony of the island, are very temperate people. We know and believe near to be the curse it is said to be, not from any personal experience of our own, but from hearsay and from that of others. ... I have never, even, is a sight unknown amongst us. The only shade in which spirits of any kind are used is in medicine, and that is for the sick and the old."

With one exception, not a person here uses tobacco in any form, the exception being an old American whalerman. ... Thank you for the pictures I have seen them in pictures, and think them lovely. Now that you send some real ones I have them pasted on a white paper, arranged around the bit of fern which is the general emblem of the King's Daughters, and for ferns and flowers amounts almost to a passion. From my earliest childhood nothing gave me more real pleasure than gathering the flowers which grew in such rich profusion and variety on Norfolk Island. Our own little Pitcairn boasts of but few flowers, but we have some very sweet ones here too, and even as I write the delicious fragrance of the pure white blossoms of the flower-tree (*varrumbia cetera*) today comes wafted to me on the night breeze. Yours most sincerely, ROSALIND YOUNG."

It would be charming to hear often from such a little writer as the next in order is:

HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—A few weeks ago I saw in the Post-office Box your kind invitation to those who belonged to the King's Daughters to write and tell you about the work in which their Ten was engaged. My home is in Brooklyn, but three weeks ago papa and mamma decided to take my brother and me to the Bermuda Islands to stay about two months. It is delightful here. All the windows and doors of the houses here look out on the sea, and the sea is blue. The society to which I belong has thirty or forty members, and is called the "Evangelical Branch" of King's Daughters. The ten youngest members have organized themselves into a Ten, which they call the "Zenana Band," for its object is to raise money enough to be able to send a missionary to India to go in the Zenana. The society has a very nice air (I mean, stay), and tell them of the Saviour. I am the president of our Ten, and we have already raised among ourselves, by means of our singing and recitations, the sum of thirty dollars to support a missionary for one year, and we are going to have a fair and an entertainment to help raise the amount. The islands are very beautiful, and are of coral formation, and the roads are very hard and white. The soil is at the greatest but one

foot deep. The houses, too, are all built of the coral, which is sawed out in large blocks. When a man wants to build a house, he saws out his cellar, and with the blocks of coral thus obtained builds it. On our drive to Huntington station we passed several palmettos, two cocoa-nut palms, and a calabash tree. Whole fields of bananas grow here, and the banana planters grow in the fields are perfectly lovely. We went to the "Devil's Hole," a curious cave in the rocks, in which is a pool of water thirty feet deep. There are immense fish here, and the water is very clear, and the beautiful colors seem to be changing all the time. Fastened to the rocks in the water we saw a sea-anemone; it was a very curious fish indeed. The island has many other things, you know, and the Queen keeps a large standing army here. The soldiers have very little to do, and at almost any time they may be seen strolling leisurely about the town. Yesterday we went to see the grand yearly review of the soldiers. It is a very fine sight. They were reviewed by the Governor of the island, whose name is Newdigate Newdigate (a very queer name, isn't it?). I am very fond of reading, and my favorite authors are "Pansy," Miss Louisa Alcott, and "Mabel" Lillie. I expect to see a great many other curious things before we leave Bermuda, and would like to write again and tell you of them if it would please you.

BERTHA RICHARDSON (aged 14).

OXFORD, OHIO.

My papa gave me your paper for a Christmas present. I am very much interested in "Captain Polly." This is the first letter I have written to the Post-office Box. I have read almost all the letters, but have never seen any from Oxford. My cousin said she had written two. I go to school, study geography, two kinds of arithmetic, reading, spelling, and writing. Do you live near the Adirondack Mountains?

MARY MCS. (aged 10 years).

No, dear: the Adirondacks are a day's journey from my home.

HIGHLAND, MICHIGAN.

As I have never seen a letter from so far West as Highland in the Post-office Box, I thought I would write a letter. Highland is about thirty miles from Cape Foulweather, seven miles from Cape Foulweather. I go on the beach quite often when the tide is low, and watch the men getting clams. They take a rake and rake in the wet sand, and then they take a bucket and fill it with clams. You would be a yard, and in a short time they have a large bucket full. I will be fifteen years old the first of May. I have black hair, gray eyes, and a black complexion. My pets are a cat and a dog. My cat, when it is hungry, will lie down on the floor and roll over and over, and then it will jump up and go to the safe for its dinner. Will you let me read the letters from your room through the Post-office Box, please tell me of some kind of a party? I wish to give one on my birthday, and would like something new.

RETA.

BOSTON, NEW YORK.

My school is out and the day is foggy, and it rains and snows by turns. I am ten years old. At school I study reading, spelling, geography, grammar, and arithmetic. I am sending you two puzzles. I hope that you will print this. While I was writing a little doggie came here. We do best know each other. He is a bad dog, and if somebody will come and get him pretty soon, he is very pretty, and he will be sorry if he has to go. My only pet is a pretty gray cat called Tommy. My mother called Eddie. I am very much interested about the doggie.

FRANCES A. W.

I am sorry I had to omit so much of your letter, dearie, but it could not possibly be helped. The part that is printed is very well written.

JACKSON.

I have taken your lovely paper for over a year and a half, and think it is the best paper I have taken yet. I think "Captain Polly" is one of the best papers I have ever read. I have had it for Wednesday to come, and the first thing I look at is the Post-office Box. For pets I have a cat and a little English mastiff about three months old, which tries to get the cat to play.

MILTON L. C.

NIAGARA, KENTUCKY.

I have received my first HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am too small to read much myself, but my aunt will read it to me. I like it very much. I have never had a magazine of my own before, but I have always had my dresses made by the *Bazar*, and I have always looked at the pretty pictures in *Harper's Magazine*. My grandpa's there were piles and piles of all the magazines you make except the YOUNG PEOPLE, and I got to read them all. I like to read piles of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am a little girl, and have no one to play with me. There is a mound close to our house that I call the "Swiss

Family Robinson Island," and I play that the level ground around the mound is the "ocean." On "my island" I have built "Falcon's Nest," "Tent House," "Chestnut Cottage," and "Haven" for dolls for the Swiss family, and for the savages I have black sticks with short leaf skirts tied on them. I have a "pinnae" and a "canoe," and there was a pile of boards not far away that I called the "wrecked ship." Was it really true that the President's horse ate those eggs? I am six and a half years old, and I am much obliged to you for giving HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me. My name is JESSAMINE O.

Thank you, Jessamine, for your letter; it is very kind.

BROOK, KANSAS.

I have been looking over the letters in the Post-office Box, and as I have never before written to a magazine, I thought I would write to you. I like the paper very much. We take the *Youth's Companion*, *Webb's Avoak*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am twelve years old, and have two sisters and two brothers. We have for our pets a cat named Mary (rather an odd name for a cat, but we love her very little pony named Harry, a carriage horse named Bill, and the prettiest Jersey cow, which we call Queen; she is so gentle and nice. My papa is the president of the First National Bank. We have traveled all over the State. Last April mamma and I and two other ladies went to Hot Springs, and staid about six weeks. I go to school, and study reading, arithmetic, grammar, writing, geography, and philosophy.

DAISY M.

CLIFTON, COLUMBIA, OHIO.

My brother takes your charming paper, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much, and believe I will take it. I live in the beautiful little place Clifton. I don't believe I would move for anything. I live on top of a hill, in a brick house. I would like to send Kittie Johnson some postcards. If she likes her letter, I will put this letter in any spare corner you have in the Post-office Box. Your reader, MARY M.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR MAY 5TH.

The Command to Watch.—Mark xiii, 24-37.

Golden Text: "Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is."—Mark xiii, 33. If your dear mother were going away on a long journey, would you like to see her? Would you like to see her before she said good-by? Don't you know how she turns back with parting directions when she is going away for even so little as a day's time, telling you to do this thing or that, and not to forget the other. "Be sure," she says, "to keep the gate latched, and lock the front door at dusk. If a storm is coming up, run and shut the door." And John, don't you know, when his sister, but be a gentleman and make the day easy for her. Lulu, don't become so absorbed in your book that you will forget to give her a dinner. Molly, don't irritate your brother by fault-finding," etc., etc., till at last the dear mother tears herself away, wondering whether she had thought of everything.

Generally, too, she tells you, if any difficulty or perplexity comes, to be sure to run and ask some kind friend's assistance. "Watch and pray," in our daily lives, there is a watchman. He was here on earth, and there is where He dwells in heaven, a great deal of the mother-heart. This is a comfort, for though fathers sometimes feel too tired or too vexed to endure naughty or foolish children in their company, mothers are almost always patient and loving. The thought of God is always of fatherhood and motherhood. "Like as a father pitieth his children." "As one whom his mother comforteth." Jesus is God, and when He wore our human nature, He was sorry for our sins, and would not leave us without giving sweet helpful counsels to guide and guard our feet. He bids us "Watch and Pray."

He foresees that a very soon after He should go back to heaven, and with tempest of trouble would break over the heads of His disciples. There would be persecution, tribulation. The word *tribulation* is a word in Hebrew, and it is a word from the primitive image of the threshing-floor, where the farmer, with heavy strokes of the flail, beats the wheat from the chaff. In "tribulation" the soul is smitten with blows, and grows weak and weary, and there is danger then of an attack from the tempter. What must it do?

Do not, you say, as Jesus says. Do not let the sentry must pace up and down, steadily, silently, on a single beat. He must keep to his post until the guard comes around and he is relieved by another. The penalty of leaving his post or falling asleep on guard in war-time is death.

Christians in this world are in an enemy's country. They must watch, as the sentinel does, the sin that most easily besets them. It may be untruthfulness in one, indolence in another,

anger in another—that they must watch against. The evil that comes from outside, from bad companions, from loitering in wrong places, from bad books and papers, that too they must watch against.

But watching will not be enough, all by itself. We must pray. Our dear Lord, sinless as He was, and of Divine nature, needed to pray, and He taught us to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven!" Every cry of the heart for help, every look upward, every expression of want is a prayer. "Ask and ye shall receive."

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." As the hymn says:

"My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of devils besiege the heart
To drive thee from the skies.

"O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help Divine inspire."

COUSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

BURIED NAMES OF NOTED MEN.

1. Please, Ben, tell me quickly. 2. In Manitoba churches are scarce. 3. In Columbia Constance had an accident. 4. Would you not rather return, Ernest? 5. I labor as in this game. 6. Is he inexperienced? 7. Then get it. 8. The other pleases me better. C. R.

No. 2.

BURIED RIVERS.

1. Have we a verse from Horace to construe? 2. We stayed on the mud of the mud of the sea. 3. The sun rose in entrancing splendor over the mountain-tops. 4. Dundee is an important town in Scotland. 5. I was reading of Tiberius Caesar and Titus Vespasianus. 6. I told you not to read "Christabel" before you read "The Ancient Mariner." 7. Please call Annie or my sister. 8. Did you tell me to buy it in Newmarket or in Cambridge? 9. Are there two or three rivers, mamma, in east Russia? C. R.

No. 3.

BURIED CITIES.

1. Euphemia, remember, linen and cotton are not the same. 2. Did you not tell me that your papa rises at six o'clock in the morning? 3. Was not Edinboro' mentioned as having rejected two candidates? 4. "He then awoke up the warrior bold," let's rather die than yield! 5. The part that Isabel fastened has come undone. 6. Did you not say that Peter's burglars had proved to be creatures of his imagination? 7. Can Nestor be in Wales or Cheshire? 8. Mamma told us that malt, an important ingredient of beer, grows here. 9. I wish my brother was not such a mad rider. C. R.

No. 4.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. A wild animal. 2. A place in Asia. 3. A trap. 4. A boy's name. 5. A sea-animal. The initials, read downward, form the name of a musical instrument. MADELINE B.

No. 5.

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

My friend (a lake in Switzerland) and her friend (a division in Australia) went for a walk one day in the mountains of the Alps. They were miles, and were so tired that they could hardly go (a lake in Scotland) farther; so they went into an inn and had (a bay in New Zealand) to eat. (Lake Switzerland) and her friend (a lake in Switzerland) and her friend (a lake in Switzerland) showed them (a bay in New Zealand) that his little boy had killed. They then continued their walk, and met some (a lake in the Isle of Wight), one of which ran at (lake in Switzerland), but the man stopped it. Then (division of Australia) fell on her neck, crying, "Oh, my (river in Australia), I thought you were dead!" They separated with a cordial (cape in Greenland). KATIE R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 493.

No. 1.—William Tell. Toilet.

No. 2.—M-inter. Pre-scribe, Ten-able, T-rouble, F-lues. Cop-al.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emily R. Robinson, Mary Jones, William Rose, Ruth Clark, Robert Clark, John Clark, W. C. Day, Lorenzo Nafus, Patrick Phillips, Robbie Lee, Margaret Walnwright, D. L. F., and Anna Jervis.



A MOVING-DAY INCIDENT.

PIMMY (GRABBY) — "OH! MERRY BODDY COMPANY! CAN'T THERE A
MOTHER-HEART SAY THAT YE CAN GET A FARTHER LITTLE ANNUENT—
THIS FRESH FOG WANT OF A LITTLE TUCKER!"

(An exasperated indignation.)

ABOVE MEASURE, OR MORE THAN THE LAW ALLOWS.

LITTLE pitchers always have long ears; but this little pitcher, one day last week, had the longest ear you ever heard of. How came it so? Let him tell you about it—he was the only one on the spot when it happened; and if he does not know about it, who does, pray? He is seven years old, and he bursts into his mother's presence with sobs, sniffs, tears, howls of indignant rage, and—the story:

"Mamma, Uncle Joe was dragging me along by the ear, and he made himself taller than ever, and he walked as long as a barrel at every step, and my rubber came loose at the heel, and when I stooped down to fix it he just stood straight up, and I had to stretch my ear all the way from his hand down to the sidewalk's."

"Mamma," said the same little boy, "do you remember that Sunday when it rained two days?"

"Mother," said another boy, "aren't you going to buy a new hatchet?"

"What is the use?" cried the indignant mother, bereft, alas! of hatchets and temper. "You have lost two within a week, and the last one was only in the house twenty-four hours when you made away with it. Do you think I would let you take a new hatchet if I did buy one?"

"Oh no," replied the destroyer of hatchets: "of course not now, but I shall want it to dig a trench in the lot next summer, and I'd like you to buy it now and let it be getting old."

TOMMY THE ACTOR.

Tommy saw the spreading apple
Tree all white with bloom and scent.
And up in the swing he shouted,

As he back and forward went.

"Now I will be circus-master
In a snowy circus tent."

R. K. M.



MAY-DAY AT THE NORTH POLE

THE STORY OF THE RED CROSS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



L F we could transport ourselves across the ages back to the first century of the Christian era, we should find the cross, our present symbol of deepest reverence and pledge of truest love, regarded everywhere with derision and dread. No Roman might be crucified. The cross was bathed in a blacker shame than is the gallows of to-day, and its

lingering agony was reserved for malefactors of alien races, for captives taken in war, for slaves, robbers, murderers, and the vilest of the vile. Our Saviour drained earth's bitterest cup to the dregs when He died upon the cross for our redemption.

We seldom realize this identification of the cross with the supremest pain and the most intense self-abnegation, in this period when we wear the cross as an ornament or a badge of honored service, when its presence on our churches and the graves of our dead is an inspiration or a comfort, and when, worn on the sleeve of a Sister of Charity or an army nurse, it gives its wearer safe conduct for humanity's sake through bristling hostile ranks.

But what has this to do with the Red Cross Society? I will tell you.

Happily few among my young readers have ever had any personal experience of the sufferings and horrors of war. They have seen pictures of battle-grounds, and have thus gained some faint notion of the anguish of wounded men, of the mingling of the dead and the dying, the fierce movement of the fight, the desolation when the field is won. Some of them have heard from the lips of older people, their fathers and brothers, strange stories of the sadness and suspense incidental to a hotly fought campaign, when the women at home felt pang for pang with the men at the front. In the State-houses they have gazed at rows of carefully preserved battle-flags, grimy, tattered, and blood-stained, brought home from the war by the survivors, and on Memorial Day they have carried wreaths to lay upon the soldiers' graves. And yet I fancy few of us, older or younger, watching the precision and dainty holiday order of a military parade, the uniforms so clean and spruce, the burnished bayonets glittering in the sun, the bands playing their gala tunes, receive impressions of the real use to which soldiers are put, of the fierce rush of the charge, or the deadly aim of the sharp-shooter from a hidden ambuscade.

It is to the philanthropic thought of a Swiss gentleman, M. Henri Dunant, that the International Society of the Red Cross owes its organization. M. Dunant had witnessed the horrors of the battle of Solferino, June 24, 1859, and having a graphic pen, he wrote and published a heart-stirring account of the day. From M. Dunant's articles grew a discussion in the Genevese Society of Public Utility. The officers and members of this society cordially seconded M. Dunant's efforts, and promoted his suggestions that relief societies, organized in times of peace, should work in a practical way to alleviate the miseries of war. By a system of neutrality among the nations which might be at war, it was thought possible that surgeons, nurses, hospital supplies, and wounded men might be protected, and, wearing a uniform badge, allowed free and safe passage over fields where the battle was still in progress.

A number of meetings, a great deal of planning and correspondence, and an immense amount of perseverance were necessary before the arrangements were complete;

but at last, on August 22, 1864, there was a convention at Geneva, Switzerland, in which twelve governments were represented, their delegates signing the treaty in which terms were mutually agreed upon. Other powers desired to be included, and before long there were twenty-two governments enrolled on the treaty. This international arrangement proved itself of immense value in 1870-71, when the device of a red cross on a white ground became familiar as the sign of relief and help in the battles of the Franco-Prussian war, to which the Red Cross sent more than 13,000 volunteers.

A feature of the Red Cross, and one which has been unique and distinctive, is the gracious impartiality with which it ministers to both sides in war. It knows neither friend nor foe; all who suffer are the objects of its bounty. Societies of neutral nations may freely add their assistance, in time of war, to the wounded of both belligerents. In times of peace the several European societies, ever mindful of a possible war cloud that may somewhere discharge its thunders, are constantly at work, raising money, training nurses, and accumulating supplies, so that these will be in readiness if the need shall come.

In an interesting paper published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of November, 1887, Mrs. Helen H. S. Thompson gives some suggestive particulars with regard to this preparatory work. She says: "The Russian societies have been foremost, . . . placing boxes in stations, steam-boats, convents, churches, and in the streets, collecting moneys through the entire empire. In Berlin in 1868 the committee possessed over twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of supplies, and in Geneva, in five depots, were accumulated 1228 dozen shirts, with hosiery to correspond, besides sanitary appliances for over 6000 wounded; also the best of supplies, surgical instruments, and everything needed for field and hospital attendance."

Our own country did not immediately join the foreign powers in the beautiful Red Cross work. More than ten years elapsed before the United States of America had a name and a place on the beneficent treaty. Our indifference did us no credit, though a partial excuse for what would else seem indefensible on any ground is readily apparent when we reflect that we are not constantly liable to the menace of invasion or the challenge of battle. To the wise brain, warm heart, far-seeing sagacity, and incomparable tact of one grand woman this republic owes its honorable position in the Red Cross Society. Miss Clara Barton, whose name to Americans is like that of Florence Nightingale to their brothers across the ocean, perceived the need, and labored unremittingly until we too belonged to the International Society of the Red Cross.

To Miss Barton we owe it that this great national provision for aid in emergencies has so far deviated from, or rather broadened, the original idea, that the American Red Cross work is not limited to the sufferings consequent upon war. Fire, flood, earthquakes, fever, pestilence—in brief, all forms of sudden, severe, and overwhelming calamity which can fall upon a nation, or any part of a nation—at once claim and receive the assistance, prompt, unstinted, and efficient, of Red Cross funds and Red Cross laborers. During the epidemic of yellow-fever in Florida, when day by day our first query was for the death roll at Jacksonville, the latest tidings from the stricken city upon the blue St. John's, the Red Cross volunteers were busy there, fearless of danger, brave and devoted as ever warriors on the field of battle.

Miss Barton deprecated our lack of systematized resources to meet and provide for such disasters as, in our new country and with our wide-spread territory, must often visit a part of our people. A careless boy throws down a half-ignited fire-cracker, and a city is presently in

ruins, its occupants homeless, its operatives destitute. Famine falls upon a section where, by reason of drought or insect ravages, the crops have had an unanticipated failure. A spring freshet or a winter flood sweeps away embankments, deluges a water-front, and destroys a town. The impulsive, reckless, and wholly improvident charity which has usually sent lavish gifts of food, money, and clothing to these points, often to be seized upon by the unscrupulous, diverted from the proper channels, and used to foster idleness and create instead of preventing pauperism, appeared to Miss Barton, with her thrifty woman's wit, wholly and wickedly misapplied.

"What have we," she pleaded, "in readiness to meet these emergencies save the good heart of our people and their impulsive gifts? Certainly no organized system for collection, reception, or distribution, no agents, nurses, or material, and worst of all, no funds. Men give most generously; women beg in the streets and rush into fairs, working day and night, to the neglect of other duties, and the peril of health in the future; often an enormous outlay for very meagre returns."

When in September, 1869, Miss Clara Barton, worn out by her labors in our civil war, went to Europe in search of rest and renewed health, she for the first time heard of the Red Cross Society. Waited upon by gentlemen who desired to know why the United States had twice curtly declined to come into the treaty with all the other civilized nations of the world, Miss Barton could explain the situation in but one way, that we probably did not know what we had declined. Later, when she saw with her own eyes how swiftly, without friction or delay, the Red Cross sent its bands of workers to the Franco-Prussian war, her spirit was stirred within her. She compared the celerity, ease, and efficiency of their methods with the slow, crude, and halting operation of our own in the war through which we had then but lately passed, and she says:

"As I journeyed on, and saw the work of these Red Cross societies in the field, . . . no mistakes, no needless suffering, no starving, no lack of care, no waste, no confusion; but order, plenty, cleanliness, and comfort wherever that little flag was unfurled, a whole continent marshalled under the banner of the Red Cross—as I saw all this, and joined and worked in it, you will not wonder that I said to myself, 'If I live to return to my country, I will try to make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty.'"

By the time that, after incredible obstacles, and when a persistence which patiently kept the subject before one Congress after another through several administrations, had been crowned with success, our country stood No. 32 in the enrolment of those who had joined in this great work. The Red Cross treaty received the signature of President Arthur and the national seal March 16, 1882.

At the third International Convention of the Red Cross in Geneva, Miss Barton, the sole woman in an assembly of grave, scholarly, and influential personages, represented America. To her is due the honor of influencing the European society to add to its earlier work humanitarian efforts to relieve suffering due to other calamities, as we do here. Her great services have received full recognition abroad. At the conference just referred to an enthusiastic vote of thanks to her for all she had done for humanity was passed by acclamation, and the Grand-Duchess of Baden presented her with a court jewel, an amethyst an inch and a half square, cut in the shape of a pansy. She also wears the Iron Cross of Germany, presented by the Emperor and Empress (the grandparents of the present Emperor), a Red Cross medal from the Queen of Italy, and other valued and merited decorations.

Telling of her presentation to the aged Emperor of Germany, Miss Barton remarks, "It was difficult to realize all the ninety years as he stepped toward us with even

and steady if not elastic tread." Miss Barton showed the grand old man a decoration which, among others, she had worn in honor of the event; and as she explained that it had been given to her by German soldiers who had become citizens of the United States, that the Iron Cross showed them still true to the father-land, while the shield pledged their loyalty to the new home, and the American eagle surmounted the whole device, the Emperor smiled benignantly.

"And they make good citizens?" he asked.

"The best that could be desired; industrious, honest, and prosperous, and still yours in heart; true to the father-land and its Emperor."

"Thank God for true men everywhere!" was the earnest response.

Perhaps my child audience will be most interested should I tell them about a Red Cross expedition which went with Miss Barton from Evansville to Cairo in March, 1884, on the relief boat *J. V. Throop*. Coasting slowly down the river, they left bedding, food, clothing, and money at points which had been devastated by a devouring flood. When the Ohio overflows its banks and carries desolation in its wake, nothing can be more terrible.

Six little Pennsylvania children had given an entertainment for the benefit of the Ohio sufferers, and sent the receipts, \$51 25, to the editor of the *Erie Dispatch*, bidding him send it where it would do the most good. The editor forwarded it to Miss Barton, telling her its little history, just such a history as many of the readers of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* know all about when they have toiled hard and diligently to gain some money for a fresh-air fund or an orphan asylum.

Miss Barton looked on the money sent her by the "Little Six" as a very precious trust, every penny worth ten times as much given by an older person who had not felt the giving. At every little hamlet and town she made careful inquiry, thinking that she would find precisely the right place before she should invest the children's fund.

Finally, at a point named "Cave-in Rock," she discovered the wards of whom she was in search. I will let Miss Barton herself tell the story.

"The widow of a river pilot who had died from overwork on a hard trip to New Orleans in the floods of the Mississippi two years before was left with six children dependent upon her, the eldest a lad in his 'teens,' the youngest a little baby girl. They owned their home, just on the brink of the river, a little 'farm' of two or three acres, two horses, three cows, thirty hogs, and a half-hundred fowls, and in spite of the bereavement they had gone on bravely, winning the esteem and commendation of all who knew them for thrift and honest endeavor.

"Last year the floods came heavily upon them, driving them from their home, and the two horses were lost. Next the cholera came among the hogs, and all but three died. Still they worked on and held the home. This spring came the third flood. The water climbed up the bank, crept in at the door, and filled the lower story of the house. They had nowhere to remove their household goods, and stored them in the garret, carefully packed, and went out to find a shelter in an old log house near by, used for a corn-crib. Day by day they watched the house, hailed passing boats for news of the rise and fall of the water above, always trusting the house would stand. 'And it would,' the mother said, 'for it was a good strong house, but for the storm.' The winds came, and the terrible gale that swept the valley like a tornado, with the water at its height levelling whole towns, descended and beat upon the house, and it fell."

Living on as best they could in the corn-crib, their earthly possessions narrowed to two wrecks of beds, two old chairs, and a table loaned by a kind neighbor, and twenty-five hens which had cheerfully managed to wea-

ther the gales, you may imagine the joy of this family when the Red Cross boat came along.

Here was the widowed mother; here were six children; here the extreme of poverty bravely met. Miss Barton took the money of the "Little Six," added as much more from the funds in her possession, and left the mother and her boys to rebuild their home. Boxes of clean clothing and bedding were left, and the boat went on its blessed way, leaving happy hearts behind it.

It is, as I write, not yet six years since Miss Barton's perseverance was thus rewarded after a struggle of twenty-five.

I have space only for two more illustrations, which I quote from reports.

"When the Mississippi overflowed its banks in 1884, and people were without homes, food, money, or seed for the next season's planting, suddenly out upon the turbulent waters a steamer, laden to her guards with every variety of provender, sustenance, and comfort for man and beast, came to the rescue of the suffering people. Whence she came, how provisioned, by whom supplied, no one knew; only a woman stood at the helm, with a cross of crimson on her sleeve, and at the mast a banner floated, a shield of white crossed with scarlet bars.

"High up in the Balkan Mountains the soldiers of Bulgaria were freezing and dying for want of supplies. Word came to the woman with the scarlet cross, was forwarded by her to her colleagues in various cities, and before night this telegram was sent, 'Call on us for \$500 for the Balkan soldiers.' The message was cabled from New Albany to Geneva, Switzerland, the next morning, 'The Red Cross of America send \$500 to the Balkan soldiers.' Telegrams were sent from Geneva to Bulgaria, goods were purchased to that amount, and the next day after the woman of the red cross received the call of need, high up in the fastnesses of the Bulgarian Mountains the soldiers were wearing the warm garments sent by the people of New Albany."

The American head-quarters of the Red Cross are at Washington, D. C.

A HIDDEN HIGHWAY.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.

AUTHOR OF "UPLAND AND MEADOW," "WASTE-LAND WANDERINGS," ETC.

A WIDE tract of meadows that skirt the river near my home, and upon which much wealth and labor have been expended in years past, was the abode of desolation in the eyes of the sturdy settlers two hundred years ago, and so treacherous the footing in every direction—so the record runs—that the hunted bears and deer would come to a stand rather than plunge headlong into the trackless waste. With proper caution the tract was finally explored, mapped, and ditched, and now there is small chance of disaster unless the rambler is culpably negligent.

I hold that one should think kindly of a ditch. The commonly imputed repulsiveness of such a waterway is more often wanting than present, and nearly all that I have seen have teemed with interesting life. What are the brooks, indeed, that turn a poet's head, but Nature's own ditches? As to those of man's creation, they need but a little time, and they will assume every function of a natural watercourse.

As I stood recently upon rising ground overlooking a pasture meadow that was brown as a nut with its carpet of dead grass I noticed a long straight line of weed-like growths still showing a tinge of green, as if the frost had spared a narrow strip of the exposed tract. Viewing it from other points, it was evident that a ditch had once been dug where these ranker grasses grew, and through long neglect it had finally been choked with weeds and

almost obliterated. It was a delightful discovery. Armed with a spade, a hoe, and sundry tools of greater or less efficiency, I set out to explore this one-time watercourse, thinking it child's play to move tons of matted weeds and mud. How much or how little I accomplished it matters not, but the fierce onslaught of unreasoning enthusiasm broke in the door of a zoological El Dorado.

Jetsam and flotsam from the yearly freshets, showers of wind-tossed autumn leaves, a forest of rank growths that revel in the mud, all had added their quota, unchecked, to the baneful works of damming the little stream, which finally had been shut from view, but, as it proved, not wholly overcome. A narrow tube-like channel still remained, with the mud below and upon each side almost as yielding as the water itself. Here fish, turtles, and creeping things innumerable not only lived, but wended their darksome way from the open ditch not far off to the basins of the sparkling springs at the hill foot. I had discovered a hidden highway, a busy thoroughfare that teemed with active life.

Except with those forms of life that by their construction are solely adapted to a subterranean existence, as the earth-worm, or to a fixed one, as the oyster, we commonly associate our familiar forms of wild animals with unlimited freedom of movement, and suppose that they have the wide world before them to wander where they list; and again, that of creatures as high in the scale as fishes and upward the supposition is that in proportion to their freedom of movement are their chances of escape when pursued. Now these, like many another common impression, are true in a general way, but fairly bristle with exceptions. For instance, there are many extremely sluggish fishes, yet what creatures are more agile and swift than the minnows in our brooks? And there are fishes that can walk on the mud with their bodies entirely out of the water. Dr. Gunther tells us that "the Barramunda is said to be in the habit of going on land, or at least on mud flats; and this assertion appears to be borne out by the fact that it is provided with a lung. . . . It is also said to make a grunting noise, which may be heard at night for some distance."

So for Australia; and now what of New Jersey mud flats and the fishes that frequent them? As I continued to explore the hidden highway of snakes, turtles, and fishes I found in almost every spadeful of mud and matted weeds one or more brown-black fishes that were as much at home as ever an earth-worm in the firmer soil. Blunt-headed, cylindrical, thick-set, and strongly finned, these fishes were built to overcome many an obstacle that would prove insuperable to almost any other. How, indeed, they burrowed even in soft mud is not readily explained; that they do advance head foremost into such a trackless mass is unquestionable.

How long these mud fish tarry in such spots I cannot say, but during the long dry summer this one-time ditch must be almost as dry as dust, and then probably it is quite forsaken; but their powers of endurance may be under-estimated. Of the African "Lepidosiren," Dr. Gunther remarks: "During the dry season specimens living in shallow waters which periodically dry up form a cavity in the mud, the inside of which they line with a protecting capsule of mucus, and from which they emerge again when the rains refill the pools inhabited by them. Whilst they remain in this torpid state of existence the clay balls containing them are frequently dug out, and if the capsules are not broken the fishes imbedded in them can be transported to Europe, and released by being immersed in slightly tepid water."

The many mud fishes that I tossed upon the dead grass had clearly no liking for an atmospheric bath, and floundered about in a typical fish-like fashion; but not for long. Finding no open water near, they became quiet at once when by chance they fell into some little cavity of

the mud masses from which the water had not drained. All such fortunate fishes seemed quite at ease, and remained motionless where their good luck had brought them; but the moment I attempted to pick them up they twisted like eels upon their muddy beds, and buried themselves head foremost with a rapidity that was simply marvelous. This perhaps is what the reader would expect, but it struck me as a little strange, because when I startled others of these fishes as they rested among the weeds or on the sand of the open ditches, they usually gave a twist of the tail that dug a pit in a twinkling, and in this the fishes sank, tail foremost.

When in the mud these curious minnows can only feel their way, and if they procure any food at all at such a time it can only be such objects as come directly in contact with their mouths. But how different is it when these same fishes are in open water! They are expert fly-catchers then, and capture many an insect that would be lost to a trout or chub. They have not to wait for flies to fall upon the surface, but seize those that happen to alight upon overhanging blades of grass or any projecting twig. The distance that they will leap above the water is remarkable, the spring being preceded by a withdrawal from the object and a slight sigmoid curvature of the body, involving, I suppose, the same principle as that of a short run before jumping. Mud minnows two inches in length, which I kept in an aquarium, were proven capable of leaping above the water a distance equal to twice their length; but others, much larger, could not or would not leap so far. So far as my own observations extend, exhibitions of this leaping from the water to seize insects are not often witnessed, and it was my aquarium studies that led me to watch these fishes closely when in the muddy ponds and ditches. Once, when so engaged, I saw the following: one of these minnows, little more than an inch in length, sighted an insect at the same moment that it was seen by a huge female minnow more than thrice the other's length. The little fellow had all the advantage, however, as it was much nearer the fly, and at the proper instant away it leaped, caught the insect, and sank back—but not to the water. That hungry ogress was willing to be fed by proxy, as it were, and permitting the little minnow to swallow the fly, she then promptly swallowed both.

Tiring of the fish at last, and having long since wearied of reopening the ditch, I turned my attention to the other creatures that I had unearthed. Among them were four species of turtles, each represented by several individuals. One of these was the Muhlenberg tortoise, the rarest of American chelonians. Probably just here, over a few hundred acres of the Delaware meadows, there are more of them than in the whole world besides. The fact of their great rarity makes them the more interesting to a naturalist; but to-day they proved exceedingly stupid, far more so than the others, which in a mild way resented my interference, and pranced over the dead grass quite energetically, reaching the nearest open ditch in good time, and to my surprise they all seemed governed by a sense of direction. They went but little if any out of their way. Not so with the "Muhlenbergs"; they seemed dazed for a long time, and finally, after much looking about, they started, the four together, in the wrong direction, and would have had a weary journey to reach open water. Again and again I faced them about, but they would not go as I wished. Such obstinate turtles I had never seen before, and I almost felt convinced that they were impelled by some common impression very different from that which actuated the others. As is often the case, I was all at sea in my efforts to interpret their purposes. Letting them alone, they waddled through the grass for a few yards only, when they reached little pools that met all their needs.

About what time the summer birds have arrived, and

golden-club blooms in the tide-water creeks, gilding the mud flats that have so long been bare, the turtles, or three at least of our eight aquatic species, begin "sunning" themselves, as it is usually said, but they continue the practice through rainy and cloudy days. Every projecting stump, stranded fence rail or bit of lumber capable of bearing any weight is sure to be the resting-place of one, and if there is room, of a dozen turtles. I once counted seventeen on a fence rail, and thirty-nine on a raft log that the freshets had stranded on the meadows. Why, at such a time, should these creatures be so timid? They certainly have no enemies about here, and their horny shields would effectually protect them if fishing mammals like the mink and otter should acquire aldermanic tastes; and yet, so far as I can determine by experimentation, there is scarcely an animal more timid than the painted or spotted water-turtle. Fear, with nothing to be afraid of, is a contradiction, and I am led to suggest that the timidity is hereditary. Something over two centuries ago the Delaware Indians hunted and fished these meadows without ceasing; and there can still be gathered the bones of such animals as they ate from the ashes of their camp fires. Turtle bones almost equal in number those of our larger fishes. Have we a clew here to the mystery? Do the turtles of to-day inherit a fear of man? This may seem an absurdity, or verging toward it, but it is not. A critic at my elbow—a plague upon their race!—reminds me that I once commented upon the tameness of the turtles at Lake Hopatcong, in northern New Jersey, and adds, aggravatingly, that that region was a favorite resort of the Indians. If this stricture holds, then I can suggest for the Delaware Valley turtles that it is a fear, born with each generation, of the railway cars that hourly rumble over an elastic road-bed, and cause the whole meadows to tremble. Terror may seize the turtles when they feel their world shake beneath them, and this disturbance they may attribute to man's presence. This is not so rational, and I do know that turtles distinguish between men and domestic animals. They are not afraid of cows; of this I have abundant proof, although I do not accept as true the remark of Miles Overfield: "Afeard o' cattle? Not much. Why, I've seen turtles line a cow's back, when she stood flank-deep in the water."

I had noticed that the narrow tube-like channel of the obliterated ditch grew less defined as I dug in one direction, so I paced off a rod in advance and made a cross section. Here it could not be traced, but a half-dozen very small openings, circular in outline, could be seen, and through some of these the water slowly trickled. I found a single mole cricket, and attribute to it and others of its kind these little tunnels. Certainly more persistent burrowers do not exist, and I have known them to cause mischief to a mill-dam which was attributed to muskrats. "They are," says Professor Riley, "the true moles of the insect world, and make tortuous galleries, destroying everything that comes in their way, cutting through roots, and eating the fine underground twigs, as well as the worms and grubs, which they meet with during their burrowings."

A volume would not suffice to enumerate the invertebrate or insect-like life that lived in this dark passage-way beneath the sod; nor do we wonder at finding such low forms groping in utter darkness; but why higher animals that are found, and far more frequently, in the open air and sun-lit waters should delight to crowd these same gloomy quarters, is a problem not so easily solved. We are left to conjecture, and invariably do so, and are often overwhelmed when an army of objections confront our theories. Notwithstanding this, there is a pleasure in reopening an obliterated ditch, in letting in the light upon a hidden highway, for by so doing we also let in light upon ourselves, seeing with clearer vision the wonderful world about us.

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"YOU'RE CRAZY, LAD! YOU CAN'T LIVE A MINUTE IN SUCH A SEA."—SEE PAGE 462.

DORYMATES:

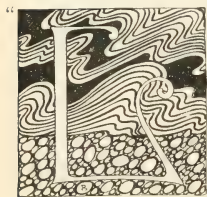
A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GALE ON GEORGE'S.



LOOK out, Breeze! Let him run a bit!" shouted the skipper. "Don't try to snub him yet, or he'll snap your line like a thread."

Whish-hiss-s-s goes the stout line as the fish at the other end takes a downward plunge. Now he runs upward, and the slack is hastily gathered in. "There! he is off again. My!

what a rush! There is evidently some serious work on hand here," said the skipper, as he went to the young fisherman's assistance. It took fifteen minutes of steady, patient, and skilful work to tire the powerful fish. During this time general attention was directed to the struggle, and the men almost neglected their own lines in their curiosity to see what sort of a creature Breeze had hooked.

Finally the exhausted fish gave up the fight and allowed itself to be drawn to the surface. Now was seen the great white head of a halibut, that looked to Breeze, who had never before caught a fish of this kind, large enough to be a whale. Two men with gaffs* in their hands sprang to his assistance, but the fish was so huge that not until two more had also got gaffs into him was he lifted from the water and got on deck. Here he was despatched by a few smart taps on the head from the "halibut killer," which is a short wooden club kept ready for this especial purpose.

Breeze was wild with delight over his capture, while the whole crew were more or less excited, as well they might be, for no such fish had been taken from George's by any one else that season. It weighed three hundred and twenty-six pounds, and though larger halibut than this have been caught, they are few and far between. One of the men said that he was worth at least twenty dollars, and all admitted that he would create a sensation when they took him into port.

"Put your mark on him, Breeze," said the skipper, "so that you will be able to pick him out when we get home. He might get lost, you know, among the really big ones that the rest of us are going to catch."

The boy laughed, but felt very proud of his first fish as with his sharp sheath-knife he cut a rude B in the thick skin on its head, and inscribed the same mark near its tail.

Old Mateo was as delighted at the success of his protégé as the boy himself, and in honor of the event brought him a cup of hot coffee and an extra nice Joe-flogger spread with butter and sugar.

"Me tell 'em so ven you litabee, an' eat ze harda tack. Me tell 'em you catch ze feesh bimeby plentee, plentee. Now zey find out, eh?" he exclaimed, in a tone of self-satisfied pride. It was as much as to say that if

they would only bring all the babies to him, he could tell whether they would make successful fishermen or not. The men laughed at him, and made many jokes concerning his wisdom; but he only laughed back good-naturedly, and shook his head at them as he again disappeared in the depths of his own domain.

For the rest of the day the fishing went on so merrily, and halibut and cod were piled up on deck so rapidly, that nobody found time to stop for dinner, but snatched hurried mouthfuls of food as they tended their lines. It was lively and exciting work; but when it was time to knock off, and begin to clear and pack the day's catch, Breeze, for one, found himself aching in every joint, while his hands were raw and water-soaked from handling the hard wet lines.

He would have gladly turned in at once, but the fish must be cleaned first, and after that it was his turn to stand a two hours' watch on deck. Thus it was late in the evening before the exhausted had tumbled into his bunk, where he dreamed of monstrous fish with twenty-dollar gold pieces in their mouths that turned into Joe-floggers as he reached for them.

The fishing was good for three days longer, and all hands were light-hearted and happy over their success. Songs and jokes were heard on all sides, and the yarns told at night in the cabin were all of big fares and quick trips to the Banks. It had been a stormy winter, and March had come in like an angry, roaring lion; but now it seemed to be anxious to prove the truth of the old saying, and to be about to go out like the meekest of lambs. Three days more of such luck as they had had would pull up their anchor and see them homeward bound. But March is a fickle month.

The fourth day broke cloudy and threatening. The sky was gray and the air was filled with a penetrating chill. The schooner rode uneasily, straining and surging at her cable in the heavy swell that rolled in from the eastward. The previous day had been what old sailors would call "a weather-breeder," with the wind light and puffy from the southwest. The mercury in the barometer had stood about 30.7, which indicated a change, and something to be expected from off the sea.

As the day wore on there was a feeling of snow in the atmosphere, and the barometer fell steadily. The fish continued to bite eagerly, and every man did his best to swell the sum total of his catch while he had the chance. The luck of the *Albatross* had been noticed, and several other vessels were anchored near her, both ahead and astern.

By noon angry spurts of snow were driving in the faces of her crew, the wind was moaning drearily through the rigging, and an occasional dash of spray wet the deck. About this time all hands were ordered to "knock off" fishing, dress the morning's catch, stow all light articles below, and "snug ship." Twenty more fathoms of cable were paid out. The foresail was loosed and three reefs were tied in it, so that it might be ready for instant use in case the vessel broke adrift. Then it was again furled and securely tied.

The storm came on rapidly after that, until at four o'clock, when supper was served, the schooner was pitching furiously, and bringing up with vicious jerks on its straining cable. It was already quite dark, and the snow drove in horizontal lines, tingling against a bare face like cuts from a whip-lash. The wind howled through the taut rigging, and the spray, torn from the crests of the racing seas, was blown in blinding sheets above the slippery decks.

Breeze had never experienced anything like this. To him it was already a frightful gale, and, as he almost pitched down the forward companion-ladder in answer to the supper call, he was surprised to find how calmly the men were taking it. In spite of the tumult on deck, the

* Gaffs are iron hooks securely fastened to strong wooden handles four or five feet long.

creaking and groaning of the vessel's timbers, and her mad pitching, several of them were seated at the mess-table eating as unconcernedly as though nothing unusual were happening. Another lay in his bunk, smoking and exchanging jokes with those who were eating.

After the storm-swept deck, the fore-castle seemed warm, light, and cheerful. As Breeze sat down to the table, from which, in spite of the storm-racks, the dishes were every now and then flung to the floor, he wondered that he had never before noticed what a cozy and comfortable place it was.

"Vel, Breeze!" shouted old Mateo, whose entire energies were devoted to keeping the coffee-pot from sliding off the stove. "How you lak him? Pret good, eh?"

"I lak him very much better down here than I do on deck," answered the boy between his mouthfuls of hot coffee and biscuit. "But I say, Mateo, don't you call this a pretty stiff sort of a gale?"

"No," replied the old cook, scornfully; "zis only one-a lit Georgy shake-up. 'For ze gale you mus' go to ze Gran' Bank. Ah, zat ze place!"

With this the others chimed in, and began to tell of their experiences in real gales, to which this one was but a March zephyr.

For all this, a little later, when the crew were gathered in the cabin, where, around the little red-hot stove, wet clothing and boots were sending up clouds of steam, the skipper, after looking out of the companion-way, said:

"Boys, we are in for a regular 'rip-snorter.' I never saw a nastier night. You'd better get a nap if you can now, for after midnight there won't be any chance for sleep aboard this craft. I want the watch on deck to keep the sharpest kind of a lookout, and to call me the moment a light is seen in any direction."

The great danger of the night lay either in getting adrift, through the parting of their cable or the dragging of their anchor, and rushing into collision with some anchored vessel, or in being run down. In either case the result would probably be the almost instant death of all on board.

Following the skipper's advice, Breeze crept into his bunk for a nap, but for a long time found it impossible to sleep. The violence of the pitching and the roar of the gale seemed to increase with each moment, and it was only by the strongest effort of will that he could restrain himself from springing up and rushing on deck. At last he did sleep, but was only aware of it when a dash of icy water in his face awakened him. Forgetting where he was, he sprang up, and struck his head violently against the low ceiling above him.

A great sea of solid water had broken over the schooner's bows, and swept aft in such a volume that it must have flooded the cabin had not the skipper, who stood in the companion-way, pulled the slide. As it was, about a bucketful had made its way in, and a portion of it had fallen on Breeze.

Scrambling out of the bunk, he found his companions clad in their oil-skins and prepared to hurry on deck at the first notice that their presence was needed. Several of them were picking themselves up from the floor, to which they had been flung by the shock of the big wave, and one was lamenting a broken pipe. They were much more sober now than at supper-time, and their conversation, which was entirely of wreck and disaster, was not calculated to fill the boy with cheerful thoughts. Glancing at the clock, he saw that it was past midnight, and the skipper's warning that there would be no sleep for them after that hour flashed into his mind.

Following the example of the others, Breeze pulled on his oil-skins, and sat down to wait, he knew not what

for. A few minutes later the summons came. It was an unintelligible cry from the watch on deck, but its meaning was clear to the practised ears of those below, and as the skipper sprang up the steps, the others followed.

When Breeze reached the deck and felt the full force of the blast, it seemed to drive the breath from his body. The wind was shrieking through the strained rigging like a hundred steam-whistles. The snow had turned into fine particles of ice that pricked like needles. The billows hissed and seethed as, with streaming manes of glistening white, they galloped past the quivering vessel. Now she was poised on the crest of a gigantic wave, and the next instant buried in a yawning depth, beneath a smother of broken waters that leaped high up on her masts.

By the rays of the riding-light that still burned steadily just abaft the foremast Breeze could make out the several members of the crew clinging to whatever seemed to promise the greatest safety, the five-rail, halyards, or rigging. Away forward, beside the groaning windlass, was a figure which he knew to be that of the skipper, crouching, axe in hand, ready to cut the cable at the first intimation of danger from collision, for nothing could save his vessel should another be driven against it.

All this had been taken in at one glance, the next revealed the cause of the outcry from the watch on deck. A light dead ahead was bearing swiftly down upon them. It was that of a fishing schooner torn from her anchorage, and being hurled by the storm giant, like a bolt of destruction through the helpless fleet.

During the fearful suspense of the next minute the boy did not breathe, and his very heart seemed to cease its beating. Twice the gleaming axe in the skipper's hand was raised to strike. Each time he thought of the vessels anchored astern of the *Albatross*, upon which she must drive in turn if cut adrift, and the blow was withheld.

Now the threatening light rose high above them, and then it swooped down and rushed past so close that they could almost have sprung aboard the drifting schooner. They caught a momentary glimpse of white faces, heard one wild cry, and felt the dragging of the broken cable as it was drawn across their own. Then all was again swallowed up in the furious blackness astern, and for them that danger was past.

The night was bitterly cold, but the first sensation of which Breeze was aware, when it was all over, was that of the profuse perspiration in which he was bathed, showing how great had been the strain upon his nerves.

There being no longer any need of their presence on deck, the members of the crew, after a fresh watch was set, again sought the shelter of the cabin. Here Breeze was advised to try and get some more sleep, as it would be his turn to go on watch at four o'clock. He lay down, but felt as though he should never sleep again; for he could not close his eyes without seeing once more the drifting phantom of destruction that had just swept past them. He started fearfully at each lurch of the reeling vessel, and fancied that he heard cries in the shriek of the blast overhead. Although he dreaded to go on deck, it seemed as though he should prefer it to remaining in the cabin, and it was a relief when he was called to go on watch.

The lad's watchmate was much older than he, a weather-beaten sailor who had witnessed a hundred such gales, and felt that so long as the cable held, there was not much to fear. He helped Breeze up on the fore-gaff, where he would escape the worst of the great seas that continually broke over the schooner's bows, sweeping her from stem to stern, and bade him keep a sharp lookout from there.

At last, faint and uncertain, the prayed-for, long-de-

ferred, and anxiously awaited light of day began to creep over the wild scene, and the white foam crests stretched away farther and farther. The snow ceased to fall, and there was some promise of a cessation of the gale. One of the first things they distinguished in the early light was the huge dim form of a square-rigged vessel that, under bare poles, drove past them, less than a quarter of a mile away, and vanished almost as soon as she was seen. Nothing was said, for only a shout close to the ear could be heard amid the tumult; but Breeze shuddered to think how powerless their little schooner would have been to resist that driving mass had they chanced to lie in its course.

They next saw a schooner plunging at her anchor, a short distance ahead of them, and noted how she had dragged during the night, for they had seen her the day before, but then much farther away. Her anchors had only caught just in time to save both her and them, and again Breeze realized the narrowness of their escape from the night's perils.

As the daylight revealed her sad plight, they turned their attention to their own craft. The seas no longer broke over her so furiously as they had, but crushed bulwarks, and the deck swept clear of boat, gurry-kids, and everything not absolutely built into it, told of their awful force.

All at once Breeze, from his slight elevation, noted a commotion on the deck of the schooner ahead of them. The men on watch seemed to be heaving lines at something in the water. It was evidently drifting past them, and their lines plainly failed to reach it. They were motioning, as though to attract his attention toward it, and the thought flashed into his mind that perhaps they had discovered a survivor of some wreck floating in the angry waters, and had tried unsuccessfully to save him. He told his companion of what he had seen, and they both watched eagerly in the hope that if it was indeed a man he might drift within their reach. They procured a couple of long light lines, made one end fast, and coiled them carefully, in readiness to be flung at a moment's notice.

"I see him!" cried Breeze at length. "There, see! off our port bow; but he is going to drift clear of us."

It was the figure of a man clad in oil-skins, the yellow gleam of which had caught the boy's eye as they showed for a moment on the crest of a wave, to be immediately lost to view again as the figure sank into the trough of the sea.

As he came near they saw that he was apparently clinging to the bottom of an overturned dory. At the same time it was evident that he was going to drift far beyond their reach, and they doubted if their lines even could be made to reach him. They shouted again and again, but he gave no sign of hearing them. Half drowned as he must have been, and with those turbulent waves dashing about and over him, it was no wonder that their voices failed to reach him.

Breeze began to tear off his oil-skins, then his jacket and boots, and to knot the end of a line about his waist.

"What are you going to do?" shouted his companion.

"Not try and swim to him?"

"Yes, I am," shouted Breeze, in reply. "It would be a pity if the best swimmer in Gloucester should let a man drown before his eyes for want of trying to save him."

"But you're crazy, lad! You can't live a minute in such a sea!" and the man took hold of the boy's arm to restrain him from the rash attempt.

With a single violent wrench Breeze freed himself from the other's grasp, and just as some of the crew, who had been attracted by the shouts on deck, came up from the cabin, he plunged headlong into the raging waters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISTRESS MARGUERITE ANNA AND POOR PEGGY ANN.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

MISTRESS MARGUERITE ANNA VANDECKER.

And poor little Peggy Ann Ray
Before the most tempting of winters day
Paused a moment one cold winter day.

The lady was dressed in the warmest
As well as the finest of clothes,
And a pair of bright golden-rimmed glasses
Hung astride of her aquiline nose.

But only a shawl, thin and ragged,
Had Peggy for cloak and for hood,
And she clasped in her arms like a treasure
A bundle of street-gathered wood.

Mistress Marguerite Anna Vandecker,

With a look of deep thought on her face,
To herself said: "I really am puzzled

As to what I shall get in this place.

I'm quite tired of jellies and sponge-cake,

Oyster patties, blanc-mange, macaroons;

And Charlotte-Russe, chicken, and salad

I've had two or three afternoons.

Dear me! what a bother I find it

For my luncheon to choose something new!

Ah! cream puffs and chocolate. Well, I

Must try if I can't make them do."



With a look of deep thought also Peggy,

Poor shivering Peggy Ann Ray,

Soliloquized: "Is there, I wonder,

Folks w'at have sich good things every day?

Oh my! if there is, ain't it daisy!

But I scarcely can b'lieve there can be,

For 'twould make 'em so good they'd go halves with

All mizzer'ble young uns like me.

Oh dear! how I wish I'd a penny!—

I wouldn't expect more nor none;

Proud as anything wouldn't I walk in

An' buy me a shining brown bun!"

BOYHOOD IN OTHER LANDS.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

LIGHT-HEARTED, dirty, and picturesque enough is little Giovanni Marini, and as merry as one of the gay butterflies that flit from flower to flower on the great Roman Campagna which stretches for miles away without the walls of the Eternal City. As full of music, too, is he as the silver-throated nightingales that sing by night and day in the fragrant orange-trees, and he warbles and pipes from morn till eve, as he runs bareheaded and barefooted all summer over the lovely Italian hills which surround his little mountain home.

What cares he that the peasant hut he calls home is small and dark and redolent of oil and garlic, and his chief fare a porridge called *polenta* and heavy cakes of chestnut flour? For Mother Nature has been very kind to the swarthy, dark-eyed children of the South, and though Giovanni rarely has a *paoli* to bless himself with, few boys and girls have a more charming nursery and play-room. The bluest vault of heaven forms his ceiling; the walls are hung with dark cypress boughs, white almond blossoms, and the shimmering leaves of the olive and mulberry; the floor is carpeted with ever-changing sunshine and shadows; while the flowers, the birds, and the bright golden-rose beetles are his toys and favorite playmates, next to the wee little donkey, which is his greatest pride and joy.

Giovanni is a country boy, born and bred; but every winter since he was seven years old he has gone down into one of the cities, generally Rome, in company with his little sister Pina, an old blind man, and a woman who plays on the mandolin; and these may be seen almost any day from November to April basking in the sun on the Scalinata, a broad flight of steps well known to artists, waiting to collect *baiocchi* (pence) from the charitable, or to be engaged by some painter as models; and many a time, clad in a dingy sheepskin, has Giovanni posed as a little John the Baptist, and had his beautiful regular features immortalized on canvas.

Not very far from the Scalinata, and almost within the shadow of the great dome of St. Peter's, the grandest and most stupendous church in the world, stands one of those great stone palaces that were built about three hundred years ago. It is surrounded by a beautiful old garden, guarded by massive stone lions which surmount the wall. In the centre of the garden is a mosaic pavement and a playing, sparkling fountain. Orange-trees, oleanders, and many other beauteous shrubs and flowers bloom here in the wildest luxuriance, while from amidst the foliage peep out ancient marble statues that have been dug up from the ground, where they were hidden centuries ago.

This palace is the home of a prince, who, however, only occupies the first floor, the upper ones being let out to other families, and the porter for the establishment occupying the basement. It is the prince's children, however, who principally play in the garden and make friends with the little green and brown lizards which dart in and out of the stone wall, and which always pause as though charmed when Angelo, the eldest boy, whistles a bright little air. Within-doors their home is large and splendid, though a trifle dark and gloomy, for there are many apartments in their suite filled with rare old carved furniture, rich, faded hangings, and various bits of bric-à-brac worth their weight in gold, while the great hall, with its solid stone floor, where the family portraits are hung, is a famous place for a game of romps on a rainy day.

Charming manners have these high-born little folks, and Angelo is the most perfect little gentleman imaginable, owing largely to his having been his parents' constant companion from babyhood, and having been strictly

trained in all matters of etiquette. He learns quickly, and already, at twelve years, speaks, reads, and writes four languages with ease and fluency. His younger brother, Emanuele, is slower, but a sweet, serious little fellow, who is petted and made much of by all the family, perhaps because they know this is the happiest time of his life, for he is destined to become a monk. Before long he will be sent to a monastery to be educated, and by degrees all home ties will be broken.

Angelo, however, is the heir, so he has a tutor at home, and will in time go to one of the large universities; and meanwhile he and Emanuele and their sister, the little Donna Gianina, are very happy together, taking long drives over the flower-spangled Campagna, and meeting their friends on balmy spring evenings on the Pincian Hill—a lovely pleasure-ground—where they play merry games or wade knee-deep in bloom, pelting each other with anemones and daisies.

Very plentiful too are holidays and holy days in Italy—*festas*, as they are termed—and each is celebrated with great ceremony and pomp by the enjoyment-loving children of the sun. Even poor little Giovanni comes in for his share of fun, especially at Christmas-time, when he accompanies the *pifferari*, or musical peasants, who go about the streets playing weird sacred ditties on their bagpipes before the shrines of the Madonna, collecting a goodly sum of pennies from the passers-by.

On Christmas Eve the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore is the great centre of attraction, being brilliantly illuminated by thousands of candles. The Pope honors it by his presence, and a bit of wood is exhibited which the credulous believe to be an actual piece of the cradle in which the infant Saviour was laid. On Christmas morning extremely long and gorgeous ceremonies take place at St. Peter's, which is thronged to suffocation, although it is large enough to accommodate forty thousand people; while in the afternoon little Giovanni may usually be found at another quaint old sanctuary, built on the site of the Temple of Jupiter, gazing in open-mouthed wonder



GIOVANNI IN ROME.

at a group of wax figures, as large as life, representing the Adoration of the Shepherds, with Mary and Joseph and the royal Babe.

Meanwhile Angelo and Emanuele are endeavoring to make themselves sick with sweet things, especially *torone* (a hard candy made of honey and almonds) and *frangiallo* (a tough mass of sugar, nuts, plums, and citron), and during the holidays going to juvenile parties and plays at the theatres; but it is at Twelfth Night, or *Be-fani*, that they have the best times. Then it is that presents are given, instead of at Christmas, as with us, and a great fair is held in one of the public squares, while every boy and girl goes about tooting on a trumpet. Angelo blows and toots with the best, imagining he is making a charming melody; but he never misses the festival of the Santissimo Bambino (Holy Child), which is the chief event of the day, and takes place at the Church of Santa Maria di Ara Coeli, in which is preserved an odd little figure of the infant Jesus, that the Catholic legend says was carved by a holy pilgrim out of a tree that grew on the Mount of Olives, while one day as the pilgrim slept St. Luke came down and painted it. The superstitious think that this Bambino has power to heal the sick; and once, when Angelo was very ill, it was brought to his bedside, and paid a much higher fee than the doctor for the call. Whether the visit did him good or not I will not venture to say, but he certainly recovered, and now always goes once a year to see the little image when, decked out in silks and jewels, it is carried upright in a procession up and down the church.

The Carnival in February, however, is the maddest, merriest time of all the year, when old and young seem suddenly to be bereft of their senses, and the streets are one hurly-burly of towering giants, long-nosed dwarfs, clowns, harlequins, and ridiculous creatures of every shape and description. For this week the Prince engages a balcony on the Corso, the long street of the city, which is now a vision of gay-hued draperies, and here every afternoon the whole family resort in full force. Angelo and his brother and sister wear comical masks, and have the jolliest time imaginable, showering friends and strangers alike with *confetti* (small white balls of lime resembling sugar-plums), being showered in return, and tossing flowers and boubons right and left with a reckless extravagance, while every evening at sunset there is an exciting horse-race from one end of the Corso to the other.

The last day is the most sport of all, for then comes the *Moccòli*. That is, every one carries a little lighted taper, which he tries to keep burning, while everybody else is endeavoring to put it out. Such a blowing and puffing and flapping of handkerchiefs and wet towels as there is! Whenever a taper is extinguished, the owner good-naturedly cries, "*Senza moccòli! senza moccòli!*" (No light! no light). So there is a great hubbub on all sides. This goes on for an hour or so, and then suddenly the Ave Maria sounds from a high steeple, and in a twinkling the carnival is at an end, and Angelo and all the rest go home to settle down for the forty quiet days of Lent which follow this week of extravagant nonsense, and eat the *maritozze*, a sort of bun made of the kernels of the pine cone mixed with oil and sugar.

The Italians are fond of marking seasons by peculiar dishes; so on St. Joseph's day, Angelo, and perhaps Giovanni as well, enjoys the *fritelli di San Giuseppe*, which are dough-nuts of flour and rice fried in lard. At Easter, eggs are in order, as with us, while in May they have the *berlingozzo*, a sort of mixed cake cut in rings and ornamented with gay red tassels. Thus these impulsive, merry-hearted children of the sunny land curiously mingle their pleasure with their religion, and revel in all out-door amusements, while boyhood is a very happy time in fair, flowery Italy.

MOUSIE.

BY RUTH HAYS.

IF ever there was a fortunate dog in the world, surely it was Maizie Van Horne.

She was the prettiest little creature, with soft silky hair and beautiful, pathetic eyes, and was worth quite a fabulous sum, so very high-bred was she. And all her dainty life thus far had been spent in the lap of luxury, faring sumptuously every day. And yet this bright winter morning she was a very discontented little Maizie indeed. The luxuriously cushioned window-seat, where she was perched, didn't seem comfortable a bit. The beautiful room was no better than a prison. Miss Alice was gone out without her.

It was a "nipping and an eager air" indeed outside, but within all was summer warmth and fragrance; so how was Maizie to suspect that she would have found it very uncomfortable, even in her little seal-skin wrap? It was very unkind of Miss Alice, more especially as her errand was to buy a new collar for Maizie herself. The old one (which wasn't so very old either, for Maizie was quite a new little dog) didn't just suit the dainty mistress, so she had taken it off that morning, tying a blue ribbon in its place, and told Maizie to be a good dog, and she should have the prettiest collar that ever was seen. But all this was as nothing while the sunshine was so bright and the street looked so gay and enticing. Maizie was very lonely and unhappy all by her own little self, and at last she decided to take matters into her own little paws and make a bold dash for freedom.

So out she slipped into the hall, and hid herself behind some draperies close to the outer door. Presently, as she had hoped, a visitor came, and this rash little dog seized the opportunity to slip out all unnoticed; the door closed heavily behind her, and there she was, as free as air, out in the wide, wide world at last!

She trotted down the street in high glee for a few minutes, a very proud little creature indeed. But presently she began to discover that the wide world was a very cold place just then, and she had had freedom enough. So she turned homeward rather hastily, with some misgivings in her mind as to how she should be able to get indoors again, unless some other guest came soon.

Alas! alas! Maizie was to learn by sad experience, as many of us learned long years ago, how much easier it is to get into difficulty than to get out. At this moment half a dozen boys came frolicking down the street, caught sight of Maizie, and presto! off they went in full chase, shouting madly, after the fashion of boys.

Poor frightened Maizie, never had such an experience as this come into her luxurious life. She fled wildly, not knowing whither she went, till suddenly she turned a sharp corner and darted under some low steps, crouching there half dead with fright and able to go no further. On came the boys shouting, but lo! their prey had disappeared; and so small was the entrance to Maizie's refuge, they never thought of looking for her there, and poking the poor creature out with long sticks, as they surely would have done. So on they went and left her.

After a long while the shivering, frightened little mite crept out with beating heart, and looked about her. Alas! what sort of a world was this? So squallid, so dirty, so mutterably forlorn. Her heart sank down—down—down. Oh, where was Miss Alice? Would she ever come and find her?

At this moment another boy appeared; a very different-looking boy this time, thin, poorly dressed, and rough-looking. Maizie crept back in terror, but the boy had seen her, and here he was stooping and holding out his hand with gentler words of persuasion. Very patiently he waited, coaxing gently, until at last Maizie crept out trembling. It was so cold in there, and his voice sounded kind.

He picked her up very tenderly, sheltering her under his thin jacket. "Lost, ain't yer?" he said, kindly. "Poor little frozen thing! how in time 'd yer ever git down here?" Maidie-crept close to him, for she recognized a friend indeed, and the boy opened the shop door close beside them and went in.

"Look here! Know whose dog this is?" Maidie heard him say.

No, nobody knew. The men clustered about to look, and guessed 'twas a lady's dog. "Some of them swells up on the Avenue," said the proprietor, loudly. "There'll be a fancy price to get the critter back, Dick. You look out for it."

Poor Maidie! never before had she been called a "critter." She was frightened at the rough voices, and crept further under Dick's jacket. Oh, that she were back in her own beautiful home!

Dick didn't say much, and very soon went out again, carrying Maidie carefully. It seemed a long, long way, and oh, how cold it was! but at last they turned in at one of the narrow doorways, and went up, up, up, close to the roof. And then Dick opened a door into a low, poorly lighted room, and Maidie felt with delight that here was warmth at last.

"See here, Timmy! only look what I've brought yer." And Maidie was drawn forth from her shelter, and laid very gently down on a low bed by the sloping wall. A child lay there, a little boy, with such a white, white face, and thin hands, instantly outstretched with a cry of delight.

"Dick! oh, Dick!" and then Maidie was held lovingly against the thin cheek, while Tim almost cried for joy.

"Why, 'tain't much bigger than a mouse," said his mother, coming to look at them, well pleased.

"My Mousie! my Mousie!" murmured little Tim, fondly, caressing the silky head with his feeble fingers, and so Maidie got a new name, and "Mousie" she was henceforth.

How Tim loved her! lavishing a wealth of tender caresses on her day and night. It was all he was rich in, poor little soul! though he did his best to make the dainty creature comfortable, and Dick and his mother did all they could to help him.

But oh, how Maidie missed her dear Miss Alice, her luxurious home and dainty fare! It was a heavy, heavy change, and sorely she pined under it. Miss Alice would hardly have recognized her merry little pet in this quiet creature, who nestled in Tim's arms day and night, and looked at him with such soft, wistful eyes. But her gentleness made her all the dearer to the child who was too weak for play. He shared his scant meals with her, trying pitifully to tempt her fastidious appetite with his poor food. Mousie could eat nothing offered her but bread and milk, and such milk as she would have scorned at home. But Dick and his mother stinted their own meals to furnish it, and went cold and hungry many a night that Tim and Mousie might be warmed and fed.

And so the days went on. Dick never saw a paper, and so knew nothing of the "fancy price" offered for Maidie's return; and, to tell the truth, was glad to know nothing for Tim's sake. And Miss Alice mourned her lost pet daily, and was almost in despair.

One day—it was a month after Maidie had been found—Dick had to go to the same store into which he had taken her that day. He had avoided it ever since, fearing some one might give him unwelcome information; but he was an errand-boy, and fate at last sent him thither. And alas for his forebodings! No sooner had he entered than the proprietor produced from his hiding-place a much-soiled newspaper, and with triumphant finger pointed out a notice—"Dog Lost."

Dick read it with a sinking heart. It was only too plainly Tim's Mousie. He didn't even notice the large

reward offered. What was that to him? It couldn't save little Tim's life. Day by day he was slipping from them, and Dick and his poor mother well knew that before the spring-time came there would be no patient little figure on the low bed by the wall, no white face to smile its never-failing welcome.

The store-keeper was amazed at the boy's silence. "I never!" he said to himself; "he's a queer one! Acts like he'd rather keep that miserable little critter than have all that money. Wish't I was in his shoes."

But Dick put the paper in his pocket, and went away sorrowful. He pondered over it for several days, meaning to keep silence, but then a sudden dread struck him. Hennessey, the store-keeper, might inform against him for the sake of the reward, and the police be after him. What if they should put him in jail, and take Mousie from little Tim after all?

Dick had a very wholesome fear of the strong arm of the law, and so, after brooding awhile over this terrible possibility, he took a bold resolve, and one snowy night-fall Miss Alice Van Horne was told that "a street boy" was waiting to see her, who said he had come about the lost dog.

"Maidie?" cried the young girl, joyfully, rushing into the hall, where poor Dick waited with sinking heart, trying to brace up his courage with thoughts of Tim. He was very much abashed at this pretty young lady who rushed at him with such eager inquiries, and when at last she gave him space to speak he told his story awkwardly enough—how he had found the dog and carried it home, and how Tim loved it. And then his voice broke.

"Oh, don't take Mousie away from him, please, miss!" he pleaded, eagerly. "He hasn't got many more days to live—poor Timmy! It'll kill him to lose Mousie. I'll bring her back, miss—I will, faithful—when—when Tim's gone." He brushed his rough hand across his eyes hastily, and looked at the young girl with pitiful entreaty.

Miss Alice's eyes were wet too. "I'll give him another dog," she said, eagerly. "He'll soon get fond of it, and—"

"Tim won't have time to git fond of another one, miss," interrupted poor Dick, hopelessly. Could this pretty young lady, with all earth could offer at her command, be so cruel?

"But can't something be done?" cried Miss Alice. "Have you had a doctor?"

"He come onct—long at the first of it," answered poor Dick, drearily. "There couldn't nothin' be done. Tim's got to go," and again the rough hand was dashed across wet eyes.

"Oh, poor child! poor child!" Miss Alice said, pitifully. "I'll go and see him to-morrow, surely. Tell me where you live."

"You won't take Mousie?" cried Dick, in alarm.

"Oh no—no! never while poor little Tim lives. You'll give her back to me after—" And then Miss Alice cried too.

She came early next day, as she had promised, in such a carriage as had never before visited that dismal street. And little Tim gazed wide-eyed when she came up to his cot and took his hand in hers. Who was this pretty lady, and why did she look so sorry?

And what ailed Mousie? The little creature was wild with delight, springing into the lady's arms and caressing her hands, her cheek, even her muff.

"Mousie! my Mousie!" called poor little Tim, in affright, but Mousie paid no heed. She had eyes and ears only for Miss Alice now, who, for her part, was almost as glad, and was caressing her recovered pet most fondly.

"My Mousie! my Mousie!" cried little Tim again, pitifully; and then, as still she did not heed, the tears began to run down his thin white cheeks. What did it mean?

Miss Alice looked up and saw him. "Oh, how could I be so heartless?" she cried. "Tim, dear little Tim, don't cry! See, here is your Mousie," and she put her pet into his arms again. "No, no! lie still!" as Maidie would have struggled out of the thin arms that held her so fondly; and then, as he caressed her, nestled down again, like the gentle little creature she was, only watching Miss Alice with her wistful eyes.

"Maidie was my little dog once," the young girl said, gently. "I lost her, Tim, and I've mourned her so, and am so glad to see her again. No, no, I won't take her from you"—as the child, with an inarticulate cry of pain, held Mousie closer to him—"she is yours now. Always—always, Tim—as long as you want her. But you

visit—as Miss Alice sat by him he asked her to sing, as she always did when she came, and after a minute she began the pathetic old song that she often thought of as she looked at the frail child fading out of life so fast.

"I'm wearin' awa, Jean,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Jean;
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal."

Little Tim was still, very still, she thought, with sudden alarm, as the tender air died away in the dreary little room.



"AT LAST MAIDIE CREPT OUT TREMBLING."

will let me come and see you and her every day, I know—won't you?" And then Miss Alice brought out a wonderful basket that held more delicious things than little Tim had ever dreamed of, and fed him and Mousie too, and told him a pretty story, and sang to him till the pale cheeks flushed with delight.

Poor Maidie was frantic with grief when her dear Miss Alice went away and left her. But Tim's caresses soothed her at last, and she nestled on his pillow with her soft little head against his cheek, and so Dick found them, quite happy, when he came home at night.

Miss Alice kept her word and came daily, bringing a world of comforts hitherto unknown into the dreary place. And the child watched for her coming even as Maidie did, and loved her tenderly with all his warm little heart.

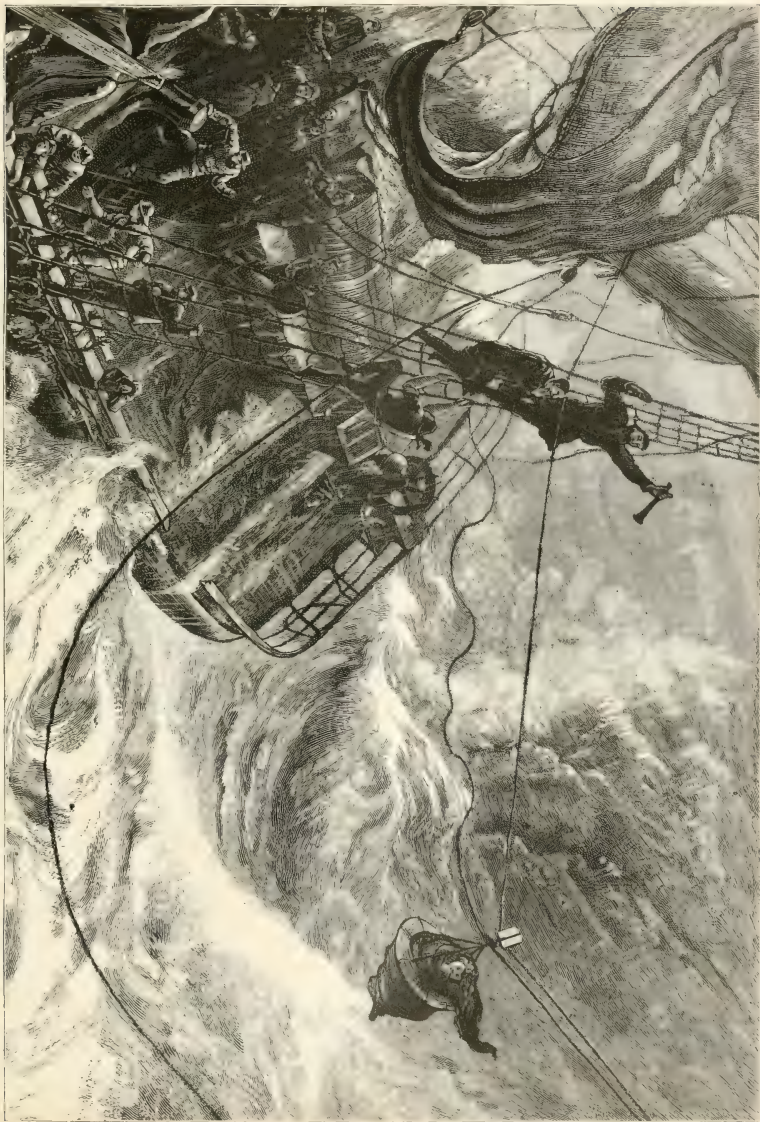
One day—it was about three weeks after her first

Mousie moved uneasily on his pillow, and looked with a pitiful little cry into the white face.

Miss Alice started up hastily, and his mother came to the bedside in quick alarm; but little Tim was gone—far away into that far land where there shall be "nae sorrow, could, nor care" evermore. Maidie was all her own again.

But little Tim's memory lingers always in Miss Alice's heart, and for his sake want and wretchedness will never appeal to her charity in vain; not the charity which gives of its abundance and feels its duty done, but that which goes down to sorrow and suffering with warm, human sympathy, and tender, helping hands, giving itself with its gift; for

"Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."



"RESCUE."—FROM THE PAINTING BY TOM M. HEAT IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1868.—SEE PAGE 470.

SAVED BY THE "BREECHES BUOY."

ON coasts where in times of tempest the surf runs too high for a life-boat to be launched with safety, as on our own Atlantic seaboard, the safety of the crew of a wrecked vessel often depends upon making a connection between the vessel and the shore. When once this is accomplished there are various devices for bringing the unfortunate crew to land. Chief among these are the "life-car" and the "breeches buoy." The former is a boat-shaped vessel into which three or four persons can be packed and the cover secured, when they are hauled over the rope, which has been made fast at each end to the mast of the ship and the shore respectively. The "breeches buoy" is a large life-buoy with a bag hanging from it, into which a person steps as if stepping into a pair of breeches. This part is easy enough; the difficulty is to secure the connection between the ship and the shore.

As it would be impossible to throw a four-inch hawser a distance of several hundred feet in the teeth of a tempest, the life-saving crew are provided with a light line, which is attached to a projectile to be shot out of a gun. The gun being loaded, and the line attached to the projectile, very careful aim is taken, and the gun fired. If the aim has been well judged, the line falls over the wreck, and is immediately seized by the sailors, who haul it in until at the end of it they find a heavier rope (an inch and a half thick), called the "whip," to which is attached a pulley-block. This they make fast to the mast, and then the hawser which is to bear the burden of the human freight is sent over the whip, and made fast to the mast of the wrecked vessel. Thus communication is established between the ship and the rescuing party on shore. The hawser is the bridge over which the life-car or breeches buoy is to travel, and the whip is the line by which it is hauled back and forth.

In the illustration on the preceding page the shipwrecked crew have secured the hawser to the mast, and launched on their perilous trip a young mother and her child. Terrifying though it must be to a delicate woman, already, perhaps, weakened by exposure and fright, this voyage through air in the breeches buoy, suspended from a single rope, is their only chance of safety. As they reach its centre the rope sags horribly, the fierce waves leap up as if they would engulf the frail bark, and failing to reach it, savagely hurl their spray over its terrified occupants. A few seconds more of suspense, and happily the breeches buoy comes safely to shore, and the rescued mother and child are hurried off to warmth and shelter, while the buoy is started back to the ship on its mission of saving life. Many times it is sent back and forth, on each trip bringing back a rescued life, until the last man is taken off and the devouring sea robbed of its human prey.

THE PRINCESS LILIWINKINS.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

III.

WHILE Liliwinkins was eating her breakfast, the old man closed his book and looked at her. He was very slow at understanding things, but he had begun to think that this might be a lost child. If so, what should he do with her? Where should he take her? Clearly she would be in his way; but for all that, if she were lost, he could not leave her alone. But perhaps she was not lost, and knew the forest as well as he. Thinking this, he asked her where she was going.

To which she replied that she was looking for the Evening Star.

Now the old man knew very little of children, having spent his whole life in the study of the *Gerund*, and so he thought that if this little girl had started to find the Evening Star, she would, no doubt, try to find it everywhere, as he had observed that it was the manner of children to persist until they had what they wanted. Now clearly it would not do to let so small a child wander around on so fruitless an errand. He would have to take care of her, whether he liked it or not; and this seemed very sad, for he had come to live in the forest for

no other reason than to escape his children and grandchildren, who constantly hindered his study of the *Gerund*.

But there was no use in repining over what could not be helped, and he looked at Liliwinkins as pleasantly as he could. She had finished her breakfast, and now sat ready to thank her kind entertainer, and go on her way whithersoever the little brook might lead.

"Good-by, your Majesty," she said, jumping down. "Thank you for my breakfast."

"But where are you going?" asked the old man. "Why not stay here awhile? I have never found a pleasanter place anywhere."

But Liliwinkins would not listen to this, and said that she was going to follow the stream; and so there was nothing for the old man to do but start off with her and see that she came to no harm.

All that day they wandered by the grassy banks of the little brook, whose voice still seemed to call Liliwinkins onward; but when the afternoon shadows began to settle down over the woods the little girl grew very tired, and wished she had come to the end of her journey. And now it seemed as if the brook had heard her wish and granted it, for a little farther on its musical song ceased suddenly, as it entered a tiny woodland lake, and Liliwinkins had no doubt that she had reached the home of the Evening Star.

She was sure of it when she looked ahead and saw the very sky itself shining blue and clear right across the silver water, and she ran gladly around the little lake, expecting to find the beautiful star in the midst of this soft, cloudy blue.

But what she had taken for a bit of the sky was only a patch of brilliant forget-me-nots, that had grown to great perfection in this damp, mossy little glade, and the Evening Star was as far off as ever.

Liliwinkins at first felt inclined to cry at this discovery; she was weary with her long day's journey and hungry, and now that she found herself so far away from home, she was just a little bit lonesome.

But before she had time to put any of these feelings into words something happened which made her forget all about herself. This was the appearance of a little boy about her own size, whom she suddenly saw standing on the opposite side of the lake.

He looked so exactly like Allola that for a moment Liliwinkins thought it must be he; but presently she saw that this boy was dressed in coarse, rough clothing, and that his hands, which were full of scarlet berries, were brown and rough, as if used to work; while his fair hair, which fell over his shoulders in long curls, was covered by a little cap so ragged and shapeless that the little girl was quite sure that he was not a prince or a duke, or any one, in fact, but just some plain nobody like herself. Of this she felt glad, for she had a great curiosity to find out how plain nobodies lived, and what they did, and wherein they were different from royal somebodies; and so she called across to the little boy at once, being determined to lose no time.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm Atla," replied the boy. "Who are you?"

"I'm Liliwinkins."

"And who is he?" nodding at the old man.

"Why, he is—his Majesty," said Liliwinkins, after trying in vain to answer this question to her own satisfaction.

At this the boy's eyes grew round and big with astonishment. His Majesty!—that must mean the King, because his grandmother had told him that kings were always spoken of in that way, and she ought to know, having lived at court as a scullery-maid when she was a young girl. Off went the ragged cap, and over his face tumbled his long curls, while Atla made a low bow, having learned so much of the ways of courts from his grandmother; but to this courtesy the old man only smiled

serenely, not having heard anything of the talk between the children, and being taken up with a new thought about the *Gerund*; and if he noticed Atla at all, it was only to think of him as some pleasant little boy with pretty manners, whom perhaps Liliwinkins might know. But this last thought had no sooner come to him than it quite startled him out of his study. If this were only the little girl's home now, he might leave her in safety and go on his way.

"My dear," he said, eagerly, "is this your home?"

"My home?" repeated Liliwinkins, looking around through the shadowy woods. "No, indeed; it isn't half as nice as this."

"Ah!" said the old man, "in that case I will have to keep you with me awhile longer. You'll let me know when you come to your home, won't you, my dear?"

"Oh, we'll never come to it," said Liliwinkins. "I'm sure of that."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the old man, sighing deeply.

But the little boy had been greatly pleased with Liliwinkins's answer, for in the first place, he was glad to find that her home was not some grand and beautiful place, as he had feared it might be from her dress; and in the second place, if she never found her home, perhaps she would always stay with him.

And so, being hospitable as well as gentle-mannered, he now proposed that they should all go to his grandmother's cottage and have supper. Liliwinkins immediately consented to this, and as the old man could only follow her, they all started off through a narrow, crooked wood path, which wound its way through shining laurels and groups of magnolias with their waxen buds half open, and presently they arrived at a little house. The door stood open, and in it Liliwinkins saw the figure of an old woman, bent with age and leaning on a stick; and as she came nearer to her she saw that the woman was quite blind.

This touched her heart with compassion, and wanting to show her sympathy in some way, she ran up to the old woman and softly stroked the wrinkled hands that were leaning so heavily on the staff.

The old face brightened up in a moment. She was always fearing trouble when Atla went off into the forest, but now he had evidently brought home friends.

"Who is it, my child?" she asked. "The touch of the hands seems strange to me."

"Grandmother, it is Liliwinkins and his Majesty."

"The King!" The old figure straightened itself in astonishment. News of the great war between the Regent and the six big brothers had reached her lonely home, and she knew there had been a change of sovereigns. It is true she had thought that it had been a queen that was deposed, but no doubt she had made a mistake. She was old and stupid, and it must have been that the old King was not dead, as she had heard, but that he had been dethroned, and was now a fugitive, homeless, and more miserable than even she herself was, although she was blind and very poor.

Now, as was his custom, the old man had left all the talking to the others, and had no idea that he was being made a king in this strange fashion; for not only did he never talk, except when he could not possibly help it, but he never listened either, and people might talk for hours all around him without his knowing in the least what they were saying.

And so, when the old woman bowed very low before him, and called him "Your Majesty," he was scarcely conscious of it, and was only glad that they had come to some place where Liliwinkins would perhaps stay awhile, while he took up his interrupted studies.

The grandmother led them into a plain little room furnished with a common table, some wooden chairs, and a spinning-wheel; the floor was bare, and in the great open fireplace, which extended all along one side of the room,

a cheerful fire was burning, for the nights were always chilly in the heart of the forest.

The grandmother and Atla soon had supper ready, and Liliwinkins was sure that she had never before tasted such delicious bread and butter, and wondered if the honey was so sweet and golden because the bees had only wild flowers and wood blossoms to cull from, instead of the fields of buckwheat and clover that extended for miles around the royal apiaries in the King's domain.

As for the old man, he never knew what he was eating, and did not notice that his hostess served him with all the venison and wine there was, keeping for herself and Atla only some scraps of meat that had been left from their dinner.

As soon as supper was over, Liliwinkins asked to be put to bed, for she was very tired with her long journey, and as she dreamed over all the day's adventures, she felt, when she awoke, as if she had already lived in the little cottage all her life, and had no doubt she would soon forget she had ever been a lonely little princess in a grand palace.

It seemed quite natural to Atla, too, to find the little girl there in the morning ready for a stroll in the forest, and so the children began their new life very happily together, and never for a moment stopped to wonder if it could last forever.

They spent whole days in roaming through the shady aisles of the forest, finding new haunts each day, and bringing home fresh treasures every evening. They found charming retreats, moss-carpeted and vine-covered, where blossoms hung bright with dew until noon-time, and birds marked off the hours of the day with their varying notes. They traced the courses of the woodland streams that glided over the gnarled roots of the mighty oaks above, and lingered whole afternoons watching the fish dart hither and thither through the shadowed waves. But as the weeks passed, and Liliwinkins and the old man settled more and more into the quiet life of the forest, the grandmother began to grow uneasy, and to fear she was not doing quite right by the little girl.

In her youth she had been taught that no life can be well spent that is not occupied with some useful labor; even queens and princesses had tasks when she was young, and it seemed to her wrong to allow Liliwinkins to run wild through the forest like a fawn.

She felt it would be of no use to trouble the old man in this matter, for he was continually poring over his book and scraps of paper, and she was only thankful that he could find comfort therein, and so one day when the weather had become quite cool, and the forest not a pleasant place to be in unless one was running about, she called Liliwinkins to her, and talked to her quite seriously about the duties of life.

Liliwinkins listened in astonishment. She had never dreamed before that little girls ought to do anything but try and forget tedious lessons, and roam idly through fields and woods. And as the old woman talked, it seemed to the child that this was a much graver matter even than wearing a crown or repeating stupid coronation speeches.

But she was an amiable child, and was quite willing to please her kind hostess, and so it came about that one by one she learned several useful things without finding them in the least tedious. By the time winter set in she could bake a cake nicely, scour the tins brightly, and knit warm stockings and mittens for herself and Atla.

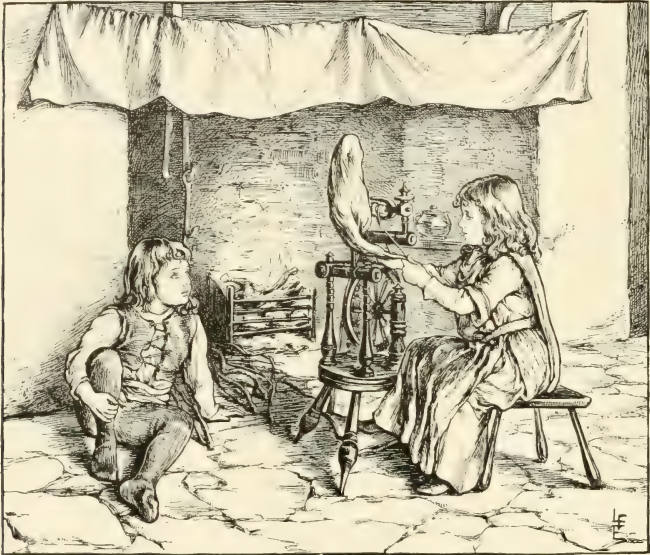
But her chief delight was in spinning. The grandmother had a beautiful spinning-wheel that had once belonged to the King's household, and by this Liliwinkins would sit for hours, while Atla lay at her feet in front of the fire and told stories of the witches and fairies who haunted the forest, and the grandmother sat on the other side of the room weaving cloth to make winter garments for them.

Now the grandmother was a very wise old woman in

her way, and had noticed that although Liliwinkins was very ignorant about household matters in general, yet from the first she had handled the spinning-wheel as familiarly as if she had used one all her life. When she asked the little girl how this could happen, Liliwinkins replied that spinning was one of the things she had always known, although she had never touched a spindle until she came to the cottage. This answer set the old woman thinking, but she said nothing, only waited till the child had wound off the first few yards of thread. Then she

proper, as she was accustomed to seeing kings wear such fine clothing, and she spun on quite merrily, and told Atla many a story of the court and of her life in the King's palace.

And the grandmother listened and believed it all, for she said the old man had the very head and air of a king, and who could know better than she who had served royal personages in her youth? But as the winter passed, and the yards of shining stuff increased, until the corner of the room where it was stored shone like sunlight through



"LILIWINKINS WOULD SIT FOR HOURS, WHILE ATLA LAY AT HER FEET IN FRONT OF THE FIRE"

took the spool in her hands, and passed her fingers over the uneven little ball. Liliwinkins, who was watching her curiously to see if her work was right, saw the old face light up with a strange smile as the withered fingers touched the thread, and wondered what it could mean. But the grandmother said nothing to her, and only murmured, as she turned away, "Yes, it is true, she has lived in kings' houses, for the thread is of gold; and the old man is indeed his poor Majesty, now so friendless and alone but for me and the child."

Liliwinkins made nothing of this speech, for to her it seemed quite natural that she should spin golden thread, and that it should be woven into beautiful garments such as the lords and ladies wore at court. But she soon found that with all her spinning never a thread of cloth fell to her share, for the grandmother made it all up into clothing for the old man, who walked around in his mantle of cloth-of-gold, and slept under a coverlet of the same costly material without ever knowing it, and only felt thankful that no one interrupted his precious studies.

To Liliwinkins, however, this only seemed right and

even the darkest, rainiest days, the old woman grew anxious over so much wealth, and began to wonder what it would be best to do with it all.

Atla often passed his hands caressingly over it, and longed for a little cap of it, and Liliwinkins would have liked a dress and mantle, such as she had worn in the old days, but to these suggestions the grandmother always replied that such material was not to make clothing for nobodies, and as Atla knew he was a nobody, and Liliwinkins had been told she was one, they both stopped asking, and grew content with their gray homespun, for Liliwinkins's light summer dress had long since been replaced by one of coarse woollen that had been woven by her kind-hearted hostess.

When the spring came, however, and the peasants from the hill and valley began to pass the door and stop for a glass of water, or a little corn, the grandmother felt that such precious stuff was no longer safe beneath her roof. And so she decided to send Atla to the King's court and offer the cloth-of-gold for sale.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FROG AND THE POLLYWOG.

Words by MARIAN K. FAIRLAMB.

Music by J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.



Allegretto.

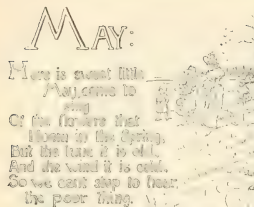
1. An old frog sat on a log, and smiled in a broad - ly o - pen
 2. A pol - ly - wog lived in the swamp near by, And flirt - ed and frisked in the
 3. The frog hopped around and looked in her eyes, And said with a deep guff -
 4. The smile of the frog grew broader than e'er, As his paw to his heart he

way, And said with a croak, "Oh, what a good joke, To watch the lit - tle fish play!" And he sat and grinned, and he
 said, And wriggled her tail like the flap of a sail, And bubbled all o - ver with fun. To the side of the frog, with bo -
 faw, "You heard my bass note when I o - pened my throat. Did it charm you or strike you with awe?" "I longed," said the pol - ly - wog,
 pressed, "Ah, long I have waited here for you," he said, "In a state of the fondest un - rest; Ne'er a - gain shall you leave me, that

winked one eye, As he cleared his throat to sing,—"Oh, sweet lit - tle fishes, the dain - ti - est dish - es, You'll make for my din - ner bime -
 witch - ing air, She am - bled and looked in his face,—"Oh, dear - est old froggy, b - hold your true woggy, Was ev - er so charming a
 "safe in your arms, My head on your bo - som to lay,—"Oh, dear - est old froggy, your own pol - ly - woggy, Sur - ren - dered at once to your
 do I for - bid, But one shall we ev - er be,—"You're too sweet to live, I could eat you, I vow." And, to prove it, that's just what he

a piacere.

bye,..... You'll make for my din - ner bime - bye!".....
 pair,..... Was ev - er so charming a pair?".....
 charms,..... Sur - ren - dered at once to your charms,
 did,..... And, to prove it, that's just what he did!.....



OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

BRANDTOWN, ILLINOIS.

I am a boy twelve years old, and attend the Collegiate Institute in this city, which has in connection with it a gymnasium. I take Latin and French, both of which I like very much. Brandt is called the "Telephone City," the telephone having been invented at Tutela Heights, which is about two miles out of the city. The Methodist Church, which is the oldest Protestant church in Canada, is built a short distance out of town. In its grave yard lie the remains of Joseph Brandt, the great chief of the Six Nation Indians, to whom a monument has been erected in Victoria Park. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nine years, and have always enjoyed it greatly. I like the stories by Kirk Munroe particularly, especially "Wakulla," "Derrick Sterling," and "The Flamingo Feather." A. B. W.

I am sure you are enthusiastic over "Dorothy-mates."

NEAR GREENSBORO, VIRGINIA.

To-day was such a lovely sunny day that after dinner we thought that it would be a pleasant day for a walk. At first we were undecided as to where we should go, but we decided to walk over to one of the beautiful hills on our plantation. This hill is about a mile from the house, and while we were sitting under the large pines some one proposed a game of hide-and-seek. We enjoyed a short but pleasant game. Some of the pines are so large that three can hide behind them with ease. We have just finished reading *Red Boy*, which we enjoyed very much. Every night after we have finished studying, we have a room all to ourselves, where we turn in to read aloud, until we sleep, that we are obliged to retire. IRENE S. E.

Thank you, Irene, for the flowers you sent me.

MONTICELLO, CANADA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We went to St. Eustache on Wednesday evening, and after tea we took a walk, and we looked at the Rivière du Chêne, and saw the little rapids, and we saw the current. The next day we went in our canoes to see the rapids, and up a rapid, and we were afraid that we would break our canoes, and we didn't run the next one. And then we went into the big river, and down it, and we saw a white bear, and the little rapids, and we saw a white bear. Then our father gave him some tobacco, and our aunts and uncle said, "Oh, you horrible boy!" and then we beat him with rotten sticks, and then he began to butt at us, and our father picked up sticks and began to beat him, and he got more furious at us. Then our uncle got a stick for our father, and our father got behind a tree and the ram in front, and then got into his canoe and shoved it off, and then was three feet off when our uncle got in. Then we went down the river about a mile further, and came to another landing place, and there we took dinner. After dinner we went to lie down, and after that we came home. Next day we went up the big river to the Grand Moulin Rapids, and fished all morning and caught nothing, and left them about half past twelve and got dinner. After dinner my brother and I went up the little river and caught two large suckers; one weighed two pounds, all except six ounces, and the other weighed more. Then we took tea at the house, and after tea we went up the big river and we saw a white bear, and the little rapids, and we saw a white bear. The next day we went down the river, and we

saw lots of birds, and we came to a road, and we had to portage the canoes, and then our aunts got into our uncle's canoe, and then we got into our father's canoe, and then we went down a good bit and landed and took dinner. After dinner we inspected the place, and after that we got into our canoes and came home. The next day we went up and down the big river, and had grand times. We went up to the lime-kill, and then we went down below the bridge, through the woods, and came back again and had dinner. After dinner we rested awhile, and then after tea we took a drive, and we saw a great-grandmother, and a grandmother, and a mother, and her seven children. Our father gave us a five-cent piece, and the great-grandmother gave us a rag to take the water out of the cubs. Our uncle's waterproof fell into the water on the floor of the cab, and got all wet, and the driver had to take it out behind him, so he came with us, and he got his horse out of the way so we could pass his horse and cart, and so we did, and we went into more water, and we went over a big stone, and the driver went on one side, and our aunt was afraid that it would tip over, but it didn't do it, and when we got over the stone we went on up hills and down, and we saw the White Horse Rapids, and we saw the new mill and the mill-dam, and the ruins of the old mill, and we passed it, and the driver gave us some flowers, and he cut them for us, and they were very pretty ones too. We went through woods on the road, and it was very pretty too. We saw a raft, a crab of one, and we passed a big brook, and it was a very nice one too, and we looked at it, and we saw the mouth of the river, and we went on to the mouth, and we saw an island which looked like a puzzle, but it wasn't one. We saw blossoms on the apple-trees, and it was very pretty too, and then we came to Bord-du-Pic.

ARTHUR H. S. (aged 9 years).

CUMBERLAND SPRINGS.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl seven years old. I have never written a letter to you before. For pets, I have a dog named Bob and a donkey named Dennis. I don't like a puzzle which I made up myself. Good-by from E. E. M.

FULLERTON, NEBRASKA.

I have seen letters from girls of my age, so I thought I would write. I live in a town called Fullerton, with about twelve hundred inhabitants, situated in the central part of Nebraska. I am ten years old, go to a school, read, write, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and spelling. I have for pets a cat, and a bird named Dick. HATTIE L. G.

I have a brother and sister. My brother is eight years old and my sister is five. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nine years. I am much interested in "Captain Polly." As for pets, I have none, but my sister has a dog and bird. Every week mamma reads me a story from the Post-office Box, and I like it very much. I noticed "Dutch Dollie's" letter. I will tell you about the corn-popper. Mamma pops corn for us in a big one. Dried corn is better than popcorn. I am a little boy nine years old, and I think this is enough for a little boy like me. Your loving reader, C. P.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

We are three playmates, Mae, Marion, and Marion, living near each other. We are great readers, our favorite stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE being "Derrick Sterling," "Uncle Peter's Trust," "Captain Polly," "Our little black-and-tan dog," two birds, a cat, and a kitten. (I Mae) have nine bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and am still taking it. MAE B. F., MARION C., and BESSIE G.

SHERBORN, MASSACHUSETTS.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have never written to you before, although I have taken this paper

for a number of years. I thought I would write to you and ask you in what number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the story of "Uncle Peter's Trust" ended. I have only one pet, and that is a kitten. The other day she laid a moderate size of egg. I hope that I may see it in print. I think that my letter is getting a little too long, so I will stop. Your loving reader, HOWARD M. A.

CARNICHALES, PENNSYLVANIA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I send Aggie McKee the recipes she asked for, and I hope she will like them:

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS—One cup of molasses, two cups of brown sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Place in a moderate fire to boil while grating a cup not quite full of chocolate, which must be well stirred into a cupful of milk and poured into the boiling molasses. When nearly done, rub a small teaspoonful of flour perfectly smooth in a table-spoonful of milk, and stir into the molasses. As soon as it will harden, add cold water, add a table-spoonful of vanilla and turn into buttered pans.

LEMON PIES—One lemon, one table-spoonful of corn-starch, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, and one cupful of hot water. Put the sugar and water in a bowl, and beat with a whisk, while boiling, stir the corn-starch previously dissolved in a little cold water. Stir in the juice and grated rind of the lemon. Beat up the eggs, reserving the white of one, and add to the mixture. When done, spread over it the white of the egg beaten with sugar to a stiff froth, and return to the oven a few minutes. Bake with one crust. This makes one pie.

May I join the Little House-keeper's Club? I can make cakes and pies, and I keep house when mamma goes away on a visit. I think "Captain Polly" is splendid. For pets, I have three cats, a dog, and a bird. I like to read the wires of the cable, and we thought it was dead, but it is all right now. I like the idea of describing one's self. I am five feet one inch in height, and have brown hair and eyes and a dark complexion. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since 1880. J. M. L.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have just finished reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like to read and would write to you. My favorite studies are history and Latin. I like the "Glimpses of Childhood" from Dickens very much. I belong to a King's Daughters society, and we are now making calico into squares, and when we have enough we are going to take them to the old Ladies' Home for them to make patchwork quilts with. BESSIE D. D.

LANGDON, DAKOTA.

I am a boy thirteen years of age, and live in Langdon, Dakota. I go to school every day when I am at school, and we are having a vacation now, and I am working in a printing-office. I have taken the paper for a long time. I like the stories of "Derrick Sterling," "Uncle Peter's Trust," and "Captain Polly." I have two pigeons for pets. I love to read your paper, and wish you would publish this letter from your loving reader, ROBERT E. T.

AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK.

I go to school every day, and am in the Seventh Grade. In answer to Kitty Johnson's question, I think I can explain what trailing arbutus is. It is a pink flower, and grows on a vine and blossoms in April, under the snow. The leaves are something like mountain-laurel. The flower is something like a forget-me-not flower, only it is pink. I have a cat named Maudie, and a grandpa, on the Catskill Mountains. I am afraid my letter is too long, so I will close. From your little friend, CLARA L. G. (aged 12 years).

SEARSDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl eight years old. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for several years. I like to read the little letters very much. I think some are very interesting. We have a dog, and his name is Pat. I go to school, and study spelling, reading, and arithmetic. I have never written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before. I have three sisters and three brothers. The next winter, I am going to school this winter. Your little friend, AMANDA E. P.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy eight years old. I don't take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I am going to. I saw it at Cousin Alcorn's, and I liked it very much. I like to read and could have it, and mamma is going to get it for my baby cousin Dorothy. I have some pets—a cat named Amy, a black and white cat named, and five white mice, and a parrot. I have been ill,

A RIDDLE.

THE following ingenious riddle is attributed to the late Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and afterward of Winchester, England. Thus it is known as

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S RIDDLE.

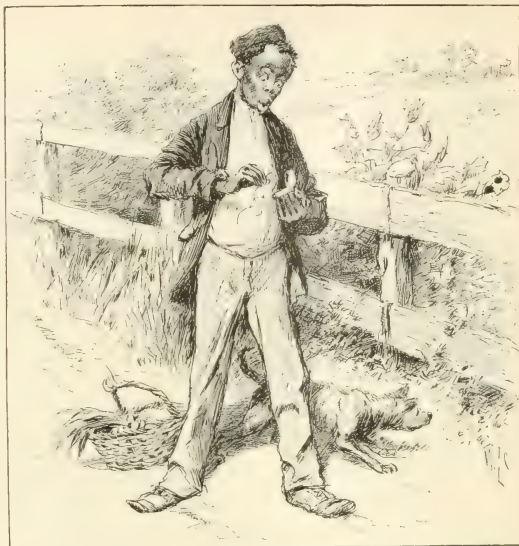
I am a trunk with two lids.—Two caps.—Two musical instruments.—A number of articles a carpenter could not dispense with.—Two lofty trees.—Two good fish and a number of shell-fish.—A fine stag and a number of animals of less noble breed.—Two playful animals.—A number of weather-cocks.—Two established measures.—Two implements of war.—Whips without handles.—The steps of a hotel.—Result of a vote in the House of Commons.—Fine flowers and fruit.—Two scholars.—Two places of worship.—Ten Spanish grandees to wait on you.—A way out of difficulty.—A poor bed.—A desert place.—A probable remark of Nebuchadnezzar when eating grass.

Nellie has a musical little soul in her mite of a body. Long before she could talk she would catch any tune perfectly, and hum it softly to herself in her baby parlance. Once she heard some one sing the words, "His track I see, and I'll pursue," and the tune found much favor in her eyes. After that we would hear her singing sweetly to her dollies, "His crack I see in mamma's shoe."

"Willie's like a piece of flannel," said Tommy, as he watched his small brother cuddled up in the bath-tub.

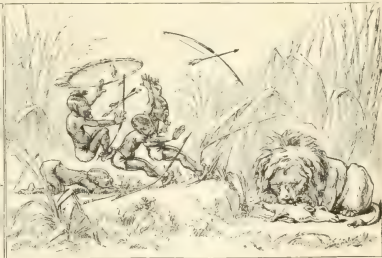
"Why do you say that, Tommy?"

"Because he shrinks when he is washed."



A TIMELY DISCOVERY.

COLORED BROTHER (investigating the internal arrangements of a balky watch, is horrified on discovering the hair-spring). "OH, GOODY! AIN'T NO WONDER SHE WON'T GO! EF YEAH AIN'T A GREAT 'HAIR' DONE GOT TWIST' ALL 'ROUN' DE IN'ARDS!"



HUNTING THE GAZELLE.

FOUR little Hottentots
Hunted a gazelle;
They hunted all day,
And they hunted right well.
But the game that they killed
To the lion's share fell,
And their fright and disap-
pointment
'Twere painful to tell.

THE WRECK OF THE WAR SHIPS AT SAMOA.



T is hard for people who have never been in a hurricane to comprehend what a hurricane is. Since our blizzard of fourteen months ago we in New York have a better idea than we used to have of the force that may lie in a storm, but we are still far from understanding such a fury of the elements as that which sent the American and German war ships to destruction last

March in Samoa. With steam up and anchors out, with the full power of their great engines turned against the storm, they were only playthings in its grasp. The tempest overwhelmed them at its leisure, and tossed them like cockle-shells at last upon the rocks and sands. Six war ships and ten trading vessels were wrecked, and 142 men of the American and German navies were drowned.

The Samoan Islands, where this great storm occurred, lie in the South Pacific Ocean, half-way around the world from us. Germany and the United States fell into a dispute concerning their respective rights in the islands, and each country sent three men-of-war thither as a precaution and an evidence of power. These war ships lay in the harbor of Apia, a little city on the north side of Upalu, one of the islands of the Samoan group.

On Friday, March 15th, seven steam war ships and ten sailing vessels lay at anchor off Apia, crowding the little harbor. The war ships were the American *Trenton*, *Vandalia*, and *Nipsic*, the German *Eber*, *Adler*, and *Olga*, and the British *Calliope*. There had been signs of a coming storm for several days, the weather being cloudy and the barometer steadily falling. In the afternoon of the 15th the blow set in. By eleven o'clock that night it had grown to be a gale. All the war ships had their engines working, and were pushing into the wind to ease the strain upon their anchors. At three o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 16th, a hurricane was roaring about the Samoan Islands. It blew down trees and carried off the roofs of houses. It caught up the sand and showered it down again like hail. The night was pitch black. The rain swept down in sheets. There was an incoming tide, and the sea ran up on the shore a hundred feet beyond its usual mark, washing the streets and throwing its spray against the houses.

Daybreak came shortly after five o'clock, and the war ships were revealed. What the observers on shore had feared was true. The ships had changed their positions. The hurricane was sweeping in from the northeast, and slowly forcing them in the direction of the reef within the bay. They were yielding inch by inch in spite of anchors and steam. Black streamers of smoke blowing from their funnels showed how powerfully the engines were at work pushing them into the wind. Their decks were swarming with men, who were holding on for their lives. The vessels were so tossed about that it seemed as though they must break and founder. Every now and then they would shoot out of the water, so that their entire rudders and rapidly revolving propellers would be exposed to view.

Close together, and only a few yards off the reef, rode the *Eber*, the *Adler*, and the *Nipsic*. They were all far along on the road to destruction. The little *Eber* was the first to make the plunge. She went unwillingly, fighting to the last. A great burst of smoke from her funnel was followed by a tremor and a leap forward, but in a moment she swerved and struck the *Nipsic* on the

port quarter, carrying off a portion of the American's rail and one of her boats, then fell back and struck the *Olga*. The two collisions were fatal. Her headway was checked, and she swung round and went upon the reef broadside to. A wave lifted her and dropped her upon the coral spears, and she slipped forever out of sight. Our illustration shows all that was left of her after the storm was over. Six officers and seventy-one men were on board the *Eber* when she struck, and of these all but one officer and four men perished with the ship.

The *Adler* followed the *Eber*. She went upon the reef broadside to, as her consort had done, but struck well up, and turned over on her side, with her deck toward the shore. She carried 130 officers and men. Twenty of the men were lost as the ship capsized; the rest found a safe shelter under the lee of the wreck.

Then came the smallest of the American ships, the *Nipsic*. Under a full head of steam she tried to run away from the reef. One of the trading vessels in the harbor, the schooner *Lilly*, got in her track, and the *Nipsic* cut her down, sending her to the bottom instantly. After sinking the *Lilly* the *Nipsic* worked herself well off the reef, and was about throwing overboard one of her heavy guns, with a hawser attached, to assist her anchors, when the *Olga* and she came in collision. The German struck the American amidships, carrying away a boat of the American, and also her smoke-stack. The loss of the smoke-stack decided the fate of the *Nipsic*. She was unable to keep up steam, and Captain Mullan, her commander, determined to beach her. This he accomplished successfully, running her upon the sand just opposite the American Consulate. When she was fast her bow was only fifteen yards from the water's edge. Several lives were lost by the overturning of a boat at the davits, and two sailors who jumped overboard were drowned; but afterward a hawser was run aboard from the shore, and all the rest of the *Nipsic*'s crew got safely off. Captain Mullan and Lieutenant John A. Sherman were the last to leave the ship.

At ten o'clock the *Vandalia* and *Calliope* had drifted into a position near the reef. The storm had not abated in the least. The British ship was just astern of the *Vandalia*, and dangerously close. Suddenly her sharp prow was swung far up by a huge wave, and descending struck the port quarter of the American with terrible force. Men standing on the poop deck of the *Vandalia* were thrown from their feet by the shock. A hole was torn in the side of the American ship, and the water rushed into the cabin. The jib-boom of the Englishman was carried away. Unless something was done the ships would strike again, and the consequences might be still more disastrous. Something was done. Her Majesty's ship *Calliope* then and there entered upon the performance of a feat the news of which a little later filled the world with astonishment and admiration. She slipped her anchors, and set to work to run out of Apia Harbor. It must have been a moment of tremendous uncertainty when those anchors were let go. She was a new vessel and a powerful one, capable of running sixteen knots an hour in smooth water. In this tempestuous sea and against this hurricane how would she get on? Would she get on at all, or would the hurricane overpower her and send her back to the fate upon which the *Eber* and the *Adler* and the *Nipsic* drifted? Captain Henry C. Kane, her commander, kept her prow in line with the broad lettering upon the stern of the American flag-ship *Trenton*, and steam was crowded on. Larger grew the *Trenton*'s lettering, and still larger, and beyond doubt the *Calliope* was gaining. Presently she passed abreast of the *Trenton*, and first a shout and then three cheers came across the water from the Yankee ship. Three cheers went back again from the Englishman, and the



"TRENTON."

"VANDALIA." "NIPSIC."

"OLGA."



THE POSITION IN WHICH THE "ADLER" WAS LEFT.

THE DISASTER IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS—SCENES IN THE



REMNANT OF THE "EBER"

"ADLER" (lying on her side).

"TRENTON."



ON SHORE AT APIA.

Calliope passed through the channel in the outer reef and out to sea, where she rode out the storm unharmed.

While the *Calliope* was steaming to safety in one direction the *Vandalia* was drifting to destruction in another. In order to save herself from the reef she finally slipped her anchor chains and made for the beach upon which the *Nipsic* had been driven. She put on more steam than she had ever dared to carry before, ran a quarter of a mile along the reef, and went ashore in the sand. But being a vessel of much greater draught than the *Nipsic*, she struck much further out, coming to a stop with her bow about forty yards from the *Nipsic's* stern. She swung around broadside to the shore, and settled so deep that the waves swept her decks with terrible force. Men were thrown from their feet and dashed against the bulwarks. Not a few were washed overboard. The ship continued to settle, and many of the sailors and some of the officers took to the rigging.

During the afternoon the storm increased in violence. One man after another went overboard from the poop deck of the *Vandalia*. One of these was Chief-Engineer A. S. Greene. He had on a life-preserver. He was washed into the sea, grasped a rope as he fell, and drew himself back again. A second time a wave swept him away, and a second time he caught a rope and clambered back. A third time he was carried far away from the *Vandalia*, and he swam to the *Nipsic* and caught a rope. He was too weak to draw himself up on it. He held on for a few minutes, and then let go in sheer exhaustion. The current caught him, and he was swept along the shore. The natives saw him. A line of them clasped hands, one end of the line ventured far out into the current, and the man furthest out caught the drowning officer and brought him safely in. Naval Cadet H. A. Wiley was another who got into the current and was snatched from death by the venturesome Samoans.

Captain Schoonmaker and Lieutenant J. W. Carlin were two brave men who clung for life to the railings of the *Vandalia's* poop deck. Captain Schoonmaker had been incapacitated by an accident the night before. A violent lurch of the vessel had flung him across the cabin. His head struck a chair with such force that one ear was almost torn away. He had been ever since in a dazed and weakened condition, and Lieutenant Carlin had practically commanded the ship.

Soon after Greene and Wiley went overboard it became evident that Captain Schoonmaker could not endure much longer. Several times he said to Lieutenant Carlin and the others about him that he would have to go soon. Lieutenant Carlin tried to get him into the rigging, where he would escape the incessant sweep of the water, but the Captain said he was too weak to climb, and would stay as long as he could where he was. He was without a life-preserver, and repeatedly refused to accept one. The end was not long delayed. A huge wave came over the port quarter of the *Vandalia* and flooded the poop deck. It tore a machine-gun from its fastenings, and hurled it against Captain Schoonmaker. The gun struck the Captain on the head and knocked him senseless. Perhaps it killed him outright. He was washed from the deck, and was never seen again.

A sailor-boy named Oscar Brinkman, belonging to the crew of the *Vandalia*, was among those who performed notable acts of heroism. Being thrown overboard by a lurch of the ship, he seized a floating plank and clung to it. Seeing one of his companions struggling in the water, he swam to him, and taking him by the hair, brought him to the plank, to which both clung until a big wave washed them on the beach. Although nearly exhausted, Brinkman determined to do what he could for those on board the *Trenton*, which seemed about to go to pieces. He persuaded three of the natives to accompany him in a boat, and with a rope establish a line between the shore and the

ship. They had only gone a little way, when the boat was upset by a big wave, and all were struggling in the water. Presently it righted itself, however, and they succeeded in reaching the ship with their rope, and saved many lives.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the *Trenton* and the *Olga* were almost on the reef. A piece of wreckage had carried away the rudder and propeller of the *Trenton* at ten o'clock in the morning, and since then her anchors and the great skill of her officers had been her only dependence. The force of the blow which carried away rudder and propeller was so great that every spoke in the pilot wheel was broken out as it was whirled about, and two men who stood at the wheel were thrown to the deck, one of them with such violence that his leg was broken. Much of the credit for the skilful management of the *Trenton* is given to her navigating officer, Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown, of whom Captain Farquhar declared, in an official report to Admiral Kimberley, that he had on one occasion at least kept the *Trenton* off the rocks and saved the lives of her 450 men. Admiral Kimberley, Captain Farquhar, and Lieutenant Brown kept the bridge of the *Trenton* during the day. When the propeller was lost, the mizzen storm-sail was set, and when in the middle of the afternoon she was drifting toward the reef, broadside on, Lieutenant Brown ordered the entire crew into the port rigging, where they acted as sails and at the same time ballasted the ship against the storm.

It was after this that the *Trenton* and the *Olga* got dangerously near to the reef and to each other. Suddenly the Stars and Stripes flew out from the *Trenton's* gaff—the only flag seen in Apia Harbor on that awful day. The flag couldn't keep off the *Olga*, however. The German struck the American on the starboard quarter, shivering it, and carrying off her own bowsprit and figure-head. Several of the *Trenton's* boats were also carried away, and her flag fell upon the deck of the *Olga*. After the collision the *Olga* steamed across the harbor, and buried herself in the mud shoal on the east side, where she safely outlasted the storm, while the *Trenton* drifted down upon the *Vandalia* just as night fell.

Everybody feared the worst when the *Trenton* should collide with the *Vandalia*. It was believed that the shock would throw the exhausted men clinging to the *Vandalia's* rigging into the sea. It was pitch dark. The tempest was unabated. The shore was lined with people straining their eyes toward the spot where the two war ships had been swallowed up in the night. Suddenly these people heard a cheer borne in from the sea; it was the *Trenton* cheering the *Vandalia*; 450 voices went to make that cheer, but it seemed very faint to those on shore. Then there came in another cheer, which was a great deal fainter; it was the answer of the *Vandalia* to the *Trenton*. A moment later the people on the shore heard something stranger than the cheers, stranger than anything they had ever heard or fancied before; it was a band of music playing "The Star-spangled Banner"—the *Trenton's* band playing the national anthem, in a hurricane, to cheer up the poor fellows clinging to the rigging of her stranded consort, and perhaps to cheer up her own poor fellows as well.

But it was a good omen, that music. The fears of the people on shore regarding the meeting of the *Vandalia* and the *Trenton* were unfounded. The great ships came together as gently as friends should, and the flag-ship loomed up at the side of her stricken consort and sheltered her. The men in the *Vandalia's* rigging crept along the great yard-arms of the *Trenton*, and found relief and safety on the sturdy flag-ship. The meeting was just in time, for the men were hardly out of the rigging of the *Vandalia* before her masts went overboard. The *Trenton* stood well out of water, and by morning the storm had subsided.

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THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY R. W. McALPINE.

I WONDER, Will, what sort o' boys and girls are there to-day,
Where we spent hours and hours, half in study, half in play?
How many years ago was it? Why, fifty, Will, and more,
Since we came for the last time through that old school-house door.
Came out—don't you remember?—feeling proud as proud could be
That our school-days were over, and that now we both were free.
Our hearts were light, our hopes were bright; we knew that we should find
The future happier, rosier, than the life we'd left behind.
But, Will, how we blundered! 'Twas not long before we found
That all life's pictures are not gold upon a silver ground.

Let's peep in. The same old desks; the same old benches too;
And the faces of the youngsters don't seem strange to me and you.

They *must* be, Will, grandchildren of the boys and girls, you know,
Who sat at these same desks with us so many years ago.
But seems to me they have a kind of happy, thoughtful air—
A look that speaks of freedom from all worriment and care.
I think, Will, as I watch their smiles, and catch the teacher's too,
That they're but sweet reflections one from t'other. What think you?
There's a love and trust between 'em, and that's as easy told
As the sunlight gleams that bathe those busy heads with gold.
I don't see any dunce-cap, Will, such as we used to wear.
And that youngster at the blackboard's drawing pictures, I declare!
Well, things have somedall changed, Will, and our old country school
I do not think is run to-day upon the old-time rule.
I see no strap, no switches; I hear no sobs or cries;
I see no tears of grief and shame drop from the youngsters' eyes.
To me, Will, and, I think, to you, it should be pretty clear
That the youngsters of to-day are ruled by love, and not by fear.

BASE-BALL FOR AMATEURS.

BY A. ALONZO STAGG.

I.—THE BATTERY.

IN these four short articles I purport to treat base-ball from the stand-point of an amateur and for amateur base-ball players. This will not necessarily reduce very much what can be said upon the subject, for amateur base-ball as played by the best teams is only a half-step behind professional base-ball in point of development. The constant loss of many of its best players who become professionals tends to keep amateur base-ball at a stationary point, but this loss is somewhat compensated for by the consequent popularity of the game all over our land.

Amateur base-ball finds its strongest backing in the colleges. Here also it reaches its highest development. Systematic courses of training are undertaken, and practice in individual and in team play is pursued to a fine point. In these articles I shall have regard for the system and methods as followed by the leading colleges, coupled with my own observation and experience.

It is a recognized principle of athletics that the first step toward entering upon a successful career in any line of out-door sports is to get into good physical condition. This is essential in base-ball in order to derive the best results from the opening practice. Some form of light training should be pursued preparatory to actual practice in the field, especially if the person intends to play in the early part of the season, when the weather is cold and damp. An hour a day for two weeks in a gymnasium practising upon various apparatus, supplemented by a half-mile run, with a dash of a hundred yards at the end, will put most young men in good physical state to begin active practice in the field. In this preliminary work exercises should be chosen which will make the muscles strong and elastic, not rigid. Nothing requiring a special strain upon the arms, like heavy dumb-bells or heavy Indian clubs, should be undertaken. Use judgment in this work, as in all of your practice.

It is important to devote some time to preparing the arms and hands for their special labor. He who has had to suffer with stone bruises or a lame arm will agree with me on this point, that nothing dampens the enthusiasm of a player so much as afflictions of this nature. Exercise so as to give the arm a free movement underhand, round-arm, and overhand. There is a great advantage in point of play in being able to throw equally well all styles, and especially so for an infelder. Any boy can acquire all of these throws with a little practice.

Thus far I have treated the nine as a whole. I will now proceed to take up the "battery" first, because the pitcher and catcher together constitute the most important part of the nine. By common custom the pitcher takes precedence, and I will give it to him in this article. Of all positions on a nine that of pitcher is the hardest to fill satisfactorily. There are a great many pitchers, but there are only a few superior ones who really understand their business. The best pitchers are able to throw a ball swiftly, to curve it sharply, to change the pace of the ball without an apparent change of delivery, to place the ball at their will in any particular point in reference to the batter. They possess endurance, courage, and self-control, are of quick perception, and of excellent judgment.

The pitcher, more than any other member of the nine, must pay especial attention to getting himself into proper physical condition, because upon him falls by far the larger share of the physical and the mental labor of the game. His is a steady strain throughout the whole game, in which both body and mind are called upon to allow no let up if the game be close and one of importance. He must be cool, collected, and unerring in his judgment at all times; must be able to pitch his best game under discouraging

fielding on the part of the team; must never allow his even temper to be provoked so that he shall become reckless, no matter how exasperating circumstances shall arise—and these are sure to arise, and very frequently too.

The pitcher having gotten himself into proper condition, the labor of practice can be done easily and satisfactorily. In his practice he should start in moderately, at first pitching not more than a half-hour at a time, and not very hard at that, using a free over-hand and under-hand delivery. One point to be urged is that he should preserve a perfect regularity in his practice, pitching not oftener than three times a week and on alternate days. I am of the opinion that a pitcher should never in his practice pitch more than a half or three-quarters of an hour, but during that time he should pitch deliberately, carefully, and have a purpose in every ball that he pitches. If he has already learned the curves, his main business will be to learn to control them—to make his hand do the bidding of his will. This is a point of vital importance, and no pitcher can hope for any great success until he has thoroughly mastered it. Think always before pitching a ball where you want to put it, and then work until you can put it there every time. A pitcher who has merely a straight speedy ball, over which he has perfect control, can do wonders with it against good batters by using good "head-work."

And that brings me to "head-work," the most important of all the powers which the pitcher must exercise. By "head-work," I mean the ability to comprehend the situation in its entirety; to understand your catcher—his weak and his strong points—so that you may do your best by him so far as is practicable; and, above all, to understand the batter as far as possible, and then to pitch in a way best calculated to meet the demands of the moment.

I have spoken of the central figure of the nine, the active part of the "battery;" I will now take up the receiving part. Next to the position of pitcher, that of catcher is the most difficult to fill well. It is a position which demands plenty of pluck and courage, a great deal of hard physical work, and considerable mental effort. Being such, it is wise for one attempting to become a catcher to undergo a course of training in preparation for practice, paying especial attention to getting his hands and arms into good shape. The hands may be toughened by many exercises which cause a strong friction upon the whole hands, like the "wrist machine." Before starting in with actual practice, a catcher should get a good pair of well-padded gloves. He can adjust the padding to suit his hands after trial. Never catch when the gloves are poorly padded—sore hands usually follow.

Practice then should follow to develop his reach and freedom in catching a ball equally well in any position. If weak on any particular side, have some one throw on that side until it becomes as easy to catch there as anywhere. In practice assume the best position, with the feet separated at a distance at which it is easy to handle yourself, with the body bent forward from the hips. Practice agility of foot and quick body and arm movement, without which no one can become a fine catcher.

A good practice to enable a catcher to develop agility and reach is for the pitcher to stand off a short distance and throw easy straight balls on all sides of him, increasing the speed as the progress of the catcher warrants. In throwing, the catcher should take a short step forward, and aim to get the ball away quickly rather than use a slow movement with great speed. It is much more difficult to steal a base from a catcher who has a quick recovery and a quick throw than from one who is slow in his recovery, even though he throws very swiftly.

Let this caution be always in the mind of the pitcher and catcher in their practice, individually and as a "battery," *Do not overdo yourself.* I have known of young pitchers and catchers seriously injuring their arms and

hands, and thus hindering their progress, through ignorance or youthful ambition to get along rapidly.

There should be a complete understanding between the pitcher and catcher. They should practise together sufficiently to become thoroughly acquainted with each other. Above all, they should never become provoked or allow their temper or feelings to get the better of them. They should have perfect self-control: lack of this frequently loses games. They should be a sort of mutual encouragement society, the pitcher giving praise and encouragement to the catcher when the latter makes good stops, and the catcher doing the same for the pitcher. Under these conditions, what might otherwise be a weak battery may become a strong one.

PRECISION OF LANGUAGE.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

IN a previous paper I had something to say about "Simplicity of Language"; this one I propose to devote to "Precision of Language," or rather to the precision of words, because precision of language refers to the formation of sentences as well as to the choice of words. My article must necessarily be a brief one, and yet if I can interest my young readers enough to induce them to study books upon the subject I shall feel amply rewarded.

Words that seem like equivalent words may have different shades of meaning, and a knowledge of these various shades of meaning leads to precision of expression. A striking instance of the distinctive meaning of words occurs in an anecdote about Napoleon. He was one day searching for a book in the library at Malmaison, and discovered it upon a shelf somewhat beyond his reach. Marshal Mouton, one of the tallest men in the army, happened to be present. He stepped forward and said, "Permit me, sire; I am *higher* than your Majesty."

"You are *longer*, Marshal," replied the Emperor, with a frown.

There are synonyms which are not synonyms under all circumstances. There are words that may be used interchangeably, and yet are not equivalent words. For example, mark the difference between applaud and praise. We *praise* God, but we do not *applaud* Him. Or between grand and sublime. A pageant is *grand*; a thunder-storm on the Alps is *sublime*. We *keep* a thing because of our sagacity; we may *retain* it because others are not able to take it from us. We *shun* an object by passing around it; we *avoid* an object by not going near it. *Difficulties* embarrass us, *obstacles* stop us; we remove the one, we surmount the other. We *invent* new things; we *discover* what before was hidden. We *abhor* debt; we *detest* treachery. Others may *remind* us; we *remember* for ourselves. We are called upon to believe *doctrines*; we are expected to obey *precepts*. We *grant* a favor; we *bestow* alms. Never use the word *donate* instead of give, bestow, present, etc.; it is a spurious word. *Donation* is a legitimate word, like ovation, oration, etc., but we never *ovate* or *orate*.

Couple is not a synonym for *pair*. *Couple* is the result of the verb to couple, which means to link, chain, fasten, or connect one thing with another. A pair of convicts become a couple when they are chained together. A man and his wife are a couple because they are united by the laws of marriage. Do not say a couple of apples or a couple of books; say two apples, two books. The *world* is not a synonym for *universe*, though often so confounded. The world is our own solar system; the universe includes all systems and all created things. To say "the finest ship in the universe" is absurd. "I promise to do so" is correct; but "I promise you I was very much astonished" is not correct; "I assure you" is what you should say. *Teach* and *learn* are sometimes used indiscriminately. The teacher *teaches*, and the scholar *learns*. *Without* is not as precise a word as *unless*. Never say, "I will not do so without he consents;" say, "unless he consents."

Admit, acknowledge, confess, etc., seem like equivalent words, yet each of them possesses a distinctive force. We *admit* the power of an argument, we *acknowledge* an error, we *confess* a fault. Do not confuse *conscience* with *consciousness*; the former denotes the faculty, the latter a particular exertion. Or *negligence* with *neglect*; the former is a habit, the latter an omission. *Pride* makes us esteem ourselves; *vanity* leads us to desire the esteem

of others, and hence Dean Swift was correct when he said that "a man may be too proud to be vain." *Haughtiness* is founded upon the high opinion we have of ourselves, and *disdain* on the low opinion we have of others. All this shows that a knowledge of the exact meaning of words enables us to speak and write with precision. For other instances read Blair, Jamieson, and Bovee on the subject.

Learned men pride themselves upon precision of speech, and are quick to defend themselves when assailed. An anecdote which appeared years ago in the "Drawer" of HARPER'S MAGAZINE illustrates Senator Sumner's sensitiveness about the matter. Somebody at a breakfast given by Landon asked whether General Washington was buried under the Capitol, to which Sumner replied, substantially, that his ashes were at Mount Vernon.

"What!" roared Landon. "I am amazed that a gentleman of Mr. Sumner's scholarship should use such a word! Was Washington's body burned?"

Sumner instantly retorted, "Am I to understand, Mr. Landon, when I read in Gray's 'Elegy,'

'E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires,'

that the poet refers to some cinerary process formerly in vogue in this country?"

And he further confounded Landon by quoting from the English burial service, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

SACRED CATS IN EGYPT.

ANCIENT Egypt was indeed a "cats' paradise." The goddess *Bast*, or *Psat*, was a cat, and being under her protection and types of her, all cats were sacred. During life they were treated with respect, and their personal safety was guaranteed by rigorous laws; when dead they were buried with solemnity. They wore ear-rings and necklaces; but whether this honor was accorded to all cats, or only to those of high degree and exceptional sanctity, is uncertain, as only some of the statuettes show these ornaments, while some have also a jewel on their foreheads.

But not only individuals were dedicated to *Bast*; we know that she had a town of her own (Bubastis) especially devoted to her worship. Cats were sometimes sent to the sacred city to be buried, especially those that had been venerated in the temples of *Bast*. Some authorities give the cat's name as *Mau*, *Mai*, *Maau*, and some Egyptologists have read *Chau*, but it ought to be read *Maou*, and is one of the examples of onomatopoeia, or names formed in imitation of sounds, of which "cuckoo" is the most familiar example in our own tongue.

The father of history, Herodotus, has something to tell us about cats. He says: "When a house caught fire the only thought of the Egyptians was to preserve the lives of their cats. Ranging themselves, therefore, in bodies round the house, they endeavored to rescue these animals from the flames, totally disregarding the destruction of the property itself; but notwithstanding all their precautions, the cats, leaping over the heads and gliding between the legs of the by-standers, rushed into the flames as if impelled by divine agency to self-destruction, and when an accident of this kind happened a deep sorrow took possession of the Egyptians."

"When a cat died a natural death the people of the house shaved off their eyebrows, but if a dog died they shaved the head and the whole body." All the provisions in the house, too, were thrown away as having become unlawful food.

As we have said, there were some cats kept especially for veneration in the temples of *Bast*, and Herodotus tells us of these, and of sacred animals generally, that not only were necessary provisions given them, but luxuries also, which they were incapable of appreciating. They were bathed, anointed, perfumed; they had rich carpets and ornamental furniture; they were fed on bread sopped in milk, and on Nile fish cut into strips; and when dead they were embalmed with oil of cedar and spices.

Any one who killed a cat or an ibis was condemned to death, and it was found impossible to save the life even of a Roman citizen who had accidentally committed this offence. The populace, indeed, generally lynched the malefactor without waiting for a form of trial, so that "for fear of such a calamity, if a person found one of these animals dead he stood afar off, and crying with a loud voice, made every show of grief, and protested that he had found it lifeless." Even in times of famine, when in their extremity they were driven to eat human flesh, the Egyptians preserved their cats.

TOMBSTONE, MRS. PERKINS, AND THE
SERJEANT.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

IT was a proud moment in little Tim's life when he received one day, duly stamped with a large official seal, the following document:

"DEAR SIR,—The Board of Commissioners of the Department of Public Parks have directed me to communicate their thanks for one horned toad presented by you to the Department.

"The donation will be suitably acknowledged in the next annual report of the Board.

"Very respectfully yours,

"E. H. BARKER, Sec. D. P. P.

"To TIMOTHY —, Esq."

"That's me. I'm Timothy Blank, Esquire," cried the little boy, carrying his yellow envelope around the house in triumph. "And it just shows how big I am—nurse says so. I'm glad I gave my toad to those nice Commissioners. I s'pose they pet him a good deal, only he never used to seem to know whether you were petting him or not.



TIM AND TOMBSTONE.

Mamma, don't you think I ought to go with trousers, now I'm an Esquire? I just wish I could see that horrid apple-man that called me Sissy because my hair is long. Next time I go to walk I'm going to show him my Esquire."

The letter went into Tim's drawer in the library, in company with a treasury of relics in every stage of dislocation and decay. "Tim's junk shop," the other children called it. While its master is spending the morning hours of a rainy day in scattering its contents on the floor I will give you a few particulars of the life and adventures of the horned toad, and others of the pets these children had.

The toad, a queer, cold-blooded, and it must be said extremely stupid pet, was brought by Tim's father from Arizona in a collar box. His melancholy name, given in honor of the town where he was born, was Tombstone. At a certain hotel on the way East the ugly little wretch escaped from the dressing-table drawer where he was left, and glided despairingly on his homeward way as far as the wash-stand, under which he cowered, and was nearly swept out by the house-maid with her broom.

"The saints preserve us!" cried the girl; "but if it isn't a mouse, what is it?"

The next stage of Tombstone's travels was to Lenox, Massachusetts, where the children lived in summer. Entirely indifferent to his long and toilsome journey, he slid out of his box to a sunny spot upon the gravel-walk, and fell to catching flies for breakfast.

"I don't call him pretty," said Tim's brother Pippin, "but I've no doubt he's nice. He's more lizard than toad anyway, papa. And his sides look as if they were jagged out with a pastry-cutter."

"Tim likes him," said that little man, who could be affectionate to a snake, so bountiful was the loving-kindness in his heart. "Po-or toad! po-or Tombstone!" and he tried to stroke the creature's spotty, spiky back with very "poor" results.

"I'll tell you what, Tim," said Pippin, in a burst of generosity, "I'll let him live in the pen with Mrs. Perkins, and he'll be company for her."

Mrs. Perkins, I will explain, was a land-turtle picked up by the boys on the road to Stockbridge Bowl, and irreverently so named because of her resemblance to a lady who sometimes called on their mamma.

Tombstone, even in the enlivening society of Mrs. Perkins, did not think much of Massachusetts. The beautiful green world of a New England village, where grasses grow knee-high to men, neck-high to little people, where bees rollick in purple clover, and robins sing their hearts away for joy, seemed to the exile from Arizona a tame kind of a place. He sat winking, and thinking of his native deserts with the cactus plants covered with flowers like burning torches, the blazing sand, the scrubby chaparral and sage-bush. Mrs. Perkins made herself as agreeable as is possible when the conversation is like the handle of a jug—all on one side. Tombstone sulked dreadfully. He made no response to Mrs. Perkins's gossip, and at last, revolting once and for all against her village small-talk, he set out again for Arizona.

When the boys found that he was missing from the pen, and that Mrs. Perkins would give no particulars of his escape, they searched around a bit, in the feeble kind of way boys look for their lost property; then gave him up, not, I must say, much to the regret of the rest of us.

Two days later our man, mowing the lawn, came upon the utterly disgusted Tombstone sitting beneath a dock leaf. Evidently the grassy jungles of Berkshire had been too much for him. Pippin put him in a tin pan filled with sand and stones, under which at night he would disappear, to emerge in the daytime, basking on top in the hot sun of July. What he ate nobody exactly knew—a very desirable peculiarity in a boy's pet. But till the day of his return to New York, Tombstone could not be induced to make friends with Mrs. Perkins. The children's mamma came in from driving one day to find that worthy lady harnessed to a pasteboard cart, in which sat Tombstone, and being propelled across the drawing-room floor by the combined efforts of their masters.

There was some talk of conveying Mrs. Perkins also to the children's city home when it was time for them to return there. But the idea was abandoned, and Mrs. P., having the year and Pippin's initials carved upon her shell, was restored to the vicinity of Stockbridge Bowl, where to this day she is no doubt entertaining her grandchildren with her adventures in Lenox, and with the bad manners of the gentleman from Arizona.

The next treasure among our pets whose story I set out to tell was Serjeant Buzfuz. The name came to us by inspiration, for the tiny jewelled object, no bigger than a thimble, caught in Pippin's hat while the dainty creature was hovering over a heliotrope inside the open door of a greenhouse in Maryland.

It is rather an unusual, though not a difficult, thing to tame a humming-bird, and our first impulse to let the



MRS. PERKINS

lovely frightened creature go was conquered by the strong wish to make an experiment in domesticating it. It was a beautiful May day when Pippin captured the poor little Serjeant, and May in Maryland means a world of flowers. On the lawn, on the veranda under our window, which was completely wreathed with the purple blossoms of the Japanese akebia, in the woods not far from the house, every plant and tree seemed to be blooming, so that it was not hard to provide our visitor with what to him was fresh butcher's-meat and vegetables, dessert and wine, combined. His first flutterings were pitiful to see. It took a strong heart and hand to place him on the branch of spirea under a bell-shaped glass used as a cheese-cover, the edge propped up to admit sufficient air. Within this crystal prison he soon quieted down, and looked as wise as a nixie in a soap-bubble.

Later in the day we closed the windows of a vacant room, and wreathing one of them like a queen's chair at a May party with flowers of all kinds, set the captive free beneath this bower. A black and gold tulip leaf, in a box of pink jewellers' cotton, was called his bed, and a red-lipped fluted sea-shell filled with sugared water served as a drinking-cup.

All too soon, though I blush to own it, did Serjeant Buzfuz find out the merits of that cup. For a brief time he flitted and buzzed contentedly amid the flowers; but once having tasted the nectar in the shell, we caught him going back to it continually. One morning I found him, having consumed all the contents of the shell, lying at the bottom of it as tipsy as a humming-bird can be, and so sticky that he could not fly an inch. Picking him up, I proceeded to administer a lecture and a bath, both of which the boys enjoyed amazingly. Buzfuz did not mind the lecture, but the bath insulted him. He struggled tremendously, but I persevered in cleansing his matted plumage, and in the end put on him a shawl made of a lace pocket-handkerchief, over which his bright eyes peeped so comically that the children shouted with delight. Nothing that we could provide seemed too good for the exquisite little ruby-throat who was our passing guest. He became the poetry of our daily life, and every one in the house bowed before his shrine. After the first day he seemed quite satisfied in his window bower. Once a bonnet decked with pink artificial roses was laid on the bureau in his room, and quite unexpectedly the Serjeant swooped down upon it, darting his lightning-like tongue into the muslin flowers. Retiring from this unsatisfying diet, he settled on a knot of blue ribbon, with the same result. On another occasion he flew up to the top of a mahogany wardrobe and disappeared,

scuttling down the wall-paper behind it. To rescue him it became necessary to move the heavy piece of furniture—a task of difficulty to the men called in for the purpose. But at last we found the little fly-away humped up into a miserable ball, so covered with cobwebs and carpet fuz that it was no easy work to make him clean again. With a fine needle I succeeded in picking the stuff from his beautiful green coat, and after that he perched on a lilac branch, combing himself with wiry claws, and passing his wing feathers through his tiny beak. Then who so bright and gay as Serjeant Buzfuz? Restored to his self-respect, he flew fitfully about the room in endless unexpected romp, looking as if the most brilliant of our flowers had taken wings.

In time the Serjeant grew to know his mistress, to perch upon her finger, to sip sugar from her lips. With the children he declined to fraternize. In his brief existence the Serjeant had his chapter of romance. One morning, while the little fellow was darting from spray to spray, I observed in him symptoms of unusual excitement. There, on the other side of the window, making little frantic dabs against the pane, was another humming-bird as pretty as our pet. Poor Buzfuz! my heart ached to see his efforts to get out. The window was peppered with marks from his slimy tongue. Hoping to secure a mate for him, we put the Serjeant back into his bell-glass prison, opened the window, and watched the outside. The fairy visitor coquetted visibly. Again and again she came near the window, once inside the sash, but we were not quick enough to close it. At last, with a flash up into the sunshine, she was gone, and the forsaken Serjeant saw his love no more.

Our visit to Maryland at an end, the Serjeant journeyed back with us to New York. We made for him a Pullman car of a bonbon box lined with tufted silk, with a bed of cotton-wool surrounded by fresh flowers. Through his air-holes we caught many a glimpse of a pair



SERJEANT BUZFUZ.

of wide-open eyes. At Philadelphia, where we stopped for an hour or two, he went with us to have luncheon, and afterward to a picture-gallery, where he remained with the young woman who checked umbrellas. After all these wanderings Serjeant Buzfuz emerged from his box again, in the house in Westchester County at which our journey ended, as fresh as need be.

He was a hero in all eyes. People were astonished to see him perch upon my finger or sit contented in my hair, whence it was sometimes hard to dislodge his sharp claws. He flew from hanging basket to picture-frame, now and again swinging on a stalk of lilies or resting on the music rack of the piano, whence the maddest waltz or merriest polka could not dislodge him.

One morning a cold east wind blowing up from the water side of the house chilled his window-pane so that we found him struck with what we feared was mortal sickness. He lay on his back, with glazing eyes and limp claws. To take him in the hollow of the hand and breathe warm breath on his tiny body was our first care. Then, drop by drop, sugar-water was poured into his beak (Tim tasting a good deal of it himself, to be sure that it was all right, he said).

Tim's eyes, however, were very misty. Pippin looked too proud to cry. Imagine their delight when by-and-by the little bird revived, struggled to its feet, and in a short time was gayly flying around the room again!

The boys thought the only punishment Buzfuz ever got for disobedience a very funny one. His worst fault was a habit of escaping to the high places of the room, where nobody could reach him except with a "pope's-head" broom, in the hair of which we would tangle his feet and draw him down. Once, when he had flown to the same spot several times in succession, the boys put as sentries on either side of his perch a pair of large green and gold dragon-flies bought in Paris as ornaments for a bonnet. Buzfuz saw these monsters, humped himself up into a ball, and sticking his beak straight up into the air, did not budge till they took his guards away.

At last—how can I tell his fate? I feel the pang it caused me even now—the dear little Serjeant, free and fearless, sat on the music rack. Nimrod, the cook's cat, rarely seen upstairs, crept across the threshold of the drawing-room. A bound, a crashing discord when the cat's great body fell upon the key-board, and all was over! Serjeant Buzfuz had disappeared as completely as though he had never come to brighten that summer of our lives.

DORMY MATES:

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A STRUGGLE FOR A LIFE.

FOR half a minute Breeze was lost to the view of those who from the deck of the schooner watched anxiously to see him emerge from his brave plunge. They gave a shout as he reappeared. He had only time to draw in a single breath of air before he was again buried beneath a huge curling wave that, before it broke, towered many feet above his head. His comrades were just about to haul him back by means of the line they were paying out, and the other end of which was knotted about his waist, when his head was once more seen above the surface.

This time they were astonished to note what a distance he had gained, for being many feet under water had not

prevented his swimming sturdily toward the object of his efforts. Now how gallantly he dashed forward! with what splendid overhand strokes he took advantage of the few moments of surface swimming granted him before he was again swallowed up! He had won many a swimming match in both smooth and storm-tossed waters about Gloucester; he had taken many a header through green walls of rushing breakers; but never before had he swam as now; never before had he struggled for the prize of a human life.

When for the third time he emerged from the suffocating waters he saw within a few feet of him the yellow-clad form to gain which he had fought so bravely. With one more desperate effort—for the line about his waist was now dragging him back almost irresistibly—he reached it, and grasped the stern becket of the overturned dory.

Outstretched upon its flat bottom, with both arms and legs twined about the life-line,* lay the senseless form of a young man, apparently but little older than the brave swimmer who now tried to rouse him. It was impossible to do so, and Breeze feared that he was dead. Without casting loose the line from about his body, he gathered a bight in it, and made this fast to the becket of the dory. Then he waved his hand as a signal to those on board the schooner to pull in.

The strain upon the light line was terrible, and in any other hands but those of expert fishermen it would have parted a dozen times before its precious burden was drawn as close as was safe under the stern of the schooner. Then a second line was thrown to Breeze, who, nearly exhausted as he was, still found strength to secure it about the body of the senseless lad beside him. He could not, however, undo the clutch of the rigid fingers from the life-line, and for a moment began to despair, even within reach of rescue, of saving him for whom he had risked so much. But help was at hand, and it came as he least expected it.

From the schooner's deck old Mateo had watched the brave struggles of his boy, as he called him, in an agony of apprehension. Now, with senses quickened by affection, he was the first to comprehend the difficulty. Just as Breeze was about to relax his efforts, feeling that he could do no more, the old cook's heavy jack-knife, with the end of a fishing-line attached to the ring in its horn handle, came flying across the dory, and dropped into the water beyond it.

Breeze secured it, opened it, and with a last effort cut both ends of the dory's life-line, as well as the becket to which he had fastened himself. Then the knife dropped from his nerveless fingers, and, as the dory drifted away, two senseless figures were drawn through the wild waters to the plunging schooner. With a final effort for their destruction a huge billow hurled itself bodily upon them, and the lines had to be slackened for a few moments, or they would have parted. The limp forms were buried deep beneath the green waters; but again they were drawn to the surface, and this time they came within reach of the eagerly outstretched hands waiting to grasp them.

The unknown lad was carried into the cabin, while Breeze, claimed by Mateo, was tenderly taken into the fore-castle. There, while two men stripped and rubbed him, the old cook heated blankets and prepared hot stimulants, wailing as he hustled about, "Oh, Breeze! ma boy! ma boy! you no-a die; you must leeve!"

It was half an hour before their efforts were rewarded by a faint sigh and a flush of returning color in the livid cheeks. Then the boy opened his eyes and gazed about

* A fishing dory has a wooden plug in its bottom near the after end that can be drawn so as to allow water to run out. To the lower end of this, extending forward along the boat's bottom to an iron ring, is often fastened a life-line for use in case of a capsiz.

him wonderingly for an instant. A few minutes later, wrapped in hot blankets, he fell asleep and was breathing regularly.

Almost the same scene was taking place in the cabin, only there it was so long before the patient showed the least sign of life that some of those who worked over him were several times ready to give up in despair. They were only kept at it by the skipper, who exclaimed: "Great Scott, men! it will be a shame if we cannot fetch him to, after that boy has nearly given his life to save him. I, for one, shall work over him from now till noon before I will give him up."

At last he too was brought back to the life from which he had so nearly departed, and by noon, when the sun came out, both patients were doing finely. Neither of them was allowed to leave his bunk until the next morning; but they were kept warm, and encouraged to sleep as much as possible. In their exhausted condition this was easy to do. So with only one or two awakenings to take the light nourishment that Mateo prepared for them, by the aid of his never-failing "lit tin cow," they slept through the rest of the day and the whole of the night.

The next morning they awoke, filled with the life and energy that always wait upon youth and a sound constitution, and almost inclined to believe their recent adventure to be but a troubled dream. Only a few bruises, and the marks about their bodies of the ropes by which they had been drawn aboard the schooner, remained as traces of what they had undergone.

The sea had gone down so rapidly the day before that the crew of the *Albatross* had been able to resume their fishing by noon, and had had remarkably good luck until night. By a mutual agreement, suggested by the man who had been watchmate with Breeze that morning, they devoted half an hour to their brave young comrade, and the entire catch of fish made during that time was credited to him in the ship's books.

The next morning when Breeze came on deck he saw the skipper talking to a well-built young stranger, whose naturally ruddy face had not yet wholly recovered its color. For an instant he wondered who it could be and where he had come from. Then it flashed across him that this was the person whom he had rescued from the sea; and not knowing exactly what to do or say, he stood looking at him curiously.

The young stranger noticing him, said something to the skipper, who turned quickly and exclaimed: "Good-morning, Breeze! Why, you are looking as fresh as a daisy. This is Mr. Wolfe Brady," he added, indicating the lad who stood beside him. "Although you two have already been dormytates, he declares he has never seen you before, and I am certain you have never been introduced. Mr. Brady, Mr. McCloud."

In assuming this jesting tone the skipper hoped to put the young men at their ease, and relieve their first meeting of the embarrassment they might naturally be expected to feel under the circumstances.

There was a long, firm hand-clasp between the two who had so nearly met death together; but for a moment neither of them spoke. Then Wolfe Brady said:

"They tell me you saved my life, and nearly lost your own in doing it. I can't thank you, because I haven't the gift; but if ever the time comes when you can use it, I will offer my life to you as freely as you offered yours for me."

"Thank you," answered Breeze, simply. "I am very glad I succeeded in reaching you. But how did you happen to be afloat on that dory?"

"I hardly know myself. Yesterday morning I belonged to the trawler *Ibis*, of Boston. Just before daylight, while half the crew, and I among them, were on deck, we were run down by a large square-rigger scudding under bare poles. It was so dark that we did not see her until

she was right on top of us, and then, though we cut the cable, it was too late. She struck us before those below could get on deck, and crushed the schooner down as though she were a herring-box. Then I've no knowledge of what happened to the others, or even to myself. I only know that I was under water such a long time that I wonder I did not stay there. When I came up, something was floating close beside me, and I got hold of it. The rest is a blank. The next thing I knew I was lying in a bunk, and somebody was trying to pour something down my throat. Your skipper was just telling me what a splendid fight you made to get me, and how near you came to losing the number of your mess, and sending your vessel home with her flag at half-mast in doing it. I'm awfully grateful, and I hope some time I may be able to prove it; for I've been a pretty bad lot, and was not ready to go up aloft yet."

"No," said Breeze, soberly, "I don't suppose many of us are." Then he asked, "Are you an American?" The other's name, and a foreign accent to his speech, led to the question.

"Not yet," answered Wolfe, smiling, "but I hope to be in two years more, when I come of age. At present I am an Irishman. That is, my father is Irish, my mother is English, and I was born in England, but brought up in Queenstown, Ireland, where my parents live, and from which I ran away to sea about a year ago. Before they were married my father was butler and my mother lady's-maid in the household of Sir Wolfe Tresmont. That's where I got my first name. My father is now a linen-draper in Queenstown, where his best customers are Americans. I was sent to school in England for four years, but I hated it, and from seeing and hearing so much of Americans, I had a great desire to come to this country. Last year my father took me from school and set me to work in his shop. I hated that worse than school, and seeing a chance to run away and ship on board a bark bound for Boston, I took it and came over here.

"By the time I got on this side I had had enough of merchant sailing, and as I could not find anything else to do, thought I would try fishing. Since then I have made two trips, one of four months to the Newfoundland Banks, and one to George's before this one. Now here I am, and you know more about me than I have told to another living soul since leaving home."

"Well," said Breeze, "you know a good deal more about yourself than I do about myself. I suppose I must have had a real father and mother, but I never knew them, for I was picked up at sea, floating in a cask, when I was a baby. I am almost certain I must be an American, though, for I know I could never love any other country so well. I'm glad you are going to be one too, as soon as you can. Don't you think I look more like an American than anything else?" he inquired, a little anxiously.

"I don't know," replied the other, regarding him attentively. "Yes, on the whole, I think perhaps you do. Still, with light hair and blue eyes, you know, you might be a Scandinavian, or a Dutchman, or an Englishman, or a Scotchman, or even an Irishman."

They both laughed at this, and Breeze said, "You might as well quote *Pinafore* at once and be done with it."

So the conversation between the two, which had been rather constrained at first, became more easy and confidential, until they found themselves discussing each other's hopes and plans with the freedom of old friends.

Every now and then a shadow would sweep over Wolfe's face, and he would speak in a lower tone as he thought of the probable fate of his recent shipmates. Still, as grieving could do neither them nor him the slightest good, he tried to keep cheerful by remembering how marvellously he himself had been spared. He con-

fessed to Breeze that he had caused his parents much trouble and anxiety by his manner of life both in school and at home, but declared that now he really meant to turn over a new leaf.

"I'll begin by writing to my mother as soon as ever we reach port," he said, "for it makes me feel ashamed of myself to remember that I have not sent home a single line since I left there. I do not suppose they have the slightest idea what has become of me, or whether I am alive or dead."

To Breeze his mother was so near and dear, he had thought of her and written to her so often even during

over, many of the fishing vessels returned to port to refit, while the fate of others was told by the melancholy signs of wreck and disaster that every now and then floated past the *Albatross*. Her skipper knew that for a time fresh fish would command an extra price in the Eastern market, and so was anxious to carry in as large a fare as possible. For this reason, in spite of the damaged condition of his vessel, he remained on the bank two days longer before getting up the anchors that had held her so well, and heading for home.

In the mean time tidings of the gale and its destruction of lives and vessels had reached Gloucester, and had caused the greatest anxiety there. As one after another of the schooners that had escaped sailed into the harbor their crews were eagerly questioned for news of this one or that one not yet heard from. At last one came in bringing with her a dory that she had picked up, and on which was stencilled the name *Albatross*. Her skipper reported that on the night of the awful storm, during a slight lull, he had caught a momentary glimpse of two lights. They were so close together that the vessels bearing them must have been in collision. They bore from him just as the *Albatross* had when he last saw her. As he looked, the lights suddenly disappeared, either from the shutting in again of the snow or because they had gone to the bottom. Soon afterward his own craft had parted her cables, but had managed to weather the gale, and on the following day he had picked up this dory. That was all, but it seemed to seal the fate of the schooner, whose return had until then been watched for so hopefully and so anxiously.

Mrs. McCloud had made Captain Coffin, who was still at home, promise to bring her the very first tidings, whether good or bad, that should come. Now with a heavy heart he walked slowly toward the little cottage, in which sorrow was becoming so familiar a visitor.

The moment he opened the door, and the anxious, loving mother caught sight of his face, she exclaimed: "He is lost—my boy is lost! I know he is! I can see it in your face!"

"You must not give up all hope yet," said the captain, soothingly, seeking to comfort her, though he felt that his words would be in vain. "We do not yet know certainly the fate of the *Albatross*, though we have every reason to fear the worst."

All night long the poor mother seemed to hear Captain Coffin's last words.

"We have every reason to fear the worst," repeated over and over; but, as though to comfort her, they were always followed by the thought, "Nothing certain is yet known." She always tried to find a bright side to her troubles, and by looking steadily at it to forget that there was any dark side. This plan worked so well now that by morning she had determined to still hope for the best until something more definite should be known. This was the wisest thing to do, for more than half of our troubles are those we think may come, but which never do come, and hoping steadily for the best goes a long way toward bringing the best to us.

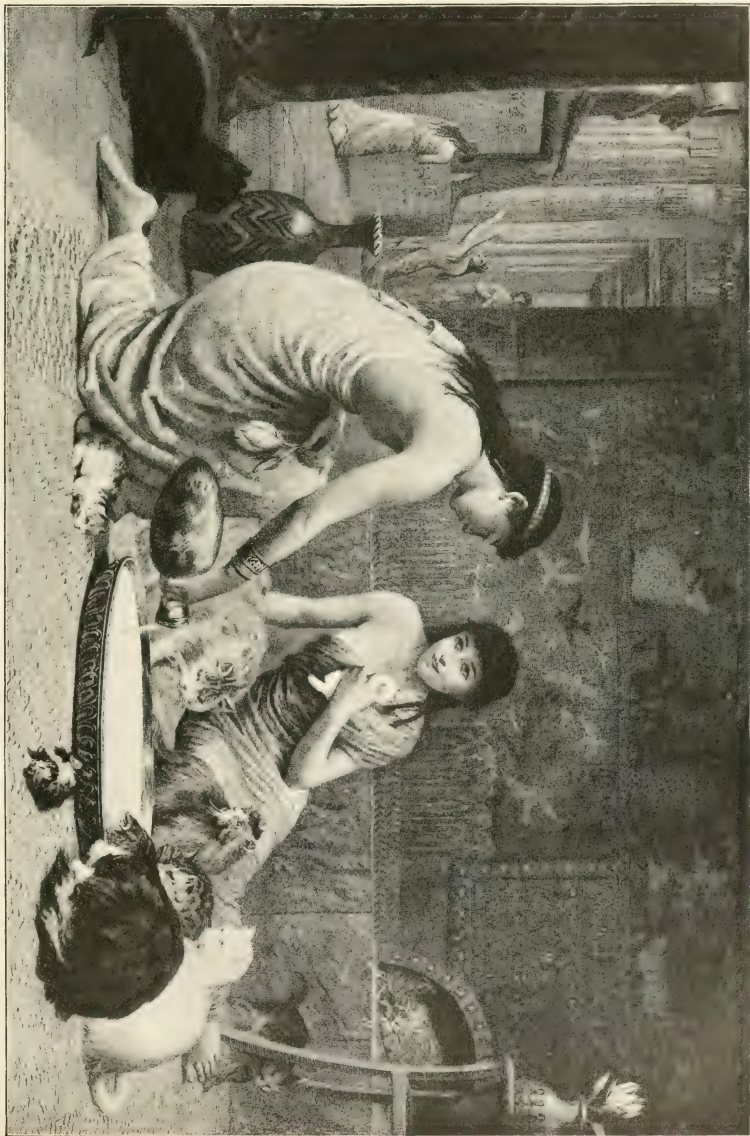
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"THERE WAS A LONG, FIRM HAND-CLASP BETWEEN THE TWO."

his short absence from home, that Wolfe's account of his own neglect was most surprising. Still he did not feel at liberty to express his feelings in the matter, and only said, "I would, if I were you, by all means; she must be feeling anxious not hearing from you."

The rest of the schooner's crew had been hard at work catching fish since daylight, and during their conversation Breeze and Wolfe had also been busy with their lines. Several other schooners were still in sight, though at long distances from them. Most of the fleet had been scattered far and wide by the gale, which, though short, had been one of the severest of the season. After it was



SACRED TO PASHT.—FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWIN LONG.—SEE PAGE 483

THE PRINCESS LILIWINKINS.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

IV.

ATLA was delighted at his grandmother's proposal, and listened eagerly while she described to him the royal palace with its gleaming marble columns and fretted roof, and the great lions carved over the gateway, and the golden eagles set above the door-posts. Liliwinkins also told him of the blackberry fields and the meadow brook and the first spring flowers in the hedges and forest, and Atla promised to see them all, and tell her how they looked.

And so one beautiful day he started off on his journey, and Liliwinkins watched him as he disappeared in the wild-apple and dogwood blossoms, and felt so lonely that she had half a mind to start off again on her search for the Evening Star; only the thought of Atla's return kept her.

Now in the King's palace, far away, Allola had been reigning all these months, and a very weary time he had had of it.

The six big brothers had used all their art to make him satisfied and happy, but Allola would never say that he liked being King, and persisted in wishing that he was back in his own home in the North. The big brothers always sighed deeply when they heard him say this, for, although they would never acknowledge it, their longing too for the wild life of their Northern home often seemed greater than they could bear. The life of the court was tedious to them. They hated the gorgeous dresses and ceremonious receptions and tiresome state meetings, and slipped away from them as often as they could, spending days in the forest, whose bare trees suggested the leafless solitudes of their own land, and liking nothing so much as one of those infrequent storms from the North that came howling round the palace, laden with sleet and snow, and roaring and shrieking in true Northern fashion.

And when the brothers came home out of the storm, with their hair and beards glistening with tiny icicles, and the shaggy coats of the dogs wet and cold, then the little King always brightened up a little, for he noticed that the brothers always sat moodily through the rest of the evening, as if more discontented than usual, and he felt sure they were wishing themselves back in their old home. The court was changed as much as possible, to make it look like the grim castle up among the Northern lakes. Bear-skins soon replaced the beautiful carpets that covered the floors, for the courtiers were continually off hunting, and trophies of the chase were scattered all over the palace. The ladies discarded laces and jewels, and had their dresses trimmed only with ermine or swan's-down, while the gentlemen wore long boots and heavy swords and fierce mustaches, and tried in every way to look as much as possible like the six big brothers.

The Regent, who had been kept because he knew so well how to manage the kingdom, wore the longest boots and fiercest mustache of all, and kept continually striking his sword to show how brave he was, and, in fact, everything about the place was entirely changed, with the one exception of the Wisest Tutor, who, being a very young man, had early become disgusted with life, and upon the change of sovereigns had retired to welcome obscurity in the library, and spent his time in poring over musty books.

Things were in this state when, one late spring day, the big brothers announced the last hunt of the season. The courtiers soon assembled in the court-yard, hounds bayed, horses neighed, horns were blown and trumpets sounded, and all was ready for the start, when, just as the warden was about to open the gate, the clear notes of a bugle came pealing across the yard.

But when the gates opened they only saw there a little

boy with a bright, expectant face, and great eyes full of wonder. He was dressed in homespun, and carried in his hand a long basket carefully covered with a piece of woollen cloth, and when he caught sight of the mounted horsemen, came quickly into the yard and knelt before the Regent—who had pushed forward, as he always did at the sight of strangers—and begged him to buy some of the cloth of gold he had been sent to the palace to sell. The big brothers laughed heartily when they heard his request, and feeling very good-natured because the intruder had only turned out a harmless little boy, ordered the Regent to purchase all the child's wares and then join them in the forest.

Now the Regent was very angry at being detained from the hunt, and sat on his big horse scowling fiercely at Atla, and wishing that all little boys could be sent to Quimbeatapet and kept there forever. But Atla had no intention of being frightened by any one's scowling; he had been sent there to sell his cloth of gold, and he meant to do it and get back to Liliwinkins as speedily as possible; so he spread out the beautiful material in order to show it off in the best manner, and looked up into the Regent's face, expecting him to buy it at once.

The Regent had no sooner seen the exquisite texture shining in the sunlight than something in the pattern of it caught his attention, and his face underwent a great change. The scowl all passed away, and in its place came a look of astonishment, not unmingled with awe, and a slight shiver crept over him, for he felt as if he had seen a ghost.

He jumped down off his horse and knelt by Atla's side and touched the cloth nervously, as if expecting to see it vanish away, and then looked into Atla's face very respectfully, and asked him, in a whisper, where he had bought such material, and who had sent him to sell it. Atla, who was not surprised at the Regent's actions, being prepared to meet all sorts of queer things at court, very readily answered that his grandmother had sent him to sell the cloth, and that it was spun by a little girl named Liliwinkins.

At this news the Regent became so excited that he fell over in a faint, putting Atla in a great panic, and nearly frightening the warder to pieces. Some of the guards came flying from the palace to see what was the matter, and the ladies, hearing the noise, thought that nothing less than another revolution could be in progress. All was confusion and uproar until the Regent was brought to by the court physician's sprinkling him with attar of roses, when he immediately sat up, and seizing Atla in one hand and the cloth of gold in the other, ordered them both locked up in the tallest tower.

He himself went along to see that it was done properly, and then returned to the gates and ordered the warder to admit no one under penalty of death.

"Not even the King's noble brothers?" asked the warder, quaking in his boots for fear the big brothers would return and demand admission.

"Not even the King himself," exclaimed the Regent. Re-entering the palace, he shut himself in his private room, and gave himself up to the study of the most perplexing problem he had ever tried to solve.

But the more he studied, the more puzzled he grew, and at last he saw that the only thing he could do would be to ask the Wisest Tutor's advice, and so started off to the library to find him.

The Wisest Tutor listened to the Regent's story, and at once proposed to settle the difficulty in a very simple way. He said that he had believed all along that Liliwinkins was hiding away somewhere, and that it was a great shame that she should be kept out of the kingdom; and he suggested that Allola be allowed to tell, in the presence of the court and the great nobles of the land, how his name came to be written in the King's Book.

This would, perhaps, settle the question as to who had the greater right to the throne; for if Allola's name really had been put there by some strange magic, it might be a sign that the kingdom was meant for him; whereas if it were shown that the whole thing was a mistake, the big brothers would no doubt withdraw their claims, for they seemed honest and well-meaning enough when they were not in a passion.

This plan seemed so simple to the Regent that he only laughed at it, and declared it would not do at all. He said he knew the big brothers would never give up a kingdom without being forced to, as, indeed, who would? and, besides, he had rejected that plan once, and there was no use in talking any more about it; and he proposed that the Wisest Tutor had better take some paper and draw up a very wise plan and then read it to him, and he would see how he liked it.

So the Wisest Tutor took seventy sheets of paper and wrote them all full of a wonderful plan, and then read it to the Regent, who only shook his head and said it would not do at all, and they must think of something better.

The Wisest Tutor quite enjoyed this new work, it was such a relief to the life he had been lately leading, and he willingly consented to write another plan; but this did not suit either; and so he continued to write plan after plan until he had written one hundred and sixty-five, each as long as the first.

The last one suggested that they should first find Liliwinkins, and then decide what to do afterward; and to this the Regent agreed, and put the papers in his pocket with an air of great resolution.

In the mean time Atla had been having a delightful time up in the tallest tower, for it contained more beautiful things than he had ever seen before. He amused himself for hours looking at these unfamiliar and wonderful objects, and would have passed the whole day quite happily up there alone, for he was in no fear of any harm happening to him, as his grandmother had often told him that common people were always safe in the court; and if he grew hungry he still had a supply of the brown-bread he had brought with him from home.

But toward the middle of the day he heard steps ascending the stairs, and presently a key was put in the lock and the door flew open, revealing a small boy about his own size standing on the threshold.

It was Allola, who had finished his lessons, and had come up to the tower to look up toward the hill country, for he always felt very lonesome on the days when his brothers went off hunting, and nothing but the sight of the far-away peaks of the mountains and a glimpse of the dark forests of pine could ever keep him at such times from having a fit of homesickness.

The two boys looked at each other in astonishment for a few moments, but Allola was so delighted at seeing some one of his own age that he soon came in and closed the door, and began a lively conversation with the stranger.

He soon discovered that Liliwinkins was still alive, and listened with eagerness to the account of her life in the woods, often sighing and wishing that he were there too, far away from this hateful palace.

To this Atla replied that nothing was easier to get to than the cottage, and promised Allola many a good time if he would leave the palace and go home with him.

Allola did not need any urging to do this, and it was resolved to steal away from the palace as soon as the night came.

Every one in the palace was so overcome by the unexpected behavior of the Regent that no one missed Allola or thought of him, and as the Regent did not know that the little boy had a key to the tower, the two children

spent the rest of the day in talking over what they would do, both resolving that, if possible, they would never come near the court again.

As soon as the dusk fell, and before the lamps were lighted, they slipped quietly down the broad gloomy staircases and made their way out into the court-yard.

From afar came the faint winding of bugles and baying of hounds, and Allola knew that the hunting party was returning.

This thought made him walk boldly up to the gate with a command for the warder to open it. But the warder had made up his mind that it would be safer to mind the Regent while the big brothers were away; so he refused to open the gates, and tried to persuade the children to play quietly in the court-yard, and not wish to run off into the forest just as the night was coming on.

Allola did not insist, for he wanted to attract as little attention as possible, and waited patiently by the gate, while the warder talked in a low tone with some of the guards, and wondered how things were going to turn out, for every one saw that something unusual had happened.

Shouts and calls soon echoed all over the palace, and men and women were seen hurrying from one room to another. Presently a name was called—his name—and he shrank back into the shadow, so that the warder might think he had gone away; but the warder turned toward him and asked him what was the matter, and Allola had just given up in despair, when a bugle sounded from without, and the warder was commanded to open the gate in the King's name.

It was the big brothers returned from the hunt, and the warder very quickly made up his mind that it would not do to trifle with them, no matter what the Regent might say; so he quickly opened the gates, and in swept the hunting party, in the midst of which rode an old man with long white hair and an old woman in a peasant's dress, the sight of whom made the warder stare in surprise and forget all about Allola and his companion, who slipped out through the gates in the darkness, and were speedily lost in the forest.

The day's hunt had been most successful: game had been plentiful, every one had kept his temper, and the big brothers had been so interested in hunting that they quite forgot they were not in their own Northern forests, and were very happy; the dogs were yet unwearied when several hours were past, and kept leading the hunt deeper and deeper into the woods, and straying off into directions in which it had always been supposed no game could be found. By this means the party was led, toward the middle of the afternoon, to a little clearing that lay almost on the farthest edge of the forest.

The big brothers, who were always eager for novelty, pressed forward into the open space, and calling the hounds back, dismounted, and after commanding the rest of the party to keep behind, cautiously approached the little cottage that stood half hidden among great oaks and chestnuts.

But, carefully as they came, they were yet seen by a little girl who stood by the window of the cottage spinning beautiful golden thread; and no sooner had she caught a glimpse of them than she left her work, and running out-of-doors, climbed into a great pine whose branches reached out over the roof of the cottage, and pulling its heavy plumes down around her, made for herself a little shadowy pavilion that no careless eye would ever discover. The place was known only to herself and Atla, and so she felt very safe there, and waited anxiously to see what would come next, for she had recognized the six big brothers, and knew that their party must be near by, and did not doubt that the Regent himself would be with them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW AUNT ANNE SAW THE CENTENNIAL PARADE, AND WHAT SHE SAW.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

New York, May 8, 1889.

DEAR DOROTHY,—On Tuesday last to town
I came, dressed up in grandma's satin gown—
The one she wore when years ago she went
To see George Washington made President.
'Twas somewhat worn in places, and the seams
Were shabby quite; but since the public deems
Such garment's worth comes not from good condition,
But from that attribute we term tradition,
And since the dress had seen the Gen'ral's smile,
'Twas voted by the people just the style.

And while it did not fit as snug
as I
Could wish, 'twas suited to the
day. Just try
To think of me arrayed like
those who then—
A hundred years ago—inspired
men
To go into the field and fight
that cause
Which gave us freedom, happy
homes, and laws.
'Twas thus I came, dear Doro-
thy, and viewed
That grandly glad rejoicing
multitude.
I had a splendid place upon the
stand,
Where I could see the line and
hear those grand
Inspired airs; they're all well
known to you—
The "Dear Old Flag!" and
"Yankee Doodle Doo."
The soldiers brave were brilliant
in their gold
And lace, and bayonets glittering
cold;
And as the bands played o'er
those lovely airs,
I settled back, forgetful of my
cares,
Well pleased to think that I was
there to see
And join the people in their
jubilee.

At first all things seemed right. The troops amassed
With steady tread along the broad way passed,
When suddenly the scene grew weirdly changed,
And for a time I thought myself deranged.
For in the line I noted curious things:
In chains, and groaning, passed a file of kings,
Their jewelled crowns upon their captors' heads,
Their trappings tarnished, and their robes in shreds;
And then came one I never thought to see;
'Twas gardener Pat—drest like a clown was he.
Yet with a gun he marched; and when they jeered,
Pat turned about and smiled and roundly cheered.
How he got there I could not understand;
But there he was, preceded by a band,
With drummer-boys to lead him on his way,
And sounding forth a loud "St. Patrick's Day."
Next came a company of monkeys drest
In yellow trousers and in bluish vest;
And leading them, a-tooting on his horn,
Was—try and guess, you can't—a unicorn.

Behind the monkeys, on a gorgeous float,
Sat twenty rabbits and an Alpine goat;
Each wore a Continental uniform,
And overcoat of fur to keep him warm.
The people laughed and loudly cheered,
whereat
The goat most gravely bowed and raised his
hat,
And all the rabbits smiled, and blushed like
roses,
And, as they do when pleased, wagged fast
their noses.
Then who should come but dear old Mother
Hubbard,
And by her side her dog and empty cup-
board;



Then Golden Locks, and next, o'ercome with joy,
Came Cinderella with young Fauntleroy.
Sweet Alice next; behind her came the Hare,
And mad because the Hatter too was there.
Robinson Crusoe followed in the line,
Then Harlequin and lovely Columbine.
The Clown and Pantaloon came marching by,
And after them the Spider and the Fly.
Then came a minstrel troupe, all black of face,
And smile so broad it hardly left a trace
Of anything but teeth, and in the din
They looked like naught but one o'erwhelming grin.
And so they went, dear Dorothy, all day,
Until at last this marvellous display
Was finished by an enigma strutting by,
With trousers on his legs, pride in his eye.
He screeched with very joy; for you have heard
The eagle is that great and glorious bird
That stands for Freedom on our land, and hence
His feelings were quite naturally intense.





Beside him marched a drummer-boy whose thump
Upon his instrument made people jump;
And, curious fact, he gave one solid whack
Upon his drum, whence came a fearful crack,
And all the show was o'er. The streets were filled
As though a million people had been spilled.
Then went I home as happy as could be
To think I'd seen this wondrous jubilee.
My love to mamma and regards to Dan.
Your ever-loving aunt, JANE MARY ANNE.

P.S.—My mind's made up; the secret pritheer keep:
At that parade I must have been asleep.
For no one else, I find, saw just what I did,
And by my friends my tale is much derided.
Hence I must say the sole solution seems
To be these sights were nothing but my dreams.
But, Dorothy, I beg, I conjure you,
Tell no one, dear, I slept the whole thing through.

THE SCHOOLS' WELCOME TO THE PRESIDENT.

NEVER before in its history had the city of New York seen such a holiday fête as it witnessed on the occasion of the centennial of Washington's inauguration. Almost every house was gay with bunting and gorgeous with color; at night many buildings were brilliantly illuminated; almost all the available

spaces along the line of the two processions were occupied by temporary stands erected for the convenience of spectators, who, judging from the crowds that thronged the streets even two or three days before the festivities began, were to be present in hundreds of thousands.

On the first day of the celebration President Harrison came from Washington to Elizabeth by special train. There he was entertained by the Governor of New Jersey, and thence he proceeded on board the United States ship *Despatch*, which was to carry him to New York. A magnificent, if somewhat motley, fleet was awaiting him in the harbor, composed in small part of ten ships of war of the United States navy, and in much greater part of excursion steamers, ferry-boats, tugs, steam-yachts, and sailing boats. Every vessel was gay with colored bunting and strident with steam-whistles. Some even attempted to "steal the thunder" of the war ships by booming out a welcome from the mounds of real cannon.

On his arrival at the city the President was entertained at a luncheon and reception by the lawyers of New York, and then he was conducted to the City Hall, where he was to hold a public reception. In front of the Hall were ranged in two lines two hundred school-girls (two from each grammar-school) in white frocks.

As the President alighted from his carriage a golden-haired little girl stepped out of the line and fastened in his button-hole a dainty bouquet. A gracious smile was her reward, and then the President advanced between the lines of girls, pausing at every step. Like the matrons and maids of Trenton a hundred years ago who strewed with flowers the path of the Father of his Country, these two hundred grammar-school girls spread a carpet of gay blossoms beneath the feet of Washington's centennial successor. Each flower had been contributed by a public-school girl, so each was a personal offering; and many of those that escaped the tread of the President's boot were picked up and treasured as souvenirs by the by-standers.

When the President had entered the building he halted, and a pupil of the Normal School stepped forward and read him an address on behalf of the school-children of New York. The President listened attentively to the patriotic sentiments which it contained, and smiled and nodded his approval as the young orator spoke of those things which exalt a nation.



THE WASHINGTON CENTENNIAL—RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT AT THE CITY HALL, N.Y., BY GRAMMAR-SCHOOL GIRLS.

As Howard made a dash for the gate. So quick was the movement that the boy that held the cage had just time to get the chain clasp open. The fellow jumped away, and in about three seconds of time was in my aunt's area, which is next door to us. It was the same way there, and the fellow jumped away, and in about three seconds of time he ran in a room on Henry Street, the window being open. We called the man who lives there to come and help us. I found the fellow in the room, and he was in my hurry had dropped. After having secured what I made my way to where the boys were standing. I had not far to go, as they were standing in the same place. "What a fine chipmunk!" said I. "Down there in de cellar," yelled some boys. Yes, it was only too true, he had somehow contrived to get into the cellar, so I went down, and found him in the same place. We could not go down through that small hole, which the chipmunk had used. When we got down the stairs, we found the fellow in the coal-bin in the coal-bin, so the fellow that had been with me, as that was the only fellow that I knew, went in the coal-bin with the cage, while I stood outside in the yard, and the fellow was in the coal-bin, which in some places were quite large. He succeeded in catching it after a while and called me to come in and help him. Accordingly I went in, and he showed me the fellow, and to put it down as soon as the chipmunk was put in. The boy said that it was biting hard to get away, and so he made haste to put it in; as he was in a hurry, he did not have time to tell me. I do it, but the chipmunk was quicker still, and as I had let it down, I saw that the chipmunk's tail had got caught, and he was doing his best to get away. I saw that the fellow was doing his best to get him in. I do not know how long it might have lasted, as the chipmunk had great agility, had he not given such a jerk as he did when he was in the cage, and he was in the coals. The fellow called me names, and I scolded him, while the spectators from above were loud in their clamorous protests. As the fellow was in a hurry, he might as well look for a pin in a load of hay or a Princess among eighty others that looked just like her without the aid of a magic wand. The very day after the capture, the morning of 1888, I found him, so we gave it up, being hot, tired, and vexed, while the chipmunk might well afford to laugh if it could. My mother said that she would like to see it, and you will not think my letter too long to print, as you once said it could not be too long to publish if it told something interesting, but the letter is long, and I will close for this time. I have decided in a few weeks. Yours, lovingly, R. L. S.

Your letter is very graphic, but I feel very sorry for the poor hunted chipmunk, and wish the boys had been more merciful.

SALEM, NEW JERSEY.

I like to read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, especially the Post-office Box. I go to school, and study reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, spelling, and geography. I like geography the best. Our teacher is Miss G., and our assistant teacher is Miss W. I have been making a collection of buttons, and have four hundred and fifty. For pets, we have two dogs and two cats. One of the dogs is named Fan and the other Joe; the cats' names are Collie and Dorothy.

ELEANOR G. H.

WINFIELD, KANSAS.

I have **tax** HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a little over a year, but by the favor of friends I have been a reader if it longer, and have never written a line. I have been a member of the Board of the Cowley County Poor Farm, as he has been ever since its establishment in 1888, and of all the bad men and women and pitiful beings are those who have been in the hands of the poor farm. I am sure the main causes of their present forlorn state, although some are made paupers by misfortune or the treachery of children or relatives. My teacher calls me her temperance man, and I am a man of no quit, and have gone to work on the farm. I have thirty-six chickens, and three hens sit, and want to sit more, but they, like the "deacon's" gobster, "I have no more eggs to lay." I will close this number. As it is chore-time, I will close.

CHARLEY U.

I wonder who first called one's daily tasks chores? Is the word related to *chose*, which is French for *thing*, I wonder? I hope you will always be very kind to the poor people on the Public Farm.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR MAY 19TH

The Lord's Supper.—Mark xiv., 12-26.

Golden Text : " *This do in remembrance of Me.*"
Read in connection with this lesson John xiii.
o xvii., and Luke xxii.
Ever since the Exodus, when the Israelites left

Egypt, they had kept the feast of the Passover. Annually, the Jewish people, in their tribes and families, went up to Jerusalem at this time, and ate the lamb, with unleavened bread and bitter herbs, and drank wine, in remembrance of the manna and after the manner which had been familiar to the Jews from Moses' day. The Paschal lamb, with unleavened bread and bitter herbs, was eaten in haste, and with the head of the manna and dressed as if for a Journey. A hymn, composed of Psalms 113-118 inclusive, was sung, and the youngest child, asking the meaning of the feast, was answered by saying, "This is the family that it was in memory of the deliverance of the nation from its bondage in Egypt."

The Lord's Supper had its suggestion, doubtless, in the Jewish Passover, and, indeed, Jesus showing His disciples and all the world that the former was now needless, having served its purpose, and the latter was to supersede it, and to be the memorial of the new covenant of God. The Lord's Supper is more simple in its elements than the Passover, requiring only bread, such as may be made of any grain, with wine, and the symbol of the blood shed for our redemption.

Before the supper began, our Lord performed an act of service which was designed to show how utterly He laid aside His own greatness that He might teach us the true dignity of service. The roads, thronged with Passover pilgrims, were unpaved and hot, and the sandaled feet of the disciples were thickly grimed with the flying dust. The Lord washed His disciples' feet, taking on himself the lowly labor usually performed by slaves. "Think nothing mean," He said, by this act, "that you do for love's sake in this world of sorrow and care."

The Jewish mode of sitting at table was not like ours, but rather an easy reclining position on a divan or couch, arranged around three sides of the table. The Lord Jesus, after the Passover Supper," showing you how they sat at this feast. Not standing, as at the Passover, but sitting, as if for familiar and friendly talk, they were gathered around the table. The Lord Jesus, who blessed it, and breaking it gave them to eat. Then pouring out the wine, He said, as St. Luke tells us, "This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you, for the remission of sins. Leave us free salvation if we trust in Him.

A sad thought is that in this little company one was a traitor. Judas sat there, nourishing evil in his heart, and in the presence of the room full of the sweet presence of Christ, he went out into the gloomy night to seek the chief priests, complete a wicked bargain, and betray the Friend who trusted him for a pitiful thirty pieces of silver.

We have several names for the Lord's Supper. One of the most common is Communion, by which we mean the sitting together in friendly feeling, with all hearts clinging to Jesus, who is invisibly present at the feast. Another and very beautiful name is the Eucharist, from a Greek word having the idea of thanksgiving, and a third, Sacrament, is from the Latin, means a solemn pledge, and carries back our thoughts to the old oath taken by the Roman soldier, when he vowed to be faithful to the flag till he died.

The Lord's Supper is a memory feast. About to go to his cruel death, He said to His friends, "Do this every time to remember Me by after I am gone." Early Christians observed it every day. The early church fathers had it every third day. The Reformation had it every week. The Puritans had it every three weeks. The Methodists had it every month. The Presbyterians had it every three months, and there are places, as, for instance, in the Highlands of Scotland, where it is still observed every year. But the Lord's Supper is never and wherever it is held, it is in memory of Jesus. All who love and serve Him, whether little children or grown people, have the right, and should consider it a privilege and a duty, to receive the consecration by partaking of the Lord's Supper.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.

1.—My first is in elephant, not in mouse.
My second is in cottage, but not in house.
My third is in cow, but not in calf.
My fourth is in whole, and also in half.
My fifth is in hatter, but not in hat.
My sixth is in puss, but not in cat.
My seventh is a letter frequently found
In words of one syllable—say, or sound.
If you guess my whole, you will own with me
That I'm right when I say 'tis a bad thing
to be.

2.—My first is in shield, but not in arrow.
My second is in eagle, but not in sparrow.
My third is in great, but not in little.
My fourth is in strong, but not in brittle.
My fifth is in August, but not in May.
My sixth is in answer, but not in say.
My seventh is in minute, but not in day.
My eighth is in fancy, but not in plain.
My ninth is in path, but not in lane.
My whole was a man in politics,
Who often, alas! was as cross as two sticks.

V. EDGEWORTH SMITH.

No. 2.

TWO WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. A nest. 2. A musical term. 3. A hint. 4. A city in Europe.

2.—1. A sac. 2. A possessive pronoun. 3. Strong.
4. A plant. WYLLYS DOWD.

Figure 1

No. 3.

BURIÉD RIVERS.

1. She passed on without looking at me. 2. St. John was an Evangelist. 3. Here is the top, Owen, that I promised you. 4. Tom pulled up that weed by the roots. 5. That ham, Esther, is excellent. 6. Anne, you must sew up that rent in your dress. 7. Did not Richard win a race?

PAULINE MARY TARN.

PAULINE MARY TARN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 495.

No. 1.—1. LID.

$$\begin{array}{r|l|l} 2. & \text{SIX} & \text{IV} & \text{XC} \\ & \text{IX} & \text{V} & \text{C} \\ \hline & \text{S} & \text{I} & \text{X} \end{array}$$

$$3. 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$$

$$4 + 3 + 2 + 1 = 10$$

$$6 + 9 + 1 + 3 = 19$$

No. 2.—G-rove. G-love. W-rest. M-art. W-age.
B-llght. D-rift. P-lace. L-end. P-arch.
T-rue. T-urn. T-rain. B-eat.

No. 3.—Hamburg.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Janet J. Ralph, May Walker, Alex. Curtis, Freddie Layard, Bertie Judson, Myrtle Flaxman, W. S. D., Ella James, Martin Saunders, W. C. D., Lawrence Davis, John Bunce, Gypsy Holt, Jennie M., Amy O., Ada Holmes, and Jean Rose.

[N. B.—Please send answers to puzzles promptly, addressing The Postmistress, care of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.]



REBUS

THE BATTLE OF THE HENS.



(1.) WAR IS DECLARED



(2.) THE HENS READ THE DECLARATION WITH JEERS, AND



(3.) BEING ATTACKED BY THE ENEMY, THEY ARE ABOUT TO SECURE A VICTORY, WHEN



(4.) HE RECEIVES RE-ENFORCEMENTS, AND THE HENS RETREAT IN DISORDER



(5.) LATER THEY RETURN WITH A LEADER CELEBRATED FOR HIS "GAMENESS,"



(6.) UNDER WHOSE PROTECTION THEY CONTINUE THEIR PILLAGE UNMOLESTED.

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DORMY MATES: A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE Breeze's mother was busy, with almost her usual cheerfulness, preparing breakfast the morning after Captain Coffin's gloomy news, she heard a joy-

ous shout in the little front yard, the door was burst open, and the next moment her boy's arms were about her neck.

The *Albatross* had made a glorious run home, and passed in by Eastern Point at sunrise that morning. The moment she was made fast to her wharf Breeze had jumped into a dory and pulled across the harbor, so as to be the first to tell his mother of his own arrival. He could stay to breakfast, but must get back to the schooner as quickly as possible afterward, and help discharge the fare of fish she had brought in. One of the boy's first questions was, "Is there any news from father yet, mother?"

"Not yet," was the answer; "but I feel certain there will be soon, and that when it comes it will be good news. How much we shall have to tell him when he does get home, and how proud he will be of you!" she added, fondly.

Her faith in her husband's return was still as strong as ever, and Breeze had always shared it.

While they were at breakfast there came another shout in the front yard, the door again opened, and before he got fairly inside Captain Coffin exclaimed, "It's all right, Mrs. McCloud! The *Albatross* is in, and Breeze is—"

"Here, and mighty glad to see you, sir!" cried the lad, jumping up from the table to greet the new-comer.

"Bless my soul," exclaimed the astonished skipper, shaking Breeze heartily by the hand, and gazing at him incredulously, "you have both outfooted and outpointed me this time! I didn't suppose the *Albatross* was tied up yet, and thought I had at least half an hour's start of you."

The captain sat down to breakfast with them, and between mouthfuls Breeze tried to give them an outline of his recent adventures. They were all so excited, and Mrs. McCloud had to jump up from the table so often to replenish the plates, that she only received a confused impression that her boy had saved somebody's life and caught the biggest fish that ever was seen. This, however, satisfied her for the present; the details she could learn afterward.

As soon as breakfast was over, Breeze started back for the schooner, and Captain Coffin went with him. While they were rowing across the harbor the latter said:

"I've got a new schooner, Breeze, and a finer craft was never built in Essex. Her name is the *Fish-hawk*, and she is fitting out for a salt trip to Grand Bank. Don't you want to ship on her? I can offer you a full share now."

"I don't know, sir. It seems as though I ought to stay with mother a few days at any rate."

"So you can; we shan't get off for a week yet, but I thought I would speak about it now, so that if you decided to go I could hold the place for you. Besides, you could put your dunnage right aboard, which would save you the trouble of carrying it home when the *Albatross* hauls out for repairs."

"All right, sir," said Breeze; "I should like to go with you better than with anybody else, and if you've got room for another, I'd like to speak for a berth for a friend of mine too."

"Do you mean the one you went dorymate with on George's the other day?" asked the captain, laughing.

"Yes, sir. His name is Wolfe Brady, and he has been on one trawling trip to the Banks already, besides two to George's."

"Well, I've got about all the men I want, except a cook, and I don't suppose he can fill that berth, but I'll take a look at him, and if we suit each other perhaps I can make room for him."

"If you want a cook," said Breeze, eagerly, "why not try and get old Mateo? He is the best cook sailing out of Gloucester, and if the *Albatross* is going to be laid up for some time, perhaps he will go with us."

"I see that you were cut out for a regular shipping agent," laughed the captain; "but I'll get Mateo if I can."

Everything went well that day. Captain Coffin took a fancy to Wolfe, and offered him a berth on the *Fish-hawk* almost as soon as he saw him. Wolfe, who was willing to ship for any kind of a trip, was greatly pleased at the prospect of going with Breeze, and at once accepted the offer. Old Mateo too, who, now that his boy had become a sailor, seemed to think it his duty to follow and watch over him, was easily booked as cook of the new schooner.

The big halibut caught by Breeze sold for nearly twenty dollars, and the boy was handed a check for thirty-four

dollars as the result of his eight days' trip to George's. Wolfe was also made happy by receiving twelve dollars as his share of the three days' fishing after he had been picked up.

After getting his check cashed, and repaying what old Mateo had loaned him, Breeze carried the rest home to his mother. This money, added to what he had made on the mackerelling trip in the *Curlew*, amounted to sixty-five dollars. It would be hard to tell whether he or his mother was the prouder over this satisfactory result of the boy's first efforts as a bread-winner.

During the long happy talk that they had after supper their one regret was that the father was not there to share their joy; but they spoke hopefully of his coming, and the future looked brighter to them than it had for many a day. Mrs. McCloud was greatly interested in what Breeze had to tell of his adventure with the New York jeweller who had opened the golden ball. They both examined it minutely, but could discover no joint amid the delicate tracery of its surface. After it had been again restored to its place Mrs. McCloud cautioned the boy to always guard it carefully, as she felt more than ever certain that some day it would prove of great value to him.

About eight o'clock Breeze started up, saying that he must go back to the schooner after Wolfe Brady. He had invited him to come home to supper and spend the night, but Wolfe had begged for a little time in which to purchase some very necessary additions to his scanty wardrobe, and Breeze had promised to meet him on board the *Albatross* soon after eight o'clock. Since then he had told his mother all that he knew of the young stranger, and so excited her interest in him that she now sent him an invitation to stay with them as long as he should remain in port.

Kissing his mother good-by, and promising to be back very soon, Breeze left the house; and taking her sewing, Mrs. McCloud sat down to await his return.

Neither Wolfe Brady nor anybody else was to be seen on the *Albatross* when Breeze reached her. Near by lay the *Fish-hawk*, to which he had transferred his dunnage that afternoon, but she too was deserted. On the opposite side of the wharf lay a shabby-looking old schooner, named *Vixen*, on which several men were still at work, evidently getting her ready for sailing. Breeze asked them if they had seen anybody answering Wolfe's description about there recently.

"Yes," answered one of them, "I seen a young fellow like that hanging round here 'bout half an hour ago. He came over here and got talking with Hank Hoffer, one of our men, and they walked off uptown together. I expect they'll be back directly."

"Did you hear them say where they were going?"

"No. Seems to me, though, I did hear Hank say something 'bout Grimes's. Shouldn't wonder if they'd gone up there to get a drink."

Breeze started at the mention of Grimes's, for he knew it to be one of the lowest and very worst drinking dens in the town. Such places are not permitted by law to exist in Gloucester, but occasionally they escape the vigilance of the police for a short time, and in them many a sturdy fisherman is tempted to squander the money he has risked his life to earn.

Captain McCloud had seen so much of the pitiful misery and sorrow caused by drink that he had brought Breeze up to regard it with horror. As soon as the boy was old enough to realize what he was doing he had promised his father that, so long as he lived, he would never touch a drop of any intoxicating liquor. He had never signed a pledge, nor had his father asked him to; for although Breeze was slow to make promises, he would as soon cut off his hand as to break one that he had made, and his father trusted him implicitly.

Now, although he was neither a prig nor a goody-

goody boy, it distressed Breeze to think of any one whom he called friend visiting Grimes's. His one hope was that, being a stranger in town, Wolfe did not know what sort of a place it was, and that he would leave it and come back as soon as he discovered its character.

In this hope he waited for half an hour longer, and then, as Wolfe still failed to appear, he determined to go in search of him. He knew pretty nearly where Grimes's was, and walked in that direction. Very soon he saw several men come out from a dark passageway and turn down the street, talking and laughing loudly. He followed them until satisfied that Wolfe was not among them, and then returned and waited until another party came out from the same passageway. His friend did not appear this time, and he felt that he must go in and either satisfy himself that Wolfe was not there, or persuade him to come away if he was.

He walked back and forth several times before he could make up his mind to go in. At last, feeling that he was acting the part of a coward, he entered the passage, and finding a closed door at its farther end, tried to open it. The noise that he made was evidently heard inside, for a slide in one of the upper panels of the door was pushed back a few inches, and a bright light flashed full in his face.

"Who are you?" asked a voice through the opening. "No matter who I am," replied Breeze. "I came to look for a friend, and I want to be let in."

"Well, you can't come in until you've told me your name, and whether you are alone or not."

"My name is Breeze McCloud, if you must have it, and I am alone," answered the boy.

"That's all right; I recognize you now," said the voice, and the next moment the door was thrown open.

Just then two figures came through the dimly lighted hallway that the open door disclosed, and in the voice of one of them Breeze recognized that of Wolfe Brady.

He waited until they got to where he was standing, and then, taking hold of his friend's arm, he said, "I've been looking for you, Wolfe, and waiting to take you home with me."

"Hello, Breeze!" exclaimed the other, huskily; "glad to see you, old boy. You're just in time to go back and have a drink with us."

"No, thank you," replied Breeze; "I never drink anything. I only came here to find you, and now I want you to go home with me."

"Oh, come along in," said Wolfe's companion, in a disagreeable tone. "You ain't afraid, are you?"

"No," said Breeze, "I'm not afraid; but now that I've found my friend, there's no reason why I should go in, and I don't choose to do so."

"Well, you needn't put on any of your high and mighty airs with me," exclaimed the other, threateningly. "This gentleman is as much my friend as he is yours, and I'm going to prove it by taking him inside again. Come back, old pard," he added, grasping Wolfe's other arm as he stood balancing himself unsteadily between the two.

"No," said Breeze, decidedly, "he sha'n't go back." And with this he endeavored to pull Wolfe through the still open doorway into the street.

Here the door-keeper, who had watched the scene impatiently, interfered, and saying, "I can't have any disturbance here, gentlemen; you'll have to settle this business outside," assisted Breeze to such purpose that the next moment all three were in the street, and the door was closed behind them.

This excited Wolfe's anger so that he began to kick the door, at the same time screaming to be let in.

"Oh, come, this won't do!" exclaimed Wolfe's companion. "This racket 'll bring the police down on us in no time."

While Breeze was wondering what on earth he should do with his friend in this wretched condition, Wolfe's intoxication assumed a new form, and he began to yell and sing at the top of his voice.

"Stop that noise, or I'll take you all in!" shouted a gruff voice behind them.

"Shut up, can't you?" exclaimed Wolfe's companion to him, angrily. "Don't you hear the police?"

But Wolfe only yelled the louder, and began to revile the police, and dare them to come and get him.

"We must cut for it," said Hank Hoffer, for this was the name of Wolfe's companion. "Grab him tight and run him. We're pretty near there."

Almost carrying Wolfe between them, the others hurried him along at such a pace as to quite take his breath away and put a stop to any further outcries.

As they reached the wharf Hank said, "Quick, now! let's get him aboard this schooner. I belong here, and it 'll be all right. We'll get him below and put him in a bunk, where they'll never notice him. Hurry! they're coming."

In the excitement of the moment Breeze did not stop to think whether this was a wise thing to do or not; and only anxious to shield his friend from the consequences of his own folly, he blindly obeyed these instructions.

Wolfe stumbled on the deck of the schooner and fell, striking his head against the wheel. When they got him below he seemed stupid, and blood was flowing from a gash on his forehead.

Pulling forward a bucket of water and handing Breeze a rag, Hank said, "You sponge him off and keep him quiet, while I go on deck and see whether the police have followed us down here or not."

Without waiting for an answer he sprang up the companion-way and pulled the slide over it. Then he went forward and began to talk in a low tone to the skipper of the schooner, who, with several other men, was on deck. The police had evidently given up the chase some time before, for none were in sight on the wharf.

What Hank Hoffer said to the skipper was: "I've brought you a couple of first-class hands, and they're both drunk down in the cabin; but they'll be all right to-morrow. They were making such a racket in the streets that the police gave us a run for it. I'm afraid they'll come after us yet; so, as long as we're all ready, why don't you cast off, drop out into the stream, and make a start?"

Now this skipper was not much liked by those who knew him, nor was his old schooner a popular boat; so he had found it somewhat difficult to get a crew for the trip she was about to make to the Newfoundland Banks. He had, however, succeeded in shipping all but two of the necessary number, and now that these two had come aboard of their own free-will, he saw no reason why he should not take Hank Hoffer's advice and make a start.

The motion of the schooner was so gentle as she drifted away from the wharf that Breeze, busily bathing his friend's head, did not notice it. When, however, those on deck began to hoist the sails, he recognized the sound quickly enough, and springing up, tried to push back the companion-way slide. It was locked. Then he began to pound on it furiously, and to shout for somebody to come and unfasten it; but no attention was paid to his outcries.

"It's only those drunken fellows in the cabin," explained Hank Hoffer to the rest of the crew; "they'll quiet down directly."

So Breeze McCloud and Wolfe Brady sailed away in the old schooner *Vixen* for Grand Bank, while in the little cottage on the eastern hill an anxious woman sat and waited for their coming.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

VI.—SOUND

IF you have been trying the little experiments with me, or if you have thought about them at all, you must long ago have noticed that the matter in the world is sometimes still and sometimes in motion. You know, from your own common-sense, that when anything moves there must be something to move it—the pull of gravity, the wind, your hand, something—and this something, no matter of what kind, has a general name, force. Everything in the world that we see, hear, feel, or in any way know, can be classed either as matter or force, or it may be force acting in some way upon matter.

We do not see the force, we only see the effects of it; in other words, what it is doing. The ordinary effect of force upon matter we call motion. You knew something of this when you were a little baby. If you wanted anything, say an apple, you knew you must use some effort to get it; you must put out your hand to grasp it and pull it toward you. You did not call the apple matter, nor your effort force, nor bringing the apple toward you motion. But you knew the *things*, and that is worth a great deal more than just knowing their names.

We can find out something of the nature of matter by studying it, but we know nothing of the nature of force. All that we know of it is that it acts in a regular way; this way has been observed and written down in words; such written words we call laws. But the nature of force is as deep a secret now as it was in paradise.

When men began to question nature, to think about what they saw, to wonder and to experiment, they took more account of matter and less of force than they do now. They began by thinking that all they heard and felt and saw came from tiny particles striking their ears and eyes and skin. Sound was soon found to be a motion; the stupidest person who really tried to understand would see that the cause of certain sounds was motion, and he might have guessed that if one sound was caused by motion, others were probably caused by it too.

However that may be, sound was the first of our sensations that was traced back to its true cause. Then by the help of what had been learned about sound, other things much more difficult to understand—about light and heat—were also learned, for, strange as it may seem, the laws of sound are in many cases the same as the laws of heat and light.

Sound begins as the motion of some body; this sets the air in motion, and the moving air strikes our ears, and the motion is carried to the brain, and there becomes sound. It was motion all along till the brain translated it into sound. I want you to get some idea of what kind of motion we are talking about. Did you ever notice a field of wheat or rye or tall grass when a puff of wind struck one side of it and ran across it? If you never did, look the very first time you have a chance. You will see a wave begin and sweep entirely across the field. The motion goes across the field, but the wheat, you know, is firmly rooted in the ground, and cannot move very far in one direction or another. As the wave passed over the field what happened among the stalks was this: the wind pushed against a stalk; it bent forward till it touched another stalk; that bent forward, while the first came back to its place, each stalk giving up its motion to the stalk in front of it. In this way the motion or wave went forward, while the messengers who took it each moved a little way, gave up the motion they had received, and went back to their own place again.

In old times, before there were mail and telegraph companies, it would be sometimes necessary to send a message of importance to a great distance. A man called a cour-

ier or runner would take the message, run as far as he could, hand it over to another messenger, who would carry it on, and in his turn hand it over to a third. And so the message went on, though each messenger went only part of the way, and after delivering his message came back to where he was at first.

Take a piece of rope or small chain, fasten the far end to a table or chair leg, and let it lie along the floor. Now give a sidewise jerk to the loose end with your hand; you will see a wave run along the chain to the far end. The wave went forward, but the chain, you know, only moved from side to side.

Fig. 1.—Take the grooved board you have used so many times in our experiments and six of the marbles. Put five of the marbles, touching each other, in the middle of the groove, the sixth marble place a little back, and with a short sharp stroke of your finger or a pencil send it rolling against the stroke of the row of five. You might



FIG. 1.

naturally expect to see all five marbles move a little way, but this is not what happens: there is a stir through the five till the last one is reached; then it shoots forward away from the rest, to *b* or farther. The force that you expended in the blow on the single marble passed through the row from marble to marble, moving each a very little, as long as there was one in front of it to which it could give up its motion; but when the force reached the last marble there was no other to hand the motion to, so it shot forward as though the blow had been given directly upon it.

I told you to let the marbles touch; if they do not, each one has to move forward before giving up its motion to the next one ahead, and each time there is a loss of force.

Take the other half-dozen of your marbles (such as you can buy for about three cents a dozen); cut from an old kid glove six pieces of kid the size and shape of D, Fig. 2.

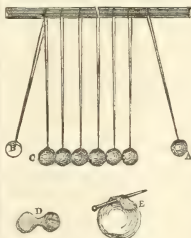


FIG. 2.

Soften one cent's worth of gum-tragacanth with water, making the mixture as stiff as you can well spread it, put this on the undressed side of the kid, and plaster one on each of your six marbles. While still soft, lift the middle of the kid from the marble by running a pin under it, E. Let these dry several days. Some other glue will do, and dry more quickly, but this is the best. This method I got out of a very interesting little book, called

Home Experiments in Science, by T. O'Connor Sloane, which I hope you will read when you are older; it is very valuable to any one who cares about these subjects, especially to those who try their own experiments. To go back: when your marbles are dry, run a thread through the loop left when the pin was drawn out; hang them by a double thread in any easy way. The double thread helps to keep them from twisting. Now draw aside marble A and let it drop so that it will strike the end of the row. The marbles stir as they did in the groove, but only the last one, C, shoots out to B. Now draw two back and let them go—two will shoot out at the far end.

Put a small piece of wood or a little paper boat in a large tub; plunge your hand into the water on one side of the tub; you will send out waves which will run across the tub; but the boat will not be carried with the motion of the waves, except to rock up and down on them. Now let the water run out of the tub; the boat moves; it is the water that is advancing now, and the boat advances with it.

I have taken a number of ways to make perfectly clear to you this idea that motion can go ahead while at the same time the matter through which it goes moves only a little way. I have tried to do this because the idea is a new one, and because very few people seem to understand it easily. And without understanding it, much of what I want to tell you of sound and music, of heat and light, would be foolishness.

Strange as it may seem, all these things, sound and heat and light, are wave motions of different kinds, until they go through the nerves of our ears and skin and eyes to the brain, where they are translated into sensations.

Take a common fire-cracker, hang it up by a thread, and set fire to the fuse. It will burst with a noise, and



FIG. 3.

the pieces be scattered about. Inside the little paper tube of the cracker there is a powder which, when fire touches it, turns from a solid into a gas. The gas requires a great deal more room than the powder did, so away goes the paper tube, and the air particles all around are pushed away and crowded together. Air, you know, is very easily pressed into a smaller space; you prove this every time you push the plunger into a pop-gun, and when it is crowded it tries to expand. You know how this expanding air sends the cork flying out of the gun. Look at Fig. 3. This is a picture of the air around the cracker (A) after it has exploded—only, remember, these are *shells* of air, like the layers of an onion, not rings like the circles on a target; so this is only a slice through the shells. The air particles, pushed back by the explosions, make a shell where the particles for a moment are crowded together at B; but the next moment the crowded particles try to expand; they push apart at that place, and crowd together in the larger shell, C, and so on. If you had a number of crackers exploding regularly and very quickly, you would have the waves B, C, D, and so on, following each other through the air. In waves of water, when the particles are crowded, they heap up; when they thin out they leave a hollow—we have a crest and a trough. In the air wave we have instead of a crest a crowded place, and instead of a trough a thinned place: these are both wave motions, though different kinds of waves, and in both air and water the motion goes on, while the particles through which the motion advances move only a little way, and then come back to rest, as is

the case with the wheat stalk in the field and with the wave in the jerked rope.

These sound waves are very real things. About fifteen years ago a large quantity of gunpowder was stored a few miles from the town of Erith, in England. This powder in some way took fire, and exploded with a frightful noise. Almost every window in the town was broken, but in the church the sashes were made of lead, which bends a great deal before it breaks. The wave of sound which broke the windows in their unyielding wooden sashes in the houses bent in the leaden sashes of the church windows as though a giant hand had pressed them from outside. This happened not only on the side toward the explosion, but also on the other side. The wave of sound had bent around the church and clasped it, pressing it in from all sides, just as a wave of water bends around a rock in its path.

You know how light is reflected from a mirror; well, sound is reflected too from a wall or rock, though this is not very noticeable generally. Such a reflection we call an *echo*.

If you will look at the figure of the shells of air you will see that each shell of air, as the wave spreads out, is larger than the one behind it. There is the same amount of compression in the two shells, but the outer shell being larger, the sound is as though it were spread thinner. At every point there is *less*, though in the whole large shell there is as much sound as in the whole smaller shell. The difference in the sound at any point comes from this cause. If you do not let the sound wave spread, but keep it in a straight narrow tube, it does not get less in the same way; some of it is lost rubbing against the sides of the tube, but it goes to an immense distance. You know how it is using a speaking-tube, or even a rolled-up sheet of music, how much louder the same sound is, and how much farther it carries.

It is possible to start two sound waves out, so that the crest of one would come just where the trough of the other would. You have one sound wave trying to crowd the air particles together, and another in the same place trying to scatter them, and we have as a result the air still—we have silence, a sound added to a sound making silence; that seems very wonderful, but it is true. This is called in the language of science *interference*.



"ALL ARE NOT HUNTERS WHO BLOW THE HORN."

Tantara! Tantara! Tantara!
Bobby has got a new horn.
He drives us all crazy from morning till night,
Then sleeps like an angel till morn.

MAY-CHILDREN.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

CAPTIVES to winter's cruel king,
In gloomy dungeons cast,
The merry children of the spring
Lay bound in fetters fast.

They heard the wind, their surly guard,
His angry summons roar,
And trembled when the sleet fell hard
Against their prison door.

The wild flower whispered to the grass,
"What hope have we to live?"
But answer none made he. Alas!
He had no hope to give.

So in the darkness sad they wept,
Nor any comfort won,
Save when into their sleep there crept
Dreams of the gentle sun.

But once while they were dreaming so,
Came April's soldier rains,
Who burst their prison bars of snow,
And freed them of their chains.

Then forth they went into the world,
Spring's children bright and gay,
And to the fragrant breeze unfurled
Their banner blooms of May.

THE PRINCESS LILIWINKINS.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

V.

THE big brothers walked quietly around the house, and stood silent with surprise as they came in sight of the little doorway. Inside the cottage they saw an old peasant woman bending over the hearth as if preparing a meal, while outside the door sat an old man of majestic appearance, dressed in a robe of cloth of gold, and so busy with a book he held in his hand that he did not notice their approach. The big brothers saw that the chair in which the old man sat, though made only of twisted saplings, was covered with ermine-skins, and that a mat of the same costly fur lay under his feet; they noticed also that the cap which rested on the snowy hair was trimmed with braided threads of gold, and these things, together with the magnificence of his dress, made them at once believe that they were in the presence of some very august personage.

So they doffed their hats, and waited respectfully for the old man to look up and speak to them. But he, thinking that the flash of the white plumes meant only the passage of some wild doves through the forest, kept his eyes fastened on his book, and took no notice whatever of the arrival of his strange visitors. But before the big brothers had time to grow impatient the silence of the forest was broken by the barking of the hounds, who had broken loose from the party, and now dashed up to their masters, and at these unusual sounds the old peasant woman came hastily out of the cottage, and in a trembling voice asked who was there.

The six big brothers, seeing that she was blind, explained that they belonged to the King's hunt, and that the rest of the party was a little way behind, and no one had any intention whatever of doing her any harm. At this the old woman was somewhat reassured, and said she hoped they meant no harm to his Majesty either, for he was most kind and amiable, and that it was a great shame he should be kept out of his kingdom by wicked men.

This speech made the big brothers believe that their surmise had been true, and that they really were in the presence of some king; so they made haste to assure the

old woman that they were only a band of honest hunters, meaning wrong to no one, and that they would no sooner think of harming his Majesty than they would think of hurting their own sovereign, now safe in his palace on the other side of the forest.

Then the old woman asked them into the cottage and gave them some cake and wine, and before long found herself telling her guests all that she knew of the story of the old man and little girl who had come to her cottage the autumn before.

The brothers listened in great amazement, and not doubting that the old man was an exiled king from some far-off country, proposed that they should take him home with them and give him such entertainment as seemed fitted to his august rank.

Now the old woman had puzzled her brains many a time over the perplexing question as to what would become of his Majesty if anything should happen to her, and she therefore received this proposal with great joy, and proceeded to lay it before the old man. But he was more studious than ever that day, and was a long time in comprehending what she meant, and when at last he did understand it he flatly refused to leave the cottage, for he had never before known such peace and quietness as he had found under that roof.

The six big brothers had always heard that deposed kings always talked in that way when invited to resume their old habits of life, and they were more firmly convinced than ever that this was a real king. They therefore added their persuasions to those of the old woman, and assured his Majesty that he should have all the quiet he wanted in the palace, and that no one should annoy him while he staid there, and if he ever grew tired of their home he could go away anywhere he liked, and they would think nothing of it.

But still the old man would not consent; and the big brothers, feeling that their knowledge of the manners of courts was very small, called up the other gentlemen of the party and begged them to use their courtly influence in persuading the deposed King to accept a manner of life more in keeping with his exalted position. Then all the courtiers, being very willing to please the big brothers, immediately fell upon their knees, and persuaded the old man so vehemently that he perceived he must do as they said if he ever wished to have peace again. So he said he would leave the cottage if the old woman would go with him and keep all intruders away while he pursued his study of the *Gerund*.

The big brothers were overjoyed at his consent, and not doubting that it was brought about by the superior wisdom of the courtiers, immediately presented all those gentlemen with dukedoms, thus making them more than ever devoted to these handsome and generous princes who had made life so pleasant for them since Allola became their King.

This matter being settled—for the old woman would have thought it wrong to refuse to accompany his Majesty—preparations were at once made for starting. The courtiers proposed that everything be left at the cottage just as it was, so that the old King could come back any time he liked. But the big brothers said it would not do to leave behind the little girl who spun the golden thread, and asked the old woman to call her, telling her at the same time that they would make her a royal princess if she would spin enough thread to clothe them all in cloth of gold, for they never before had seen it woven into such rare and beautiful patterns.

The old woman replied that if the pattern was rare she did not know it, as she only wove in her usual manner, but she had observed that the cloth always made itself into designs very unlike those she could weave into wool, only she supposed that it was because she was weaving gold thread.

But the brothers told her that this cloth of gold was of the rarest device, and only to be seen in old and costly collections of royal wardrobes, and that the little spinner was worthy to be the companion of kings.

The old woman, however, did not think it wise to allow nobodies to suppose they could become royal highnesses, and she resolved never to say a word to Liliwinkins about it; so she called her in her usual peremptory manner, and bade her make haste and not keep her betters waiting. She supposed the child was somewhere around, and had been listening to all that had passed; but as call after call brought no Liliwinkins in sight, she became a little dismayed.

"She has run off in the forest," she said, "and I shall have to wait for her."

But the old man, who had begun studying again, could not be induced to move a step without his aged hostess, and as it began to grow late there seemed nothing to do but go on without the little girl, and have some one return the next day to the cottage and take her to the palace.

The old woman then thought of Atla, and fearing he would be frightened if he came home and found the house quite empty, decided it would be best, after all, to leave Liliwinkins; and so in a little time all were ready and started for the palace.

When they arrived at the court they were all so taken up with their strange adventure that they did not notice the commotion inside the palace, which indeed subsided very quickly after their return, for the Regent became so alarmed when he could not find Allola that he commanded all the guards and attendants and ladies and gentlemen not to breathe a word of it to the big brothers, but go quietly away to their own rooms. And the court, being equally divided between fear of the big brothers and awe of the Regent's sudden new ways, decided to offend neither, and so every one went off to bed supperless. But in the morning such a tumult prevailed in the palace when it was found that the King had gone that even the wild beasts in the royal menagerie stopped their roaring to listen. For although the Regent and the Wisest Tutor had spent the entire night in writing out several hundred reasons to show the big brothers why the King had disappeared, the brothers were so enraged, alarmed, and indignant that they tore the paper to pieces without even reading it, and drawing their swords threatened to cut off the Regent's head instantly if he did not at once tell them where Allola was.

Then the Regent, seeing his life in danger, resolved to appeal to the Knights of the Sacred Order of Cats, of which he was head officer, and so, shouting out, "Mew-mew, squeak-squorun!" jumped up on the throne and waited for help. Now as the Knights of the Sacred Order of Cats had all pledged themselves solemnly to defend one another in peril, and as many of the courtiers belonged to the Order, the Regent was immediately surrounded by a host of friends, all waving their swords and shouting, "Death to all mice!" which was their watchword.

The big brothers were so astonished at this that they looked at one another for a moment quite speechless, but soon recovering themselves, and calling on the lords who still remained true to them, they rushed upon their foes, and the throne-room would soon have been turned into a scene of bloodshed had not the private door behind the throne opened suddenly and an old man appeared, dressed in beautiful robes of cloth of gold, and holding in his hand a little book which he was studying attentively.

The attacking party all dropped their swords when they saw this startling apparition, and the Regent, looking around to see what was the matter, was so stricken with terror that he would have fallen down off the throne had not the Wisest Tutor supported him. For he thought it was the old King come back to life, and that he would surely demand his kingdom at his hands.

But the old man paid no attention to Regent or big brothers, but calmly walked through their midst, seated himself in an alcove in one of the windows, and went on reading his book; and the big brothers, whose rough sense of propriety would not allow them to fight in the presence of such an illustrious guest, put their swords in their sheaths and crowded around the old man to see if they could render him any service before they withdrew from the room.

The Wisest Tutor, seeing that the quarrel had come to a pause, cautiously approached the alcove, and looked over the old man's shoulder, for he had been attracted by the book in his hand, and was desirous of knowing what it was that so held his attention and kept his interest even in the midst of a possible revolution.

No sooner had he glanced at the contents of the book than he perceived that he was in the presence of the greatest scholar in the world, whose fame had travelled to the most remote regions; and so overjoyed was he at this discovery that he fell upon his knees before the old man and humbly kissed his hand; for to him crowns and kingdoms were of small concern compared to the wisdom of this great student.

The big brothers, seeing his delight, did not doubt that he had found an old friend, and knowing that the Tutor had originally come from some far-away country, supposed that the two were fellow-patriots, and were confirmed in their opinion that the old man was a king, or at least some very great personage. They therefore asked the Tutor if he knew the old man, and who he was. To which he replied that he had known him ever since he could remember, and that he revered him above all men.

This could only mean that he was a king, the big brothers thought, and their respect for the Wisest Tutor immediately increased, for they admired the affection and reverence with which he seemed to regard his old monarch, even if he were dethroned and helpless.

They therefore were all the more willing to listen to him when after a few minutes he returned to the Regent's side, and proposed to settle the quarrel peaceably, and said they would agree to any measure that seemed just.

The big brothers said that it only seemed reasonable to them to ask the Regent where their little King was, for it surely must be his fault if the boy could not be found.

To this the Regent replied that it seemed to him reasonable to ask the big brothers where the Queen Liliwinkins was, for it surely must be their fault that she could not be found. Then there followed a long silence, for both these questions were equally hard to answer, and no one wanted to seem impatient or unreasonable.

At last the Wisest Tutor proposed that they should all go and look for the children, for that seemed to him the easiest way of answering both questions satisfactorily.

Every one sprang up at once, the Regent and the big brothers both trying to get to the door first; but the Tutor called them back, and said that the search might prove a long one, and asked what would become of the kingdom in the mean time.

After a moment's silence the biggest brother said he would stay and be King while the others went to look for Allola. But to this the Regent would not consent, and indeed frowned fearfully at the very mention of it.

However, the Wisest Tutor settled the matter by declaring that the most suitable person to leave in charge seemed to him to be the old King, and he himself would very willingly stay and see that no one gave him any trouble.

In the mean time Atla and Allola had reached the little cottage on the other side of the forest, and had found Liliwinkins wide-awake and overjoyed to see them.

The little King and Queen talked matters over, with Atla's assistance, and all declared that they were heartily tired of kings and queens, and desired of all things to be plain nobodies for the rest of their days.



"NOW JUMP IN AND I'LL ROW YOU," SAID ALLOLA."

But they very well knew that they would be found and taken back to the palace if they staid where they were, so they decided to go away at the first peep of dawn and travel so far that no one from the court would ever be able to find them.

So they arose while yet the stars were in the sky, and hastened away from the cottage, taking with them all there was in the house to eat, and the old woman's cherished spinning-wheel; for they had quite made up their minds that they would always wear cloth of gold, and they reasoned that the grandmother would surely never need a spinning-wheel again, since she had become a fine lady and gone to live in the King's palace.

Travelling in the early dawn was such a new experience to Allola and Liliwinkins that they both enjoyed it exceedingly, and Atla found it none the less pleasant, although the sights and sounds of the forest before sunrise were as familiar to him as those of the middle of the day; and so they all went on very happily, watching the mist rise and fill the tree-tops with soft bits of cloud, counting the innumerable and fairy-like spider-webs whose delicate curved lines trembled with their weight of dewdrops, and leaving dark shadows of their footprints amid the white glistening depths of the tall forest grasses.

But instead of their enjoyment being a means of delay, it only hurried them on, and before the sun had risen they were on the very outmost edge of the forest, and found their progress stopped by the waves of a little lake whose shore-line shone in a semicircle around the enclosing forest, and on the farther side was lost in the gray line of the sea.

The children looked at one another anxiously as they came near to the lake, for they knew they were not yet far enough from the cottage to be in safety; Liliwinkins

had supposed they would just walk on and on until they got so far away that no one could find them, and even Atla had no idea that the forest ever came to an end.

But Allola was only reminded of his own lakes up in the north country, and led the way with a firm step around the curving borders, looking eagerly for the white shelving beach he knew he should find. He came to it at last, just as he was on the point of giving up in despair, for it was quite shut in by two little capes that sent their green points far out into the lake, and not only was the beach shelving and strewn with white pebbles as Allola had expected it would be, but there was also the very boat he had not dared to expect, but only wished for with all his heart.

He had not whispered this hope to either of his companions, but when he saw the boat he said, with a sigh of relief, "I thought we must find a boat somewhere around this lake; now jump in and I'll row you."

Liliwinkins and Atla obeyed him with great respect, for his knowledge of lakes seemed to them wonderful; and they soon found that his Northern training was the best help they could have had, for he steered the boat right out toward the sea-line, and as they approached the middle of the lake they saw that the outlet was half filled with a small island they had not noticed before, and toward this point Allola was rowing with all his might.

"All the lakes in my country have islands in them," said the young navigator, as the keel of the boat ground upon the sandy beach, "and I knew this must have one too."

And so great was his hurry to see what the island contained that he jumped out and ran on ahead, leaving his companions to follow at their leisure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WAITING FOR A BITE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N. A.

BASE-BALL FOR AMATEURS.

BY A. ALONZO STAGG.

II.—THE INFIELD.

IN this second article I shall take up what is commonly known as the "infield," which includes the three base-men and the short-stop. First in order comes the first-base man. The first-base-man is usually a tall man, if not the tallest on the nine. A tall man is chosen because, on account of his size and reach, he will be able to capture many of the "wild" throws which a shorter man would necessarily let go by. Quickness of movement is of such vital importance to every ball-player, no matter what position he plays, that I would place double emphasis on its cultivation. Here is a player who picks up a ground hit well, is a sure catcher of a thrown or fly ball, and throws accurately, but he is so slow in handling himself and in getting into a position to throw that valuable opportunities for put-outs are lost, which sometimes result in a loss of the game. In the case of the first-base-man there are frequent chances to use quick work in touching runners and in a quick return of the ball across the diamond. The first-base-man should be a man of pluck and courage, for he is often called upon to reach directly across the path of a runner to take in a ball; but he should have no fear in doing this, for the runner will seldom collide with him. The position for a first-base-man to take when no one is running on base should depend upon his own agility; that is, he should cover as much ground as he can easily, without compromising his base-play. The position taken by the best first-base-men is at a point from twenty-five to thirty feet up the line toward second base, and about fifteen feet back of it.

Many amateur first-base-men seem to think that their only duty lies in catching the thrown balls. Of course the first-base-man must exercise judgment in knowing when to go for the ball and when to cover his base. In general, he should field all the balls that he can, and the pitcher, if he understands his position, will assist him in covering the base. When there is a runner on his base, the first-base-man will play just in front of the base-line and about three feet toward second base. This will enable him best to touch the runner when the pitcher or catcher throws the ball to catch him "napping." As soon as the pitcher makes a motion to pitch the ball he should move up the line a few feet and back of it, so as to cover a portion of the wide space laid open to a hit. In catching thrown balls the first-base-man should step out with his right foot, keeping his left foot on the base, so as to reach the ball as soon as possible. In the case of a close play it frequently decides the runner out. On a low-thrown ball it is sometimes better to step behind the base and take it on a long bound rather than attempt to step out and "trap" it. In the case of a widely thrown ball there is an opportunity to exercise judgment. If the game is likely to depend upon that put out, it will be better perhaps to trust to a desperate reach after the ball, but in most cases it is wiser to leave the base and secure the ball.

Second base has become one of the most important positions on a nine, with the improvement in batting, and since the restrictions have been removed from the pitcher, both of which tend to send more balls in that direction. The second-base-man now has more chances than any other infielder except the first-base-man, but part of them are base-play.

It requires a very quick, active man to fill the position well. It is, however, one of the best positions on the whole team to play, since the distance from home plate permits of much ground being covered, while its short distance from first base gives more time in which to do it and make the throw. The second-base-man should take a position straight out to the left of his base about thirty-

five or forty feet, when no one is running. If there is a runner he should draw in a little, so as to have easy access to his base. If a runner on first base is attempting to steal second base, the second-base-man should not start for his base until he sees whether the batsman hits the ball into his territory. Many runs and base hits are scored in amateur games through the second-base-man not having regard for this point. When there is a runner on his base he should keep him as close to it as is wise under the conditions of the play at that moment. The short-stop can assist the second-base-man considerably in this matter by running over now and then to the base when there is no fear of exposing his position to a batted ball. There is an opportunity also in this play to work a successful trick by proper signals with the pitcher and catcher.

The second-base-man must accommodate himself to the throw when the catcher attempts to cut off a runner, but where he has the choice the best position to stand is on the base-line and about two feet toward first base. Be sure to catch the ball, and then look for the runner afterward. And let me add, in general, that in going after a dropped or passed ball always keep your eyes upon the ball until you secure it, and *then* look for the place to throw it. Amateur players are very apt to attempt to watch the runner and to pick up the ball at the same time, and as a consequence generally fumble the ball just long enough to lose a point. In making a double play with first base the second-base-man, if a right-handed thrower, should throw from the inside of the base; if left-handed, from the outside of the base. All of the base-men should practise catching a ball and touching the runner with a single movement. The catcher, likewise, will gain a decided vantage point in his play if he can learn to catch and throw with almost one continuous swing of the arm. The second-base-man has more use for the underhand throw than any other infielder, and should not fail to cultivate it. It is of great service on a slow ball, or after a fumble, or in a double play where the short-stop covers the base; all of which plays call for the quickest work.

Third-base position needs a sure man on ground work, an adept in catching high twisting flies, and a strong and accurate thrower. It is the hardest infield position to fill satisfactorily. The balls hit in this direction usually come with great speed because it is so near to the batsman. Many right-handed batters turn upon a ball and meet it with the full swing of the bat well in front of them. A great many left-handed batters, too, bat in that direction, and the balls generally have a curve to them. It has also now become a part of the science of batting to "bunt" the ball, and usually it is "bunted" toward third base. This keeps the third-base-man in a state of doubt, since he does not know when to expect a bunt and when a hard-hit ball. For amateur players I think that the best place for the third-base-man to stand is just behind the line and about ten feet toward second base, but the base-man should vary this according to his judgment of the batter. All infield players should vary their position to meet the batter's peculiarities. Professionals usually play a few feet back of the line, but they are much quicker and better throwers than amateurs commonly are. Either position allows the third-base-man to run over and get nearly all of the slow hits to short-stop which the latter would have difficulty in fielding in time, on account of playing his position so deep. When there is a runner on his base the third-base-man should draw a little closer to this base, so as to keep him from "hugging" it, and also, in order to be ready for a throw to catch the runner.

The third-base-man is often called upon to exercise quick and good judgment, as in fact all of the infield players are, in regard to the advisability of throwing a ball to catch a runner. It is far better frequently to hold the ball than to attempt to catch a runner after a fumble or a hard stop, when there is slight chance of getting the man

out. Seldom or never throw the ball across the diamond until you have regained your balance or throwing position. Most "wild" throws are made when a fielder is not in a position to throw. On a long throw it is always better for the third-base-man and short-stop to assume an upright position, or the natural one, before making the throw. I have seen a great many high throws made because the fielder threw the ball while in the act of assuming an upright position. As in the case of the first-base-man, the third-base-man is called upon to exercise judgment on hits which both he and the short-stop can field. He should always remember in such cases that the short-stop will be in a better position to throw. The third-base-man is not expected to cover much ground, his province being to cover as much ground as he can and do sharp, "clean" work.

The short-stop is usually the liveliest man on the nine, and the nature of his position demands that he be so. He is expected to be everywhere at the right time; to field his position, to cover second or third base, and to back up both of these bases, besides helping the outfielders in fielding in the ball on long hits. It is a part of his duty to field all the ground hits batted into his territory, as well as to capture all the short flies that he can, whether back of second or third base or in his own immediate field. The best position for the short-stop to take, if he be a good thrower, is at a point about fifteen feet back of the line and about thirty-five or forty feet from second base. This will enable him to get a good many hits past pitcher, as well as cover his share of the ground toward third base. In assisting in a double play between second base and first he will often find the underhand throw particularly serviceable, and also not infrequently on a slow ground hit he can use it advantageously in fielding the ball to first base. In fielding a ground hit the fielder should always keep his feet together when practicable. They often will give him good service in stopping balls which miss his hands, and enable him to field the ball in time to catch the runner. When there is a runner on third and no one out, or only one, the infield should come up into the diamond, ready to cut the runner off at the plate if he attempts to go "home" on a batted ball.

A BACKWARD RUNAWAY.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"BOYS, do you want to drive out to the timber with me?" asked Uncle Horace.

Of course the boys did. An invitation to anything in which figured the span of high-stepping grays which were harnessed to the light wagon was a thing not to be despised.

The timber was an interesting place. It consisted of a section of well-wooded land, from which Uncle Horace was having the older growth removed for fuel. Twenty or more men were at work there, some chopping, some loading the wood to haul into town.

As the visitors approached, Frank and George were surprised at the sight of the long rows of cord-wood waiting to be drawn away.

"Don't put on too heavy a load, boys," said Uncle Horace to some young men who were loading the wagons. "Don't work those poor beasts too hard. A horse with a heavy load always appears to me to have an appealing look in his eyes, as if he wanted to say, 'I am oppressed, and yet I cannot speak to complain.' Poor dumb brutes!" Uncle Horace had alighted, and was now stroking the fine draught-horses, which turned their heads toward him, as if recognizing in him a friend, as he added, "I like to keep up a personal acquaintance with everything in my employ."

"But, Uncle Horace, what strange-looking horses!"

"What's the matter with them?"

Uncle Horace looked around as the boys exclaimed in surprise at a pair of horses which were being driven up to take the place of those he had been caressing. He looked with kindly interest at them, remarking to their driver,

"We never thought they'd come round so well, did we, Jim?"

"Not a bit we did, sir," answered the driver.

Large places entirely bare of hair appeared on the horses, which, with seams and scars looking like the results of numberless larger or smaller cuts, gave them a most singular aspect.

"Do tell us what has happened to them, uncle," urged George.

Uncle Horace spent a little time examining into the condition of the teams and of the work, and then drove on as he talked.

"Those teams were used at the lumber camp last winter. It was, you remember, a singularly mild and open one, and the snow held off so late that matters began to look grave as well for the lumber owners as the workmen. All the chopping was done, and millions of logs all through the pines were piled up at the road-sides, waiting for the snow without which it would be impossible to carry the heavy logs to the chutes, where they were rolled down into the various waterways by which they were floated down to the mills.

"It would be difficult to say how serious and how far-reaching would be the results of a failure to move the lumber cut. Very often great difficulties have arisen for want of enough water to float the logs, but a failure in snow is a rare thing in this part of the country.

"We waited and waited. If it delayed too long, the men must go home and spend the remainder of the winter in idleness. If the logs lay in the pines, the mills, with their thousands of hands, must lie idle. If lumber failed, building, manufacturing, and all their kindred industries must receive a deplorable check.

"But the blessed snowfall came at last, and men and horses sprang to the work with the zest given by long rest. Those horses pull well."

He drew rein for a moment as, in going up a hill, they passed one of his wood loads.

"Oh, Uncle Horace, those horses look worse than the others!"

"Yes, but they're doing their work honestly yet, poor fellows. The matter with them? Why, they got run away with."

"Horses run away with?"

"Yes; that's what I am coming to. The work was being pushed hard, and it was late in the season. I had gone up to the lumber camp, and stood one day watching while Jim and another driver were loading their wagons. On the road to the river was a long hill up which they must go, with a steep place at the top—so steep that two teams were kept there for helpers as the loads came up.

"Jim was always a careful fellow, loading with judgment as to the ability of his horses. But near him was White, a young fellow who worked away with a bit-or-miss dash and energy in every movement. I wish, however, to do him the justice to say that if he expected a good deal of his horses, he also expected a good deal of himself. 'That's a heavy load, White,' I remarked, as one ponderous log after another was piled on. 'Not a bit too heavy for them creatures, sir,' giving a caressing slap to the horse nearest him. 'They'll pull it and be glad to.'

"I took a seat on Jim's load to ride up to the chute, looking back once in a while at the splendid fellows, who seemed to do their best to justify White's praise of them. Jim and I alighted and walked when we reached the long slope. At the steep part the hill teams were attached, and Jim's load was drawn to the chute.

"I was watching the logs as they went buzzing, whizzing, dashing to the bottom, when I heard loud shouts. Jim dropped his crowbar and ran back to where he could look over the hill. I followed him, and within the next three minutes, for it was all over in that time, saw such a sight as I never expect to see again.

"White had reached the steep place with his heavy load and had attached the helpers. They had almost gained the summit when those splendid muscles must have found the strain upon them too cruel, for with my first glance I saw that the great load was slipping back. With all their united power the noble animals were striving to hold their footing. Their bodies were almost level with the ground as they struggled and strove, but it was of no use. The well-beaten snow was packed like ice, and the runners shot over it with the irresistible impetus given by the heavy load.

"Jim and White, seeing that no power could stem that backward slide, were making their best attempts to unhook the teams. But little could be done with the kicking, struggling horses. Jim got the traces of the pole-horses partly loosened, so that in the confusion the animals were turned around facing the load. White contrived to cut out one of the leaders, and then the load and the other horses shot like lightning down

that hill. The pole-horses kept on their feet, sometimes galloping, sometimes sliding, while the other three were dragged in a tangle of harness, head first, tail first, on their sides or backs, kicking, struggling, and snorting. It would be impossible to imagine the spectacle, much less describe it. It looked as though there might be a dozen horses in the snarl instead of five.

"The load ran half a mile or more before stopping—"

"And were none of the horses killed, Uncle Horace?" interrupted Frank, displaying great excitement.

"No, for a wonder, they were not. The two poor fellows you have just passed were in a most pitiable condition, almost hairless, and terribly cut and bruised, trembling and panting; the others rather less injured.

"White cried as he came up and looked at them, and I must confess I felt very much like joining him. As others of the men came they thought some of the horses must be killed, but Jim and White stoutly and indignantly refused to listen to such a proposition, and you see that through faithful care the poor animals are doing good service to-day, and enjoying life probably as well as well-cared-for dumb animals can."

"Are you going to send them up to the lumber camp again, Uncle Horace?"

"I think I shall. It is not at all likely they will meet with such a mishap again, for in all the records of lumbering I never before heard of a runaway load of logs."

THE MOTHER OF THOSE CHICKENS.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

IT was a very hot morning, and so still. Not even a cock-crow. The Patridges had all gone to church. They had shut and clicked the gate, and driven away in their one-horse wagon. Faust had kept his head through the bars and watched them till they disappeared down the green road-side. Then he had turned slowly away. It was always the same thing every Sunday. They always left him, and he had nothing to do but first to sit on the porch, and then to go to the gate and look up and down the road, and then to walk around the house and come and



"HE USED TO WONDER HOW IT HAD HAPPENED THAT HE HAD BECOME THE MOTHER OF THOSE CHICKENS."

sit on the steps again. Once upon a time he and Stephen used to hunt all day long through the woods, but even that was over, and there was nothing but ploughing now on the farm. When Faust thought of this he felt so restless he turned around and lay down on the other end of the step.

Just then over the fence, with a wag of the tail and a whisk of the ear, Duke, the Ardens' dog, came bounding. He ran up to Faust, who had jumped on the path, and sniffed noses with him, and they both went dashing down the road. What fun it was!—the green grass under their feet and the green trees over their heads, and not a thought of anything. And how they sent the gray squirrels skipping, and how the neighbors' cats got out of the way, and the birds darted about in the bushes! It made Faust so excited he forgot the calves and the cats and the chickens he was to look after at home. And if he did remember for a moment he forgot again, for in the darkest part of the woods what should happen but from under a pile of loose brush an old hen sprang, cackling and shrieking, and running as fast as she could, legs and wings both going. There was no time to see who she was, and Faust and Duke both jumped after her.

They had a long chase. It would take too much time to tell all about it, but by-and-by they were back in the Patridge barn-yard, and the hen, blinded and desperate with fright, had bumped against the wall of the corn bin and crawled inside through a hole. In a minute Faust had his head there too; but his body—that was the dreadful part of it—his body would not go, and when he tried to pull his head out again his head would not come. His eyes grew big with terror, for there, right opposite him, pressed close against the wall, panting with fear, squatted the hen. She never moved. It was like a great ugly dream, and Mr. Patridge, he knew, would see them both when he came, and understand all about it. And Duke? He had run away, as every dog does that leads another into mischief. There was nobody to help him. When Faust at last heard Mr. Patridge he shook all over, and his heart beat so loud he thought one minute it was Stephen's footsteps, and then he thought Stephen's footsteps were the beating of his heart. And then somehow or other he never thought anything till he found himself lying with a bandaged head on a shady part of the porch. He felt very sick and sore, but he was wondering about Stephen. He heard the family at dinner. Mrs. Patridge was making a great noise with her knife and fork, as if agitated.



"WHEN HE TRIED TO PULL HIS HEAD OUT AGAIN IT WOULD NOT COME."

"Stephen," she said, "thee might as well tell me about the dog; I never put overmuch faith in him." But Stephen only said, "Faust's a good dog, wife, a good dog," which made Faust's tail wag till it sounded on the hard wooden floor, and he began to love Stephen all the more, and to wish, as he lay there, that hundreds of chickens would come and just crawl and climb all over him, so that he could show Stephen he never would touch them again. But then that might have been the fever, or a good resolution that did not know how else to come. Nobody can really tell about these things. All I know is that two days after, when Mr. Patridge opened the gate, Faust went right up to Mrs. Yellow-Jacket's coop and sat down, as though he were saying, "Don't you see you can trust me?"

Mrs. Yellow-Jacket did not like this; but then she never liked anything. When her chickens went away she puffed out her feathers, and darted about, and poked her head out of the slats. She said that they did not love her. But when they came back she could not sit still, she was so tired and so nervous, and when the cock crowed she started violently, for that she said sent a shiver up her spine, and made her think how tiresome a hen's life was. When Faust came he looked so big and quiet they began to walk all over him, and one got on his paw, and when they were tired the soft warm fur on his breast felt so nice they all nestled there instead of going back to their mother. They used to do this every day that summer. Faust felt like a new dog, and could not tell why. Mrs. Yellow-Jacket had fled long since. She had shivered so often at the crowing of the cock that Mr. Patridge had thought she was ill, and opened the door of her coop. She had shaken out her feathers, and stretched her legs out behind her till they seemed very long. She had run her bill through the feathers on her breast, taken one drink of water, and walked away. But she had never looked at her chickens. Faust, for the last time in his life, when he saw her, wanted to chase a hen that was so cruel, and he half jumped, but she only held her head very high, as much as to say, "You have robbed me of my family; now see how you like them yourself."

That night when the young chickens were trying to roost in the trees, and the little turkeys had settled themselves with faint high whistles on the wood-shed roof, Faust saw Mrs. Yellow-Jacket take her place on the highest roost. Then he knew that it was all over. But what to do with his chickens at night he could not tell. He wandered about with them for a few minutes, all of them piping after him, and then he walked straight to his own kennel and stepped inside. He was so proud of himself for thinking of it, for with many feeble flappings of wings all of Mrs. Yellow-Jacket's family came inside. He lay down on his side, and determined never to move the whole night through. "They sha'n't miss their mother," he was saying to himself.

After this he found plenty to do, for two of the chickens were always finding the same worm, and one pulling it one way and the other the other, and two were always fighting, and one was always getting lost and he had to go out and find him. But when they were bigger, and able to look after themselves, Faust used to put his head down on his paws in his doorway and wonder how it had happened that he had become the mother of those chickens. When Stephen came and looked at him with a smile he thought Stephen might understand, and he used to jump up and put his paws on Stephen's shoulders, and look in his eyes as though he were trying to speak. But when Stephen would take his hands out of his pockets and stroke back the long soft ears from Faust's head, and looking in his eyes say, "Good old fellow, good dog!" Faust seemed suddenly to understand all about it, and just why he took care of those little creatures.

The whole family came to see Faust. Little red-haired Nettie Nichols, when the sun was warm, would come and sit on the stump near by singing to her doll. She liked to be near him, though she never spoke. Mrs. Patridge came all summer, and looked at him over the fence. She never felt sure, she used to say to Stephen; but toward winter even this excellent woman began to change her mind. "Thee was right, Stephen; there was much in that dog the careless would not allow for."



"THE CHICKENS BEGAN TO WALK OVER HIM."

of them. In the Palace is a large hall. We took the elevator and went up to the top of the tower. The Aquarium is underground; in it are a great many fish which make it appear very beautiful.

"The Sainte Chapelle has a large steeple, with a cross on top of the steeple. The interior of the Chapelle is very beautiful.

Assisted by the Kings and Queens, the second floor by the servants. The lower floor has a great many painted arches.

"The Notre Dame is a large Catholic church; it has two large towers on the front, and a dome on the top of the middle of the church. The interior of the Church is magnificent.

"We left Paris and went to Brussels. We staid at the Grand Hotel. They use more dogs than horses to pull the smaller wagons; the poor people use dogs to pull their marketable home. There are many more dogs and cherry stands around the streets in summer.

"The Lion of Waterloo is a large stone lion, on a very high hill; it is mounted on stone. We saw the barn where Napoleon staid during the battle. To reach the Lion we walked up a great many steps. We got our dinner at a little hotel. The oldest house in Brussels is very old-fashioned and handsome.

"There are some cars that are worked by electricity, and it looks very queer to see the cars going around without either horses or cables.

"The Hotel de Ville is a very handsome building; it has a large tower in front and smaller towers at the corners. There are a great many windows and carved stone railings on the front of the building. The Palais de Justice is another large building in Brussels.

We left Brussels and went to The Hague, in Holland. There are a great many canals in The Hague, and some very pretty lakes. The people in Holland dress very queerly. The peasants wear wooden shoes called sabots. The women wear a very pretty head-dress called a kerchief on their shoulders. The Prison Gate is a large archway, which is the entrance to the prison.

"The Netherlands are the sea-coast of Holland. There are large basket-chairs all around the beach for people to sit in to shade them from the sun. The bath-houses are wagons, with two decks, and a bath in each. People go down into the water, and leave it there until the people want to come in.

"The Zoo in Holland is very magnificent; they have a fine collection of birds. While walking in the Zoo a bird snatched my ticket from my hand, but we got it back.

"After leaving The Hague we went to Coblenz. We staid at the Hotel du Geant. Ehrenbreitstein Castle is a large fortress on the Rhine. It was opposite to our hotel. It is built on a large rock. There is a bridge to Coblenz which is supported by several pillars. When a boat comes to the bridge separates and the boat goes through, and then the bridge closes.

"We left Coblenz and went up the Rhine, and saw many castles. We saw the Castle of the Bishop of Bingen, his Monse Tower on the Rhine. Among the castles is the Schlosschen Rheinheim. The National Monument is opposite Bingen, on a hill.

"We went up the Rhine to Frankfurt, and staid at the Swan Hotel. The garden in Frankfurt is very handsome; the rest of us went to the Zoo. The Zoo in Frankfurt is a very large place. We took a drive and saw the German nurses, with short dresses, white stockings, and kerchiefs on their shoulders.

"We left Frankfurt and went to Basle, in Switzerland. We staid at the Trois Rois a number of days; our room looked out on the Rhine. We went from Basle to Lucerne and staid at the Switzerland. Lucerne is a handsome city on Lake Lucerne. The hotel where we staid looks out on the lake.

"We went from Lucerne to Lucerne, and saw the Lion of Lucerne. The Lion of Lucerne is a large statue of a man, striking with a hammer the number of hours. There is a fountain in Bern called the Oie de la Fontaine. There are many children in Bern. The interior of the Cathedral in Bern is very magnificent. One evening we heard the organ play. The music represents monks and nuns singing; it sounded very much like human voices."

"A pair of wrens took possession and built a nest in a bird-house, which had been set up in the garden. The pair of wrens were very busy. A pair of bluebirds came and disputed their right of possession. A fight took place, in which the bluebirds were victorious, but the wrens still persevering would not give up, and although

they were beaten in the real fights they annoyed the bluebirds so much that they at last had to give up and retire in disgust, leaving the wrens masters of the field. I am eleven years old. I like "Dorynates" very much so far. My brother and I have five chickens. One hen is sitting. We have a dog and a cat.

I especially like such a letter as this.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.

I am a little girl eight years old. I love school and music. I am reading "Captain Polly," and like it very much. My brother, who is older, reads every line in your magazine, and says "Uncle Peter's Trust" is charming. My mother says "Bumble," the sweep, is her favorite. Your loving little reader,

EMEL ANNIE C.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND BIRD.

Little darling, come to me,
And I will sing a song to thee
About a birdie in the tree.
"I'm so hungry: I'm almost dead!"
This is what the birdie said,
"Would you give me a piece of bread?"

"There are crumbs on the window-sill;
Go eat them with your little bill.
Then you'll have a nice good fill."

The birdie flew down to the sill,
And with its royal bill good-will
Till it until he had his fill.

"Good-by, birdie," now I say,
"And come to me some other day,
And we will have a nice good play."

VIRGIE POWELL (aged 9 years).

LEONIE, TENNESSEE, HENARY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are only taking English lessons since five months, so you will please excuse our mistakes. We are two Saxon girls, living in a small country town. One of us goes into the Fifth Reader, and the other into the Third. We like to learn English, because it sounds so much like Saxon; some words are just the same. Good-by, we remain your loving little friends,

SELMA HEINZ (aged 9 years).

HILDA SCHEINT (aged 9 years).

I wish Hilda and Selma had written a longer letter.

PARIS, FRANCE.

I am a girl twelve years old. It is the second year that I learn the English language, and it is to reward me that my father has taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. This book pleases me a great deal; the stories are very pretty, and I am very glad to read them. One of the stories pleased me more than the others; it is "Floride's Patient." I hope, dear Postmistress, that my letter is not too long, and that you will have the kindness to publish it and tell me if I have made any errors for it is the first letter that I write in English, and I would be glad to know it well. Good-by, dear Postmistress. Your little reader,

JASNAK S. CHLIED D.A.

Your letter is very charming, and I do not wonder that you find the new language puzzling.

Miss Emily Grace Brodie and Miss Gertrude Brodie, Leith, England: Your story

"Autobiography of a Cat" and "The Conceited Blackberry," reflect credit on your powers of invention, your patience, and your ability to write good English. I am very regretful that I can publish neither of the stories of these little sisters for lack of space. Nettie L., Edward C., Annie M., John D., Thomas Mc.; Thanks to you we read these stories. The same to Phoebe T., Ada M., and J. K.

The puzzle department is intended for you, our "Young Contributors," to fill. Good original puzzles will be inserted, and we would like to fill a larger space with the names of clever little solvers. Wake up, quick-witted and bright-eyed young people, and send your puzzles, always sending the answer at the same time that you send your enigma, diamond, or word square.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR MAY 26TH.

Mark iv. 43-44

Golden Text:—"Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a Kiss?"

The garden of Gethsemane, a quiet spot not far from the brook Kedron, was a favorite place of resort for Jesus and His disciples. He was in the habit of

resting and praying, and hither He came after the supper, knowing full well that in a little time He would be seized by His cruel foes and dragged to His death.

Talking with him three, Peter, James, and John, the Master went into the deeper recesses of the garden, and now, at midnight, these men are so wearied that they cannot keep awake, but Jesus is in an agony of prayer and sorrow. Never was there so great a conflict. Never such struggle of mind, in which the love in Christ cannot enter, and the will is so weak that it cannot enter. It is enough that it was borne for us—part of the great price paid by the Son of God for our redemption.

By-and-by, when you are older, and are brought face to face with some great trouble, as other people often are, it will be a great comfort to you to know that Jesus understands it all. You can never have a load on your chest as these men had, and so heavy as His, when His sorrow of spirit pressed great drops of blood through the pores of His skin, and God finally sent one of His angels to strengthen Him in the strife.

Suddenly on the silent night came a great clamor, then, shouting, running, waving torches wildly, peering through the tree trunks, and setting guards at the entrances to the garden, came led by Judas with the chief priests, a band of Roman soldiers to "take Him."

"Think of it! They did not come to arrest a wicked thief or murderer!" No; it is He who raised up Lazarus from the dead, who gave Bartimeus his sight, who fed five thousand people with the loaves and fishes, who sent the lame, blind, and deaf, who is now roughly haled like a common felon to the hall of judgment.

Hear His words: "Are you come out as against a man, with swords and staves, to take Me?" He was daily with you in the temple, and ye laid no hands upon Me. But this is *your* hour, and the power of darkness."

And then Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?"

One of the features of this story which always impresses us most, is that all the disciples, terrified, panic-stricken in that hour, forsake Him and fled. Not one to stand at His side as He left Gethsemane.

"He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shears is dumb so He opened not His mouth."

COSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

- 1.—A word meaning away. 2. A thick cord. 3. To unclose. 4. To repair.
- 2.—A royal personage. 2. An object of worship. 3. Part of the face. 4. Part-soup. B. II.

No. 2.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

1. Prefix the same syllable in each case: To a preposition meaning away, in and leave and the meaning concerning. 2. A kind of tree, and make to make ashamed. 3. Not copied, and make an original inhabitant. 4. The angular top of the roof of a building, and make to shorten. 5. A path, and make in a foreign country. 6. A mark, and make to refrain from. 7. An expression in algebra, and make an adjective meaning foolish. 8. To employ, and make to treat ill.

No. 3.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. An animal. 3. Strength. 4. A show. 5. A precious stone. 6. A house for lodging travellers. 7. A consonant.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 496.

- No. 1.—1. Dante. 2. Bell. 3. Bacon. 4. Turner. 5. Horace. 6. Heine. 7. Goethe.
- No. 2.—1. Weaver. 2. Don. 3. Seine. 4. Dee. 5. Elber. 6. Alibi. 7. Has. 8. Main.
- No. 3.—1. Berlin. 2. Don. 3. Rome. 4. Athens. 5. Belfast. 6. Petersburg. 7. Cannes. 8. Malta. 9. Madrid.
- No. 4.—1. Bear. 2. Rabbit. 3. Not. 4. Not. 5. Not. 6. Not. 7. Not. 8. Not. 9. Not. 10. Not. 11. Not. 12. Not. 13. Not. 14. Not. 15. Not. 16. Not. 17. Not. 18. Not. 19. Not. 20. Not. 21. Not. 22. Not. 23. Not. 24. Not. 25. Not. 26. Not. 27. Not. 28. Not. 29. Not. 30. Not. 31. Not. 32. Not. 33. Not. 34. Not. 35. Not. 36. Not. 37. Not. 38. Not. 39. Not. 40. Not. 41. Not. 42. Not. 43. Not. 44. Not. 45. Not. 46. Not. 47. Not. 48. Not. 49. Not. 50. Not. 51. Not. 52. Not. 53. Not. 54. Not. 55. Not. 56. Not. 57. Not. 58. Not. 59. Not. 60. Not. 61. Not. 62. Not. 63. Not. 64. Not. 65. Not. 66. Not. 67. Not. 68. Not. 69. Not. 70. Not. 71. Not. 72. Not. 73. Not. 74. Not. 75. Not. 76. Not. 77. Not. 78. Not. 79. Not. 80. Not. 81. Not. 82. Not. 83. Not. 84. Not. 85. Not. 86. Not. 87. Not. 88. Not. 89. Not. 90. Not. 91. Not. 92. Not. 93. Not. 94. Not. 95. Not. 96. Not. 97. Not. 98. Not. 99. Not. 100. Not. 101. Not. 102. Not. 103. Not. 104. Not. 105. Not. 106. Not. 107. Not. 108. Not. 109. Not. 110. 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A DIFFERENT VIEW OF THE MATTER

MOTHER. "WHY BLANCHE, WHAT ARE YOU TAKING ALL THE BLOCKS FROM ETHEL FOR? DON'T YOU KNOW SHE IS YOUR COMPANY? AND THEN SHE BROUGHT THE BLOCKS HERSELF."

BLANCHE. "WELL, THEN, I'M COMPANY TO THE BLOCKS, SO I OUGHT TO HAVE THE MOST."

THE REASON WHY.

"SWEET little maid," said I—
"Gay little maid," said I—
"Tell me the reason why
You are so merry?
I shrewdly guess," said I,
"You've a new dress," said I.
"Such foolish vanity
Is wicked—very."

"Now do not scold," said she;
"You shall be told," said she,
"What 'tis that pleases me
This very minute.
I've a new dress," said she.
"And can't you guess?" said she.
"I've found—just come and see—
A pocket in it."

A GOOD MEMORY.

THE verse that Sunday was,
"The Lord loveth a cheerful
giver," and Merle knew it
perfectly—oh, yes indeed!

"Well, Merle," the teacher
said, "do you know the text
to-day?"

"Yes, 'm," was the prompt
answer.

But there was a long si-
lence, until the teacher be-
gan gently, "The Lord—"

"Th-e Lord," said Merle,
slowly. Another silence.

"Loveth," prompted the
teacher.

"Lov-eth," chimed in Merle
—the Lord—lov-eth—
Well, the Lord loveth sum-
pin; I don't 'member what."



SPORTS IN THE ANTIPODES.

THROWING THE BOOMERANG.

WHAT funny things one sees

In the Antipodes!

Little Australian boys

Play with the strangest toys

In the Antipodes.

They hurl their clubs with ease

In the Antipodes;

Hit their own heads a bang

(Fun for the boomerang)

In the Antipodes.





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DORYMATES:

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

ACTOR OF "DERRICK STEELING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

KIDNAPPED.—THE PROMISE.

FINDING that no notice was taken of his shouts to be released from the cabin, Breeze finally sat down on the transom beside the bunk in which Wolfe was now sleeping heavily, and tried to puzzle out the meaning of what had taken place. At first he thought it might be a sort of a practical joke, and perhaps the *Vixen* was only being carried out in the bay to get a good position for an early start in the morning. In that case he did not doubt but he would be allowed to return to the city when she came to anchor. As time wore on, and the schooner still continued to move rapidly through the wa-

ter, even this hope began to disappear. At last the motion of the vessel convinced him that she had passed out of the bay, and was riding the long, regular swells of the open sea.

He now remembered that the *Vixen* had been fitting for a trip to the Grand Bank, and realized that she had really begun the long voyage that might last for months. If he could only have bidden his mother good-by, and told her where he was going! Now the thought of her distress at his unexplained absence completely overcame him. Throwing himself at full length on the hard transom, he buried his face in his hands and sobbed as though his heart would break. Finally, tired out by his long, hard day's work, his recent excitement, and the strength of his emotions, he fell into a troubled sleep.

Soon afterward the companion-way slide was pushed back, and the skipper, Hank Hoffer, and another man entered the cabin and tumbled into their bunks, but without waking the prisoners.

"Sleep sound enough, don't they?" remarked the skipper.

"Yes," answered Hank Hoffer. "Drunken men always do."

It was broad daylight when Breeze awoke, cramped and stiff from lying so long on the bare boards of the transom. As he sat up and looked about him his thoughts were in such confusion that he could not for a moment recall where he was, but the sight of Wolfe Brady asleep in the bunk beside him brought back the events of the preceding evening with a rush, and starting up, he went on deck. There a single glance showed him that they were out of sight of land and heading to the eastward.

A young man whose face looked somewhat familiar to him was at the wheel, though he could not recollect where he had seen it.

"Hello!" exclaimed this individual. "Turned out, have you? Feel any better than you did last night?"

Breeze started at the sound of the voice. It was that of Wolfe Brady's companion of the night before, of whose face he had not at any time obtained a good view, but whom he now recognized. "What do you mean," he asked, stepping up to the young man, "by playing such a trick on me? How dared you lock us into that cabin and bring us off in this way?"

"Ho! ho!" laughed the other. "I dare do almost anything. As for what I meant by it, I told you awhile ago that I'd get even with you for laughing at me when that mackerel seine broke and pitched us all overboard. I've only kept my word."

Now it flashed across Breeze where he had seen the face before. It was while on his trip in the *Curlew*, and this young man had been one of the crew of the Rockhaven schooner—the one who had shaken his fist and threatened him for laughing at their ridiculous mishap.

"I laid up another grudge agin you yesterday," continued Hank Hoffer. "When I went to Captain Coffin and asked for a chance on the *Fish-hawk*, he said he had just engaged you and your mate, and didn't want any more hands. So I had to ship on this old packet. When I found your mate hanging around alone last evening, I saw a chance to fix him, and thought I'd get even with you that way. Then you had to come along, like the greenhorn that you are, and walk right into the trap, too. I tell you what, young fellow, you won't never gain nothing by running afoul the hawse of Hank Hoffer! So put that in your pipe and smoke it, and see that you remember it too."

It was all plain enough to Breeze now, and he turned away angry and heart-sick, to think that his own carelessness should have led him into such a predicament. He thought he could not feel any worse than he did, but a minute later he found himself confronted by a new trouble, beside which the other became insignificant.

As he re-entered the cabin he found the skipper awake, and at once began to charge him with having kidnapped them, and to threaten that if they were not set aboard the first homeward-bound vessel they met, he would have him arrested the moment they again reached Gloucester.

The skipper listened to all this in amazement, and when Breeze had ended, said:

"You'd better be careful in your choice of words, my young friend, or you may get yourself into trouble. I never kidnapped you or anybody else in my life, and I don't know what you mean. You came aboard this vessel of your own free-will just as she was about to start. Your friend on deck there told me that you wanted to ship with us for the pleasure of sailing in his company. I took his word for it instead of talking with you, because you were too drunk to—"

"I drunk!" interposed Breeze, excitedly. "I never drank a drop of liquor in my life, and anybody who says I was drunk last night lies; that's all."

"Oh, come now," said the skipper, beginning to get angry in turn, "that's too thin. Didn't you come stumbling aboard last night as no sober man would have done? Didn't you raise particular Cain down here in the cabin for a while, and then fall into such a heavy sleep that nothing could wake you from it? Don't your eyes show that you have been drinking? Wasn't the smell of whiskey almost strong enough to knock a man down when I came into the cabin to turn in, and nobody'd been here but you and your mate? Besides all this, didn't I see you myself hanging round Grimes's not more than half an hour before you came aboard? Don't tell me again you wasn't drunk. There's nothing I despise so much as a sneak that tries to crawl out of a scrape by lying about it. Now wake up that partner of yours and turn him out, or I'll come down here and do it for you with a bucket of salt-water."

With this the skipper went on deck, leaving Breeze bewildered and stunned by the charge just made against him, and the amount of apparent proof brought to sustain it.

The worst of it all was that if the skipper had seen him in the vicinity of Grimes's, others might also have seen him there, and would report the fact when inquiries began to be made for him. Then, too, if the whole crew of the *Vixen* believed, as their captain evidently did, that he had been drunk, would anybody ever believe his simple assertion that he had not been so, against their statement that he was? What would Captain Coffin think? What would his mother think? Would not her heart be broken by this horrid report coming on top of his mysterious and unexplained disappearance? In his agony of mind the poor boy groaned aloud. At this sound a voice behind him exclaimed: "Hello! What's the matter, Breeze?"

Turning quickly, he saw Wolfe Brady awake, but still lying in his bunk, and regarding him with dull eyes.

"Matter enough," he answered; "for if ever a fellow was in a worse fix than I am, I should like to know it. You ought not to be the one to ask, anyhow," he added.

"Why, what do you mean, old man?" inquired Wolfe, leaning upon his elbow and gazing about the dirty cabin with a perplexed air. "Where are we, anyhow? What craft is this? Somehow it doesn't seem like the *Albatross*."

"*Albatross*!" exclaimed Breeze. "I should say not. We are on board the *Vixen*, bound for the Grand Bank, with only our shore clothes for an outfit, and nobody in Gloucester knows what has become of us."

"You don't mean it!" cried Wolfe, now thoroughly aroused. "How did it all happen?"

"Do you mean to tell me," said Breeze, "that you do not remember anything of what happened to us last night?"

"Not a thing. 'Pon my honor. The last I remember is that after waiting awhile for you I fell in with a pleasant fellow on the wharf who wanted me to stroll up-town with him. He said we would not be gone more than fifteen minutes. We stopped in at some kind of a place to get a drink. He treated me; then, of course, I had to treat him, and after that I don't remember anything more. What vile stuff it must have been! Ugh! my mouth tastes like brass, and my head feels as though it were made of red-hot lead."

"Well," said Breeze, "that drink of yours has got us into about as mean a scrape as I know of, and if it hasn't completely ruined my reputation and broken my mother's heart, I shall be thankful."

"My dear fellow, you don't mean to tell me it is as bad as all that!" exclaimed Wolfe, now sitting up, and with a tone of deep concern. "It doesn't seem possible. I wish you would explain what you mean."

"There isn't time now," answered Breeze; "the cook called breakfast ten minutes ago, and we'll have to hurry if we want to get any. You'd better get on deck and douse your head in a bucket of cold water. It will do you good. After breakfast I'll tell you the whole story, and then we can make up our minds what to do."

The men who sat at the breakfast-table with Breeze and Wolfe regarded them curiously, winked slyly to one another, and made a few jokes in low tones upon their appearance, but nobody spoke to them.

After the meal was over, as no particular attention was paid to them, they found a sheltered place forward, away up in the eyes of the schooner. There Breeze related to Wolfe all that had happened during the preceding night, bringing his story down to that morning, and not omitting the remarks the skipper had made to the effect that he had been intoxicated.

Before he had finished, Wolfe was worked up into a state of furious anger. "You miserable low-lived scoundrel!" he muttered through his clenched teeth, shaking his fist in the direction of Hank Hoffer, whom he now recognized as the one who had played him such a mean trick the night before. "I'll pay you off for this."

"It was a mean trick, and I hope he'll live to be sorry for it," said Breeze; "but don't you think you were almost as much to blame as he?"

"I!" exclaimed Wolfe, in surprise; "how do you mean? By being so soft as to let that fellow get the best of me?"

"I mean by having anything to do with him when you found out that he wanted you to drink with him."

"Why, man, I thought he only wanted me to take a glass with him in a friendly way."

"And do you think it is right to take that kind of a glass?"

"Certainly; where's the harm?"

"Well, I expect you and I have been differently brought up. My father thinks it is the very worst and most dangerous habit a young man can get into. As for the harm, seems to me it is plain enough in this case at any rate. If it hadn't been for that glass, we wouldn't be in this fix now, and mother wouldn't be breaking her heart at home, as I'm sure she is at this minute, for not knowing what has become of us."

"I hadn't thought of it in that light," said Wolfe, who had never been taught to regard drinking as a sin.

"I wish I could get you to think of it in that light now," said Breeze. "Oh, Wolfe, if you would only promise, this very minute, that you'd never touch another glass of liquor as long as you live, I believe I should be glad that all this had happened. Will you?"

Wolfe looked at him for a moment without speaking; then he said, "Would you rather I'd promise you that than anything else, Breeze?"

"Yes, I would."

"Then I'll do it. Not long ago you risked your life to save mine, and I told you that from that time on it was at your service. This is the first thing you have asked of me since, and I'm not the lad to go back on my word. So now I promise you, and there's my hand on it, that so long as I live I'll never taste another drop of strong drink unless you ask me to."

"Then you never will," said Breeze, smiling; "and, Wolfe, if you only knew how glad I am to have that promise, it would make me very happy to think you had given it to me."

"It makes me happy already to see you smile again, for I begin to see now how I have brought on all this trouble."

"Let's not call it trouble any longer," said Breeze, cheerily, "but do as my mother does, and try to look on the bright side of it. We were coming to the Banks, anyway, in a week or so, and perhaps this trip will be luckier than the one on the *Fish-hawk* would have been—who knows?"

Just then the skipper came up to where they were sitting, and said, "Well, boys, how goes it now? Feeling any better than you did?"

"Yes, very much," answered Breeze, "but not so well as we should if you'd only got rid of the idea that I was drunk when we came aboard last night."

"It's true, skipper," added Wolfe, earnestly. "I was a little under the weather, I acknowledge, but Breeze here never drinks, and was as sober as a halibut. I can vouch for that. And I'm never going to get that way again either. I've sworn off."

"Oh, well," answered the skipper, carelessly, "it's all right now. There isn't a drop aboard this craft,* so I ain't afraid but that you'll keep straight enough till the end of the trip anyhow."

"Now that you have got us off here," said Wolfe, "what are you going to do in the way of finding us something to wear, besides these store clothes?" Here he looked ruefully at the new suit he had bought the day before, which was already showing signs of hard usage.

"What!" exclaimed the skipper, "are those all you've brought with you?"

"Of course they are; we have not a rag except what we stand in."

"Well, now, that's bad; but perhaps some of the other fellows can spare a few old things, and there are a couple of extra oil suits aboard that you can have, and I'll charge 'em up to you. By-the-way, I suppose you two will go dorymates."

"Of course," answered Breeze, promptly; "we've already been dorymates on one trip, and we mean to be on every other we ever take together."

"You'll use dory No. 6, then," said the skipper, "and you'd better get to work overhauling your trawls right off. You want to have everything in order before we get to the Banks, 'cause there won't be any time to waste then. When we once get to fishing I shall expect every man on board the old packet to jump quick and make every minute tell, or else he'll have to reckon with me for it."

"That's all right, skipper. We've made up our minds to do our best, so long as we are here, and can't help ourselves," said Breeze. "But we belong to the *Fish-hawk*, you know, and if we should happen to run across her at any time while we are on the Banks, you must not be surprised if we turn up missing some fine day."

"We'll see about that when the time comes," replied the skipper, grimly; "but mind you, if you leave the vessel before the trip's finished, you'll lose all interest in what

* As a rule, the Gloucester fishing skippers pride themselves upon never allowing any liquor to be carried to sea aboard their vessels.

has been caught up to that time, and can't claim a cent's worth of it."

Both sides having thus arrived at a fair understanding with each other, the boys proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Though they declined to have anything to do with Hank Hoffer, they soon established friendly relations with the rest of the crew. They found the *Vixen* to be a dirty old craft, and very uncomfortable in many respects. She was, however, an able sailer and a good sea-boat, and after weathering a pretty stiff gale she reached Grand Bank, nearly nine hundred miles from Gloucester, during the night of the sixth day out.

Although the boys had said nothing more about deserting her if they had a good chance, they had fully made up their minds to do so. Little did they imagine, however, under what circumstances this leave-taking was to be effected, or how they should long to once more set foot on the well-worn deck of the old *Vixen*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VANDYCK AS A PAINTER OF CHILDREN.

BY CARMOSINE.

IN a previous chapter we have called the attention of our readers to the very careful and delightful education which the painter Rubens must have received, first of all as a page in the service of Madame de Lalaing, and afterward in the studio of his most accomplished master, Otho Vaenius. When Rubens became in turn a master, and one of the greatest that ever lived, his studio was frequented not only by young beginners, but also by men in full possession of their talent and reputation, who came to profit by the advice and teachings of their great rival.

To be in Rubens's studio was in itself a liberal education. Life in common, continual, hourly relations with all these men of remarkable intelligence, under the direction of Rubens himself, who was not content to be merely a great artist, but who also took a lively interest in science, history, archæology, and the various manifestations of human genius—all these exceptional conditions must have marvellously developed the faculties of the young men admitted to this privilege. In the matter of elegance of culture, manners, and person they had the example of

bens remained insensible to none of the expressions of art. In this gallery Rubens was wont to receive all the eminent learned and noble men of the day, who listened to him with deference and treated him with respect. What more fitting spectacle could be imagined for inspiring young men with an ardent passion for art than the example of their master, Rubens, whom art had raised from the modest ranks of humble citizenship to so lofty a situation and so brilliant a fortune? What better school of manners could be desired than this splendid house, where the great, the noble, and the learned met on a footing of equality, united by a common interest in all that contributed to the refinement of life?

It is no wonder that after having passed his youth in the company of Rubens and in the midst of the splendor of that master's palace and studio, Anthony Vandyck, who was naturally a handsome and brilliant young man, should have grown to be one of the finest gentlemen of the day. We may be sure too that his personal charm, the elegance of his manners, and the sprightliness of his wit, went quite as far as his talent and reputation in recommending him to the favor of King Charles I. of England. While Vandyck lived in London Charles I. used to pass all his leisure time watching his protégé paint; and so his studio at Blackfriars became the meeting-place of the courtiers and the young men and women of fashion. Like Leonardo da Vinci when he was painting the famous picture of "La Joconde" in the Louvre Gallery, Vandyck used to have hired musicians who played at intervals for the amusement of his sitters.

One of the best known paintings by this artist represents the children of King Charles I. of England, namely, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Henrietta Maria, who afterward became Duchess of Orleans, and the Duke of York. The Prince of Wales, the eldest, is scarcely six years of age; the Duke of York, the smallest of the trio, cannot be much less than two years old, otherwise he would not be able to stand up so bravely in his fine silk frock.* The eldest of these boys became in his turn King of England under the title of Charles II. after the most romantic adventures imaginable. The other boy, the Duke of York, also became king, under the title of James II. The girl Henrietta Maria, her family having been proscribed after the execution of Charles I., was brought up obscurely at the court of Louis XIV. of France until the age of seventeen, when the restoration of her brother, Charles II., called her back to England, and made her once more a great princess instead of a poor exile, who while living at the court of France had often to lie in bed all day because she had no money to buy wood for a fire. She then married Philippe, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., in 1661, and settled in Paris, where she lived in the now vanished Tuileries Palace.

Being then eighteen years of age, the Duchess of Orleans had grown to be a most fascinating woman. She had "a complexion of rose and jasmine," says a writer of the time, and an elegance of manners, a vivacity of wit, and a sweetness of disposition which made her whole person so charming that the women adored and admired her just as much as the men. The history of the Duchess of Orleans and the story of her sad and premature death at the age of twenty-six have been related with great wealth of gay, romantic, and touching details by Madame de Lafayette, Miss Strickland, Lingard, Madame de Sévigné, Saint-Simon, and the many chroniclers and memoir-writers of the reign of Louis XIV.

Our illustrations represent an Antwerp gentleman, the Burgomaster Rockox, his niece, and her little son, while in the medallion we have the portrait of a sweet little maiden who figures with her mother in one of the



PORTRAIT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VANDYCK.

Rubens himself. In the admirable collection of pictures of the Italian masters which Rubens had made during his travels they found fine specimens of the works of Titian, Veronese, the great Venetians, and also of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. These works Rubens had arranged in a splendid gallery on the plan of the Pantheon at Rome. Niches occupied by antique statues, columns surmounted by busts, bass-reliefs fixed on the walls, showed that Ru-

* The painting here referred to was reproduced in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. IV., page 737.



THE BURGOMASTER, HIS NIECE, AND HER SON.—FROM THE PAINTING BY VANDYCK.

pictures in the Louvre at Paris. These faces speak for themselves. The young mother is a model of serenity and amiability; the frank eyes and clear brow are those of a sensible, very intelligent, and one would think quite a witty lady. As for the young folks, both the boy and the girl seem very winning, bright, and happy; their looks and attitudes are as simple and correct as their costume; and as for their manners and behavior, we may be sure that they were perfect, otherwise Anthony Vandyck, that pink of gentlemanliness and fine breeding, would never have consented to paint them, and so hand down their features for the pleasure and edification of posterity.

THE EMPEROR'S TARTS.

BY DAVID KER.

HELP yourselves, comrades; we don't get such tarts as these every day!" shouted a band of ruffianly soldiers who were plundering the basket of a pastry-cook's boy in one of the principal streets of Moscow.

"Let them alone! They are the Emperor's tarts, and worth a ruble each," cried the boy, struggling violently with the plunderers.

"And what of that?" roared the foremost of the band, a huge, fierce-looking fellow belonging to the famous Strelitz (Archer) Guard, which was still kept up by the court of Russia. "We do not care a straw for the Emperor."

His comrades echoed his savage laugh, and again crowded round the basket. But the boy's cries and struggles had drawn to the spot several of the passers-by; among them, luckily for our hero, was an officer of the Guard to which these soldiers belonged. The moment he saw what was going on he turned fiercely upon them, and ordered them off with a stern voice, when the bullies slunk away like beaten dogs.

"Come along with me to the palace, my boy," said the officer, kindly. "You'll be quite safe *there*; and as you say that these are the Emperor's tarts, we may, perhaps, find some way of bringing them to his notice, and persuading him to buy a few."

The boy did not wait to be asked twice. He promptly took up his basket (now a good deal lightened by the greedy Guardsmen) and trudged briskly along beside his new friend.

Passing through a deep tunnel-like archway in the huge dark red rampart of the Kremlin, the officer led his companion round to a small side-door of the palace, which opened upon the servants' quarters. Bidding the boy seat himself just inside the door, he disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, and came back presently accompanied by the head cook.

The latter examined the tarts, tasted one, and seeming to be satisfied, picked out a dozen of the best, and paid without hesitation the price which the lad had asked.

"You had better wait here," said the officer, "and perhaps you may be able to sell some more of them."

Our hero readily agreed, and sat down again beside his basket, too much occupied with counting and putting up his money to notice that the cook, as if bent on making the tarts as tasty as possible, had strewn some white powdery stuff (which looked like fine sugar) not only over the twelve that he had chosen, but over all the other tarts in the basket as well.

But as the two men moved off, the lad's quick ears heard the officer whisper to the cook: "That was a good thought of yours, Meesha" (Michael). "There can be no suspicion now, for they are all alike."

The words struck the boy, and although he did not understand them in the least, yet they troubled him none the less. He was still wondering what they could mean, when a scratching noise made him look up just in time to see a lean, wolfish-looking dog, which had been drawn to the door by the savory smells of the palace kitchen, running off with one of his precious tarts.

"You thieving brute!" cried the boy, angrily; "there goes a ruble for nothing! I wish that tart would choke you!"

This kind wish seemed in a fair way to be fulfilled, for the greedy dog—which had halted a little way off to eat the stolen tart at his leisure—suddenly began to howl and writhe as if in mortal pain, and then fell down and rolled to and fro, gasping and groaning, with its eyes starting out, and a thick white froth covering its open jaws.

Now it happened that day being a holiday, numbers of sight-seers were strolling around the Kremlin, or staring up at the front of the palace; so in a trice there were twenty or thirty people gathered round the struggling dog, and others came running up every moment.

"What's the matter with the beast? Has he gone mad?" cried three or four voices at once.

"No," said a solemn-looking man in black, seemingly a doctor, who was bending over the dying dog with a very grave face; "he is not mad, but he has been poisoned!"

"Poisoned!" echoed all the by-standers with one voice.

"Poisoned!" shrieked the boy, clutching the nearest man by the arm. "Quick! run—run into the palace! Save the Czar! They're murdering him!"

And then, in hurried, broken words, he told the dismayed spectators what he had heard the officer whisper to the cook, and how he was sure that the tarts must have been poisoned while they were lying at the palace door, for the soldiers who had robbed his basket had been none the worse of what they had eaten, whereas one bite had been enough to kill the dog.

Instantly the whole place was in an uproar, and the crowd, which was continually increasing, went surging to the main entrance of the palace like a mighty wave, making the air ring with cries of "Poison!" "Murder!" "Treason!"

In the dining hall of the palace were gathered a select party of the greatest nobles of Russia. All were powerful, fine-looking men; but the finest of them looked small and mean beside the mighty figure at the head of the table—a mere boy in years, but already a giant in strength and stature, with a look of ruthless determination in his large black eyes which few men could face unmoved. And well might it be so, for this was no other than the Czar himself, who had just assumed the title of "Emperor of All the Russias." To his subjects he was then known only as "Piotr Alexievitch" (Peter son of Alexis); but the day was to come when he would write his name forever in history as "Peter the Great."

At that moment Peter was so deep in talk with a famous scientific man from the south of Europe—who had come to help him with the ships and forts which he was then building—that he had quite forgotten his dinner, and left the two tarts which lay on his plate to grow cold unheeded. Curiously enough, this seemed to give great uneasiness to two tall black-bearded men at the other end of the table, who looked quite troubled when they saw the tarts still untouched.

At length there came a pause in the talk, and Peter suddenly remembered his tarts. He was just raising a piece of one of them to his mouth, and the whole future history of Russia was hanging upon a morsel of pastry, when a tremendous clamor arose outside.

"Treachery!" "Poison!" "Murder!" "Save the Czar!"

All the Czar's guests sprang to their feet, and the two black-bearded nobles tried to slip out of the room unnoticed.

"Let no one leave the room!" shouted Peter, in a voice of thunder. "We must see what all this means."

Just then the door flew open, and General Scherewetieff, the commander of the Palace Guards (one of Peter's special friends) burst into the hall, followed by several soldiers.

"Don't touch those tarts, your Majesty," cried he, seizing the Czar's plate; "they are poisoned! There is a boy here who has discovered a plot against your life."

"Bring him in," said Peter, "and let us hear what he has to say."

The boy's story was soon told, and there was no need to ask who were the plotters, for the white faces of the two guilty nobles betrayed them at once. They were instantly arrested, and before sunset they had ceased to live.

"You have done me good service," said the Emperor to the trembling boy, "and you shall be well rewarded. What is your name, my fine fellow?"

"Alexander Menschikoff," replied the lad.

It was the first time that that name had ever been heard at the Russian court, but it was not the last; for this boy became the founder of the great Menschikoff family, and the ancestor of that famous Prince Menschikoff who was commander-in-chief of the Russian armies before Sebastopol during the Crimean war.

HOW CAN I GET THE BEST OF THE DOCTOR?

BY WATSON L. SAVAGE, M.D.

III.

THE gymnasium and how it may be made to serve our purpose in getting the best of the doctor is the next means to be considered. Having learned what, when, and how we may eat and treat such things as have to do with the inner man, we cast about us to find how we may care for and improve the surface of the body and muscular system, in order to give not only health and strength, but also beauty and grace; and in so doing we most naturally settle upon the gymnasium. The finest models of health and physical beauty to-day are those that have been handed down to us from the times of the Greeks, when the youth were sent for their education to the gymnasias, and the doctors depended upon them to care for and cure certain diseases.

Will the time ever come when this nation will produce so many great men, such a standard of physical excellence, and such endurance as must have been necessary to those who carried out and accomplished such great works under the many existing difficulties? Works produced then must have been entirely original, as they did not have the literature that we have to refer to, nor did they have the means and easy methods of putting upon paper the products of the mind. Where will you ever again find such an active mental condition; and could such have existed without the early training of the youth in the gymnasium to first produce the sound body for the mind to dwell within? You may say we still have great men and men of wonderful endurance and powers; but stop and think what the extent and number of inhabitants of this country, and then look at that little country, Greece; put the size and fruits of the one over against the same of the other, and you at once are struck with the thought, Why is it? We are now in a third great period of physical advancement, and I am delighted to say that more is being done to-day for the physical welfare of the people than has ever been done in our history. The first period was that of which we have spoken, namely, the Hellenic or Greek; the second was in the Middle Ages, when methodical exercises were practised extensively and with acknowledged success, and quite extensive works were written upon the subject, the fruits of which we still see in the Swedish and German systems of gymnastics.

In both these periods the youth aimed to develop sound, agile, and beautiful bodies; the older people took the exercises to preserve youthful vigor. Hippocrates, Galen, and others, understanding the importance of gymnastics, recommended it in certain conditions of ill health, and to-day history is repeating itself, and the physicians are giving more and more attention to the subject, and sending their patients to places where they can get exercise, some to the riding-school, some to climb the mountains, and many more to the local gymnasias, and to fill the demand gymnasia are being built all over this country.

Indeed the growth is greater than the supply of good teachers to take charge of them. Yet these gymnasia, which are intended for the improvement of the body, and to enable us to become strong and healthy, may become places where the opposite result may follow their use. The majority of those who use them will in every case be benefited, and the number all told that will receive benefit will be in direct proportion to the care on the one hand of the person in charge, and on the other of the individual taking the exercise. Let us therefore review some of the workings of a well-equipped gymnasium, and see if we cannot prepare ourselves to get the best of the doctor all round.

When is the best time to take our exercise? Since we

have but one blood system to supply all parts of the body, and the quantity of blood needed in any part depends upon the activity of that part, it stands to reason that all parts of the body cannot be worked successfully at the same time. Therefore when food is being digested the blood is needed for that purpose in rich and generous supply about the stomach and kindred organs. When exercising, this same blood is needed by the muscles to supply food to them, and dispose of the used-up material. Therefore, after eating, time should be given to digest the meal, and this takes from one to three or more hours, according to the kind of meal eaten. The time to stop exercise before eating should be at least half an hour to insure rapid and easy digestion of the meal.

After coming to the gymnasium the first thing to attend to is the preparation for exercise. And what shall it be? First and foremost a complete change of clothing, and that for these reasons:

1. Every one who has ever tried knows how difficult it is to run, jump, climb, etc., with clothing which binds and restricts the action of the various parts of the body, and this same binding and restricting prevents the free circulation of the blood and interferes with the action of the heart and lungs.

2. In the long-run it is a great economy, as the clothing commonly worn cannot stand the strain arising from the exercises, which are so different from the ordinary movements in the common every-day walk of life. Furthermore, the clothing becomes very much soiled from contact with the mats, floor, etc., as it is not the custom in the gymnasium to sit upon chairs, but always to move about.

3. But by far the most important reason for the complete change, since it has to do with the health of the individual, is that it is the main preventive against catching cold, and gives an opportunity to take proper care of the skin. During the exercises the body becomes moist, and the clothing absorbing this moisture becomes damp; therefore it is necessary to remove the clothing entirely in order to dry the body thoroughly. Having done this, it is certainly not wise again to put on the damp clothing; hence the necessity of having made a complete change upon entering.

4. A person should not wear the same weight of clothing while exercising, and then go out into a cooler atmosphere to cool off, and thus catch cold by a too rapid change of temperature. In the beginning of the season each year, before the classes get their supplies and equipments, I frequently receive notes from the parents saying that their boy has taken cold at the gymnasium, and asking that he be excused, as they think he catches cold making a change. I can only reply that if the boy follows instruction as laid down about clothing and drying before leaving the building, he will not catch cold. In other words, if the boy removes all his clothes, dries the body thoroughly and rapidly, and puts on a dry set of clothing, there is no danger of his catching cold; but just as sure as he neglects to do either of these things he runs an unnecessary risk when he goes out into the cold air. And why? Because when in the gymnasium he gets heated, perspires more or less freely, the pores of the skin being open and the clothing damp. And if he should take cold he is kept away from the gymnasium, cooped up at home, and as a result in many cases packed off South, while school-work is given up, and the gymnasium forever struck off the list of that boy's pleasures and benefits, and he grows up a weak stripling, unfit to cope with the battles of life. And why? Because just for once he did not change his clothes, or neglected to take proper care of himself after finishing his exercises. There is nothing more important in the gymnasium work than this, and it should be enforced by those in charge, and the greatest care taken by each individual, especially

at the beginning of the season, before the body has become accustomed to the calls upon it. The best kind of material to be worn in the gymnasium is woollen, as it admits of greater freedom of action, more perfect ventilation, absorbs a greater amount of perspiration, and protects the body against too rapid cooling after exercise.

What about bathing after exercise?

The only absolutely safe method of taking a bath after exercising and perspiring freely is to go under a shower of tepid water gradually until the body is all washed, and the perspiration and products of excretion of the skin are carried off; then gradually turn off the hot water and let the cold run until about the temperature of sea-water in the summer is reached. Now you are ready for your plunge, if you so desire, which should be merely a plunge, and not an hour's swim. It will be sufficient to jump in two or three times, swim across, and come out. From the plunge take another cool shower, and go to the dry room to rub vigorously until every inch of surface of the body is dry. This is very important, in order that no spots be left damp, as they are what cause the colds. Be very careful about drying the head, giving it three good hard rubs with the towel. All people cannot take cold baths with benefit, and a fair test is to watch the reaction of the skin: if it becomes red and feels warm when dry, all is well; but if pale or blue, and a chill follows the bath, then all is not well, and you had better try more limited methods of taking cold baths, such as a dash or two of cold water upon the chest, face, and arms, followed by the same vigorous rubbing until entirely dry.

To repeat, the safest and best bath after exercise is a gradual shower, followed by a vigorous and thorough rubbing; dress at once with dry clothing, and do not hurry out into the cold air. Under these conditions, and with proper care, the weakest boy or girl can go to a gymnasium and leave without the slightest fear of injury or cold.

We are now prepared to enter and leave the gymnasium safely, and what we may do when there will next present itself for our consideration.

A CANINE PHILOSOPHER.

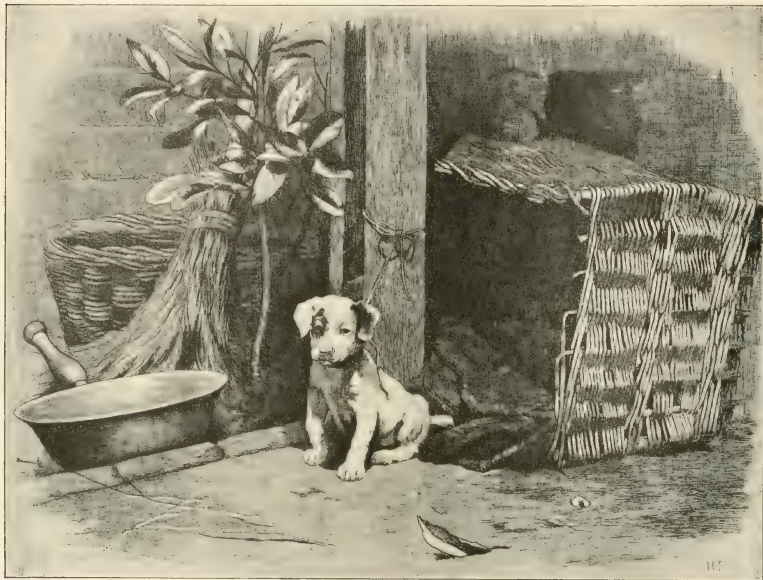
BY R. K. MCKITTRICK.

I HAVE not been in this bright world very long, but I think I am making it a little livelier than I found it. Although my eyes are not much more than just opened, I fancy I know a thing or two. One thing I know pretty well is that I am about as predatory as I can be on three feet of rope. The time I am the liveliest in my attempts to cover a foot more space than the rope will permit is when they place my saucer of milk just beyond my reach.

I trust my eye-teeth may shortly be cut, but my ears never. When a dog's ears are cut, the dog becomes absurd and laughable. I trust I may be allowed to remain intact, as nature designed me. The dog without ears is only a thing of beauty in the sense that a pirate without legs is. One of my maternal grandaunts took the first prize at several bench shows, so that I am more or less closely connected with the "400" of Bowwowdom.

I fancy I shall have a pretty lively experience before the attainment of my doghood. I shall doubtless be put through the recognized curriculum of aristocratic puphood, and taught to sit up, and jump through rings, and look pleased in a soldier hat made of an old newspaper when my heart is breaking. Just because I am small and light, every one thinks that I experience no pain on being lifted and carried by the ears or tail. It may be all right to lift rabbits and mules by their long ears, but I wish I could make it understood that I am builded differently from them.

The family come out to the stable several times a day and discuss the question of my name. They seem to be



ALL HIS TROUBLES BEFORE HIM.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY HUBERT DICKSEE.

divided between William Tell and Gessler, who it appears were Swiss gentlemen of doubtful character. They—I mean my people—seem to have an idea that I am a Swiss. It is true that I had Swiss ancestors, but I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am an American dog from the end of my nose to the tip of my tail, and I should like to be called after Lincoln, or Grant, or some other native hero; but if they offer to call me Washington I shall put all my four feet down and respectfully but firmly decline the designation. The first two syllables of that eminent person's name are identical with a weekly operation to which I am forced to submit, but which I thoroughly despise. Just think of being scrubbed in hot water till you look like a barn-yard fowl that has been standing in the rain all night, and then being turned over on your back, and having your eyes filled with soap!

Here I am sleeping in an old market basket in a stable, which makes it necessary for my owner to suffuse me—if I may so put it—with Persian powder weekly. Why does not he save the Persian powder outlay by keeping me in a place that will make that compound unnecessary? A Persian rug would suit me better. I suppose they keep me in the stable now because they regard me as being too small to admit to the house. And when I have reached my majority they will probably banish me to the stable on the ground that I am too large to be enjoyed and appreciated in the bosom of the family. At present they are afraid my playfulness may lead me to indulge a common puppish weakness for tearing ribbons off artistic rocking-chairs, and eating sheets of classical music, and carrying the kitchen utensils to the garret, and leaving huge lumps of coal on the parlor divan. But when I am

a large, majestic dog I shall be kept outside that the waitress may carry the dinner in without falling over me, and that my shaggy coat may not become thicker on the plush-covered furniture than on my person.

I can now circle around the lawn as a swallow circles in the air, but I cannot lie down until I have turned around violently five or six times. And when I am settled I have to arise and perform the same act over again. It is next to impossible for me to lie still unless I have a weight on me. Sometimes I eat so much that my legs will not support the weight of my body. That is the only time I can spread myself out on the floor and drift away to the realms of sweet forgetfulness. When I go to sleep after one of these blissful repasts I am rotund and as solid as a base-ball, but when I awake I am considerably elongated and as flabby as a moist towel. But still I try to be contented, and take a pleasant view of things. I am certainly far better off than that pariah of dogs that is obliged to go about seeking what he may devour from the way-side barrel.

I feel that I shall never have to wear a muzzle, and even should I for wanting one become a victim of the urban dog-catcher, I know that my mistress will purchase my freedom, and not allow me to find a watery grave with all sorts and conditions of dogs. And I know that on fine days I shall be her chosen companion for a brief pedestrian tour, and knowing this, I am not at all worried about the future, but feel comparatively happy while looking across the tempestuous vistas of puphood to that more bright and serious realm of doghood. And I trust little Willie, who is now approaching, may venture sufficiently near to enable me to tear that nice snowy bib off him.



LITTLE BO-PEEP.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH, N.A.

THE PRINCESS LILIWINKINS.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

VI.

LILIWINKINS and Atla took out the provisions and spinning-wheel, and hid them carefully among the bushes, and then started after Allola, who seemed to be calling them from some great distance; and as neither of them had ever been in a boat before, they never thought of drawing it safely up on the beach, but just left it rocking amidst the waves; and in a few minutes it drifted away, as is the manner of boats when left to themselves, and went out with the tide, and was never heard of more.

Allola's cries soon brought the others up with him, and they saw something that astonished them quite as much as it had him. He stood in a great open space planted with large beautiful trees, whose branches hung protectingly over innumerable small structures of stone and marble. It seemed there had once been paths around the place, but they were now overgrown with weeds and wild roses, and ivy whose long green fingers had reached out to clasp the friendly tree trunks; the spot was well sheltered from the lake by a ridge of jagged rocks, and from the sea-side the air came in fresh and pure with its briny odor.

Liliwinkins was charmed with this beautiful place, and did not doubt for a moment that the marble structures scattered all over were intended for dwelling-places for any children who might wander hither, so she proposed that they should run down the slope and select the nicest one to live in. But when they drew quite near they saw that all the little doors they had hoped to enter were fast shut, with inscriptions carved above them, and as Liliwinkins, who was the best scholar among them, read aloud the long sentences, she speedily came to the conclusion that they were not free of royalty yet, for here were names of kings and queens, many of which she recollected as having studied in the history of her own kingdom.

The place was, in fact, the burial-ground of the kings, and these little runaways could not have chosen a better spot in which to hide from pursuit, for it was the place of all others most disliked and least visited by the court.

But they did not know this, and were much annoyed at first to think that kings and queens must be in their way even here, and only the most convincing arguments from Atla could persuade them that these kings and queens would never be likely to trouble them in the least, and that they probably would not find another such hiding-place if they travelled far and near.

At last Liliwinkins consented to remain there for a while at least, and as Allola had many doubts about finding another island, he too agreed to stay, and so that matter was settled.

Walking one morning among the tombs, they came to one which they were delighted to find they could enter very easily, for the reason that it possessed no door. Its vaulted roof was studded with precious stones, and the sides and floor were of pure white marble, and it was so large that the light filled every corner and made it as warm and dry as the world outside.

The children were quite sure that this was the most magnificent place that they had ever been in, and decided at once that they would make it their home. Allola saying that he had no doubt they had a perfect right to it, for in a book he had been studying lately he had found that all the tombs of the kings were built while they were yet alive, and decorated with the costly jewels which were captured in war, and he supposed that this very tomb had been built by the Regent for Liliwinkins during the great war with the King of Quimbeatapetal after the old King's death.

This piece of news made the place seem quite like home

to Liliwinkins, and she was more than ever delighted that she had chosen it, and so she began her house-keeping with a very pleasant sense of ownership, feeling quite sure that no one had a right to ever turn her out of her very own tomb; and that same day she spun and wove several yards of cloth of gold, and hung it before the entrance to keep out the rain, if it ever did rain, rightly arguing that in that place, where the kings and queens were all dead, nobodies had as much right to cloth of gold as somebodies.

The house-keeping was of the simplest kind, for, excepting the grain they had brought from the forest, they had to depend entirely upon what they could find on the island. But any one passing by, and not knowing that these children were quite dependent upon their own labor for their daily food, would have supposed that they were indeed the children of kings, for in a few days they all went about dressed in the beautiful clothing that Liliwinkins speedily and neatly made; the boys fished with lines made of gold thread, and Liliwinkins had a fine jumping-rope of the same costly material. They spent a whole week in exploring the island, finding out all the available hiding-places, in case they should find them necessary if any one came from the palace to look for them; and after they had become thoroughly acquainted with their new home they set themselves about making it even more pleasant by clearing away all the rubbish from the neglected walks, training up the roses over the moss-covered vaults, and planting fresh flowers in the empty urns; for it seemed to them quite sad that the place should lie so lonely and neglected in the midst of so much beauty.

It must not be supposed all this time that Liliwinkins had forgotten about the Evening Star. On the contrary, she had thought of it every night since she left the palace; but at the cottage the old woman had been quite as severe about her going to bed early as her nurse had been, and it was only after she got on the island that she found it possible to sit up as late as she liked and look at the stars as long as she wanted to.

The first night they reached the island they were all too tired to think of anything but going to sleep, but every night after that all the children sat out in the soft evening air and watched the sky and wondered over its marvellous beauty, for the boys were quite as ignorant as Liliwinkins about the night, and the moon and stars were almost as new to them as the wonders of another world.

They saw all kinds of stars—golden ones, silver ones, red ones, solemn stars, laughing stars, stars that winked merrily at them, and stars that would not notice them; but look as they might, they never could see the star that Liliwinkins had followed from the palace.

For a long time this seemed very strange to them, for the little girl was sure that its home must be by the sea, close at hand; but one night something happened that explained this mystery.

They were sitting, as usual, looking at the sky and counting the stars for the new ones—for they found that, no matter how fast they counted, they could hardly keep up with the new ones that were constantly coming—when they saw a little ball of light, with a long golden streamer behind it, fall down toward the earth, and sink behind one of the great tombs at the farther end of the island.

The children were much impressed by this, and a little frightened, for it seemed so wonderful that a star should fall out of its place and drop down to the earth, which could surely not be so pleasant a home as the beautiful sky. So they watched a long time to see another one fall, but all the rest staid firmly in their places, and at last they went in, tired, wondering what it could mean, and deciding to go the next morning to the end of the island and find the lost star. But although they spent the whole of the next day in searching, they could find

nothing they had not seen before, and at last Allola said that there was no use in looking any longer, for he believed that the stars turned into flowers, and that was all there was about it.

Atla said he believed that too. The golden stars could make the dandelions, the silver stars the daisies, and the red stars the clover bloom. But when Liliwinkins asked them what kind of stars made violets and pansies, they could not tell, and the puzzle grew greater than ever.

But the little girl had a thought of her own, and declared that she believed that they would have found the star if it had not been lost on its way down, and she believed also that her own beautiful star had disappeared in the same way, and they need look for it no longer, for she knew it was lost.

The next day Liliwinkins still grieved over her lost star, and when she proposed to the boys that they should build a monument to it they gladly agreed, for they could not bear to see her so sad.

And so they brought beautiful things from the land and shore to build a monument to the star. Shining bits of rock, milky-white pebbles, rose and violet tinted shells, glittering sea sands, and flakes of gleaming marble were all wrought into a star-shaped pillar that stood in the middle of the green lawn outside their door, and when it was finished it seemed to the children quite beautiful enough to symbolize the lost star, for it glistened in the day when the sun shone upon it, and it glistened at night when the moon's rays fell upon it, and so it shone always, which was more than the star itself had done, and so Liliwinkins was comforted.

Still the mystery of the lost stars puzzled the children, for nearly every night they saw one, and sometimes two, drift down toward the earth and disappear. But one night—when they took the little boat which Atla and Allola had built, and for the first time left the shore in the night-time—they found that everything strange can be understood if one only waits long enough.

The night was so still that not the faintest sound could be heard, and as the boat drifted over the shining water, and the children leaned over the sides and looked down into the depths below, they saw that everywhere, far and near, the whole sea was full of stars.

Liliwinkins clapped her hands with joy. This, then, was where the stars came when they fell out of the sky. Here they found a new home in the friendly waters of the ocean, which, of course, was large enough to hold millions of stars. She looked eagerly down, expecting to see her own favorite among the shining host below, but she could not find it, and turned away a little disappointed at last, but quite resolved to come back every night until she saw her own lost star, for she did not for a moment doubt that it was there.

This event more firmly than ever convinced Liliwinkins that her own knowledge of things was much better than any she had ever obtained from books, for the mystery of the lost stars had so puzzled her that she had begun to think that possibly her books had been right in saying such strange nonsense as they did about everything in earth and heaven; but now all was quite plain: the stars fell down into the sea; the books were wrong, and she was right, as she always had been; and this made her very happy, for she felt quite capable of never making any mistakes about anything, and knew she could bring herself up as nicely on the island and know just as much when she became a woman, as though she had spent her life in studying stupid books in the palace library.

After this Liliwinkins decided that she would live on the island forever, for the disappearance of the Evening Star had made her dislike the idea of travelling, and she immediately began to make plans for spending her life. Allola and Atla agreed to everything she proposed, for they had great respect for her wisdom, and they thought

of so many things to do that they all began to wonder if they could live long enough to do them; for, as Atla recollected, not even his grandmother, who was the oldest person they knew, had ever accomplished half as much in her whole lifetime as Liliwinkins had laid out for the first year.

But after talking this matter over they concluded that possibly they might all live to be even much older than the grandmother, and in that case it would be very silly to worry over it. So they went on making plans, and borrowed no more trouble, for they felt that the whole world was good and happy.

They even grew tolerant of kings and queens, seeing that these dead ones had given them no annoyance, and they would no doubt have spent serene and happy lives there on the island if they had only been allowed to. But away off in the King's palace something was happening that threatened to disturb the peaceful days of the little islanders. As the months passed, and no word was heard of Liliwinkins or Allola, every one at the court began to look grave, and wonder what would happen if neither of the little sovereigns ever came back.

The Regent and the big brothers had travelled everywhere searching for the lost children, and had come back to court at last believing that they must be dead, for no one had seen or heard of them from one end of the royal dominions to the other.

They came back to the palace expecting to find the old King and the Wisest Tutor quite overburdened with the cares of state, and the Regent did not doubt he would find the affairs of the kingdom so mixed up that it would take several wars to smooth them out; but to the surprise of the returned courtiers the country had never seemed so prosperous and happy, which was explained by the fact that the old King and the Wisest Tutor had been so taken up with some new ideas about the *Gerund* that they forgot the kingdom entirely for six days in the week, and on the seventh were so tired out with brain-work that they slept all day; and so it happened that, since there was no one else to do it, the people had to take care of their own affairs, and every one was so busy doing this that there was no time for quarrelling, and the kingdom enjoyed such peace as it had not known for years.

The Regent looked very suspicious when he heard of this peaceful state of affairs, and immediately ordered a large amount of cat's meat, for he did not doubt that all the neighboring kings were ready for war, and only awaited his return to declare it.

But the days passed quietly enough, and the Regent soon turned his attention to other things, for Liliwinkins had now been gone a year, and something *must* be done about the rulership. The biggest brother declared that he was willing to be made King at any time, but as the Regent vowed, with an awful frown, that he would never consent to this, it was plain that something else must be thought of; and as just about that time a messenger arrived from a neighboring King, inviting the court to be present at a royal wedding, every one went nearly crazy with perplexity and vexation, for how could the court go without a King or Queen at its head, and how could it be decided who ought to be King? In this dilemma the Regent thought he would apply to the Wisest Tutor for advice. The Wisest Tutor said that the kingdom was happy, and why not let the old King remain at its head?

But no manner of persuasion would induce the Regent to consent to this. He said that Liliwinkins was dead, and her successor should be her next of kin. Now the only relative that Liliwinkins had in the world was the Regent himself, who was her nineteenth cousin; and as soon as he said this the Wisest Tutor became silent, for he perceived there was no use in arguing with a person so bent upon making himself King as the Regent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BASE-BALL FOR AMATEURS.

BY A. ALONZO STAGG.

III.—THE OUTFIELD.

THE out-field completes the nine. It is composed of three players, who are designated by the name of the place where each one plays, as the left-fielder, the centre-fielder, and the right-fielder. Since there is so much in common in the play of the three positions, we will treat out-field play as a whole, pointing out the special play of the separate positions later on. There are particular requirements for out-field play, just as there are for in-field work. Every out-fielder to be a successful player in his position must have decided ability in catching fly balls,

head. The fielder should train his eye so accurately as to be able to make his judgments upon the instant, and then he should be on "tiptoe" to follow out that judgment by quick starting and fast running. The great trouble with many amateur out-fielders is that they saunter along at first, and then have to run very hard to catch the ball, or just miss reaching it, instead of getting away quickly, and reserving just so much time at the end to use in case of a misjudgment. This is the pivotal point of difference between a player who covers a great deal of ground in his fielding and one who covers little. Bear this in mind always in your practice work, and you will be sure to put the advantage gained to excellent service in the games.

Another particular in which the amateur out-fielder is very deficient is in catching a ball batted over his head.



A DIFFICULT DECISION.

whether he be running at full speed or is standing still; whether the balls are batted "sky high," or on a line; whether they are short hits over the in-field, or batted over his head or on either side of him. He must possess an accurate eye, and be of quick judgment, so as to lose no time in deciding the direction and force of the ball. It is also necessary to be a strong and accurate thrower, able to line the ball to the plate at the proper time. And finally he must be a fast runner, and capable of covering a great deal of ground.

The out-fielders should be able to catch a ball on any side or in any place with perfect freedom, because even the best fielders are unable to get the ball always in a certain way, and the more ground an out-fielder covers the less will he be able to favor himself. Every fielder ought to make it a point to practise catching the ball on his weak side until he has overcome any difficulty. No out-fielder can be said to be a success until he can cover considerable ground. To be able to do this, practice in quick starting and sprinting should be followed until the fielder becomes very proficient. No member of the nine needs these qualifications so much as the out-fielder, and in no position on the nine can they be shown off to such advantage. Not infrequently an out-fielder has to run for fifty yards to catch the ball, to say nothing of the work which he has to do in chasing long hits and in backing up base-men.

In practice or in a game it will help in quick starting to stand with one foot a little in advance of the other, ready to start forward at the second the ball is hit, if judged to fall in front, or to turn and run with the ball if over his

head. There are two methods in common use among amateurs, one in which the fielder runs backward facing the ball, the other in which the fielder runs with the ball and watches it over his shoulder. Both styles are used at a great loss of time and in the amount of ground actually covered. The best method is that used by all good professional out-fielders; that is, when a ball is hit which they are satisfied will go beyond them, they turn quickly and run with the ball until they judge that they have run far enough, then turn again and catch the ball. It takes young players considerable time to become proficient in going for a ball in this way, but there are very few fielders who cannot learn it with a fair amount of practice, and it pays richly when once learned. Every day during the base-ball season we read of some out-fielder making a phenomenal running catch of an apparent home run over his head. In running back make the turn toward the side on which the ball is hit.

In practice of this kind and in the games always try to understand the direction and force of the wind, and make your judgments accordingly. It is not uncommon, under certain conditions, for the wind to vary the direction of the ball several feet or even yards from its original course, and unless the fielder notes these conditions, and makes due allowance for them, he will frequently fail to get his hands on the ball, let alone catch it. When the wind is blowing directly with a batted ball, the out-fielder should play deeper than when it is blowing against the batter. In the latter case the ball will be held in the air, and long hits will be scarce. Very often, under the lat-

ter conditions, high-batted balls which appear as if they would go to the far out-field, will fall within reach of the in-fielders. Sometimes, also, when the wind is against a batted ball, the ball takes what is known as "the drop"; that is, the ball, when hit with an upward swing of the bat and upon the under side of it, or under certain other conditions, is made to rotate very rapidly in the same direction as the wheel of a wagon; it takes a sudden fall to the ground. The pitcher makes use of this knowledge in throwing his drop curve.

The out-fielder's duty does not consist alone in catching fly balls; he has a great many ground hits also to field. In taking these let him run up quickly to meet the ball as soon as possible, slowing up just before reaching the ball, in order to be sure of it. If his play consists in merely stopping the ball, it is better not to run in, but to place the body squarely in front of it in case it misses the hands. Amateur out-fielders are very weak in stopping ground hits. In fielding in a batted ball, if the throw is a long one, aim to get it to the base on a bound. It is a much safer and better throw for every purpose. Never hold a batted ball for a second after you comprehend the situation, but throw it to some point in the in-field. Try to anticipate all your plays. The out-fielders must understand the position of all base-runners before the ball is hit, and then they can act with speed and judgment, and always make the proper play.

What has been said thus far will apply to the out-fielders in general. The duties which belong to them indi-

vidually and alone are very few in number. The left-fielder has to pay especial attention to catching the curving hits from left-handed batters, just the same as the right-fielder must use care on hits into his field from right-handed batters. The left-fielder also has the especial duty of backing up third base, and also the second base, on throws from the right-fielder and the first-base-man, besides helping the centre-fielder as often as possible on ground hits and flies. The centre-fielder ought to be a man of excellent judgment, because he plays between the other two out-fielders, and will be in a way to interfere with them very often. He will need to use the best of judgment. Then he has to back up the base to which more balls are thrown wildly than any other. The centre-fielder must back up second base on all thrown balls. He must be remarkably quick in fielding a wild throw, or the runner may reach third base before he realizes it. It is also a part of the centre-fielder's work to help back up the other out-fielders on batted balls.

Right field is now considered the most important out-field position. Being so near to first base, the right-fielder not infrequently has chances to throw out a base-runner, and he therefore needs to be a very quick and sure fielder of ground hits and a hard, accurate thrower. Throwing a man out at first base is a feat seldom performed by amateur right-fielders, although it would be much easier to do this against amateurs than professionals, because of its not being necessary to play such a deep field.



HE DIDN'T WANT HIM ANY SMALLER.—By FRANK H. STAUFFER.

BESIDE the open door he stood,
Shyly, and somewhat aloof,
While the burly blacksmith pared
The sturdy pony's hoof.

His misgivings at last found voice,
And his form grew two inches taller.
"Please stop that, Mr. Smith," he cried;
"I don't want him any smaller."



A LITTLE DRESS-MAKER.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THERE are girls among the readers of the Post-office Box who will tell, a great many years hence, when they are grand-mamas, how they strewed flowers under President Harrison's feet, in New York, at the centennial celebration in 1899. It seems queer that you may be somebody's grand-

mamma one of these days, does it not, Katy darling?

And there are boys who will never forget how proud they were—and, oh, how twisted foot—on the day that they marched in the centennial parade. They looked very fine and martial, and all New York was proud of them.

Let me tell you a pretty story. Among the visitors from the South was a gentleman on the staff of the Governor of Virginia. He had written to a friend to engage a horse for him to ride during his stay in New York. A white horse, proud-stepping and slender-limbed, was selected, and on the morning appointed was led in company with a coal-black steed to the spot where the Virginia gentleman and a friend were ready to mount, when, lo! the black horse pawed the ground, shook his head, showed great uneasiness, and altogether behaved so remarkably, that he attracted great attention.

"As sure as I live," said the rider of the white steed to his companion, "you are mounted on Black Diamond, my own old horse!"

"Nonsense!" said the other equestrian. "You wouldn't know Black Diamond now, and he wouldn't know you."

By this time a little throng of spectators had gathered, interested in the scene. Black Diamond's saddle was taken off, and under it was discovered an old scar, and a little tuft of white hair, which proved his identity beyond a doubt. When his old master mounted him the horse fairly quivered with delight, and gave a little cry of gladness. All through the centennial week there were two happy beings together, a man and a horse, and a horse sometimes shows intelligence so nearly human that one cannot but be glad when a great pleasure falls into the life of this faithful friend of man.

—FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I live in Virginia, and think it the very best and dearest place in the world, and I am going to write you a letter from there. I live in Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock, a quaint old town, what a beautiful point in the late war. It was once shelled, and many of the houses burned. In summer a great many tourists come from the North, and we can always tell them by the bundle of walking sticks that they have cut from the battle-fields. The place is filled with memories of Washington. It was here his mother lived for some years, and her house is still shown to visitors. It is quite a large house with two wings, and a garden filled with tulips, hyacinths, and

other old-fashioned flowers, and for many years her dinner-bell was rung as an auction-bell. In a beautiful situation, on the outskirts of town, stands an unfinished monument to the memory of Washington's mother. The unfinished structure is of marble, 16 feet high and 10 feet at its base, and was to have been surmounted by a marble shaft, 12 feet high. The marble has been very much defaced and broken by relic-hunters, the shaft lying in a rough state, partly buried in the earth at the base of the monument. The shaft was brought here in 1836, by vessel and landed on the Rappahannock bank, greatly to the delight of the citizens, many of whom turned out to see the unloading. It required thirty-two horses, twelve oxen, and fourteen mules to move it to its destination, and ten days to accomplish this feat. The scenery around our old town is beautiful, and we have many pretty drives and walks. A constant reader.

I think Virginia girls ought to make up their minds to restore and finish this memorial to Mary, the mother of Washington.

—KINGSTON, TENNESSEE.

I live in a small town at the junction of the Tennessee and Clinch Rivers, between Knoxville and Chattanooga, six miles from the Cincinnati Southern Railroad. From the hill near our house we have a beautiful view of the river winding through the valleys and the mountains in the distance. The United States had a fort here at the time the Cherokee and Creek Indians occupied this country. This is the place where General Houston existed in the United States Army, and where he spent part of his youth as a clerk in a store. I am eleven years old, and attend school at Rittenhouse Academy; our teachers are Professor W. and his brother, from Columbia, Tennessee. For pets, I have a pony, dog, canary, and gold-fish.

—WILLIE D.

—LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS.

A few days ago a large water-pipe burst down the street, a little way from our house, and the horse-cars go right over it, they had to take the horses off and push the car over. At the first they had to change cars. There are twelve acres of fields right across the street; they look beautiful in spring, when the grass in them is grown. In March, while the moon light was backing up, one of the coal-cars hit the caboose and spilled all the coal, and nearly put the horse off the track. I guess the men in that caboose were knocked out of their wits. Don't you?

—WINFIELD L. R.

—CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE but a short time, and like it very much. It has afforded me a great deal of pleasure. I like "Captain Polly" very much, but my favorite short story is "Young Van Twinkle's New-Year's Knollers." It is a very interesting story to me. I have one brother named Arthur, and read his stories as much as I do. I take great interest in the Post-office Box, and read all the letters, which I think are very interesting. We have a beautiful park not far from us, it is called Lincoln Park, and has Lincoln's monument in it. Grant's monument is just being put up. In the summer-time all the flowers are out of the green-house, and make a beautiful appearance.

—LEILA M.

—BRIDGEPORT, NEW JERSEY.

There are so many letters from little girls of my age in the Post-office Box, that I want to say I am ten years old. I was born in Delaware, near the Delaware Water Gap. I was there all one autumn. The scenery was lovely. I visited Caiden Falls frequently. The lake was very charming; it had a summer-house on the bank, in the shade of the trees. One morning I walked to the top of Mount Minsi, a distance of four miles.

—JESSIE M.

—NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I want try to describe our two processions of Rex and Proteus, which paraded through our streets on Mardi Gras, March 5th. The day parade, or that of Rex, represented the treasures of the earth, and was preceded by the King of the Carnival, who is a member of the club, stopped to rest himself a moment. The night procession was the far pretti-

er of the two; it represented the "Hindoo Elephants." I could not say which of the brothers they were all beautiful. The Knights of Elephants had intended turning out on Saturday, the 2d instant, but owing to the inclemency of the weather they postponed it to Ash-Wednesday. I did not see this parade, because papa thought that the electric lights might prove dangerous. I like Harper's Young People very much. I hope you will print my letter, and I hope, too, May I write again to tell you about the books I have read?

Surely you may.

—CORCORAN, NEW YORK.

First I will tell you about my home. I have a dear papa and mamma and two brothers, one older and one younger than myself. My eldest brother works in a mill, and likes it very well; he has graduated from the New York City High School here. My youngest brother and myself go to school every day. We study arithmetic, geography, grammar, reading, writing, spelling, and drawing. I take music lessons also. For pets, we have from ten to twenty doves, a white rabbit, two white rats, a little dog, and a cat that will eat salt and sugar from our hands. Our school-house burned up about a year ago, and the mumps then and could not go up to see it. A temporary place has been provided for us, so that we can go to school just the same. Last summer my mamma went to New York City and staid two weeks, and I kept house for papa during that time. I know how to make biscuit, pie-crust, and apple and cherry pies, and I am old. A very dear uncle living in New York City gives us our lovely paper. Mamma and papa do not know I am writing this. My favorite out-door game is tennis.

—MAUD A.

—BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—It is a beautiful Sunday morning, not a cloud in the sky, and I have been lying on the grass, reading your paper, and I thought that you would not mind if I sent you a letter. I found a letter in the Post-office Box just now from Katharine M. of New Harmony, Indiana. She reads this, that she would write me a letter through the Post-office Box, as I think she and I are very much alike, and I know that I should like her. I am fourteen years old, five feet five inches tall, have fair hair, blue eyes, and a light complexion. I, too, have a faculty of getting into trouble, and also of getting out of it, and my teacher says that she never knows what I am going to do next. I think that you must be a splendid person to know, dear Postmistress, for you are so good and kind, and I know you very much. My favorite author is Dickens, and I also like Sir Walter Scott's works. Last summer I went to Ocean Grove, New Jersey, and loved it very much. The boys had meetings there, and have a young people's meeting every morning from eight to nine. People go down there tenting, and it looks very queer to see whole streets of tents. It is so lovely to walk on the beach in the evening and watch the waves. Do you know of any good "boarding-school" stories? I have read a few much. I read a great deal, and I am also very interested in my music, but as I have no brothers or sisters I sometimes get very lonely. As I am writing this, I can look up and see your picture right in front of me on the wall, which is very pleasant.

Homespun Yarns, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, includes one or two good boarding-school stories. There are others by Sophie May and Susan Coolidge, which I like very much.

We live on the top of a hill; our house is called Ika. We have six cousins, who live opposite to us. We have a play-house down in the woods; it has two rooms in it, a parlor and a kitchen. There are a great many of the early birds here. I have a pony; her name is Kitty. She loves very easily. We ride a great deal. We used to have a donkey called Ned, but we grew too big for him, so we gave him to our cousin. He has a great game as the pony. Our little cousin can "pat" "Julia" and dance the "buck" beautifully. I hope Julia A., of Georgetown, will be the answer to the letter. I hope you can see the letter. We are sorry that "Captain Polly" is ended.

—GULI AND AMMABEL L.

—NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little New Mountain girl, but I am spending the winter in New York City. I thought I would write and describe a few days' trip in the Rockies that I took when I was eleven years old. The first place we went to was Mount, which is a small but pretty place located at the foot of Gray's Peak, which we intended to ascend in the morning. The night passed very pleasantly, and we had to rise very early in the morning. Our breakfast we started on mustangs for the top of the peak. The road winds through the mountains and crosses lovely mountain streams, which we had to cross. My horse refused to go the last one, as the guide always tightens the saddle-girths after leaving the stream. I was



AND IT HAPPENED ON A STORMY DAY.

TEACHER. "JAMES, WHAT ARE YOU WHISTLING FOR?"

JAMES (only puffed). "PLEASE, SIR, AN' I AIN'T WHISTLIN'."

TEACHER. "WELL, I'LL WHIP THE WHOLE SCHOOL, TO BE SURE OF FINISHING THE RIGHT ONE."

THE MISTAKE OF THE APES.

A THRIFFLESS man who had a scolding wife resorted to the woods to hang himself; but after he had tied the noose his courage failed, and he went home. His wife, on seeing him, said he had been gone so long that she had begun to hope he would never come back. This so wounded his feelings that he declared his intention of ending his life, and again betook himself to the forest. There he passed from tree to tree and deferred the act from hour to hour, till he entered a strange gorge, and sat down in the attitude of a musing Buddha under a branch on which he decided to fix his rope.

Being exhausted by fasting and fatigue, he fell into a deep sleep, and was presently discovered by a wandering ape, who reported to his tribe that he had found their ancestor. A

council of the elders was then called around the sleeping man, and after due inspection they unanimously decided that he was indeed their ancestor, and should be their king. So they carried him to their stronghold in a wooded glen, enthroned him in an arbor, and surrounded him with offerings of fruits and nuts. When he awoke he found his wants so provided for and his servants so deferential that he thought he might greatly enjoy life among the apes. They continued to bring as tribute to him the best of their gleanings in the neighborhood and all the treasures they collected in their excursions to distant regions. He saw where they had stowed the valuable articles accumulated during past years, and at his leisure he examined and assorted them.

One day when the apes were away he took all their portable wealth and made his way out of the forest and back to his own door. His wife, seeing him more shabby than ever, poured reproaches upon him, but he silenced her by putting a piece of gold in her hand. Having enough to live comfortably upon for many years, the woman became companionable. She soon told her intimate friend that her husband went away to kill himself and came back rich, and this friend urged her own husband to do likewise. He in turn importuned his lucky neighbor

to disclose to him the method by which he got his fortune. Having promised secrecy and a share of the plunder, he was intrusted with the story of election to headship among the apes, and was given direction how to reach their retreat. He then set off, followed the same route, sat in the same attitude under the same tree, and awaited the arrival of the scout who should call the tribe to carry their returned chief into their fastnesses.

The apes had meantime deliberated, and had concluded that a being who had deserted them, taking with him their goods, was neither their sire nor sovereign. So when a young ape foraging for provisions saw this second man under the tree he returned home and notified the tribe, whereupon the apes, moved to indignation and anger, surrounded him in force and tore him in pieces.

ADELE M. FIELDS.



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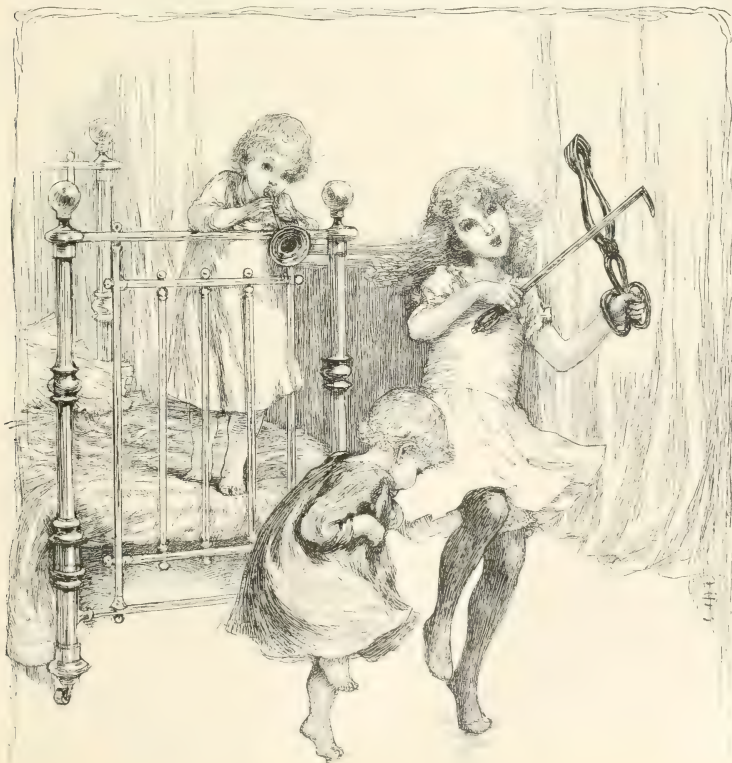
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A MORNING SERENADE.—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

THE SIX WIDE-OPEN PROFESSIONS.

BY JOHN S. WHITE, LL.D.

II.—ELECTRICITY AND THE TELEPHONE.

"WILL not you and a dozen of your boys who are most interested in scientific subjects come to our office in Cortlandt Street, next Thursday afternoon, to see what we have done in perfecting the long-distance telephone?" Such was the courteous invitation which came from the manager, Mr. Howlett, one day in March, and you may be sure the invitation was promptly accepted. "Ask some friends," he said in the same note—"some of your graduates who are in Harvard, if you please—to meet you at our Boston office at the other end of the wire." This we did, and the appointed day and hour found us at the office, with Mr. Howlett ready to explain to us the working of the wonderful new "transmitter."

"Everybody," he said, "is familiar with the ordinary telephone and its vagaries, and with the efforts that the novice makes to have himself understood, shouting wildly into the tube, and expecting that the louder he shouts the more clearly he will be understood; and everybody, too, is familiar with the thousand and one irregular sounds that come over the wire unbidden, from the butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers who are endeavoring to talk at the same moment over some neighboring wire to their customers. But here is an instrument which has been freed from all the irregular vibrations by the curious discovery that by placing upon the tympanum half a teaspoonful of pure carbon, in the form of fine grains, the sound is strained, purified as it were, coming to the ear, no matter from what distance, with a vividness and resonant quality that would seem possible only at a distance of a few feet. Now if you will sit down here a moment and speak into this tube—speak, please, in your ordinary tone of voice, but speak well into the tube—I think you may find somebody whom you know two hundred and twenty-five miles away in Boston."

With a feeling akin to awe, as if I were in the presence of some supernatural power, I took the suggested seat, the boys crowding about me in suppressed excitement, and called into the tube, "Halloo, who is there?"

"Halloo! is that you, papa?" came from the other end, as distinctly as if my boy was standing by my side.

"Yes. Is that really you, Eliot?"

"Why, certainly. And I heard somebody else speak to you in the room. It was Graham Stokes, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I replied. "And I hear the clock ticking in the room where you are. And that is Fiske, of '92, is it not, who laughed then?"

"It was, and no mistake. Hold your watch up, and see if I can hear that tick too," said Eliot.

This I did, and then struck the repeater, and, to the amusement of us all, he was able to tell accurately the hour of my watch, hearing it with perfect distinctness through this marvellous wire which traversed a thousand feet of house-tops and miles of subways under the streets of the city, stretching out upon its course through Connecticut northward, beneath the waters of a dozen rivers, through as many separate cables, bearing these various sounds with all the force of actual presence; every intonation, every peculiarity in the quality of tone being conveyed with such wonderful perfection that the listener at either end of the wire could instantly call the names of all his acquaintances with whom he spoke, many of whom he had not seen for months.

"Ask your son to wait a moment," said Mr. Howlett, "and I will introduce you to a gentleman in Syracuse." And taking up another instrument, he called up some one at the other end and handed me the tube.

"May I ask who you are?" said I.

"I am a stranger," came back the response, "who has

been invited to take a peep at this wonderful instrument for the first time. I live in Cleveland, and my name is Adams."

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Adams?" said I. "I have not seen you for nearly thirteen years."

"Why, Mr. White, I am very glad to see you indeed. Where have you been all this time, and how is your family and your little boy, whom I remember so well? He was four or five years old when I saw you last."

Here was an idea that was almost an inspiration. Catching up the other tube, I called through it again, "Eliot, are you there?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want to introduce you to an old friend, Mr. Adams, of Cleveland, who is at Syracuse this moment. Mr. Adams, let me make you acquainted with my son, who is now in Boston." And crossing the wires in my hands, this conversation, as I found a moment later, took place between them nearly five hundred miles apart:

"Why, Mr. White, is it possible that I am talking with you in Boston?"

"It certainly is."

"I remember you as a little fellow of four years of age when you used to live in Cleveland. This is wonderful, isn't it?"

And so the conversation went, and so we chatted and talked that afternoon, a dozen of us, with as many friends in Boston, with strangers in Albany and Buffalo; and so we came to realize that if it were only possible to extend a wire between us and some other planet, like Venus, for example, so far away that if one could travel on a railway train at the speed of fifty miles an hour, day and night, he would be sixty years on the route, it would be possible to hear and understand an inhabitant of that planet at the other end, with almost an annihilation of space and time, unless, as is possibly the case, electricity travels with the exact speed of light, and even then there would need to intervene only three minutes between the question and the response.

And what can be this marvellous power which one moment acts as the willing servant of man, defying time and distance, and bringing two friends hundreds of miles apart practically into the same room together, and the next instant deals death and destruction to everything that comes in the way of its tremendous blow? To-day filling with light some mighty building—light that comes at the turn of the hand, the push of a button—and to-morrow destroys that same building with one terrific crash from heaven; capable of being summoned to do all the mechanical work of some powerful nation, after lying dormant and unsuspected for thousands of years—an unknown power, an unseen force?

As a profession—not merely as a business for the making of money—no field offers to-day greater attractions than the study of this wonderful force and its applications. No work is calling so loudly to the young man of scientific grasp and persevering industry. Probably not a thousandth part of the discoveries possible to the student of the present century have yet been made. Why, if sound can be thus miraculously reproduced—for we can hardly believe it to be carried or transmitted through such a distance—why, I say, cannot light, why cannot pictures and forms be reproduced through the intervention of this wonder-working current? Indeed, I believe the day will come when you may not only thus talk to your friend hundreds or thousands of miles away, but the face and form, the surroundings, the picture of the room your friend is in, may be accurately reproduced before you; and if to this you add the marvels of the phonograph, it will become possible to make and retain impressions such that you may recall at will the face, the words, the gestures of some friend long dead perhaps, and actually see him talking, and hear the well-known tones of his voice.

What would it not mean to mankind if all these wonders had been perfected at the time of the Christian era, and if to-day in any of our churches we could hear our Saviour pronounce the familiar words of His Sermon upon the Mount, if we could see His expression and His gestures, and hear the murmur of the multitudes about Him! What a significance would have attached to the recent centennial celebration could the Father of our Country have been seen and heard through the medium of these marvels pronouncing once more his inaugural address!

BASE-BALL FOR AMATEURS.

BY A. ALONZO STAGG.

IV.—TEAM PLAY.

THIS article will complete all that I have to say on "Base-Ball for Amateurs." I have aimed to give to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as complete knowledge of the game as can successfully be employed by amateur nines. "Team play" will be the subject of this article.

Team play is the winning factor in every successful base-ball nine, foot-ball eleven, and in every other team where there is a combination of skill and power. It is the element which binds a nine together to work for a common purpose. Get together nine of the finest individual players, and unless there be team play it is not a winning nine, because there is no combination of forces.

Team play in base-ball always means the sacrifice of one's self for the advantage of the nine—the yielding up opportunities to make brilliant plays when some other player is in a better position to perform them, and the prompt response of the whole nine to every action and change of play of the game.

Having called the nine together for practice, let us give the players some instruction in developing this team play. Let the captain of the nine or some good batter take the position of "coach" at the home base, while the nine occupy their playing positions as in a game. After a little preliminary batting around to enable the players to get "limbered up," if the nine has not already had individual practice, we are ready to begin.

Let the coach bat the ball to the third-base-man for a throw to first base. The moment the ball is hit into that field, the second-base-man and the right-fielder should run hard to get a position behind the first-base-man to back him up in case of a wild throw. The second-base-man should try to get about thirty or forty feet behind, while the right-fielder should be as far again back of him. When nearly in line, they should turn and watch the ball so as to gauge the throw. The advantage in the play is that oftentimes a wild throw will be stopped, and the runner prevented from taking an extra base, or if the ball is not stopped, the start which these fielders will have over the first-base-man will save one or two bases. The pitcher also should run over to the first-base-man's left, but not back of him, so as to secure the ball in case it bounds away from him in that direction.

Meantime the short-stop will cover second base if necessary, or be back of third base if he sees that the runner is going to that base. The centre-fielder will move over in line with a throw to second base, while the left-fielder will either back up second or third base, as he sees where the ball will be thrown. If there is a runner on first or second base when the ball is hit, the second-base-man should play his base, leaving the right-fielder and pitcher to assist the first-base-man. In case of a wild throw, the play is always to head off the *advance* runner, if possible, and the fielder backing up will probably have to throw to home or third base. If to home base, the third-base-man will back up the catcher, leaving the short-stop to attend to his base. Practise these plays until the team thoroughly understand their play under the different conditions, the batter shouting to the first-base-man to "let the ball go" when he wishes to make the play.

Next try the same play from short-stop. The second-base-man does not attempt to back up first base in this play; otherwise the play is the same as the preceding one. Having practised this so that the nine understands it, let the coach bat the ball to the second-base-man. As soon as the ball is struck, the pitcher should run swiftly to back up the first-base-man. Let him aim to get in line with the throw, and about thirty feet from the base.

Double plays are not infrequently made in amateur games,

and they are of common occurrence in professional games. The double play most commonly made is between second and first base. Let the coach try this, batting to the third-base-man, who throws to the second-base-man, and the latter passes it quickly to the first-base-man. The throws must be made quickly, accurately, and with good speed. On slow hits or after a fumble a double play can seldom be made, and it is better to throw to first base. The play is the same on a ball hit to short-stop. Let practice in these plays be followed until they can be performed with the utmost despatch.

When a runner is on first base and the ball is batted to the second-base-man, the short-stop assists in the double play.

On a hard hit ball to the first-base-man, when there is a runner on his base, the first-base-man should touch his base and throw quickly to second base. Let the coach call out to the first-base-man frequently for a quick return of the ball across the diamond to catch the runner from second to third base. Never throw to third base unless there is a fair chance to get the runner out; it is dangerous.

Supposing a runner on first and on second bases, let the coach practise batting the ball to short-stop for a throw to third base. This play is apt to be neglected by amateur nines.

Let us now turn our attention to the out-fielders. The coach should practise the right-fielder on throwing the runner out at first base on ground hits, the pitcher getting in line with the throw immediately after the ball is hit. When there is no other runner on base, the catcher should also be in line with the throw. Have the out-field also practise throwing to all the bases, and especially to home base, and always on the bound where the distance is great. On a throw to third base from the out-field, the catcher should back up the base-man along with the short-stop whenever possible, while the pitcher covers the home base. Each member of the nine should bear this in mind, that where there is no special work for him to perform, he should be on the lookout for some chance to be useful in assisting in the plays.

Occasionally the coach should bat the ball far out between the fielders, to practise them in fielding in long hits. At least one other out-fielder should assist in fielding in the ball on a long hit. The short-stop and the second-base-man should be in a position also to aid in the play if possible. On a long hit it is better to divide the distance into two throws, and the player assisting the fielder should let him know where he is by calling out.

It has always been difficult to get amateur nines to work together properly on fly balls hit between the fielders. The best plan to follow when such a ball is hit is for the two or more fielders to start for the ball, and the one who first sees that he can get under it to shout out, "I'll take it," while the other fielders encourage him to "go ahead." The player who first calls out should never do so until he is satisfied that he can reach the ball, or is nearest to it, and then having declared his intention the ball is his, and he should not be interfered with by the other fielders.

When these plays have been learned individually, the coach should practise the team in them by batting to different positions in the field, shouting out at the same time where he wishes the ball to be fielded. After playing general team play for a half or three-quarters of an hour, the coach should call the in-field in close to practise them on throwing to home base to shut off a runner. If the hit is very slow or is fumbled, make it a rule to throw the ball to first base. The fielders need to exercise keen judgment in this play. My experience is that amateurs use less judgment in making this play than in any other separate play of the game. I have seen players so anxious to get the ball to home base quickly that they threw the ball when the runner was quietly standing on third base, and time and again have I seen the ball thrown when the runner was on the point of crossing the home base. Always look for the runner before making the throw, and never throw unless there is some chance of catching the runner.

I do not believe that amateur nines—and good ones too—can successfully employ any extended code of signals. In some nines, where the players have played together for a long time, attention can be given to working up this point, but ordinarily it will be of greater advantage to the nine to work up the vital points of play. Of course the battery ought to have a good set of signals. It seems preferable to me for the pitcher to give the signals, since he is in a better position to understand the batter. It is well to have a signal for the pitcher to throw to second base to catch a runner "napping." This can be worked by the catcher, and the second-base-man will have to be on the watch for it. The centre-fielder ought to understand the signal, so as to be ready to back up the play. The other bases the pitcher can watch very easily.

THE PRINCESS LILIWINKINS.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

VII.

IN the midst of these perplexities all the big brothers were summoned away to the North, to attend the funeral of their father, who had suddenly died; and no sooner had they gone than the Regent proclaimed that there would be a public funeral in consequence of the death of Queen Liliwinkins, and that he was the next king, being her nearest relation.

A herald went all through the country making this proclamation, and the people came in crowds to the funeral, and to see the dead Queen, although very few of

second's hesitation, he dashed down the slope and grasped the little runaway Queen by the arm.

Here was Liliwinkins caught again just as she had settled herself in the island for life, and, in view of this dreadful fact, she began to weep so bitterly that even the Regent's heart was touched.

The lords and ladies all crowded around to see what had happened, but astonishment kept every one silent, until the Wisest Tutor came forward and soothed the sobbing little Queen by promising that no one should harm her.

However Liliwinkins might dislike the things that the Wisest Tutor made her study out of books, she had always found him very kind and sensible about other things, and she thought now that perhaps she might coax him to persuade the Regent to let her remain on the island after all; and so she stopped crying and began telling him

what a lovely time she had been having, and how she could not bear to go back to the palace. But much as the Tutor was interested in her story, he saw there would be no use in letting her for a moment believe that she could stay on the island.

Liliwinkins was found, and she must be Queen again whether she liked it or not; and so the court rushed back to the palace in such haste that several of the barges upset, and many persons came near drowning. Allola and Atla were also taken back under a guard of officers, and as soon as the palace was reached a herald was sent forth to proclaim through the kingdom that the Queen had been found. But the herald had not reached the gates before he was met by the big brothers, who had come flying down from the North as soon as they heard of the Regent's proclaiming himself king.

But, oh! how tired they were of courts and courtiers, and how homesick a glimpse of their old home had made them! But they had come back to the court to hold the kingdom against the Regent. When the Wisest Tutor saw the big brothers his heart grew heavy, for now it seemed all the old troubles must begin again. Here were Allola and Liliwinkins, and the big brothers and the Regent, and there would be no more peace for him unless matters could be settled at once.

The big brothers were so rejoiced to find Allola alive and well that the kingdom seemed a very little matter for a time, and the Wisest Tutor took advantage of this to make a long speech, in which he declared that he felt something dreadful would happen to the kingdom unless peace could be secured; for the times were so troublous that a wise man could not find rest or quiet, and unless there was a change, he, for one, would have to leave the country and go to Quimbeatapetla, where he might pursue his studies in peace.

He then proposed that, since the Regent would never yield, and the big brothers would never yield, the best thing to do would be to let the old King remain sovereign until Allola and Liliwinkins grew up, and have the mat-



"UP IN A ROOM ALONE BY HERSELF A LITTLE GIRL DREAMED OF THE STARS."

them knew whether she was young, old, or middle-aged, and every one wanted to be present at the imposing sight. When it became known, however, that the Queen had only been a little girl who had run away from home, the visitors felt quite cheated, and only the promise of the splendid coronation that was to follow kept them from being so angry with the Regent as to refuse to make him king.

The Regent had decided to have the tomb of Liliwinkins sealed up, since the little Queen would never lie in it; and immediately after the funeral ceremonies at the palace the grand procession started for the burial-place of the kings. The people were rowed across the lake in the royal barges, and formed into a long line as soon as they landed on the island, with the Regent at the head as chief mourner.

The procession slowly moved toward the royal tombs; but as the Regent came in sight of the great monuments he stopped in amazement, for there, in the door of the late Queen's tomb, he saw three children sitting, clothed in cloth of gold, and gazing at the advancing crowd with their eyes full of wonder. In a moment the Regent saw that it was Liliwinkins and Allola and the strange little boy who had sold him the cloth of gold, and, without a

ter decided then; for, as it was now, with so many wars and troubles, the children were growing up without any education, and would be too ignorant to rule at all if they did not have a chance to learn something. In proof of which ignorance he reminded them that Liliwinkins had solemnly told him on the island that she believed that the stars fell into the water, whereas they all knew that never, since the world began, had such a thing happened.

When he said this he looked reprovingly at the three children, who all sighed, knowing that there was no use in contradicting him, and feeling very sorry for his ignorance. But his speech had a good effect upon the court, and all the great lords of the realm insisted upon his advice being taken. And as both the Regent and the big brothers knew there were not enough cats and dogs in the kingdom to have another war, they at last consented to make the old King ruler for the time.

Then the Wisest Tutor ordered the King's Book brought down from the tower, so that the old man could write his name in it before the Regent and the big brothers had time to get sorry for giving their consent; and he asked the court to excuse the old man from reading the accounts of the kings' reigns, for he knew he would only fall to studying the *Gerund* the moment he was left alone. But when the Keeper of the Seal asked the name of the old man, so that the herald might proclaim it to the court, the whole company of lords and ladies was astonished beyond measure to hear the answer, for it was the same name as that of the little page—*Allola*. Every one immediately remembered that the name had been found mysteriously written in the King's Book, but all had supposed it stood for the name of the page, whereas now it was quite clear that the old man had been meant all the time. This made matters very simple for the big brothers, and they immediately said they would gladly take their little brother home again, and give up all thoughts of the kingdom; it also made things very easy for the Regent, who lost all interest in Liliwinkins the moment he understood that she was once more a nobody, and at once began to plan to be made chief councillor to the old King; and it made things easiest of all to the Wisest Tutor, who had heard that the old man's eldest son was likewise much given to the study of the *Gerund*, and that probably for evermore the rulers of the kingdom would be renowned for wisdom and learning.

After much discussion it was agreed that Liliwinkins should remain in the royal palace and be educated at the expense of the state, since her father had once been king; and as she was assured that the sovereignty had passed to a new line, and she would never have to be queen again, she felt quite resigned to the lot, and made up her mind to be tolerably happy, especially as she and Atla and Allola had agreed between them that as soon as they were grown up they would start off again and find

another island, and be happy there forever. For the present Atla was to remain at court, to be near his grandmother, whom the old King would in no wise do without.

The Regent was made chief councillor upon condition that he would never interrupt the King while at his studies; and as soon as these important matters were settled, Allola and his big brothers started for the Northern lakes, for they could not think of remaining at the palace a moment longer.

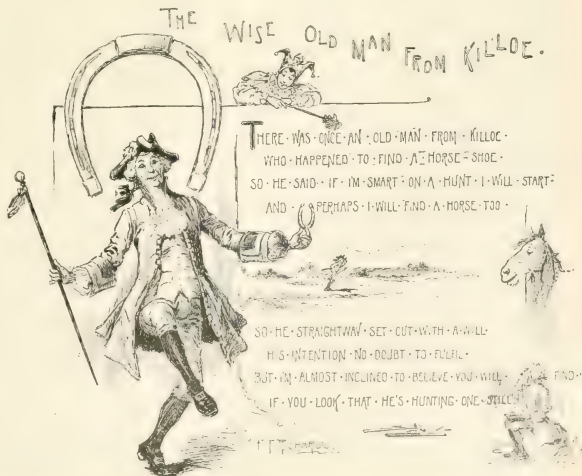
When night came, Allola slept on a bed of pine-needles, wrapped in his biggest brother's cloak, and dreamed of his mother; and the big brothers dreamed that they had captured six golden eagles. Atla, lying at the foot of the King's bed, dreamed that he was back in the cottage with his grandmother, and supposed he was hearing the noise of the spinning-wheel, when really it was the King studying aloud in his sleep.

And up in a room alone by herself a little girl dreamed of the stars. Her dream was so vivid that she awoke and went to the window, for she had grown so fond of looking at the sky in the night-time that she felt lonesome for a little glimpse of it. The far-away heavens were full of innumerable golden lights, and the earth below sent up delicious odors of midsummer flowers; and as the child looked out on all this beauty she suddenly saw something which thrilled her heart with a new delight. Away up in the sky hung a golden ball that filled all the space around it with lustrous beauty; it was the Evening Star in its old place, shining in all its olden splendor.

Liliwinkins looked at it a long time with her brain full of happy thoughts; but as she got back into bed again she said to herself, in a puzzled voice, "Dear me! I wonder if the Wisest Tutor *does* know more about some things than I do!"

Then she resolved to pay more attention in future to what her tutors and governesses taught her, for who could tell how useful it might not be when she and Atla and Allola again went away to live on an island by themselves?

THE END.



THE DAISY.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

THERE is a modest maiden flower
That poets call "the eye of day."
Its home is not in artful bower,
But where the wide fields stretch away.

Its face is like a little maid's,
Beset with white and dreamy thoughts,
And kissed by bending green grass blades
In skyeey, warm, and sun-loved spots.

The Daisy, when God's angel graced
With fragrance every lovely flower—
So meek she was and modest-faced—
Stood far aloof and lost her dower.

But not less dear she is to me
Because her dowry she forewent;
There is a fragrant modesty,
The perfume of a sweet content.

DORYMATES.*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

TRAWLS AND WHALES.

A TRAWLER, such as the *Vixen* was, is fitted out very differently from a seiner or a hand-liner, the styles of craft on which Breeze had made his previous fishing trips. Instead of a large seine-boat, she carries from four to eight dories, and a crew sufficiently large to allow two men to each dory, besides the skipper and cook. The trawls are tarred cotton ropes the size of a lead-pencil, that come in lengths of about fifty fathoms, or three hundred feet each. To these are attached, at distances of a fathom apart for cod, and a fathom and a half apart for halibut, short lines of from three to six feet long, to the ends of which hooks are made fast. About six of these lengths of trawl, or 1800 feet, are coiled in a tub, and each dory will carry out and set from four to six tubs of trawl in from twenty to two hundred fathoms of water. The lines contained in the several tubs are made fast to each other, and all are set in one straight line, from one to two miles in length. The trawls are anchored at each end, and buoyed by small kegs, so that the hooks shall hang just clear of the bottom.

As the *Vixen* was on a "salt trip," the pens in the hold, instead of being filled with ice, contained several hundred bushels of coarse rock-salt. She had a crew of fourteen men all told, and on her deck, fitting into each other like nests of buckets, were six dories, three on each side.

The next morning after reaching the Bank a fishing-ground was chosen, and the anchor was dropped overboard. Then the canvas was furled, the riding-sail was bent on, top-masts were sent down, and everything was made as snug as possible, and put in readiness for all sorts of weather. Baskets of frozen herring were got up from the hold, and cut into bait sizes with sharp knives on the bait boards. These are heavy planks laid on top of the cabin. With this cut-up herring each dory crew baited the thousand or more hooks of their own trawl, and coiled the lines snugly away again in the tubs.

That afternoon the trawls were set, one astern of the schooner, one ahead, one off each quarter, and one off each bow, these positions having been drawn for by lot beforehand. Thus the schooner formed the centre of a circle of trawls, the outer ends of which were nearly two

miles from her. The position falling to Breeze and Wolfe was that directly ahead of the vessel. After going far enough away to be sure of being well clear of her, in case she should have swung round by morning, they began to set their trawl. Breeze continued to row in a straight line away from the schooner, while Wolfe, after dropping overboard the light anchor and the buoy-line attached to its floating keg, began to pay out the trawl with its baited hooks. It required great care and considerable skill to get them overboard without snarls or knots, so that each hook would be certain to hang straight down by itself and clear of all the others. After the job had been done neatly and properly, the second anchor was dropped, and a buoy, with a flag on it to mark the outer end of the trawl, was flung overboard. Then their work was finished for the present; for the line was to be left "set" all night, and would not be visited until early in the morning.

As they rowed back to the schooner Breeze said: "Wolfe, I want always to carry out some fresh-water and some hardtack in the dory after this. I've heard my father say a great many times that if all fishermen would only do this, half the lives that are now lost on the Banks might be saved."

"You'll be well laughed at on board for a coward if you do," replied Wolfe.

"I don't care. I'd rather any time be laughed at than to be lost out there somewhere in a fog, and perhaps drift round for days without anything to eat or drink."

That night Breeze hunted up a small keg, which he filled with fresh-water, and a box, into which he put a couple of dozen ship-biscuit wrapped in paper and stuffed into a sort of water-proof bag that he made out of an old oil-skin jacket.

When the whole crew was turned out at daylight the next morning they found dreary, shivering weather up on the cold deck; but after the hot coffee and hearty breakfast which the cook had ready for them they felt better. All were then soon off in their dories, going in the direction of the several buoy flags left at the outer ends of their trawls the night before.

As Breeze stowed his fresh-water and provisions in the stern of dory No. 6, Hank Hoffer noticed what he was doing, and sung out to know what he was afraid of, and if he didn't want to be tied to an apron-string for fear of getting lost.

Wolfe's hot Irish blood rushed to his face at these taunts, and he would have answered back but for Breeze, who said: "Let him alone, Wolfe. It makes him feel a great deal worse not to be noticed at all. Nothing would please him better than to get us into a muss, and to have the skipper order us off about our business."

"Well, I don't know but what you are right, Breeze; but what a queer fellow you are, anyhow! It seems to me you must have been born with a wise head on your shoulders. Here I am a year older than you, but any one hearing us talk would take you for the old boy and me for the young one."

They rowed steadily while they talked, and soon reached the little canvas flag that marked the buoy at the outer end of their trawl.

"I wonder what luck we're going to have?" said Breeze. "What I like best about fishing is the not knowing what you are going to catch, and the thinking whenever you have had luck you may have better next time."

"I expect that is the most interesting part about most things in this world," said Wolfe; "but with all my luck I can't start this anchor. It's got foul of something. I expect we'll have to rig up the hurdy-gurdy."

This was a small iron winch that could be set up in the bows of the dory, and which is often found necessary in heaving up heavy trawls. With its aid the refractory anchor was soon got aboard. The buoy had already been

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492.

picked up, and at length the trawl began to appear. Now came the exciting moment. What would it bring? Would every hook have its fish, or would they be few and far between? They would not even consider the possibility of its being what fishermen describe as a "water haul," or one bringing them nothing but empty hooks. Wolfe stood forward in the dory pulling in the line, while Breeze stood a few feet behind him, ready to take off the fish and stow the trawl in its tubs.

"Here he is!" cried Wolfe at last. "Number one a cod, and a jolly big fellow at that. My eye! but he must weigh fifty pounds at least. Our luck's begun good, at any rate. Bear a hand here with the gaff, Breeze. Quick! There, my hearty! lie still where you are put, and we'll soon give you plenty of company."

After this came two or three bare hooks, and then a small halibut; then half a dozen more codfish, one close after the other, and next only the skeleton of a fish, with its bones picked as clean as though there had never been a particle of flesh on them. It astonished Breeze greatly, and he said: "Well! I never knew before that a fish's skeleton would take bait. How hungry it must have been! It does look rather thin and gaunt, for a fact," he added, laughing.

"He was something a good deal better than a skeleton when he took that hook," explained Wolfe, who had hauled trawls before. "The sand-fleas have made a meal off of him, and there must have been a pretty lot of them to go through him so quickly and completely."

"Sand-fleas?" repeated Breeze, inquiringly.

"Yes; just such chaps as you may see almost any time hopping on a beach."

A haddock bearing the teeth marks of the halibut that had tried to swallow him after he was caught came next. Then followed cod, cod, cod so fast that by the time the trawl was half hauled dory No. 6 was deep in the water, and her crew did not dare to put another fish into her.

They were in fine spirits over their good luck as they buoyed the trawl and pulled back to the schooner to get rid of their load before attempting to finish the haul. By this time a stiff northerly breeze was blowing, and the *Vixen* had swung with the change of wind, so that she now lay stern to them. This made their pull much shorter than it otherwise would have been. Owing to this they had the satisfaction of pitching the first fish of that cruise on the schooner's deck. This greatly disappointed Hank Hoffer, who came up a minute later in dory No. 5, and who had fully expected to be able to claim the honor of "first fish."

He began to make ugly remarks to the effect that if they had waited to get a full load they would not have been back so quickly. This time the skipper cut him short with, "Look to your own load, Hank. If you'd 'a' waited to make it as big as the one these lads have brought in, you wouldn't have come for half an hour yet."

As soon as the fish had been unloaded from dory No. 6, and the two tubs of trawl already hauled had been lifted out, the boys returned for the rest of their catch. They had hardly got the buoy aboard, and were just beginning to haul in the remainder of the trawl, when suddenly the most surprising thing occurred.

The dory was at once, and without the slightest warning, lifted bodily several feet into the air, and both its occupants were flung down, Wolfe striking and breaking a thwart in his fall. Immediately afterward the dory slid on its side, and apparently down-hill into the water. It was only by scrambling hastily to the upper gunwale that the boys kept it from capsizing. As it was, it was half full of water before they succeeded in righting it.

At the same moment they heard a loud rushing sound like escaping steam, a column of spray was thrown high in the air, and they caught a glimpse of a huge black object sinking out of sight but a short distance from them.

As it disappeared, their boat was rocked violently on the waves that surged over the place where it had been.

Both the boys were terribly startled, and for a moment greatly frightened, by this mysterious occurrence. They had instinctively begun bailing the water from the dory almost as soon as they found that she still floated right side up. Breeze was the first to recover the breath which had been nearly driven from his body by the shock of his overthrow, and now he gasped out:

"Do you think it was an earthquake, Wolfe?" Before Wolfe could answer, a large whale, evidently the mate of the one that had given them such a scare, rose to the surface to blow, a hundred yards to one side of them, and Breeze exclaimed, "So that's what it was! Well, I'm glad he didn't come along and hoist us on his back while the dory was loaded down as she was half an hour ago."

"So am I," began Wolfe; "but hello!" he cried, stopping his bailing and starting up. "Whatever has got into the old *Vixen*? She must have a steam-engine aboard."

Breeze looked, and to his astonishment saw the schooner moving away from them, and going through the water at a speed of ten or twelve knots an hour. Her sails were furled, and apparently her anchor was still down; but she was certainly moving, and that at a rapid rate. The white water was foaming under her bows, and a wake like that of a steamer was trailing and eddying behind her.

"It's one of those whales, and he's caught a fluke of her anchor in his blow-hole or in his jaws. Yes, sir, he's running away with her," exclaimed Breeze, who had heard his father describe a similar occurrence as having happened to him once on the Banks.

"That's what it must be," said Wolfe. "But it beats anything I ever heard of. My! isn't she going, though!"

"Well," remarked Breeze, as they watched the rapidly vanishing schooner, "I should say that fishing in these waters was pretty exciting work. I know it beats mackerelling, or life on George's. Do you know whether it is always as lively here as it seems to be this morning, Wolfe?"

"This goes ahead of anything in my experience," was the reply. "I only hope the old man will cut his cable before he loses sight of us, or that he has had sense enough to take our bearings so that he can pick us up again. Now that we have got a quiet spell, I suppose we might as well finish bailing before the next performance begins."

After they had rid the boat of all the water she had shipped, they began once more to haul in on their trawl. They reasoned that if the schooner came back they would be so much ahead with their work, and if she did not, they could pitch the fish overboard; while in the mean time the occupation would keep them from worrying over what might happen.

They had got nearly to the end of their trawl, and the dory was again deeply laden with fish, when Breeze cried out, joyfully, "Here she comes back!"

He was right. The white sails of the schooner could be seen, though at a great distance from them, and they knew that she had in some way got rid of her unwelcome tow-boat, and was on her way back.

Two of the other dories that had been left behind now approached them, and a man in one of them called out, "I don't suppose you fellows have got any fresh-water aboard, have you?"

"Yes, we have plenty of it," shouted Wolfe. "I declare I had forgotten it, though, and I'm awfully thirsty myself," he added to Breeze.

The latter had no reason to regret his thoughtfulness when he saw how heartily they all enjoyed the water and a lunch of biscuit that, but for him, they would have gone without.

So far had the schooner been towed before the whale had managed to clear himself from his encumbrance that



"A LARGE WHALE ROSE TO THE SURFACE TO BLOW."

she was nearly two hours in making her way back to them. Her skipper had refused to cut the cable, for he was a part owner in the vessel, and did not want to be put to the expense of a new one. Thus he showed one of the traits in his character that made him so unpopular. He was always ready to sacrifice the comfort, and even the safety, of his men rather than run the risk of losing money.

At last the schooner did return to the waiting dories, and their loads of fish were transferred to her deck, after which the trawls were rebaited and again set out. Then came a busy time spent in "dressing down"; that is, cleaning the fish, cutting off their heads, splitting and salting them, and finally packing them in the hold. After this, the trawls were again hauled and again set for the night. Owing to the delay of the morning, the second catch had to be "dressed down" by lantern-light, so that it was nearly eleven o'clock before the tired crew were allowed to throw themselves into their bunks for a few hours' sleep.

The air during the day had been growing steadily colder, and before dark the peculiar chill denoting the presence of ice at no great distance had been noticed, and had occasioned some anxiety. The season was unusually backward, and a recent succession of northerly gales had driven the arctic ice almost to the edge of the Gulf Stream. This had been reported before the *Vixen* left Gloucester; but as her crew had not yet met with any ice, they hoped it had again gone North, and that they were to escape it entirely.

While Hank Hoffer was on watch that night he busied himself for some time with the contents of dory No. 6,

and any one standing close beside him might have heard him mutter: "There, I hope those sneaks will enjoy the drink I've fixed for them. I'll teach 'em that we don't want any cowards aboard this craft."

An hour later, or shortly before daylight, the tired sleepers in cabin and forecabin were roused from their dreams, and brought shivering out from their warm bunks by the hoarse voice of the watch on deck shouting down the companion-ways: "Hear the news below there! Tumble out all hands! Lolly ice all around us, and a big berg bearing down from dead ahead!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELLA'S CHOICE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHEN Bella Brook left St. Mark's for home, it was with but a vague idea of what home was, for she had not been there in all of four or five years, having usually spent the vacations with Mrs. Tenterden, an old friend of her own father's. Her home was several hundred miles away, and it had been thought unwise that she should make such a journey three or four times a year.

In reality it had been unwise to let her go instead to Mrs. Tenterden's, for it was not only accustoming her to a way of life different from anything she had had in the past, or was likely to have in the future, but it was weaning her from the old associations, from the mother and the children, and separating her even from the chance of learning to love and be loved by the step-father there.



"MRS. TENTERDEN CAME UP ONE OF THE WALKS WITH HER ARMS FULL OF GREAT WHITE LILIES."

SEE PAGE 538.

How delightful it was, though, the last time she went to Mrs. Tenterden's! A coach had taken her at the station, and rolled out along wide highways and into green lanes, and at length had entered the avenue of ancient cedars, gnarled in wrestling with perhaps ten thousand storms, and at the portico Mrs. Tenterden, in her floating muslins, had hurried down the steps to meet her with open arms, and Adrian and Louis at the same time had come in from their gallop on the sands, and Evelyn and Rosa had run up from the terrace, with its great urns and vases heaped with flowers and overlooking the sea. And then the girls had taken her up to her room, and Mrs. Tenterden had a new dress of soft white wool, with broad ribbons, ready for her to put on as soon as she had emerged, under the hands of Ffigne, the maid, from the dust and soil of her journey; and a little later they had all had tea on the terrace as the moon rose and the sun set, and the soft purple twilight put on a sort of glory with the splendor of the heavens and the shimmer of the sea; and then they had lingered, telling the school news and the family news, with the flower scents floating about them, till the sound of the surf booming below had slowly silenced them, and then they had all gone in to sweet sleep and lovely dreams.

The next morning how perfect was the sunshine pouring over the sheer velvet lawns and through the crimson flames of the roses! how sweet was the breath of the honey-suckle! how intoxicating the full soft wind blowing apart the curtains! how delicious all the sense of light and beauty and luxury! the sense, too, that here she could stay indefinitely if she would; here, where there were no lesson bells, no teachers, no hours, no bonds, no restraints at all, but just delightful pleasure and rest and idleness! Well, she was a little tired, and that must be her excuse if pleasure seemed too pleasant.

Mrs. Tenterden, in a loose burnoose of some creamy stuff, held about her throat by a gold cord and tassel, came up one of the walks with her arms full of great white lilies. How beautiful she was!—still a young woman, and a very wealthy one, who had wished to adopt Bella at the time of her father's death, and had compromised with the mother on permission to have Bella in the vacations, and had made those vacations seem to Bella like life in fairy-land. As she looked at her, Bella was conscious that she admired Mrs. Tenterden much as she did the sky, the sea, the roses and lilies; and that she loved her beyond every one in the world but Miss Marks. Her mother, of course, first; but that was a part of herself. She felt a little shy concerning her mother; she was only sixteen, and she had not seen her mother for nearly five years.

"You think we do nothing here but suck the honey out of the flowers," said Mrs. Tenterden, as Bella sprang to take part of the armful, and put them into the tall vases waiting in the hall, through whose length and breadth this sweet wind was rioting with curtains and draperies. "Now I am going to tell you. I was up at sunrise, and such a pageant you never saw, unless you have been up at a July sunrise, too. It put me in mind to-day of what the sunrise might have been the morning after the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*."

That was one of the charms of Mrs. Tenterden, Bella thought, that she talked to you at sixteen just as she would have talked if you had been thirty-six. "Now," said Mrs. Tenterden, "as soon as you have breakfasted, the phaeton is coming round, and I am going to run down and see my poor people—at least nobody is poor such a morning as this; it's enough just to be in the world if you are not in suffering or pain—but my poorer people; and perhaps you will go with me, and we can talk it over on our way. I mean to have the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* played on the terrace here, and with all the music too."

And then Evelyn and Rosa and Adrian came in; and Louis, who had breakfasted with his mother hours before—as he said, twenty-four hours—had another cup of cof-

fee; and Mrs. Tenterden took a glass of milk, that she might be rebuking no one by thought of her earlier repast; and Mrs. Vane and Miss Morley, who were visiting at Clifftop, appeared, having breakfasted in their rooms; and Bella hardly knew, when the phaeton came round, whether she would rather stay with the gay party on the morning porch or go with the ponies and Mrs. Tenterden. But all the same, she went; and the hoofs of Louis's horse were presently to be heard after them.

What a pleasant way it was to do good, Bella thought. Here was the hamper that the house-keeper had put up, with its closely fastened jars of soup that the cook had prepared, with the jellies, the delicately sliced bread, the tiny butter balls, the cutlet for this one, the strawberries for that, the roll of flannel for the old man's knees, the little dresses that the girls had made at their leisure for the new baby, the hot-water bag for the sick old woman, the paper novels that they were done with at the house, to be left here and there wherever there was a reader, and the rest of the phaeton heaped with roses for dropping at this door and that, as if one marked one's way with flowers. Now they stopped, and a child at the gate took what they left there; now they went inside a door and chatted with the person that met them; now Mrs. Tenterden left Bella, and Louis tied his horse, and came and sat in the phaeton while his mother delayed with some particular case that needed cheering or the ten minutes' reading of a psalm; everywhere they left the roses; and at last they drove home through a wood where the horses' feet sounded as if they trod on velvet, where they could see lanes of sunlight down green mossy depths, as if leading to lands of enchantment, and hear the song of birds too shy for open air, and not yet hushed to noonday quiet.

"It is the very wood where Titania and Peas-blossom and Cobweb and the others held their revellings, is it not?" said Mrs. Tenterden. "Here, Louis"—as he overtook them—"now come here and advise with your mother—you are the practical one—and tell me how we can turn the sea-terrace into the Athenian forest, and where we can get our players, and who shall be Helena, and who Demetrius, and who Nick Bottom, and who Oberon, and where we shall find the music—Mendelssohn's music, you know."

Just out of school, with all its tasks and constraints, gentle and uplifting as the life at St. Mark's had been, what freedom and light surrounded these bright days for Bella! But she used to wish for Marcia and Hester to help her con her part of the play; she used to wish for them on purple evenings when she leaned over the parapet to watch the stars break in the sea as it creamed up the beach below; she used to wish for them in the mornings when she and Rosa and Adrian, the groom sedately behind, went galloping their ponies through the wood, where every now and then the sea broke into sight upon the left, and on the right the water-lilies bloomed in the still pools where green sunshine seemed to fall.

And certainly she wished for Hester and Marcia when at last came the festival night of the play on the terrace—a clear dark night without a moon. Real trees were brought in from the forest and gayed in place, and the conservatories were half emptied of their palms and oleanders and camellias and long banner-like banana-trees to make the greenery; real theatre people managed the lights, and there was a part of the symphony orchestra hidden in the green for the music; the guests were coming and going and rustling and exclaiming; Mrs. Tenterden and Mrs. Vane were directing everything; and Miss Morley and her lovers were making a by-play of their own. It seemed to Bella, in the midst of it all, that she was no young girl playing a part, but a captive loosed, a bird set free, a spirit of the air itself. And the music, the all but heavenly music, that had in it the murmuring of the leaves, the sparkling of the forest dew, the twittering of the fays, the passion of the lovers,

the beauty of night, and Athens, and fairy-land, and love, all mingled together like the breath of many flowers in one delicious odor—when this music added itself to all the rest, she was so beside herself with the delight of the whole thing that if she had had many lines to say she would have forgotten every one of them. And when, after it was all over, Louis and Rosa stole down the cliff path with her to the beach, and walked slowly along till they saw a boat, and put out in that, Louis rowing them, till there was nothing about them but the purple heaven full of stars, their rays breaking in the purple sea, nothing to be heard but the dip of the oars and the soft wide singing of the sea itself to drown out remembrance of the music—then it was all like a dream, from which Bella knew she must presently awake to reality.

A week later, at the close of three days and nights of hot and dusty travel, the train stopped at the place where her mother lived, and which she had always called her home, and on the first glance at which she could not help exclaiming, "Poor mother! oh, poor mother!"

There was no one to meet her at the station; there was no hack there at all; she had to leave her trunks with the baggage-master, who promised to send them with a man and a wheelbarrow; and she inquired her way on foot to Mrs. Parmenter's—for that had been her mother's name since the second marriage. She found the house at last, almost picturesque with some trees and some grass, and a general absence of paint, but shabby and ill kept to the point of disgust, with slats gone from the loose blinds, window-panes broken, doors hanging on broken hinges, and fences down in spots. A child on whose face there was not a clean spot to kiss sat in the path making mud-pies with a spoon, but did not give way for her; another, a little younger, stared at her with its thumb in its mouth and its kitten held upside down; and a third, face and tier daubed with molasses, leaned from the open window, trying how far she could reach out and not break her neck.

Was this her mother's home? Were those two the children born since she had been at school? Was this one in the molasses the little Ally whom she had left such a fair white darling in the cradle? Was that person lounging in a hammock made of a piece of sacking and a barrel stave, without a waistcoat under his drab linen blouse, reading a paper and smoking a pipe, the man who had married her mother—her step-father? Was this her own sister Flossy leaping down the stairs to meet her, with holes in her stockings, with no collar on, with her hair in a matted snarl? Was this Ben, her big brother, pushing back his chair and tripping over a hole in the carpet, looking a little less like a gentleman than his step-father? Was this— Oh, goodness, no more of it! The hall, with great stains on the paper; the stairs, with half the carpet rods gone and the carpet bulging loosely; the doors banged and battered; the slatternly servant-girl, whose hair had never been combed, whose gown had never been washed, all sozzled and drozzled with dish-water and kerosene and fat and dirt. But where, oh, where was her mother—where was her mother? And Bella burst into tears, and ran past them all up the stairs to her mother's room, where Mrs. Parmenter lay prostrate and half dead with one of her headaches, that she used to say produced torment and threatened idiocy.

But it was of no use to cry. The children must think it was from joy and excitement at getting home again—oh, getting home again! The mother must not be disturbed by a thought of any kind with that trip-hammer of pain falling on her temples. She was to share Flossy's room, and when she had been welcomed by her step-father, and had found a place clean enough to kiss on the cheeks of the little ones, she went and took off her things, and proceeded to open her trunks, which had arrived,

most of the children pushing and edging into the room and gaping open-mouthed at the operation, only uttering thrilled ohs and ahs as Bella shook out her white frocks and her dainty tea gowns—all Mrs. Tenterden's gifts—and lifted tray after tray to find something suitable to wear without soiling in the dusty confusion of the house.

"My goodness! what a closet!" she exclaimed, as she opened the door. "Please get me a duster, Flossy. Mercy! there's no end to the dust. Where's Bridget? Is that her name? Can't she come and wash this place, so that I can hang up my gowns?"

"She won't," said Flossy.

"Won't? Why not, pray?"

"She won't; that's all about it. Ma's sick all the time, and she has to do everything."

"Then I'll do it myself," said Bella.

"You!"

"Somebody must. We shall return to the dust of which we were made at this rate." And presently she had a scrubbing pail and a cloth, and had emptied that closet, and washed down its walls, and wiped up its floor, and felt a thrill of satisfaction, although her delicate hands were smarting and her heart was really aching.

"I don't like to hang my nice things on these walls," she said then. "I wonder if there isn't a sheet I can have," and she went with the children to find one. "But not like this," she said.

"They're all like this," said Flossy.

"I mean a whole one."

"There isn't a whole one in the house," said Bessy.

And Bella sat down and sewed up the rip in one, and hemmed over the corners of another, and hung one under and one over the dresses, and shut the closet door, and proceeded to the bureau. "Oh, what a mess!" she cried.

"I'm going to give the two upper drawers to you," said Flossy.

"Well," said Bella, feeling despair hanging just over her, "we'll put the whole thing to rights." And the bureau was cleared and wiped, and the drawers set in order, and the gifts she had brought for the family distributed to their infinite delight—a delight which touched Bella almost to tears, those children must have had so little—and then they all went down together.

It had been really pathetic to Bella to see that pleasure over her small gifts—small, because as Mrs. Tenterden had been at the expense of her education and wardrobe and everything else while at St. Mark's, Bella had not felt it quite right to spend a great deal of her money for the gifts; but the doll she had dressed herself was hugged to Kitty's heart with rapturous glee; the little stereoscope and its photographs gave Bessy as much pleasure as a trip through a European gallery would have given herself; Ben took his Macaulay with a hungry avidity that gave her a real pain to see; Tommy would have been in a state of bliss with his picolo if the mother's headache had allowed him to use it; and Flossy received her parasol entirely regardless of the fact that she hadn't an article of wearing apparel fit to associate with it.

Things were no better down-stairs. The parlor had been gradually dismantled to replace the destruction of articles in the sitting-room, so that its doors were closed—the only doors that were closed, or that would close in the house, by-the-way. The sitting-room carpet was little better than a rag; the ceiling had been smoked in rings every here and there by the lamps; there was a great spot on the wall, where Mr. Parmenter leaned his hand in changing his slippers, which were kept behind the stove in an accumulation of fluffy dust, and another spot where ink had splattered; the paint of the mantel-piece was blistered, and had peeled off in places; one of the table legs was broken; there was not a whole chair in the room; the looking-glass had a crack in it; the windows were thick with dust and finger-marks inside, and splashes of rain



THE GOSSIPS

outside; and in the open drawer of the table between them was a dirty comb and brush. The dining-room—but words fail. When Bella saw the table set for tea, with its soiled and crumpled cloth, its cracked and nicked and smoked and mismatched dishes, no napkins, no order, the children elbowing and pushing and grabbing, their own spoons in the sugar, their own knives in the butter, it was impossible for her to eat a morsel, and she went out into the kitchen, which, as she remembered the snow-white tables, the spotless floors, the shining range, the glittering rows of pans in Mrs. Tenterden's kitchen the only time she was ever inside it, seemed to her squalor itself. There she made a slice of French toast, and took it up with a cup of tea to her mother.

"Ah, how nice that is!" sighed the mother, as she saw the tray, which Bella had contrived to find, covered with the only clean napkin she could lay her hands on. "How good it is! Bridget never makes a cup of tea like that; you must have made it yourself, dear." And Bella, dimly comprehending her mother's helplessness and disappointment, felt her heart ready to break, and longed to be a comfort to her. She combed out her mother's long and pretty hair then, and got some water and cooled her face and her hands for her, and coaxed her into the chair while she freshened and made the bed. "Oh," said the mother, "you are going to be such a comfort to me. I ought to have some compensation for all I have been through."

Bella cried herself to sleep that night, thinking of her mother, and pitying and loving her, and pitying Flossy too, and her big brother Ben, and feeling already a yearning affection for the little half brothers and sisters, and longing to be of use to them.

"Isn't it time for school?" she asked the next morning. "Oh, we don't go to school," said Flossy, shamefacedly. "Don't! Oh, why not?"

"Well, there isn't any very near, and our clothes, you see," said Flossy, making a downward and outward motion of her hands that expressed plainly as words the whole state of disrepair. "Ben is trying to study all by himself, and sometimes I hear the primer lessons, and sometimes ma hears me."

"Oh dear, dear!" said Bella; "that isn't any way. I think you will all have to come to school to me. My box of school-books will be handy now, and we'll have a

school-room pleasant days out under the apple-trees and rainy days in my room." And the idea, perhaps owing to its novelty, was at once acquiesced in, a solemn compact being made from which it should not be possible to withdraw. "But first," said Bella, "we must help Bridget clear up"; and she found the stub of a broom, which was all the broom there was, and swept the floors herself. "I shouldn't mind it," she thought, "if it were for theatrials, and I'm sure these are theatricals." And then she apportioned a share of the dusting to Flossy and Bessy, and afterward had them go upstairs with her and try and make the beds decent, for the mother was occupied with the baby, nursing which was about all she could do when she didn't have a headache. "If we make our beds," said Bella, "and do the dusting and mending, it leaves time for Bridget to do the heavier work, don't you see?" And of course, led off by Bella just from school, looking to them so exquisite in her fresh pink print and clean ruffle, they were willing and ready to do all she wished; and when, after what she called a scrap and scramble dinner, they found her on her knees sewing up the holes in the old carpet, it didn't seem so hard to Flossy and Bessy to give an hour themselves to darning table-cloths and mending sheets and pillow-cases and their own under-wear before they swarmed out to play again.

But it was up-hill work. What little property there was to live upon was in trust for the mother, and Mr. Parmenter had nothing to do with it; thus they were sure of enough shelter and food and fire. Mr. Parmenter was very good-natured, and kept himself in what he called his office most of the time. But when, in a few weeks, Bella's attempt at tidying the house slowly dawned on him, and he realized that the children had clean faces and clean tiers and smooth hair at table, and saw Bella washing and wiping windows and trying to cover the stains on the wall, he seemed spurred to some unusual exertion, for a paper-hanger and whitewasher one day appeared and made a new thing of the down-stairs region, and another day a carpet came home that, if its colors set Bella's teeth on edge, was at least whole and clean, and it was some satisfaction to observe that her step-father approved of her, and was willing to help her after a fashion all he could, while her mother seemed to feel that an angel had come into the house and no less. Bella used to think sometimes that probably she would become an angel if things went on without mending: if Kitty bit Ally, and Ally scratched Tommy, and Tommy pinched Bessy, and Bessy made faces at Flossy, and Flossy slapped Bessy, and Ben grumbled and growled at the whole of them. Yet she thought she saw the least slight ray of improvement—and patience, who knew? Still she did not dare remember the sweet decorum and happiness of St. Mark's and Waterways, the bright luxurious gayety of Clifftop and Mrs. Tenterden. She had not heard from Clifftop, moreover, for so long that she felt as if they might have forgotten her.

She was thinking of this one day, with her eyes just one big tear, when Mr. Parmenter brought her a letter. It was from Mrs. Tenterden; it had about it still that sweet odor of violets which was about all her things. Bella could have kissed it as she turned it over, and held it a moment before breaking the pretty seal. In this letter Mrs. Tenterden wrote that Bella had been left undisturbed during all these weeks, in order that she might acquire perfect knowledge on which to make her decision, and now the choice was offered to her to stay where she was, or go to Mrs. Tenterden's and be her own daughter. "My own," wrote Mrs. Tenterden, "in everything; sharing with Evelyn and Rosa and Adrian and Louis while I live and after I die, with my children for your brothers and sisters, with my love for you, with yours for me."

While Bella read the words the vision rose of the lovely home at Clifftop, the precision and order and luxury, the

beautiful rooms, the silent servants, the glimmering of the sea—vision, too, of the city life in winter, with its symphony concert and *matinée*, with its flower mission, its reading in the hospital, and with the affection of Rosa and Evelyn, of Adrian and Louis, and Mrs. Tenterden's surrounding grace and sweetness and beauty—a life of goodness made easy, of pleasure, of power; and she seemed to hear that hidden music of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* pulsing through the whole of it. And dimly as she mused across her reverie came her mother's weak voice, fretting because Kitty would not let the baby alone; because Tommy would not have his face washed; because Ally had no clean gown to put on; because Bessy wouldn't lay down her fairy-book, and take Tommy and put him to sleep. And Bella roused herself to see Flossy, smart with soiled ribbons, strolling off with that flaunting Ewers girl; to see her step-father vainly struggling to get his hand into his sleeve through the torn lining; to see Ben worried and perplexed with his slate and problem. "Oh no," she said to herself; and presently wrote to Mrs. Tenterden: "One day I shall die, I suppose—everybody does—and go to heaven, maybe, and heaven then will seem no lovelier to me than life with you does now. It makes me cry. I don't know how I shall bear it. But of course I can; and by-and-by I shall be happy. I have been away too long; and no, oh no, I cannot go, for I am needed. It is a great thing to be needed; and my duty is here."

A BOY'S BRICK-YARD.

BY C. W. MILLER.

"ONE touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Playing in the mud is one of those touches. Darwin traced the human race back through monkeys, fish, etc., to clams, and every child's delight in a mud-puddle seems to support the claim origin.

When we boys outgrew the mud-pie period (to use a geological expression), some one suggested a brick-yard—a proposal which was hailed with enthusiasm. We soon learned to make excellent brick, well shaped, well burned, and suitable for all kinds of play-houses, chimneys, furnaces, dams, piers, wharves, etc.

I want to tell the boys of to-day just how to make these toy brick. I call them toy brick because they were small; otherwise they were similar to the ordinary red brick. Our tools were exceedingly simple, copied from those we saw used in the large yards. Now they make brick by machinery, and the simpler hand tools have gone out of use, except, perhaps, in some small yards in the country.

The first and most essential thing is the clay supply. This generally is easily obtained; any clay will do. If the bricks made from the raw clay are found to change their shape and crack, sand may be added until the form is retained. If the bricks are tender and break easily, too much sand has been added. Mix the clay and sand if necessary in any convenient hole, or in a barrel, using water enough to wet thoroughly, but not enough to make the clay liquid. The mixture should be as stiff as can be conveniently moulded, so that the green bricks, as they are called, will retain their shape when set up to dry. All pebbles, bits of shells, etc., should be removed from the clay.

To form the brick the moulder dips the mould (shown in the picture) in a tub of water, so that the clay will not stick to the wood, and lays it on a board, which forms the bottom of the moulds. He takes a handful of clay and forces it into one end, a second handful is forced into the other, and the rest of the mould is jammed full. When the three spaces have been filled he cuts off the excess of clay with a knife, which is a bow strung with a wire instead of a string.

The three green bricks are now turned out on to a second board. Another boy takes

this board and carries it to an open space, where he sets them on edge to dry. When half dry they are turned over, so that the bottom dries also. After the bricks are firm they are ready to be burned.

To burn the bricks properly they should be made into a kiln. First build a fireplace, being careful to leave spaces between every two bricks. Around the fireplace build open work with the rest of the bricks, leaving flues in all directions. Make the outside as tight as possible, leaving openings for the draught, for the door to the fireplace, and make several chimneys. Now start a fire, with chips or any kind of fuel, in the fireplace, and when it is well going draw the heat through different parts of the kiln.

This is done by stopping up all the chimneys but one. Of course the smoke and heated air must find their way to this one outlet. By having several openings in different parts of the pile the fire is drawn to all parts.

After the fire has burned for some time take down the pile and sort over the bricks. Those which are well burned lay in one pile; they are finished. Those which are half burned lay in a second pile; they must be burned again.

A word as to the size of the brick. We found the most convenient four inches long, two inches wide, one inch thick. Bricks of this size are easy to handle, dry much quicker, and require less time to burn. They are a good size to build with, as you can make a handsome wall four inches thick, which is suitable for small buildings. The shape twice as wide as thick, and twice as long as wide, is the best for miscellaneous buildings.

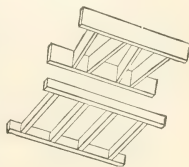
Sometimes it is desirable to build arches for the tops of windows and doors, for the arches of bridges, etc. In this case it is best to have brick of a wedge shape. If you wish to make semicircular arches, two feet from wall to wall, make the brick four inches long, two inches wide at the top, and one and a half inches at the bottom (a mould for making such brick is shown in the picture). By laying them as shown in the drawing you get an arch in the form of a half circle.

Arches may be built with common brick by filling the tops of the open joints with pieces of slate, etc.

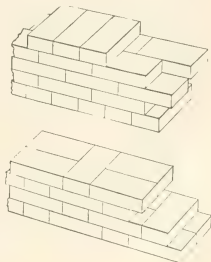
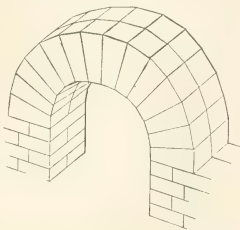
In laying the brick common mortar made of slacked lime, sand, and water is best, but they may also be laid in clay, which is made thinner than that used in moulding the brick. I have shown in the picture two ways of laying up a four-inch wall. The bricks which run lengthwise are called "stretchers," those running across are called "headers." One made of rows of headers and rows of stretchers is called "English bond." That made of alternate headers and stretchers is called "Flemish bond."

The latter is easier to build, because the joints are all alike, while in the English bond the headers must be closer together than the stretchers, or the wall will not be even.

When you build an arch you must have a support to hold the bricks in place until they are set. This support is called a "centre," and is made of boards.



MOULDS.



BRICKLAYING.

JUNE
 Here is June with a
 guide and a rose
 Hunt for her friends and
 her fair friends
 And she cries, Children dear,
 Vacation is near,
 And it's time for the school-
 books to close."



OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THEY were not my little girls—no, indeed!—but when I stepped into the open car on a pretty tree-shaded avenue I did think they might belong to my set. They had such sweet faces, such beautiful hair, such nice clean hands, such dainty gowns! I don't believe, though, that girls who read *Harper's Young People* would do what they did. I am half ashamed to tell you, only being sure that none of you *ever* do so ill-bred a thing, and quite sure that you will show your disapproval if you happen to see it done. I will just whisper that the pretty little girls were—vigorously chewing gum, as though their lives depended upon chewing the horrid stuff. Oh, the depths of my disgust! You would have felt precisely as I did, wouldn't you? No; they were not my little girls, I am certain.

This letter, giving a description of an ocean voyage, is very creditable to its author, a girl of fifteen:

A JOURNEY FROM BUENOS AYRES TO KARLSRUHE.

One bright afternoon, in Buenos Ayres, toward the close of summer, a tram-car stopped near the Mole. Out of it stepped two or three gentlemen, several ladies, and a number of children. They all carried parcels, baskets, etc., and the general business air of the whole party suggested a voyage. They were starting on a voyage, and a pretty big one too. Mrs. Brunswick was taking seven children of her own and five nieces to Germany for their education. A governess accompanied them. It was a long journey, and must be taken a great deal of thought before attempting. The children, however, did not think of that, and as it is chiefly about them this story is written, we will not say much about the elders. At the Mole were many relations and friends to see the party off. No tears were shed; they were strictly forbidden. It would have been too much for the children, and besides, the prospect of a great deal of thought before attempting. The children, however, did not think of that, and as it is chiefly about them this story is written, we will not say much about the elders. At the Mole were many relations and friends to see the party off. No tears were shed; they were strictly forbidden. It would have been too much for the children, and besides, the prospect of a great deal of thought before attempting.

All the older children felt sad at leaving their friends, but counted themselves by the prospect of the fun they were going to have on board. No thoughts of sea-sickness entered their heads. Under the strong arm of the Italian boatman, the boat soon reached the small steamer, and from that to the large one was not a very long journey. On board, the children amused themselves by watching the passengers arrive, and also by examining the ship and all its different parts.

At 6 p. m. the *Leibnitz* left Buenos Ayres. Early next morning the *Leibnitz* was at Montevideo, where she anchored just outside the harbor. To the right was the town of Montevideo, built on a peninsula, and so helping to form the pretty harbor. To the left was the Cerro, a small mountain with a fort on the top. No trees grew on this mountain, and it looked very bare. At Montevideo more passengers came on board, and more friends to bid farewell. At eight the *Leibnitz* left.

Nearly all the children were sea-sick next morning, and even Mrs. Brunswick was sick at Rio, just six days after leaving Buenos Ayres. The *Leibnitz* sighted Rio on the 28th of March, 1888. It was a day ever to be remembered by all on board. None of the children had seen anything as beautiful as Rio. At about one o'clock the first mountain came in sight. All

sea-sickness was forgotten. The children could not eat their lunch peacefully; they kept running up on deck every few minutes to see how much nearer they were getting. The mountains were so close that the children could see the water to the right of the vessel. The river, which came into view first, came into view appeared, to the children's inexperienced eyes, to be covered with grass. On coming nearer, this turned out to be lovely palm-trees, which began half-way up the mountain and grew right to the top. The other side was bare rock. Behind this mountain was another, and different, not so beautiful as the first. On this was a light-house. As the steamer got nearer, mountains seemed to rise on every side, and the ship was covered with the thick entkinds of trees. In many places palm-trees rose up straight above everything else. Later on the ship passed the rocks which form a place called the "Duke of Wellington." The *Leibnitz* passed close to small islands covered with grass and palm-trees. Patches of bare rock rose in their midst, forming a very pretty picture. There were plenty of little natural bays among the rocks, and fishing-boats were everywhere tossing about on the waves. Entering the harbor, the steamer passed the fort, and the city, which rises up on the left-hand entrance, and looks like a big lump of sugar. Every one remained on deck all the afternoon, watching the scenery, which was very beautiful. The sea was to the left of the steamer, and had plenty of green about it. Houses appeared right up the mountains, surrounded by the forest. It seemed impossible that yellow-fever could be so frequent in such a pretty place. In the harbor were a great many vessels. Small steamers kept darting to and fro, and the sight of the colorful sails causing universal admiration by their rapidity and grace. The porpoises also amused the children very much; they ran races under and around the ship, and did many other interesting antics. Unfortunately a fog hid the tall Organ Mountains, and all mountains far inland, until the next day, when the harbor again appeared. How beautiful that it had at first. The change in the water was also very interesting to the children. When the *Leibnitz* sighted Rio the water was blue, and when within shelter of the rocks it became much smoother, and when the ship cast anchor in the harbor there was scarcely a ripple on the surface. In the spite of the fog, however, the passengers could not help watching all the new objects which kept appearing. The children were all much impressed and excited. Every minute they kept calling out to the captain to show some beautiful trees, water-falls, or anything else which attracted their eyes. It was very late before they were all in bed, and still later when the last eyes closed. Next morning it was drizzling, though the fog was not so dense. Every one was disappointed, for the *Leibnitz* was to remain till the afternoon. The children, and all who wanted to go ashore, were much dismayed, and kept gazing up at the clouds with great eagerness.

The fog, however, cleared away, and the children ordered the day before, arrived. At the same time the sun came out. The children scrambled quickly into the boat, for if it rained again they would have had to stay on board. They had not yet there before such a terrible thing could happen. The steam-launch went right up a street of water, with houses on both sides, and stopped at some very slippery stone steps. There every one got out. What joy it was to be on dry land once more! At first all the children were disappointed, for the streets were so narrow, and the tall houses hid the beautiful scenery from view. Eighteen persons landed in one party. The children were very much amused at seeing many smiling and happy faces, and spoke instead of Spanish. After turning into several streets the party reached the tram-car and got in. The Rio tram-cars are much smaller than those in Buenos Ayres, and are drawn by one or sometimes two mules. The drive was delightful. Looking up some narrow street, a tall mountain would seem to block up the sky, and the houses and trees grew everywhere. Further out of town the streets became wider, and the houses were fewer, and the trees and houses, with beautiful gardens, were on both sides of the road; the houses, quaint and old-fashioned, were of many different shapes and sizes. At about 12 m. the tram-car stopped at the Botanical Gardens, and the whole party got out. Looking straight through the gate, the

first thing which attracted every one's eyes was the magnificent avenue of palms. Going off to both sides were more palms, and the first thing the children did was to run to an iron pump, which stood on one side of the gate, to drink water. They afterward went off in twos and threes to different parts of the garden, following down paths shaded by banana and other trees, while wild ferns grew on both sides. There were a great many trees which the children did not know. Green banana trees, with their long branches; as they could not eat them, some of the children filled their pockets full, intending to bring them home to eat. They also filled their pockets got all sticky, and they had to wipe them away. Ferns, seeds, and stones were collected, and after having spent a most happy hour in the garden, the children returned to the restaurant on the opposite side of the road. They were given lemonade and biscuits, and ate them under the trees, enjoying themselves thoroughly. Going back, every one was rather tired, and some of the little ones fell asleep. The same tram-car that had brought them carried the party back. The steam launch reached the *Leibnitz* at about 3 p. m. All the children were sorry to leave such an attractive place so soon, and wished they could have remained at Rio a month, instead of a day.

That afternoon the *Leibnitz* left for Madeira, where she arrived on the 14th of April. Every one played "bull" a great deal. This is a favorite game, and is played on a board which consists of a board marked in squares. In each square is a number, 10, 20, and so forth up to 100. Round pieces of lead, rather flat, called quitoes, are thrown into the squares, and the one with the highest number. Any amount may be fixed upon for gaining. The game is played for hours, and the children's evening game. Finkenstein was the one to play the game. The children played hide-and-seek. A post is chosen for "home," and one remains there with his eyes covered until he can see the first person who goes away and hide. The seeker leaves his post to look for the others, and while he is away they must try and touch the post, at the same time calling out "I am back." When the seeker sees them, calls out their names, and reaches the post before they do, whoever is caught must seek. The girls crocheted and knitted. The only lesson was reading aloud a short time every day. A good many vessels passed the *Leibnitz*, and when they came near enough every one cheered, and the children could hear, the people on board the other ships answered.

On the 14th the *Leibnitz* arrived at Madeira. No one was allowed to land, as the steamer was put in quarantine, and the children were on board, and from the ship could be seen little cascades falling down the mountains. The scenery was also very pretty, but not so grand or impressive as that of Rio. The boats were small, and not so large. Little yellow boys came in boats up to the steamer, and dived for shillings. It was very funny to hear them call out, in broken English, "The children's money." Some of them crossed right under the ship for one shilling. Many boats came to the side of the steamer, selling the children's dresses, baskets, parrots, walking-sticks, basket chairs, and other things. That afternoon the *Leibnitz* left with a very disappointed crew, for every one had wanted to stay in Madeira. The children suddenly coming into Madeira, for at the island it was quite warm and some distance from it quite cold.

From Madeira to Southampton the weather was very nice. Nothing wonderful happened beyond a whale appearing near the ship, and causing a great deal of excitement. The *Leibnitz* arrived at Southampton on the 1st of May, at 2 3/4 p. m., and left before 4 the same afternoon. Some friends came on board with large bunches of primroses (the children's favorite flowers), which were distributed among the passengers. The passengers excepting Mrs. Brunswick and her family left the steamer at Southampton. There were many handkerchiefs and shawls waved as the steamer left handkerchiefs and shawls were waved.

The scenery was very pretty, especially when the *Leibnitz* passed the last of Weymouth. The scenery was such a pretty green. The children saw Osborne Palace, and also a steamer cast upon the beach, and the cliffs of Dorset, which, the captain said, could only be seen once in a few days. It was very chilly at Southampton. After leaving, the *Leibnitz* went down the Channel. The scenery was very pretty in all places. The children saw both Belgium and Holland, but not one mountain. The grass, where it could be seen, was very green, and the little villages along the coast very quaint.

The first part of Antwerp which appeared was the spire of the cathedral. A tug took the *Leibnitz* round the harbor, and the children saw it into full view. The children liked watching most the vessels; they were the largest steamers and sailing ships, and had many flags flying, and many of many different colors, and many languages. The *Leibnitz* went right up to the pier. The town looked very old-fashioned; and the children were very much interested.

The next day the children said good-bye to the *Leibnitz* and to the captain, and went ashore.



THE HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

A TRIP TO BOSTON.

A Play for Little Folk.

WHO wants to go to Boston—
To Boston town and back—
With Bobby dear for engineer
To keep us on the track?
These Turkish chairs and sofas
Shall be our parlor-car;
We'll need mayhap to take a nap,
We're going, oh, so far!
And Bess may be conductor,
With tickets, checks, and punch,
And little Roy shall be the boy
To sell us all a lunch.
And Maud can bring us water
In little pail and cup,
With lumps of ice to make it nice,
And we will drink it up.
And Jack shall be the brakeman,
The iron wheel to work,
And then to call the stations all,
And stop us with a jerk.
Now all aboard! we're ready,
In hat and travelling gown.
Come, engineer, and quickly steer
Us straight to Boston town.

EMMA C. DOWD.



MASTER FRANK SELECTS A PIECE TO RECITE THAT WILL PERMIT OF A PROPTISE DISPLAY OF GESTURES.



HAVING COMMITTED HIS SELECTION TO MEMORY, HE BEGINS ITS RECITATION WITH CONFIDENCE AND GRACE.



BUT A FLY ALIGHTING ON HIS NOSE CAUSES HIM TO USE A GESTURE INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO THE AUDIENCE.



HAVING RECOVERED HIMSELF, HE PROCEEDS WITH, "AND THEN ANON HE BOWS HIS HEAD,"



AND THEN RAISES HIS OWN WITH A JERK, AND MAKES A SAVAGE GRAB AT THE INSECT. HIS AUDIENCE ARE STILL MORE PIZZLED.



"AFAR OFF NOW THE WESTERN SKY," HE RECITES, AND MAKES ANOTHER DESPERATE LUNGE, ABSOLUTELY MEANINGLESS TO THE DELIGHTED SCHOOL.



AND ENDS HIS RECITATION AND THE FLY'S EXISTENCE WITH A MOST EXTRAORDINARY GESTURE, AT WHICH THE STUDENTS ARE HIGHLY PLEASED.



FRANK RETIRES, SOMEWHAT ABASHED, AND MAKES UP HIS MIND THAT THE WAY OF THE ELOCUTIONIST IS HARD—IN FLY-TIME.

SOME QUEER GESTURES.

BUSINESS BOYS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



ERE I just setting out in life, taking upon me for the first time the dignity of working for others and earning my own wages, I think I would be glad of a pleasant word by way of counsel from a friend who knew the difficulties and also the rewards which may come to a business boy.

Such a friend could tell me what to avoid, what to expect, what to cultivate, and the plainer, the more direct and straightforward the talk, the more useful it would be to me.

The talk I propose to give you to-day is precisely of this kind. It is addressed to boys who are about to leave school and enter the shop, office, or counting-room, the warehouse or factory. In whatever department of trade or business you have found your niche, if you are a business boy, I have a word for you.

Hitherto, having been at school or at home, you have been under the care and protection of your parents and teachers. Your daily routine has been marked for you, and you have been held responsible only for good lessons and good conduct. You have had a great deal more leisure, much more time to play, and many more holidays than you can expect to have hereafter. For every business boy is the making of a business man, and business men, as you know, have to give their minds and their whole strength to their work. In no other way can they expect to succeed. From the time when the Wise Man wrote, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings," until the present day, there is no royal road to success. A business boy must give himself to his work. A business boy, though under orders to his employer, must to a degree look out for and control himself. At school, if a lad is idle or insubordinate, there are penalties; he will be detained after school, or have impositions in the way of extra tasks, or be somehow disgraced. But unless he is a very worthless pupil indeed, he will not be expelled, for the aim of parent and master will be to develop the good that is in him, to help him to see a better and nobler ideal.

In few business establishments, however earnest might be the desire of the employer to reform a sullen or trifling or useless lad, would it be possible long to retain one who was idle or disobedient. After a trial or two the lad who was influencing others in a wrong direction, and arresting the orderly progress of the general business, would find himself dismissed. It is expected, you see, that a business boy shall be manly. He must put away the childishness which interferes with his right and steady performance of duty.

One of the first principles underlying success in business is thorough honesty. Your employer buys your time; the hours, therefore, for which he pays do not belong any longer to you, but to him. If, therefore, you are due at the office at six or seven or eight o'clock, you owe it to the man or the house employing you to be at your post on time precisely. It is better to be ten or fifteen minutes too early than even one minute too late.

You owe your employer attention; your mind must not be wool-gathering while you have work to do, but you should devote the whole strength of your powers to doing whatever you are set to do in the very best way. Sent on an errand, do not loiter; intrusted with a message, deliver it promptly and precisely as it was given to you; charged

with carrying a package, despatched to the post-office or the bank, go straight as an arrow from the bow to the place indicated, and return as promptly. The boy who can be depended upon in these regards is soon considered an excellent and valuable business boy, and will probably receive promotion.

"Because thou hast been faithful in a few things," said the ruler in the parable to the man with ten talents, "I will make thee ruler over many things."

The faithful, attentive, apt boy will never stay long at the bottom of the ladder.

About money let me give you a caution. Never, even for five minutes, cheat yourself into the notion that any one else's money belongs to you. Never borrow without leave any sum, from a penny to a thousand dollars. Gloss it over as you may, such borrowing is theft. The boy or the man who takes what does not belong to him is a thief. He may never be discovered, but whether or not his dishonesty is revealed, he is a thief, and he knows it, and God knows it.

Cultivate in yourself a nice sense of honor. Not a grape on the myriad clusters heaped up before the grocer's door, not a candy on the confectioner's counter, not an apple or a peach on the table in the house where you happen to be stopping, belongs to you, unless you can buy and pay for it, or unless it is bestowed upon you as a gift. Be above pilfering; to steal the smallest trifle is morally as wrong as to embezzle thousands of dollars.

It is no disgrace to a boy to wear an old patched coat, clumsy shoes, trousers baggy at the knees, a battered hat. It is in some circumstances a great honor for him to appear in the garb of poverty, especially when his earnings are given to help an ailing father or a widowed mother, or to drive the wolf from the door of some aged relative. The real disgrace is in dressing or living beyond one's means, and so rushing into temptation and incurring debt.

May I say a word about your earnings? They will not be very large at first, because while you are inexperienced, and only learning the first steps in business, your services are not very valuable. In fact, the opportunity to learn is in itself a part of your payment, and in many cases a boy may well be content to work without salary for several years if he can thereby be taught his chosen business in a desirable establishment.

Make up your mind not to spend all you earn. If you are living at home with your parents, and are not required to pay anything for your board, perhaps not allowed to contribute to the cost of your clothing, you should be able to save a good sum every year. Where, as often is the case, a boy is expected mainly to clothe himself, perhaps to help toward family expenses, he can, of course, save less; but if he see the importance of thrift, he will put something by. It is a good plan to go to a savings-bank, make a deposit, have a book of your own, and from time to time, regularly if possible, add to the little fund, which will be gathering interest as the months roll by. In time you may have enough to be of great assistance to you when the time comes for investing some portion of the little capital.

The bank-book will keep you from much useless spending, for the money itself will be out of your hands, and safely locked up where it cannot burn a hole in your pocket. Immense amounts are wasted in trifles by boys who smoke cigarettes to the detriment of their health and growth, who eat pea-nuts and chew gum, buy tawdry papers and trashy books, and spend money in silly amusements.

If you are, as I hope, a sensible fellow, either living in

a boarding-house (a very lonely life, too, for a boy of your age, which, I take it, is between fourteen and eighteen), or living at home, you will attach yourself regularly to some church and Sunday-school. Companionship, recreation, congenial friends, will thus be insured to you; in the pastor and superintendent you will find advisers in whom you may confide, and whose counsel will be worth your listening to, if you ever are in need of help. A word of recommendation from the clergyman whose church a lad attends, or from the Sunday-school superintendent or teacher who takes a personal interest in his welfare, is usually taken as a certificate of character—a voucher for the boy's respectability, good morals, and general trustworthiness. In connection, too, with church life and work, there are usually sociables, entertainments, and helpful clubs, which afford in the business boy's crowded life the diversion and recreation he needs. I cannot speak too strongly on this point. Attached to a church a boy is anchored. He is not in danger of being set adrift, without rudder or pilot, on the sea that is fatal to so many barks.

If there is a Young Men's Christian Association in your town, I would urge your availing yourself, so far as you can, of its privileges. At a small monthly, quarterly, or yearly cost, a boy may secure the freedom here of ample parlors, well warmed and lighted, of gymnasiums equipped with everything necessary for physical exercises, and of a well-stocked reading-room and library. Classes for instruction in science, art, and languages are provided with the best appliances, and taught by accomplished tutors and professors, so that at the Young Men's Christian Association a boy's evenings may be spent in solid profit, as well as in sparkling pleasure.

Amusement and diversion you of course must have, but seek them in the right way, in good places, in good company.

As a rule, the boy in business must not expect very rapid promotion. He must climb, and often climb slowly. He does not come in contact with the heads of the great house where he works, and his very name may be unknown to them; but he must not forget that his place and the work that he has to do are important. One flaw in the ship's timber, and the fatal leak may spring, to the destruction of the vessel with all on board. In the carrying forward of great business enterprises, it is important that everybody, from the merchant himself to the lowest of the errand-boys, should fulfil his part honorably and thoroughly.

In speaking of saving some portion of your earnings, I do not want to omit reminding you of the duty of giving a part of them away. Every honest and conscientious person should regard himself as placed in trust of whatever he earns, bound to spend and to save as in the sight of God. Determine the amount you ought to set aside for the collection box, for charity, for the helping on of the Kingdom of Heaven. Having resolved on the sum, whether it be a penny a week, two cents, or five, or ever so much more, set that amount religiously aside. It is the Lord's money now, not your own. It is the willing heart which pleases God, and surely when He bestows on us so much, we are churls if we refrain from returning our gifts to Him. But never make a parade of your self-denial, and do not fancy that it entitles you to any special praise or credit. "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth" is the Bible rule about alms-giving.

A business boy should cultivate a genial and agreeable manner, at once obliging and deferential. Nothing is more unfortunate than a boorish or bearish or surly manner in business.

Let me illustrate. I am not especially unamiable, but the other day, wanting to buy a portière for a certain doorway in my home, I visited a shop where such articles were displayed in abundance. You will think it strange, but

I absolutely could not make a selection in that establishment, where fabric and color and price were in widest variety, because of the manner of the salesman. This young gentleman absolutely antagonized me by his lofty patronage. He began by informing me that I did not know what I wanted, scoffed at my taste, insinuated that I could not afford anything costly, and altogether made himself so insufferable that I left the place without becoming a purchaser. A half-hour later, in another shop, I bought not only the article of which I had been in search, but several others which I had not then intended to procure. In the second instance, the clerk was kind, polite, and respectful, leaving to his customer also the right of private judgment.

"Can you sell goods?" asked a merchant one day of a young man who had applied for a vacancy in one of his rooms.

"Certainly, sir; I can sell goods to anybody who wants to buy."

"No doubt. But that is not the question. Can you sell goods to people who are rather indifferent in the matter, to people who do not want to buy? There is the test," said the man of affairs.

As a business boy you should write a fair, legible hand, easily read, bold and free from useless flourishes, and you should be able to add up accounts quickly and exactly; also to write a brief, courteous business letter. Likewise you should take care of your dress. Let it be clean and whole, well brushed, and free from grease and other spots. Nicely brushed hair, clean hands and finger-nails, politeness in speaking to those above you, alertness in obeying a call or an order, are all worth thinking about, if you mean to be in the line of promotion.

In truth, dear boy, there are no trifles beneath our notice, if we mean to get on in life. Merchants sometimes select boys for their service or reject them because of something which the boys never meant for their inspection. The oath which leaped thoughtlessly from the lips of the boy who had picked up the vulgar and wicked habit of profanity in the streets may have lost him the good position for which he longed, and changed the tenor of his whole life. No gentleman swears, and many gentlemen utterly refuse to have around them boys who prove themselves cads by their habit of swearing.

A boy once gained a good situation through his careful way of handling money when it was given him in change.

"See there!" said an elderly man, seated near the ferry gates, "that lad folds up his money, and puts it quickly yet carefully into his purse. That is the boy I've been looking for to go into my office."

A distinguished American, in addressing the graduates of a certain college gave them this advice: Stick, dig, save. Of saving I have already spoken. Let me speak of sticking fast. It is a mistake to change one's place of business lightly or frequently, laying you open to an imputation of fickleness or vacillation, making people shy of employing you in any capacity. A rolling stone gathers no moss, says the familiar adage. Stay where you are and do the best you can, is the motto dictated by common-sense. Do not be afraid of work, nor envious of somebody whose work is lighter than your own. Work as if the business belonged to you, and consider your employer's interests as if they were yours. Be faithful, for fidelity is worth its weight in gold.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise.
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

In a commercial country great power is vested in business men. But business men must lay the foundations of their honorable success by being thorough and diligent, honest and prompt, polite and well-bred, while they are yet business boys.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR COMMENCEMENT.

BY HELEN M. NORTH.

SO many high-schools and grammar-schools, as well as seminaries and colleges, celebrate the Commencement season with floral decorations that a few suggestions as to methods by which good results may be secured will not be amiss.

There are many pretty ways of arranging the stage, which is the principal thing to be considered, for Commencement exercises. If you are fortunate enough to live in or near the country, there is simply no end to the beautiful effects that may be produced with a little, or we would better say with considerable time and pains. Painstaking shows here as anywhere else. If your hall be an ordinary square, uninviting room, and seems beyond the reach of skilled fingers, do not despair. Inquire into the resources of the country around, and if you are chairman of the Decorating Committee, go and see for yourself whether the statement that there are "loads and loads of daisies in our pasture" is literally true. Your hall can be entirely transformed with plenty of daisies, grasses, and ferns. They contain all the elements of effective decoration if carefully used. In order to insure perfect freshness, your ferns must be gathered without disturbing the roots, but the hardy little daisies are more reliable, and will keep a long time if cut on the stem.

A pretty stage effect has been arranged from a supply of very tall ferns, or "brakes," as the country children call them, gathered with their roots. Select four sizes of boxes, long and narrow rather than deep, from a shoe-store basement, and get two of each size. These should be covered on the top, or rather on the bottom, which becomes the top, with green cambric of a dark shade. Now place the largest boxes on opposite sides of the stage, at front or back, as desired, and pile the others upon them, putting the last and smallest at the top, right side up, the others standing on their open side.

You have now the foundation for a splendid fern pyramid, which may be completed in several ways, and if nicely done, will be as fine as the work of a city florist. Around the lowest box loosely gather patches of moss, stray ferns, or any available greens. On the top of the first box, surrounding the front and sides of the second (the space being of any width you choose), place a row of the tall ferns, securing them if necessary with a stout cord. Their roots will be concealed by the greens at the base. On the front and sides of the second box, surrounding the third, arrange another bank of the ferns, whose graceful fronds will hide the box next above. The third is treated in the same way, and in the fourth you may arrange a pyramid of green or flowers to suit your fancy; but the arrangement which I saw had nothing but ferns, and the effect was more beautiful than you can imagine, unless you have tried it. Of course the pyramids may be made to cover any desired space by selecting larger or smaller boxes; or a single one may be built in the rear of the stage, and piled to any height you please. You may now have a fringe of ferns banked at the edge of the platform, not set up in uncompromising stiffness, but gracefully falling over each other, and forming a pretty screen for the nervous and sometimes awkward feet that support their trembling owners rather unsteadily during the trying ordeal.

For lighter effects, with so much green, you may use quantities of daisies in baskets of all sorts. I have seen very common-looking market baskets, and even larger ones, elevated on boxes concealed by vines, and so transformed by mossy coverings that no one would have guessed what a very ordinary receptacle was hidden beneath.

An ingenious young teacher produced a beautiful effect in a very unattractive hall by a simple and artistic device.

A carpenter fitted across the base of the platform a shelf about a foot or a foot and a half wide, which inclined backward, making a large angle with the floor of the stage. On the balustrade of the short flight of steps leading to the platform on either side the shelf was not inclined, but rested on its surface. A company of the younger boys, who would otherwise have had no part in the preparations, and who worked with a will, brought from the woods a great quantity of moss, which, placed against the shelf, formed a fine background for the wilderness of short ferns and daisies which were made to spring out from it, and the whole made a charming setting for the bright faces and dainty costumes on the stage. Small inverted umbrella stands, crowned with tall bouquets in slender vases, were placed at intervals behind the shelf, and agreeably broke up the rather extended outline of the wide front, while a low, flat bouquet, based with wide-spreading leaves, concealed and beautified the old-fashioned posts at the foot of the stairs.

Handsome floral balls are made of two ox muzzles filled with moss, then fastened together to form a solid ball, and plentifully stuck with daisies and a few feathery ferns. These may be suspended from the galleries at frequent intervals. Pink balls are made in the same way of the old-fashioned cinnamon roses, which bloom so freely about Commencement time, partially veiled by ferns, maiden-hair being the best choice. Any flower of decided color, whether pretty or not, may be effectively massed in this manner with the help of vines or ferns. The point to be remembered in all decoration for large rooms is that striking effects are the *only* ones that count. A basket of pansies, though rich in color and of choice variety, will not compare for general results with a huge cluster of common roses or field daisies. If the ox muzzles or ordinary hanging baskets are not easily obtained, the common wooden bowls or trays designed for kitchen use can be transformed into luxuriant hanging baskets. Gimlet holes are bored in the sides, and a stout wire or a small rope serves for a handle. Moss or sand furnishes a foundation on which you may build all sorts of beautiful ovals or pyramids of flowers or greens. A trailing vine wound over the handle adds to its beauty, but if a fine wire is used, no ornamentation is necessary.

Floral screens are often useful for cutting off the corners of the stage or to conceal an unsightly object. They may be made of interlacing vines, with occasional flowers lightly tucked in at the back to brighten the effect, or of solid masses of flowers, or of laurel spray or evergreen sewed on a groundwork of cloth. Curtains of vines draped about doorways or arches are exceedingly beautiful, but not so easily arranged as the screens, since long, strong vines in abundance are necessary to their construction. They should be looped back by garlands of roses or some bright flower, and when made of smilax produce an unusually delicate effect.

A pretty bit of ornamentation is produced by placing a tall vase of long delicate ferns on a small table before a large mirror. It is not, however, always easy to find the party to lend the mirror. The ferns should be loosely arranged, and the reflections are very pleasing. Another odd device is to place a glass jar filled with branches of roses, or any other spreading sprays, in an old silk hat, around whose crown a large bow of white ribbon has been tied. Vines overrun the hat brim, which nicely supports them, and the ornament is very well placed on the piano, or in any other conspicuous location.

You will be greatly disappointed if you expect to accomplish anything beautiful or elaborate without a liberal expenditure of time. Careful planning is also necessary to success. Ferns and flowers are perishable articles, and even when taken with their roots should not be gathered until they are positively needed. Heavy rains and violent winds are liable to disappoint the arrange-

ments of the Decorating Committee. Plans should be made weeks beforehand, and the work carefully apporportioned.

All unnatural, stiff, and commonplace arrangements should be avoided. Do not allow a "piece" of any kind. The day of harps and lyres, and stars and crowns, and triangles made of flowers so closely crowded together that they might as well be of paper or muslin, has passed. Notice how gracefully and carelessly the flowers are distributed in the field. Here is a cluster of branching buttercups, around whose slender stems fine grasses are blowing, almost concealing the strong green leaves at their base. Rich red clover blooms lift their sweet heads from a wilderness of scattered leaves, whose varied greens harmonize so well with their blossoms. Daisies grow in masses and demand large fields. The work of the Great Artist, who has cunningly devised the choicest effects for nooks unvisited by man, as well as for His high hills and spreading plains, is worthy of careful study and imitation.

POT-POURRIS AND OLD STILL-ROOMS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

GOING into a pretty drawing-room the other day, I was reminded by a certain delicate fragrance which I perceived of a sunshiny morning in an old Italian palace, an October day before we began to think of chill weather, but when the rose-picking, drying, and—if I may use the term—"pot-pourri-ing" for the season, had begun. The fragrance in my friend's room proceeded from one of those pretty Oriental jars which we see everywhere nowadays, and which are filled with the mixture of dried flowers and spices known as pot-pourri. This especial jar had been well prepared: the odors therefrom were delicate and subtle, not too spicy nor overladen with aromatic herbs.

From the steps of the old palace in which we had our apartment an avenue half a mile in length led to the foot of the hill, and roses of every kind and hue bloomed in profusion on its borders: dainty white blossoms, pale pink, deep-hued Jacques, and the brilliant yellow roses of that country near the Adriatic. These served Marinetta's purpose admirably. She carefully collected the petals, picked all the full-blown roses, and finally came a day when in a sort of glass house, once perhaps a sculpture gallery, the process of drying and preparing began. The roses leaves were spread on sheets and dried in the sun; here and there some spice was strewn. Finally they were packed away in great jars to be burned during the winter in a little swinging brass censer, which, when carried about the room for a few moments, diffused an odor of roses that lingered nearly all day.

Marinetta's rose jars were scarcely pot-pourris. The meaning of the word, as your dictionary will tell you, is a combination or a mixture of various things. We speak of a "pot-pourri" in music, and mean a medley; of a literary pot-pourri, and it signifies a production made up of various odds and ends, worked together in a fashion, but with no especial union. The pot-pourri which perfumes our rooms is composed of a variety of ingredients, and in old times house-keepers were very careful about the preparation of them, thinking it no small accomplishment to learn the arts of what was known as the *still-room*, otherwise a place where herbs and flowers were dried, and pot-pourris, perfumes, washes, home-brewed medicines, and wines were made. The occupations of one such room come easily back to my mind as I write—a room in a house where there was always a delicious fragrance of lavender about the linen, where certain drawers on being opened emitted a faint, sweet, scent of sandal-wood; and where, after a summer rain, the odors of box and mignonette and moss-roses in the garden seemed to

mingle with these half-palpable, wholly delightful, fragrances of the quiet, roomy, old-fashioned house.

There are various ways of preparing pot-pourri. Perhaps one of the best and simplest is as follows:

Dry your rose leaves, if possible, for yourself, spreading them between layers of white wrapping-paper. If you cannot do so, buy them of some good druggist. Take half a pound of rose leaves, three-quarters of dried lavender, half a pound of crushed orris (as coarse as possible), three-quarters of an ounce of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice; mix well together with a sprinkling of table salt, but bear in mind that the salt must be used sparingly; pack this away tightly for a time in a jar, and it will be ready for use. A small handful tossed into an open fire emits a delightful perfume, as I can testify while writing these words, and if you can procure one of the little Italian censer lamps to which I have referred, burn some in that, and see how agreeably odoriferous it makes the atmosphere.

Perfumed boxes, bags, sofa cushions, and chair pillows are now in use, and sachet powders are expensive to purchase, but easily made at home. Ground sandal-wood makes a delicious powder. If you have a piece of the wood, let some druggist have it ground for you; if not, buy a piece, and have it ground. Another simple sachet powder is made of half a pound of dried rose leaves, a quarter of ground sandal-wood, and one-eighth of an ounce of ottar of rose. Patchouly should always be avoided in making a sachet powder. The odor is heavy, and in time becomes very unpleasant.

The best way to perfume cotton for wadding mouchoir cases or anything of the kind is to sprinkle it thoroughly with ottar of rose or of heliotrope. A delicate and more lasting odor is thereby procured than that which the sachet powders give, while, if you choose to take the trouble, an excellent perfumed skin may be prepared which will scent anything it is placed near. I have been given many recipes for this, but think the following the best: Ottar* of neroli, rose, and lavender, half an ounce; two drams of ottar of bergamot, cloves, and cinnamon; dissolve one ounce and three-quarters of gum-benzoin in this mixture; steep in this a nice piece of chamois or other soft leather; dry it after two days on a line. Get some good druggist to make a paste of the following ingredients: One dram of civet, one of grain musk, and enough gum-tragacanth to make it spread easily; mix up with this paste whatever you have left of the solution in which your leather was steeped, and having spread the leather with this paste, double it, paste side inward, and lay it between sheets of paper. Put it under a weight for about ten days, when it will be found to be so thoroughly perfumed that a small piece placed in a mouchoir case, among writing-paper, in one's bureau drawer, will perfume whatever it comes in contact with, and last for years. I knew a lady who sewed a piece of such leather into the tray of her trunk when travelling, and as a result a dainty, delicate aroma was perceptible in everything she wore, never unpleasantly strong, like the crude essences which are sometimes used so recklessly on pocket-handkerchiefs, but with the faint sweetness which belongs to a rose garden at sundown.

Small silk bags filled with dried lavender, ground sandal-wood, or home-made sachet powder, are nice little presents, and perfume a bureau drawer pleasantly; but one of the prettiest and daintiest of drawer linings, if I may call them so, are pieces of silk cut to fit the bottom of the drawer, and lined with a thin layer of cotton-wool over which sachet powder or ottar of rose is sprinkled. The pieces are then bound with narrow ribbon, and tacked together here and there with silk, not worsted or ribbon.

* An ottar (or *attar*) is the essential oil of a perfume.

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"RIO ACCOMPANIED THE VALISE TO THE CARRIAGE."—SEE PAGE 551.

RIO AND ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

"That brute have reason: sure 'tis something more;
 'Tis Heaven directs." —*The Chase.*

PERHAPS no man to whom Heaven had denied the gift of wife and children was ever more affectionate in his domestic life than Alexander Stephens, late Governor of Georgia, and once Vice-President of the "Confederate States." Such was the case not only with his servants, all of whom remained with him until his death in the year 1882, but with the beasts on the place. The care of females among these and their young was a source of perpetual solicitude. An unexpected, particularly a violent, death inflicted grief sometimes that was painful to see. Among the hundreds of letters written by him to his brother Linton and to his most intimate friends were many that were devoted, sometimes at much length, entirely to these animals. I recall one in which he told of his feelings when one of his cows, that was suckling a very young calf, in an effort to leap over the fence of a green lot was killed. His words of sympathy with the motherless showed that he had wept with it in its loss.

He was never without a dog of some sort as a daily and nightly companion while at home, and seldom (unless out of the State) when away. Of one of these some account is given herein.

When he was a member of Congress, several years before the war, a friend returning from Brazil brought to him a pup of the poodle kind. This pup, taken to his home in the village of Crawfordville, grew to a large size, and with his long snow-white curling hair, excellent shape, together with uncommon sagacity, was much admired. The warmest affection grew between Mr. Stephens and this dog, named Rio, in honor of his native city. In the summer nights Rio slept on the floor of his master's chamber; in the winter, upon the foot of his bed, a small riding-whip being stuck beneath the mattress within convenient reach as a monitor against too much restlessness or familiarity. In all visits, whether in the village or county or elsewhere in the State, to court sessions, public political debates, journeying afoot, on horseback, by private carriage or railroad, Rio accompanied. Whenever Mr. Stephens left home for the meeting of Congress the dog was taken in a buggy to his brother Linton, who resided at Sparta, about twenty-five miles south from Crawfordville and the Georgia Railroad, on which the latter is situated. There Rio remained during the sojourn at Washington. It was a habit with Mr. Stephens, whether the session had adjourned then or not, to return in order to attend the March and September terms of Greene County Superior Court, whereat he had a large business. Greensborough, the county-seat, is twenty miles west of Crawfordville. Thither Linton Stephens repaired in his buggy, taking Rio with him.

When this had occurred once, the dog ever thereafter knew well the purpose for which he was carried there. This was shown plainly on the next occasion, six months afterward. The evening up train from Augusta reached Greensborough about nine o'clock, the station being nearly half a mile from the hotel. For an hour or two after supper Rio had been observed to be restless and listening. Suddenly he burst from Linton's room, much to the latter's anxiety, rushed into the street, and made with utmost speed toward the station. A moment or so afterward was heard the whistle of the engine, the roar of whose train had been noticed by outsiders, but by none in-doors except Rio. The train had hardly come to a stop when the dog rushed up the steps, into the passenger car, and a second afterward, paws upon his master's shoulder, was barking with furious ecstasy in his face.

A more singular instance of his sagacity happened one day when Mr. Stephens set out for court, then holding session in Warrenton, county-seat of Warren, next east of Taliaferro, in which is Crawfordville. For some reason he decided not to take Rio along with him, and gave orders that he be confined until he himself was fairly off. No sooner had Rio been enlarged, after the departure of the train, than, escaping the surveillance of the servants, he fled to the station and boarded the next train that came along, several hours afterward. The conductor, after the start, noticing that he was travelling untended, but knowing him well, and that he was in pursuit of his master, pointed to a seat, upon which he sat, and for the rest of the way to Camak, the second station below Crawfordville, looked as composed and business-like as any other passenger. From Camak a small car drawn by mules travelled to Warrenton. To the conductor of this car the dog was assigned, and on the instant of its reaching its terminus Rio alighted, rushed to the court-house, within the bar, and stood before his master, whining and looking into his face with reproachful eyes.

Doubtless there never was a dog so well known in the State as Rio during a period of more than a dozen years. In court-rooms neither the judge, nor counsel, nor jurors, nor parties to suits, aware of the affection had for him, objected to his presence. Sometimes he was suspected of being weary with long trials in which his master did not take part, when, standing before the latter, he looked with pleading into his face, as much as to say, "Do please, Marse Ellick, let's get out of this place, and go somewhere where we can have, if only a little, fun."

An amusing incident took place at a public discussion in one of the lower counties of that Congressional district during the celebrated Know-Nothing campaign in 1855. It was known that Mr. Stephens was intending not to stand for re-election that fall, partly for the sake of being able to give more attention to his law business, now grown quite large, and also because of his opposition to the principles of the new party, of which very many of his personal friends, with a majority of his party (Whig), had become members. It was told him that at Augusta, the great stronghold of his opponents, some of the leading men among these had spoken derisively of his intention to retire from public life, alleging that it had been founded upon his assurance of defeat if he should stand at the hustings. His combative spirit impelled him to repair thither and announce himself a candidate.

Never before had political discussion in the district, and indeed throughout the State, been so bitter. In many counties from the beginning to the end of the campaign Mr. Stephens harangued great multitudes, many of whom were wrought into hot, dangerous excitement. With one after another of the ablest debaters of the opposition he wrestled often in argument and invective. Rio was always with him on the platform. At one of these debates a young man, as fiery as eloquent, was winding up his speech somewhat after the following: "Fellow-citizens, this man" (pointing to his opponent), "who has been going about abusing and vilifying the best people, who are trying to discharge the duties they owe to God and their country, I give him notice, and I give notice to his friends and partisans, that I mean to *hound* from one end of this district to the other; and furthermore, fellow-citizens—"

But his peroration ended there. Mr. Stephens, in a voice fine like a woman's, but clearly audible to a greater distance than any I have ever known, while Rio was on his four legs listening with intense interest, said: "Rio, you hear that, old fellow? You're going to have company following Marse Ellick about."

Rio, whose bark was uncommonly loud, lifted up his voice in most vigorous deprecation of such companionship. The sudden discomfiture of the speaker was so helplessly ludicrous that the whole crowd, Know-No-

things as well as Democrats, broke forth into uncontrollable laughter, in which Mr. Stephens himself soon joined.

After the campaign was over, to some friends who were jesting with the young man about various flings that he had received, he answered, merrily, "Yes indeed; I acknowledge that the old fellow was too much for me, especially on that day when he had his dog to help him."

Rio had been taught many tricks with which we have seen occasionally an unusually intelligent one of his species gifted. One of these was to "cry" at his master's bidding, for the doubtful entertainment of visitors. Summoned to rear his fore paws into his master's lap, the latter, saying, "Now cry for poor Marse Ellick; he isn't well to-day," and himself beginning the lamentation, would then arise howls as sad as not very many human ears, I feel very confident, have ever listened to except on the very rarest occasions. When the chorus was over, one might have said, as Theseus at the "brief" of Bottom and his troupe in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad."

Very peculiar seemed the quickness with which Rio was accustomed to find out when his master was intending to leave home, and his anxiety as to whether he himself was to go with him or be left. As soon as Harry, the body-servant, would begin to remove wearing apparel from the bureau drawer to the valise he would begin to "cry," and so continue until assured that he was to go. Then he exhibited much eagerness for hastening the preparations, as if anxious about the fulfilment of the promise, and accompanied the valise to the carriage.

When old, he became entirely blind and deaf. Yet these infirmities served to draw the two into closer affection. When the master was at home they lived in literally continuous companionship. In their walks thereafter Rio was led with a string. During the melancholy times of the fall of 1864 it was most touching to see these two walking slowly about the woods and fields in the rear of the mansion. In the many letters, some at great length, sent during this period to the two persons with whom he was most intimate, the writer, after commenting upon the unhappy condition of the country, never omitted some mention of "poor Rio."

The account given of his death by the survivor was very circumstantial. I subjoin a portion:

"I was sent for to go to Washington" (a village twenty miles north, where General Toombs resided) "to see Toombs. I regretted extremely to have to go; but the message and the business were urgent. Poor Rio, now not able to walk, lay on the floor in the passage between my room and the house. He knew perfectly well that I was going away, as perfectly as at any time when his sight and hearing had not been impaired. I gave him what I knew was a parting look, and then set out for the depot. When I got to the front gate he uttered one prolonged howl, which I had not a doubt was meant for the farewell he was sending to me. I walked on to the depot. Just as the cars reached there, Tim" (a small negro boy, Harry's son) "came running up, crying, 'Marse Ellick, Rio's dead—died soon as you come away.' I had given directions for his burial in a corner of the garden. When I got back home and went to his grave I wept and wept. I have done so many times since, and I expect to do so very many more hereafter."

For a time it was intended to place a simple monument to mark the spot, and Linton Stephens was to write the epitaph; but my recollection is that Mr. Stephens was dissuaded. I remember well, however, the inscription that Linton had composed. It read thus:

HERE LIES

RIO,

Who while in life was a satire upon the human race and an honor to his own—a faithful dog.

A TENNIS DRILL.

BY MARGARET FEZANDIE.

NOW that the wholesome and graceful game of tennis has such hold on the favor of the young folks, a tennis drill would be a pretty and novel feature for a school exhibition, a parlor entertainment, or a lawn party. It is quite as effective as, and more graceful than, the old-fashioned fan drills, dumb-bell drills, etc. It forms a pretty picture, even when given in-doors; and when given in the open air on a smooth lawn, with green trees and blue skies for background, and the musicians hidden in a convenient summer-house, it forms a very picturesque spectacle.

Any pretty costume may be agreed upon; but it is absolutely necessary that they should be uniform as regards style and distance of skirt from floor. Regulation tennis suits in two colors may be used, with fascinating "deerstalkers" and "blazers" to match; or those always attractive Kate Greenaway dresses, with Tam o' Shanters. There is room for the display of a great deal of taste in the designing of these costumes; but once agreed upon, no one but the person in charge of the drill should make any change. It is advisable that all dresses of the same color be bought from the same piece, and that the rackets be as nearly as possible of the same shape and size. Each girl should wear a tennis ball suspended from the left side. The ball is hung by two lengths of ribbon each eighteen inches long, sewn firmly to the ball, and fastened at the waist with a safety-pin.

Across the centre of the stage must be stretched a net; the standards which hold the net upright may be screwed to the floor of the stage. The courts may be marked out by means of white tape tacked to the floor. For the sake of symmetry it will be best to have the two inner courts on each side of the net square; as will be shown in the diagrams.

The beauty of this, as of all drills, depends chiefly on the precision with which the motions are performed; it is necessary that all the girls should accomplish each movement simultaneously, and that the eyes and expression of face and figure should convey the idea which the motion is intended to portray.

The music needed will be an inspiring march, a waltz, and "La Varsoviennne."

The drill, as given below, calls for sixteen girls. They should first be arranged according to size; then to each girl must be given a designation. Call the first four A¹, B¹, C¹, D¹; the second four A², B², C², D², and so on.

For marching, the racket should be held at "Shoulder arms"; but for "Rest," it should be held horizontally by both hands in front of the body.

Explanation of terms: Up the stage means toward the back; down the stage, toward the front. R. E. means right entrance; L. E. means left entrance.

PART I.

MUSIC—MARCH.

Enter in single file eight from R. E., eight from L. E. Each line marches in a narrowing circle, thus forming a spiral; and when the leader reaches the centre she turns on her heel, and leads the way out of the spiral. March *down* stage close to net; along front of stage; face audience; close up ranks; march backward *up* stage; four of each line face R. E., and four face L. E.; march around stage, and as the lines meet thread them; that is, let one leader pass in front of the other, then behind next girl, in front of next, etc.; each line continues around stage, and as they meet, thread the way again; each girl stops as she regains her former place; face audience; wheel toward net; march backward to R. E. and L. E.; wheel toward audience. Rackets, "Rest." B's and D's step back. The stage will then present the appearance shown in diagram 1.

MUSIC—WALTZ.

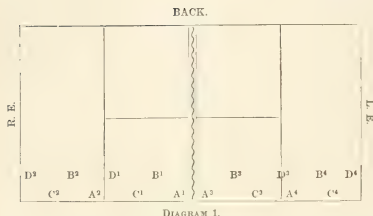
During each motion count eight beats four times.

First Motion.

1. Shoulder arms. 2. Rest. 2. Both hands holding racket straight above head. 4. Rest. (Repeat 1 to 4.)



SERVING FIGURE.



1. Lift rackets from "Rest" to shoulders. 2. Left arm straight out to left from shoulder; racket extended along left arm, right hand lightly holding handle. 3. Back to shoulders. 4. Rest. (Repeat 1 to 4.)

Alternation.

1. Shoulder arms. 2. Rest. 3. Straight above head. 4. Rest. 5. Lift racket to shoulder. 6. Left arm extended. 7. Back to shoulders. 8. Rest. (Repeat 1 to 8.)

Second Motion. (Overhand Service.)

1. Left foot forward, and slanting to left; left hand raising ball; racket in right hand in act of striking ball. 2. Rest. (Repeat three times; that is, till eight is counted.)

1. Right foot forward, and slanting to right; hands and racket as before. 2. Rest. (Repeat three times.)

Alternation.

1. Service to left. 2. Rest. 3. Service to right. 4. Rest. (Repeat three times.)

Third Motion. (Coquetish.)

1. Left hand grasping top of racket behind head; head turned to left; racket oblique, blade highest. 2. Rest. (Repeat three times.)

1. Right hand grasping stem of racket behind head; head turned to right; racket oblique, handle uppermost. 2. Rest. (Repeat three times.)

Alternation.

1. Left hand grasping top of racket behind head. 2. Rest. 3. Right hand grasping stem of racket behind head. 4. Rest. (Repeat three times.)

Fourth Motion. (Underhand Return.)

1. Right foot back; right arm raising racket horizontally over shoulder; eyes up; left hand grasping bottom of handle. 2. Rest. (Repeat three times.)

1. Left foot forward with stamp; left hand raising ball; right hand holding racket striking a downward blow; eyes down. 2. Rest. (Repeat three times.)

Alternate as in previous motions.

Fifth Motion. (Back-hand Striking.)

1. Right foot forward, and slanting to right; head bent to left; eyes raised and looking right; right hand holding racket delivering a back-hand blow; left hand at side. 2. Rest. (Repeat three times.)

1. Left foot forward; eyes down; left hand holding ball out; right hand holding racket in position to scoop the ball. 2. Rest. (Repeat three times.)

Alternate as before.

Sixth Motion. (Careless.)

1. Racket behind back, and left hand grasping top of blade in the hollow of left hip. 2. Rest. (Repeat three times.)

1. Slant racket in front of face, left hand grasping top of blade. 2. Rest. (Repeat three times.)

Alternate as before.

PART II.

MUSIC—MARCH.

B's and D's step forward to places; face R. E. and L. E. (that is, away from net); all rackets in hand toward audience; march around stage. As each girl reaches the net she crosses rackets with girl on other side of net. March down stage, one couple at a time; fall into double file, C's and A's change racket to other hand. Hands on partners' shoulders, rackets at side, march around to net again, swinging gracefully from one foot to the other all the time (in this, as in all the marching evolutions, each girl must commence with the *left* foot); down stage, still swinging, four abreast; girls nearest net cross rackets over net. First two couples march into inner court at the back of stage; other two couples stop at the corner of service court, and wheel around into court so as to face net. At signal, drop hands into "Rest"; D's and C's face B's and A's who are directly behind them. Stage will then have the appearance shown in diagram 2.

Tableaux. (Music—Waltz.)

1. A's step forward and kneel, holding racket obliquely before face. D's, B's, and C's move so as to form a group around A's, and holding rackets horizontally at arm's-length, bend protectively over A's; the right hand will hold the handle of the racket close to the waist, while the left is extended. Back to position again.

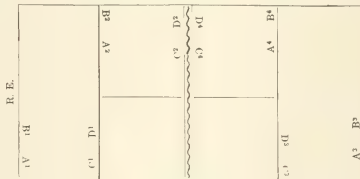
2. A's D's and B's C's lean forward and touch tops of blades together. Back to original position.

3. A's and C's kneel, with backs to audience, holding rackets obliquely before face; B's and D's put rackets horizontally over theirs. Original position.

4. A's and C's step back with right foot and raise racket obliquely over shoulder with right hand; B's and D's step forward, and turning toward audience, raise rackets high in air, eyes raised. Original position. All kneel, with eyes down, blades of rackets together touching each other on floor; right hand blade the end of handle.

MOTIONS IN SETS OF FOUR.

D's and A's face girl beside them (C must face D to make the figure); with left hand at the top of blade, and right hand grasping the handle, all put rackets out at the left and a little in front, left arm at full length, and blade vertical; march all the way around to place, then backward

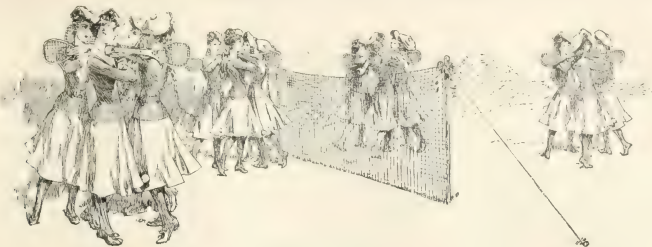


around to place again, then half-way around, and back each way again. (This figure is extremely attractive. The rackets look like the extended arms of a windmill.) D's and C's face B's and A's again. Position, "Rest." 1. Raise rackets to height of shoulders. 2. Rackets out at arm's-length to left. 3. Back to shoulders. 4. Rest. (Repeat 1 to 4.) 1. Raise rackets to shoulders. 2. Out at arm's-length to right. 3. Back to shoulders. 4. Rest. (Repeat 1 to 4.)

Alternate. (For this motion see second part of First Motion.)

A's and D's raise rackets high in air and cross them. C's and B's do the same, their rackets crossing over the intersection of A's and D's. March around twice, and then half-way around, and back twice.

Inner Courts.—A's and C's raise rackets so as to form an inverted V where blades touch. B's and D's march down stage under the uplifted rackets and take place at side of A's and C's. B's and D's raise rackets,



WINDMILL FIGURE.

while A's and C's lower theirs and pass *down* stage under uplifted rackets of B's and D's. Rest. B's and D's raise rackets and cross them high in air. A's and C's pass *up* stage under uplifted rackets. A's and C's raise rackets and cross them, while B's and D's lower theirs and pass back to original places.

While the inner courts are performing this motion, the service courts will be doing the same things, but B's and D's will be the first to raise the rackets, and A's and C's will pass *up* instead of *down* stage; in other words, the direction of the movement will be reversed.

At signal, all face net. Sets in service courts will serve to sets diagonally opposite while eight is counted. Simultaneously the inner courts

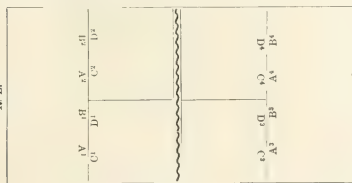


DIAGRAM 3.

will receive while eight is counted. (For "serve" and "receive" see Second and Fourth Motions, Part I.) Then the sets in service courts will receive while the inner courts serve while eight is counted; then the sets will alternately receive and serve while two beats of eight are counted. (*Music—March.*) Rackets at "Shoulder arms." March up to net; wheel toward back of stage in double line; march down stage; wheel back toward edge of stage. D's and C's face girls behind. This will give the stage the appearance shown in diagram 3.

PART III.

MOTIONS IN SETS OF EIGHT.—MUSIC, "LA VARSOVIENNE."

First Motion. (Salute.)

A¹ to D² and A³ to D⁴. Forward, racket in right hand; bow deeply; turn each other with left hand raised high; back to position. C¹ to B² and C³ to B⁴ follow suit. All face audience; lines separate and march up stage, A¹ and C¹ and A³ and C³ leading; touch blades of rackets with partners, and come back to places. A¹ and C¹, A³ and C³, pass under uplifted rackets up stage to head of line.

Second Motion. (Flirtation.)

B¹ to C¹ and B³ to C³. Forward, with coquettish look, blade of racket under chin; turn, one walking around the other; look back over shoulder; blow kiss over blade of racket. Return to places. D¹ to A¹ and D³ to A³ follow suit. Marching around as before. B¹ and D¹, B³ and D³, pass under rackets to head of line.

Third Motion. (Gossip.)

A² to D¹ and A⁴ to D³. Forward, racket in right hand; whisper and laugh together; shake left forefinger at each other; turn and place forefinger on lip, at the same time raising racket so as partly to conceal the face with the blade; back to places. C² to B¹ and C⁴ to B³ follow suit. Marching as before. A² and C², C⁴ and A⁴, pass up stage under rackets.

Fourth Motion. (Repulse.)

B² to C² and B⁴ to C⁴. Forward, chin in air, looking scornfully at opponent; turn, with head averted; raise and wave racket contemptuously; back to places. D² to A² and D⁴ to A⁴ follow suit. Marching as before. B² and D², B⁴ and D⁴, pass under rackets and up stage to original places. (*Music—March.*)

Rackets at "Shoulder arms." Face net; march up to net; face audience; fall into single file, A¹, then B¹, then C¹, etc.; march around stage into spiral; march out of spiral, then out at entrances. A military salute may be given on passing out.



ARCH FIGURE.

DORYMATES:*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

SURROUNDED BY ARCTIC ICE.

THERE is nothing more dreary or depressing in the whole experience of a fisherman's hard life than to be awakened from a sound sleep and turned out from snug quarters to fight against ice. In either form, as it drifts down upon his vessel from arctic seas, or as it accumulates in the form of frozen spray upon her bows, until, to reduce the great weight that endangers her safety, he must attack it with axes and iron bars, it is an enemy to be dreaded and cordially hated. So to the tired crew of the *Vixen* the unwelcome announcement made at the close of the last chapter brought them on deck, grumbling at their hard fate and shivering in the chill air.

There was no time to spare, for they could plainly distinguish, looming from out the gloom on their starboard bow, the vast form that threatened their destruction. They could already feel its icy breath, colder even than the chill of the night, and note that its motion, aided by converging currents of air and water, was such that within a few minutes it must sweep over the very place they were occupying.

As many as could man the bars sprang to the windlass and began to get up the anchor. One hurriedly cast off the stops from the furled foresail, while another loosed the jib. Then the former was hoisted, and at the same instant the cable was announced as "hove short"; but the anchor obstinately refused to break out. Once, twice, and again they heaved on it in vain.

The steady but silent advance of the monster now close upon them was awful in its relentlessness, and finally, given added strength by the terror of its nearness, the straining crew at the windlass made one last effort that tore the unwilling anchor from its hold, just as the skipper had raised his axe to cut the cable.

The big jib seemed to run up the stay of its own accord, while powerful arms held its clew well over to windward. Breeze, who had tugged and strained with the others at the windlass until he was dripping with perspiration, sprang aft to the wheel and rolled it hard over. Then slowly—oh, so slowly! as it seemed to the breathless crew—the schooner began to pay off, and then to forge ahead. Even then they did not know but that they were too late. Already the small drift ice pushed ahead of the berg was grinding against the vessel's sides, while the towering mass was cutting off the wind from her sails and leaving her becalmed to await its pleasure.

It revolved slowly as it drifted, and all at once this rotary motion opened up to them a deep cleft in its formation, through which whirled a sudden gust of wind. As it struck the outspread sails the schooner heeled over before it and bounded forward, as though only then awakened to the consciousness of her danger.

She just cleared it, and that was all. For her and her crew five little seconds and a cat's-paw of wind spanned the infinite gulf that separates safety from destruction, life from death. For a moment they could hardly realize they had escaped, and as the monster swept sullenly past them, still revolving like a gigantic millstone seeking to grind to powder all who dared oppose it, they gazed at it in silence and with bloodless faces.

Within fifteen minutes their vessel was again at anchor

in nearly the same place she had occupied before the berg drove them from it. Her sails were furled, and all who could be accommodated at the little mess-table were eating with a relish the breakfast that the cook had been steadily preparing amid all the exciting events that had just passed. He knew that to live and to work men must eat, and that so long as the vessel held together and floated, it was his duty to prepare food for them.

As the daylight strengthened, however, practised eyes on board the *Vixen* detected a pale glimmer on the northern horizon that indicated the presence of those vast ice-fields that frequently sweep over the Newfoundland Banks in the spring of the year. They often carry death and destruction to the fishermen and their vessels, always bring hard, dangerous work, and threaten a disastrous loss of gear. Therefore on the present occasion the skipper hurried the men through their meal, and despatched them as quickly as possible in the dories to haul their trawls. They were ordered to cut the lines if necessary, and to return to the schooner with all speed the moment the close approach of the ice should be indicated by the signal of the ship's flag displayed in the main rigging.

In the present position of the schooner the trawl belonging to dory No. 6 was at some distance astern of her, and our dorymates had a long pull before reaching its outer buoy. They worked like beavers in getting the trawl aboard; and as it was nearly bare of fish, the ice having seemingly driven them away, they succeeded in hauling the whole of it before the recall signal was shown.

Just as he had got in the last anchor, Wolfe, casting a glance in the direction of the schooner, observed the flag, though there was not now wind enough to flutter it, and exclaimed: "There it is, Breeze! the skipper's giving us the recall, and he is not the man to do it until the last moment. You may count on the ice being close to her now, as well as on the fact that we've got a stiff pull ahead of us to get back in time."

And it was a stiff pull. The strong backs straightened out splendidly with every stroke, the tough oars bent and rattled sharply against their confining thole-pins, and the white water sped away from the prow of the old dory as though she were a racing boat. But they had been too heavily handicapped; the ice had been allowed too great a start, and they were still several hundred feet from the schooner when a shout from her deck caused them to look around.

What they saw made them heart-sick, and for a moment their case seemed hopeless. They were already cut off from the vessel by several great cakes of ice that were grinding and crashing together angrily. Others were rapidly drifting into and narrowing the open space that still remained, and they could not see any chance of ever being able to pass this moving treacherous barrier. All at once the loud cries and eager gestures of those on board the schooner directed their attention to a buoy lying on one of the cakes nearest to them. To their great joy they saw that it was attached to a line that was being paid out over the stern of the vessel.

Altering their direction slightly, the boys had in a minute more snatched the buoy from the ice raft, and Wolfe was making the line it had brought them fast to the rope bucket in the bow of the dory. At the same moment a shout was heard from another direction. Looking up, they saw another dory still further off than they were, and evidently about to be cut off, not only from the schooner but from them, by the cruel ice.

As quick as thought, Breeze tossed one of their trawl buoys, with its line still attached, to the cake of ice that had brought help to them from the schooner, and which was still within reach. It fell so close to the edge that he had to pay out the line most carefully to prevent its being dragged off. In a few minutes he had the satisfac-

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492.

tion of seeing the dory pulled alongside of the floating cake, and one of her crew step carefully out upon it, and walk toward the buoy.

His weight bore the ice down so that water began to flow over its edge; and just as he stooped to pick up the buoy it floated and eluded his grasp. He made a clutch and succeeded in seizing it; but at the same instant his feet slipped from under him, and he plunged headlong into the cold waters. The cry with which the unfortunate man disappeared from view was echoed from the dory he had just left. In it Hank Hoffer was now as effectually cut off from the schooner as though he were already miles away, instead of almost within reach of her.

For the time being the crew of dory No. 6 paid but little attention to him. All their energies were directed toward saving the man in the water, who had now come to the surface, still grasping the buoy. A great cake bore down upon him and threatened to crush him, or at least to force him under. Fortunately the line by which he was held passed over it, and he was able to draw himself on to its slippery surface. From it he again went into the water, and thus, slipping, scrambling, jumping, and swimming, but always clinging to the line, he finally reached the dory, cut, bruised, and nearly exhausted.

Then the dorymates began to look after their own safety, for they were still in great danger of going adrift. A portion of the line that connected them with the schooner was under the ice, and might at any time be cut or parted. There was also the danger that the sides of the dory might be crushed in or cut through by the heavy jagged cakes, some of which were fifty feet wide, and from five to ten feet thick. By jumping out on the larger cakes, and pulling the boat over them, pushing aside the smaller ones, tugging, straining, and working with all their might for half an hour, they finally got the line clear and above the ice. All this time those on the schooner had held it taut. Now it was a comparatively easy matter to pull the boat, with its brave crew and the man whom they had rescued, close under the stern of the vessel, and to hoist her clear of the water by the davits.

Thankful enough were the dorymates to tread once more the firm deck of the old *Vixen*, and hearty was the welcome given them by her crew. All the other dories, except that which held Hank Hoffer, had been got safely on board, some with all their trawls, and others with only portions of them. The lost dory, with its solitary occupant, had become but a dim speck against the white background of ice that now covered the sea as far as their sight could reach. The boys barely caught a glimpse of it as it was pointed out to them from the deck of the schooner before it vanished entirely. They both sprang into the main rigging to get another sight of it; but though they climbed to the mast-head they could not again discover it. They did, however, see several icebergs drifting in that direction, and it was with heavy hearts and very sober faces that they descended to the deck and reported the probable fate that had overtaken their shipmate. He had proved himself their enemy, and even among the rougher members of the crew he had made no friends. Still he was a human being, who for more than a week had formed one of their little community, and been thrown into close companionship with them. Now he was called upon to suffer terribly and alone a fate that might have overtaken any one of them.

With the exception of a few puffy squalls, the morning had been without moving air enough to lift the ensign that still drooped listlessly from the main rigging, but about noon a breeze sprang up from the southward. With the first sign of wind the *Vixen's* anchor was hove up, sail was made, and she began to beat slowly in the direction taken by the missing dory, through a lead of clear water that had opened through the floe. There was not much chance that anything would ever again be seen of

it or its unfortunate occupant; but they could not give him up without making an effort to save him, and so for several hours the almost helpless search was continued.

Navigation was extremely difficult, for the spaces of open water were few and often very narrow. Sometimes they led abruptly into ice so closely packed that no headway could be made against it, and the schooner barely held her own, as it ground and scraped along her sides with a force that threatened to cut through even her stout planking.

At length Breeze, who had climbed to the mast-head to take a look through the skipper's glass, reported that he could see something black that looked like a man on one of the icebergs they had noticed earlier in the day, and which they were now approaching.

After the object had been pointed out to the skipper, and he had looked at it long and carefully, he also expressed the opinion that it was a man, and ordered the schooner to be headed in that direction. Her progress was necessarily very slow, and the afternoon was well advanced before she reached a broad space of open water, beyond which rose the iceberg. It was now not more than half a mile from them; but it was surrounded by an apparently impassable barrier of floe ice. This, though in motion, was so densely packed along its outer edge that the vessel could not be forced into it. Again and again was the attempt made, but it only resulted in failure, and each successive shock threatened her with damage.

At length these efforts were abandoned, and the schooner began to cruise up and down along the barrier, seeking for some opening through which she might pass. The black object on the iceberg had remained in sight long enough for them to be certain that it was a man, but then it had disappeared. This disappearance greatly puzzled the *Vixen's* crew. Some of them said he must have slipped off the ice into the water and been drowned, or else he would certainly have remained in sight to make signals to them.

"If we do not get to him soon," said Breeze, "he will certainly freeze to death. Wolfe, don't you think we could get our dory across the floe to that iceberg if we should try?"

"You don't mean to say that you'd be willing to try it for the sake of that fellow, do you?" exclaimed his companion, in amazement. "Why, man, the chances would be ten to one—yes, a hundred to one—against your ever getting back to the schooner again."

"That may all be," replied Breeze; "but if they were a thousand to one against it, I'd rather take the one chance than to go off and leave that poor fellow to die there without even trying to save him. I believe it can be done, and I'm going to ask the skipper to let me go."

"Well," said Wolfe, "you are the softest and the pluckiest fellow I ever met. I don't believe the skipper will hear of your going, but if he should, you sha'n't go alone."

"I was sure you'd say that," cried Breeze, "and I'm just as sure that we'll succeed if we are only allowed to try my plan."

The skipper hesitated some time before giving his consent to the scheme proposed by Breeze; but at length, finding that no further headway could be made by the schooner, he yielded, and said they might try.

Before starting, both the boys drank a cup of hot coffee and ate a hasty luncheon. Into dory No. 6 they put a box of provisions, two pairs of blankets, a coil of rope, and a hatchet. Their water keg was already full. The skipper promised to remain within sight of that iceberg until they returned, or until he knew what had become of them, and the crew gave them a hearty cheer.

They found it hard and tedious work to get their dory over the first barrier of ice, which was about a hundred yards wide. After that was passed they progressed more

rapidly, and discovered so many little lanes of open water, that they reached the berg much more easily than they had expected to.

As they rowed alongside of it they discovered a small level place, close to the water's edge, upon which a land-

land here, Wolfe, and climb up to the top, where I can look over, while you stay in the dory."

So saying, and taking the hatchet with him, he stepped on the ice, and began slowly to make his way up the gentle but slippery incline. As he reached the top he



"IN A MINUTE MORE THEY HAD SNATCHED THE BUOY FROM THE ICE RAFT."

ing could be made. The ends of the berg rose into points fifty or sixty feet high, but above this point was a depression that did not rise more than twenty feet above the water.

When they reached this place Breeze said, "Let me

stood there for a moment looking around, and then turned as though about to call out to his friend. Suddenly he seemed to slip, and to Wolfe's dismay he threw up his arms, uttered a loud cry, and disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"A PAISNIP STEW."—DRAWN BY ALICE BAILEY.—SEE PAGE 555.

A PARSNIP STEW.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

RUTH stood by with a dish and spoon, while her mother stirred the stew carefully to be sure that it was not burning on the bottom of the kettle. Her sister Serena was paring apples and playing with the cat, and her father and her uncles Caleb and Silas sat before the fire smoking, sniffing the stew, and watching solemnly. The uncles had just come in, and proposed staying to dinner.

Mrs. Whitman squinted anxiously at the stew as she stirred it. She feared that there was not enough for dinner, now there were two more to eat.

"I'm dreadful afraid there ain't enough of that stew to go round," she whispered to Ruth in the pantry.

"Oh, I guess it'll do," said Ruth.

"Well, I dun know about it. Your father an' Caleb an' Silas are dreadful fond of parsnip stew, an' I do hate to have 'em stinted."

"Well, I won't take any," said Ruth. "I don't care much about it."

"Well, I don't want a mouthful," rejoined her mother.

"Mebbe we can make it do. Caleb an' Silas don't have a good hot dinner very often, an' I do want them to have enough anyway."

Caleb and Silas Whitman were old bachelors, living by themselves in the old Whitman homestead about a mile away, and their fare was understood to be forlorn and desultory. To-day they watched with grave complacency while their sister-in-law cooked the stew.

Over on the other side of the kitchen the table was set out with the pewter plates and the blue dishes. The stew was almost done, Mrs. Whitman was just about to dip out the slices of pork into the dish that Ruth held, when there was a roll of wheels out in the yard, and a great shadow passed over the kitchen floor.

"Mother, it's the Wigginses!" said Ruth, in a terrified whisper.

"Good gracious!" sighed her mother; "they've come to dinner."

Everybody stared for a second; then Mrs. Whitman recovered herself. "Father, you go out an' help them put the horse up. Don't sit there any longer."

Then she threw open the door, and thrust her large handsome face out into the rain. "Why, how do you do, Mis' Wiggins?" said she, and she smiled beamingly.

The wagon looked full of faces. On the front seat were a large man and two little boys; out of the gloom in the rear peered two women and a little girl. They were Mr. Wiggins, his wife and three children, and his mother. They were distant relatives of Mrs. Whitman's; they often came over to spend the day, and always unannounced.

Mr. Whitman came out clumsily and opened the barn doors, and Mr. Wiggins led the horse into the barn. "I hope you 'ain't got wet," Mrs. Whitman said. Nothing could have exceeded her cordiality; but all the time she was thinking of the parsnip stew, and how it surely would not go around now.

Ruth had not followed the others out to greet the guests. She stood by the kettle and stirred the stew, and scowled. "I think it's downright mean for folks to come in this way, just dinner-time," said she to the uncles, who had not left their chairs. And they gave short grunts which expressed their assent, for neither of them liked company.

They watched soberly as Ruth stirred the stew, but they did not dream that there was not enough to go around.

When her mother and the guests entered, Ruth turned around and bobbed her head stiffly, and said, "Pretty well, thank you," and then stirred again. Serena helped the Wigginses take off their things. She untied old Mrs. Wiggins's pumpkin hood, and got her cap out of her cap basket and put it on for her. She also took off little Mary

Wiggins's coat, and set her in a little child's arm-chair and gave her a kiss. Little Mary Wiggins, with her sober chubby face and her rows of shiny brown curls, in her best red frock and her scalloped pantalets, was noticed admiringly by everybody but Ruth.

As soon as she could Ruth cornered her mother in the pantry. "Mother, what are you going to do?" said she.

"I'm goin' to do jest the best I can," she whispered, severely. "I'm goin' to tell father an' Caleb an' Silas they musn't take none of that stew; they can have some bread an' apple-sauce. I guess they'll git along."

"Well, I don't care," said Ruth, in a loud voice. "I think it's mean and a downright imposition on folks, coming in this way, just dinner-time."

"Ruth Whitman, if you care anything about me, you'll keep still. Now you get the salt cupan' go out there, an' put some more salt in that stew. It tasted dreadful flat, I thought. I jest tasted of it when they drove in. I've got to get out the other knives."

Ruth caught up a cup with a jerk. "Well, how much shall I put in?" she inquired, sulkily.

"Oh, quite a lot. You can tell. It was dreadful flat. Taste of it."

But Ruth did not taste of it. She scattered the contents of the cup liberally into the stew, gave it a stir, returned to the pantry, and set the cup down hard. "Well," said she, "I've put it in, and now I'm goin'."

"Ruth Whitman, you ain't goin' off to school without any dinner."

"I don't see as there is anything for dinner but bread and apple-sauce, and I'm sure I don't want any."

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, actin' so."

"I think there are other folks that ought to be ashamed of themselves. Before I'd go into folk's houses that way—"

"Ruth Whitman, they'll hear you!"

"I don't care if they do. I've got to go anyway. It's late. I couldn't stop for dinner now if I wanted to."

She went through the kitchen, where Serena now tended the stew, only stopping to take her shawl off the peg.

"Why, you going?" Serena called after her.

"I've got to: it's late," replied Ruth, shortly. She faced about for a second and gave a stiff nod, which seemed directed at the stew kettle rather than at the Wigginses. "Good-by," said she. Then she went out.

It was raining with a hard, steady drizzle. Ruth had no rubbers nor water-proof—they were not yet invented. She sped along through the rain and mist. She had to walk half a mile to the little house where she taught the district school, and before she got there she felt calmer.

"I suppose I was silly to act so mad," she said to herself. "I know it plagued mother."

It was early in the spring; the trees were turning green in the rain. Over in the field she could see one peach-tree in blossom, showing pink through the mist. "I suppose Mr. Wiggins couldn't work out to-day, and that's how they happened to come. They could have the horse. But they ought to have come earlier," reflected Ruth. "There are a good many of 'em for Mrs. Wiggins to get ready," mused Ruth. "There's old Mrs. Wiggins, and Johnny, and Sammy, and Mary, and Mr. Wiggins."

By the time Ruth was seated at her table in the school-room, and the scholars were wriggling and twisting before her on their wooden benches, she saw the matter quite plainly from the Wiggins side. She made up her mind that she would behave just as well as she knew how to the Wigginses when she got home. She planned how she would swing little Mary out in the barn and play with the boys, and how she would help her mother get tea.

When school was done and Ruth started for home the rain had stopped and the sun was shining. The rain pools in the road glittered, and she noticed a cherry-tree in blossom. When she reached home Serena met her at the door.

"Oh, Ruth Whitman!" she cried, "we have had such a time!"

Ruth stared. "What do you mean?" said she. "Where are the Wigginses?"

"They've gone. Mrs. Wiggins and old Mrs. Wiggins were dreadful mad. Oh, Ruth, you didn't do it on purpose, did you?"

"Do what on purpose?" said Ruth, pushing into the house, and looking around the empty kitchen in a bewildered way. "I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you know what you put into that parsnip stew?"

"No; I don't know of anything I put in but some salt, just before I went to school; mother told me to. Why?"

"Oh, Ruth, you put in—saleratus!"

"I don't believe it."

Ruth flew into the pantry, and came out with a cracked blue cup. "Here," said she—"here's the salt cup, and this is the one I got it out of, I know."

"Taste of it," said Serena, solemnly.

Ruth tasted. "It is saleratus," said she, looking at her sister in horror. "Did it spoil the stew?"

"It was—dreadful."

"I don't see how it happened," Ruth said, slowly, puckering her forehead, "unless mother dipped out some saleratus in the salt cup to bring out in the kitchen when she mixed the sour-milk cakes for breakfast. I don't know anything about it, true; I live and breathe. I hope they didn't think I did such a mean thing as that on purpose."

"Well, I don't know as they really thought you did, but you know you did kind of jerk round, Ruth, and the Wigginses saw it."

"What did they say?"

"Well," said Serena, "we all sat down to the table, and mother had put on the bread and apple-sauce for the rest of us, and she helped the Wigginses to the stew. There wasn't more'n enough to go around, but she kept the cover over the dish so they shouldn't suspect, and all the rest of us said we wouldn't take any."

"Well, Mrs. Wiggins she tasted, and old Mrs. Wiggins she tasted. Then they looked at mother. Mother she didn't know what it meant, and she kept getting redder and redder. Finally she spoke up. 'Is there anything the matter with the stew?' says she."

"Then Mrs. Wiggins she pushed over her plate for mother to taste of the stew, and the first thing we knew they were all talking at once. Old Mrs. Wiggins said she'd noticed how we acted kind of stiff, and as if we wasn't glad to see them, the minute she come, and Mrs. Wiggins said she had too, and she'd seen you put the saleratus into the stew, and she thought from the way you switched around you were up to something. Mother she tried to excuse it off, but they wouldn't hear a word. They said it didn't look very likely that it was an accident, and they noticed none of us took any of it, and mother wouldn't tell them the reason for that. So they just got up and put on their things, and Mr. Wiggins backed out the horse, and they went home. Mother asked them to come again, and she'd try and have a better dinner, but they said they'd never set foot in the house again if they knew it."

"Didn't anybody eat the stew?"

"Nobody but Sammy Wiggins; he ate his whole plateful, saleratus and all, before anybody spoke."

"Oh dear!" said Ruth; "I suppose mother feels dreadfully. Where is she?"

"She's gone over to Lucy Ann's to help her take care of the baby; he was real sick last night. I don't believe she'll come home till after supper. She felt dreadful."

"The Wigginses are dreadful touchy folks anyhow."

"Course they are. It don't seem as if anybody with any sense would get mad at such a thing. But they're always suspecting folks of meaning something."

Ruth looked sternly reflective. She took off her thick

dingy shawl, and got from its peg a bright red and green plaid one that she wore in pleasant weather.

"Where are you going?" asked Serena.

"I'm going over to the Wigginses'."

"What for?"

"I'm going to ask them to come over here to-morrow and spend the day."

"Why, Ruth Whitman, ain't you afraid to?"

"No, I ain't afraid. I'm going to carry over a jar of the honey—mother'll be willing—and I'm going to tell Mrs. Wiggins just how it was."

"She won't hear a word you say."

"I'll make her hear."

"They won't come a step."

"You see."

The Whitmans kept bees, and their honey was the celebrated luxury of the neighborhood. Ruth got a jar of clear white honey out of the closet, put it under her shawl, and was off. First, though, she instructed Serena to go out in the garden and dig a good supply of parsnips and clean them for the next day's dinner.

It was a mile to the Wigginses', and it took Ruth over an hour to accomplish her errand and return. When she got home she found Serena getting supper, and her father was washing his hands out in the shed; her mother had not returned. On the kitchen sink lay a tin pan with four or five muddy parsnips. Serena looked up eagerly when her sister entered. "They coming?" said she.

"Yes, they are," replied Ruth, with a triumphant smile.

But Serena walked over to the sink and extended her arm with a tragical gesture toward the parsnips. "Well, you've gone and done it now, Ruth Whitman," said she. "There's every single parsnip that's fit to eat that I could find in the garden."

"H'm! I guess I can find some."

"No, you can't; they've rotted. I heard mother say to-day she was afraid they had. More'n half those father brought in this morning weren't good for anything. When mother finds out that all the Wigginses are coming, and there's just five parsnips for dinner, I don't know what she will do; I don't know but it will kill her. And she's asked Uncle Caleb and Uncle Silas over too."

Ruth gave a desperate glance at the parsnips. "I said we were going to have parsnip stew," said she. "Mrs. Wiggins had been crying; she looked dreadful tired out; and Sammy had just bumped his head, and there was a great lump over one eye. She took the honey, and said she'd be real happy to come if they could have the horse, and old Mrs. Wiggins acted dreadful tickled."

"The Wigginses have got parsnips," said Serena. "I heard Mrs. Wiggins say they'd got a splendid lot, she expected, but they hadn't dug any yet."

Ruth looked at her sister. "Serena!"

"What?"

"I'm going to send over and buy some of the Wigginses' parsnips."

"Ruth!" But it seemed to Serena as if there was a flash of red and green light through the room, and Ruth had gone. Serena gave a little gasp, and stood looking.

"What's the matter?" asked her father, coming in—an old man in checkered shirt sleeves, yet with a certain rustic staidness about him.

"Oh, nothing," said Serena; and she fell to slicing the bread for supper.

While her father had gone to the well to draw a pail of water, Ruth came in, breathless, but rosy with daring and triumph. Ben White, Mrs. White's grown-up son, was going to drive over to the Wigginses and buy some parsnips; his mother was to have some, and Ruth a noble portion for the next day's stew.

Serena dropped into a chair and giggled feebly; the humor of it was so forcible that it seemed to fairly rebound in her face. "Ask the Wigginses to dinner to

have a parsnip stew, and then—buy their own parsnips for it!" she gasped.

Ruth did not laugh at all; she saw nothing but the seriousness of the situation. "Mind you don't tell mother till after it's all over," said she. "I don't want her to know where those parsnips came from till after the Wigginses have gone, she'll be so upset. I'm just going to tell her how I carried the honey over there, and how they're coming. I do hope Ben will bring the parsnips before mother gets home."

"Suppose Ben should bring 'em in when mother was here," chuckled Serena.

"I told him to shy into the shed with 'em," replied Ruth, severely. "Hush! father's coming, and we'd better not say anything to him till afterward."

Mrs. Whitman did not return until quite late; her married daughter Lucy Ann and her teething baby did not generally release her in very good season. When she came into the kitchen she found a great pan of parsnips all washed and scraped, and heard the news how the Wigginses were over their ill tempers and were coming the next day. Mrs. Whitman dropped into a chair, her large mild face beamed, and tears stood in her eyes. "Well, I'm dreadful glad if we can patch it up," said she; "I never had any fuss with any of my folks before in the world, and I hate to begin now. I've always thought a good deal of the Wigginses." And her mouth quivered.

The next morning a parsnip stew of noble proportions was prepared. At eleven o'clock the great kettle, full to the rim, hung over the fire, and the room was cloudy with savory steam. The Wigginses were expected every minute. Uncles Silas and Caleb Whitman could be seen from the kitchen window out in the field with their brother bending over the plough furrows, and they kept righting themselves and looking at their old silver watches. At half past eleven Mrs. Whitman and Serena began to think it was strange that the Wigginses did not come. At quarter of twelve there was a little stir out in the yard, and they ran to the windows. There was Mr. Wiggins with a wheelbarrow, and an empty grain sack and a half-bushel basket of russet apples in it.

Mrs. Whitman and Serena stood wonderingly in the door. "Where's the folks?" asked Mrs. Whitman.

Then Mr. Wiggins, standing by the wheelbarrow, explained how Hiram Green had had to use the horse for ploughing up in the six-acre lot, how he had promised to hire it to him, and his wife hadn't known it, and how he had had to go to the store for grain with the wheelbarrow, and his wife had got him to stop and tell Mis' Whitman she was dreadfully sorry it happened so, but she didn't see how they could walk, and they would come over the first day they could have the horse; and she didn't know but what Mis' Whitman's apples had give out, so she sent her over a few of their russets; they had most two barrels left, and they were spoiling fast, and they wanted to get rid of them.

When Ruth came home from school she found an immense kettle of parsnip stew, her father and her uncles Silas and Caleb again forming a pleasant expectant semicircle before the fire, but no Wigginses. To-day the stew was seasoned daintily, and salt had taken the place of saleratus. There was no stint as to quantity, but there were not enough partakers. Mrs. Whitman filled a great bowl for Lucy Ann; she sent a dish over to the Whites; father and Caleb and Silas ate manfully, and passed their plates again and again; Serena and Ruth and their mother ate all they could, and the cat had her fill; but the Whitmans, with all their allies, could not eat their own share and that of the Wigginses. But the stew was delicious, and as the family ate, their simple homely little feud was healed, and the parsnip stew smoked in their midst like a pipe of peace.



A SPANISH SCHOOL-BOY.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

A SPANISH SCHOOL-BOY.

BY CARMOSINE.

IN Francisco de Quevedo's rollicking history of Don Pablo of Segovia we find plenty of information as to how the Spanish students of the old days used to amuse themselves. At school Don Pablo's great friend was Don Diego, in proof of which he tells us, "I used to exchange tops with him when mine spun better than his; I used to share my breakfast with him; I bought him picture-books, taught him how to fight, played at saddle-mynag with him, and constantly amused him." The reader will please remember that this story of Don Pablo's adventures was published more than two hundred years ago; the author of them, Quevedo, was born in 1580 and died in 1645.

One day Pablo and Diego were walking home from school, when they met a man named Pontius of Aguirra. "Say, Pablo," whispered Diego, "call him Pontius Pilate and then run away." Pablo, to please his friend, called the man Pontius Pilate and then ran, pursued by the other, sword in hand, so hotly that he barely had time to escape into the school-house, where, at the request of the angry man, poor Pablo was soundly whipped by the school-master. At each stroke with the birch the master said, "Will you ever say Pontius Pilate again?" "No, sir," replied Pablo. "Will you ever say Pontius Pilate again?" "No, sir; no, sir; never again." Next morning, when Pablo had to recite the prayers at the opening of school, he stopped short when he came to the creed, and having to say, "He suffered under Pontius Pilate," but remembering his whipping and his promise, he innocently substituted, "He suffered under Pontius of Aguirra," which so much amused the school-master that Pablo received exemption for the next two whippings he might deserve.

During Carnival-time the Spanish school-boys had

great fun with the procession of the so-called "King of the Cocks," when they all dressed up in fantastic costumes and paraded through the streets of the town, headed by one of their number on horseback; but it was when they went to the University that the real fun as well as misery began. From all accounts we must conclude that in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries the Spanish students were sad Bohemians, the plague of all peaceful citizens, and for the most part so poor that, unless they stole or fought for their food, many of them must have died of starvation.

The first appearance of Don Pablo in the court-yard of the University was greeted with the cry of "A Freshman! a Freshman!" and the whole band of students surrounded him and pummelled him and otherwise maltreated him. The brutality of these students is too dreadful to be described. Poor Pablo suffered terribly during the first week, but at last he determined to do as others did, and so he became one of the most mischievous and turbulent students in Alcala, while his friend Don Diego, who was

rich, was the most virtuous, calm, and religious. Pablo passed a great part of his time in fighting with the watch, playing practical jokes, and robbing the provision shops in a dashing, piratical sort of way, always ready to draw his sword, and often using his sword to spear or harpoon the fish or the capon that the appetite of the growing youth demanded, but which the purse of the poor student could not pay for.

There is absolutely nothing exemplary in the conduct of Don Pablo, or in the manners and habits of the old Spanish students, whose Bohemianism was often another name for thieving and bloodshed. For that matter, all the students were not so bad as Pablo, and we may be sure that the gentle boy whose portrait by Velasquez is preserved in the Czernin Gallery at Vienna was too self-respectful and too noble-minded to indulge in such terrible pranks as those we have referred to. Indeed, to judge from mere facial resemblance, there is some reason to believe that the portrait is that of one of Velasquez's own boys.



(1) THEIR MOTHER BIDS THEM RUN AND PLAY,
BUT NOT TO WANDER FAR AWAY.



(2) "SEE," GRETEL CRIES, "THAT LITTLE HARE
AMONG THE BUSHES OVER THERE!"



(3) IT GIVES ITS FURRY TAIL A SHAKE,
AND OFF IT GOES THRO' BRIER AND BRAKE.



(4) AT LAST IT LEADS THEM IN THE CHASE
CLOSE BY THE WITCH'S LURKING-PLACE.



(5) "NO USE," SHE CRIES, "TO KICK AND FIGHT,
FOR I WILL PICK YOUR BONES TO-NIGHT."



(6) THE OLD WITCH THEN PUTS ON THE POT,
THAT SHE MAY BOIL HIM WHEN IT'S HOT.



(7) AND WHILE SHE WHETS HER KNIFE OUTSIDE
GRETEL OPENS THE CAGE DOOR WIDE.



(8) THEY SEE A BARREL LYING NEAR—
"QUICK" INTO IT! THE WITCH IS HERE!"



(9) IN AFTER THEM THE WITCH GOES TOO,
BUT SHE IS STUCK, AND CAN'T GET THROUGH.



(10) AND NOW, KER-SPLASH! DOWN IN THE DITCH
THEY ROLL THE BARREL AND THE WITCH.



(11) AND SEE! HER LITTLE GIRL AND BOY
THE MOTHER WELCOMES HOME WITH JOY.

took their places around the throne, and we all sang "Oh, the summer days are coming!"

After we had crossed the streams again we took up the line of march. First the two drummers, Queen, the Maids of Honor, judges, flowers, guard, May-pole twiners with their wibbons on them, and last of all, the court. We passed through the main street of both East Mauch Chunk and Mauch Chunk, and we must have been a pretty sight, such as never had passed through those streets. There were ninety people in the party.

Hope you will print this soon, as a number of the May party take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, like it very much, and are eagerly watching for their letter. I remain your young friend,

MABEL C. CONNIGHT.

I think you May party was charming. I am glad you have described it so fully.

MARSHMAN, TERRY IN ALA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—As I have never written to you, and as I haven't seen any letters from this part of Turkey, I thought I would write now. Marsovan is a little inland city of 30,000 inhabitants, about three hundred miles from Constantinople. My home is really in Constantinople, but I came here last fall to spend the winter with my auntie.

Perhaps you would like to hear a little about Constantinople. It has been called by admiring travellers the most beautiful city in the world, and it is certainly situated in a lovely place; but—ugh! if people should see most of the streets they would turn away in disgust. However, I'll tell about more agreeable things. The city proper is built on a point of land between the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn, which is a branch of the Bosphorus. The rest of the city is made up of picturesque little towns lying on either side of the Bosphorus.

One of the most interesting sights in Stamboul (the ancient Byzantium) is St. Sophia, formerly a Christian church, but now a Mohammedan mosque. It was built by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century. It is in the form of a Greek cross, 269 feet long, 243 broad, and 188 from the apex of the dome to the floor. It has six pillars from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. But the Turks have spoiled much of its original beauty; they have utterly demolished all symbols of Christianity, such as crosses, etc.

I have written more than I intended to, so I'm afraid this is too long to print. I'm sure there are a good many letters more interesting than this, so don't print it unless you have time.

HARRY G. D. DWIGHT.

Few letters which I receive are more interesting than yours, so please write again. Much which you see every day is strange and new to the other children who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have two brothers. This is the first year we were taken you, and we enjoy you very much. For pets, we have two rabbits. They are very tame; in color, they are pure white. I enjoyed "Captain Polly" very much, and my brothers and I like "Dormy-mates," and are much interested in it. I hope you will print this letter, as it is the first one I ever have attempted.

EDITH F. K.

And a very good one it is for the first one, Edith.

SAN LEO, PUEBLO, MEXICO.

I have just finished reading the Post-office box and seeing so many nice letters from all over the world, it increased my desire to see my letter among them. My father is a missionary to Mexico, and I am working in a country school for fifteen years. I am twelve years old. This is not my home, and I am only here with my brothers going to school. I am collecting stamps, and would like very much to exchange with any one in Italy or South America. My brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and I like the *Yonks's* Combinations, the *Archie* papers, and the *Archie* papers. We had two celebrations lately: the one, "El Cinco de Mayo" (the 5th of May), and the other the 30th of April. The Americans of San Luis Potosi got together and had a large celebration of the birth of the United States. I am very much interested in "Dormy-mates," and think Breeze a plucky lad. I also liked "Captain Polly" and stood by Syd through the whole story.

WM. ALAN SUTHERLAND.

Good for you, Will; so did I.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

I have seen a great many letters in the letter box, but I never have seen any from San Jose. I have a little brother; he is fourteen months old, and his name is Ramon. He cannot walk, and I have just been trying to make him stand alone. Have you ever been in San Jose? It is a lovely place, and is sometimes called the "Garden City." Everything is green and the

cherries are ripe, and everything looks lovely. I wish you could see them. I have three brothers and one sister. I wish I could send you a big box of cherries, they are so big.

MABEL A.

Thank you for the wish, dear. Baby boy will stand on his feet, and walk too, before long. Do not hurry him till he is quite ready.

ROCKPORT, OHIO.

We are three little girls, aged ten years. Our names are Emma A., Emma B., and Emma G. We go to the same school, and are in the same classes. We read English and German. There is a literary society in our school, and we are going to join it at the next meeting. No one can join it until he or she is in the Court Ready. We got in the Fourth Reader yesterday. The president of the society is Ida H. The society takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all enjoy it very much. One class reads "Dormy-mates" for a reading exercise. This afternoon we spoke pieces, sang songs, and read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Every two weeks, on Friday afternoons, we have a splendid time. Next year we will have a new school house. Our pets are a squirrel, a chicken, and two little pigs. Your loving friend,

EMMA A., EMMA B., and EMMA G.

A dear little trio, and how wise and sensible your teachers are to give you "Dormy-mates" and the rest of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for your pleasant class exercises.

SALEM, N. J.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Sister is writing this to you, but I am telling her what to say. Sam was up last week, and told me about his "mud-chuck" (he means woodchuck); it has stickers on over its back, and he told me that it has little chuckies. Sister takes your paper, and "most always" gets it first, "specially when papa goes to the office, and he takes it home with his good as boys. I can always make my brother do as he wants to, but I can't Lila and Elsie. I believe I would be ill the time if I were a girl; she wears dresses, and they are always in the way. When she goes to the woods she'll say, "I'll spoil my dress." She can't climb trees, turn summersaults, jump off of the chicken-coop, or climb around in the hay. I go to school, and I tell you one thing, the girls keep ahead of the boys. I guess they are used to sitting still, so they can study harder. I am six years old, and was going to school last fall. I don't like papa's name on the ticket for President, so I would not vote for anybody. I am mamma's baby; she is very good to me, and lets me do about as I please, but the girls won't; they won't even let me come in the room when they are taking their music. Papa has a lot of hired hands, and they all call me "Kid." Mamma always reads all the stories to me. She is ill all the time, and sits in her chair, and has papa to roll her around. When I am out I always save the sweet flowers for her. I like to see her when she is Shaker, but the cook calls him "Shakak." Well, I guess I will quit talking, for I am tired, and let sister finish for me. I will run out for some pauties for mamma before tea. Please put this in print. Good-by.

WILLIE VAN M.

P. S. by Sister.—Willie has told all to say in the above. He did not describe himself, so I will. He is a little laughing blue-eyed boy of six, and is of the come-easy-go-easy sort. I also express a desire to see this in print, as it will please mamma so much. She has spinal disease, and suffers very much, but I'll howl that. Please put this! Good-by from a loving friend, ELISE VAN M.

I agree with you, Willie, about the dresses worn by girls and women. They are much in the way when it rains, or when one wishes to climb a fence, but I know ever so many girls who play tennis, row boats, run races, and ride on horseback, and they have splendid times. They do not sit still at any great extent. I am glad you are so loving and good a little son to your dear mamma, and you have a darling sister haven't you? Do you always mind sister? I hope so. That is showing yourself a big boy.

Your letter has had to wait rather longer than it ought to have done, considering how bright it is and how well chosen is its English.

ARTHEUR, NETHERLANDS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for many years, but I never wrote to you or the Post-office Box, and I think this is my first letter. I have been reading it for years. Though I am one of the older readers, I like the paper very much indeed, especially those stories about Dutch people living in America. The town in which I live is not very large, it has about thirty thousand inhabitants, and was formerly a fortress. It is situated on the Maas, and near the Beige borders. It is said to be one of the



"DO YOU WANT SOME BREAD AND MILK?"

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MAUCH CHUNK, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—The junior branch of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of both the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches at Mauch Chunk thought it would be nice to have a May party, so one day in April, after school, we all met in Miss Dana's room to hear about it and choose our May Queen. There were four girls to choose from, Flo Hulsizer, Emilie Spohn, Hattie Carpenter, and your correspondent. The majority voted for Flo, so she was declared Queen. We three who were not chosen were the Queen's Maids of Honor. We had besides these three pages, a guard, flowers, May-pole dancers, a court, and two drummers. We practised a number of times, and when the first pleasant Saturday in May came we were ready for it. We all met at an appointed place, and at two o'clock started for the place that the boys had selected for the throne. After a very long walk, up hill and down, we arrived at the place, but we were separated from it by a stream of water, which it took a long time for us to bridge before we could cross it. After we got over, we scattered all over the woods to search for wild May-flowers. We found many, and were searching for more, when we heard the drums beating to call us in, as the royal rites were about to be performed. First came the Queen, then the three Maids of Honor, followed by the pages. The weather had been rather cloudy for a little while, but just as Flo took the first step to go to the throne a burst of golden sunshine came upon us all. You can imagine we were a pretty effect. It had, in fact, been a perfect day. After Flo was on her throne, with her maids on her left hand and her pages at her right, one of the pages stepped forward and made a little speech while placing a beautiful crown made of many pretty May-flowers on her head. Flo made a little speech of thanks, and in the same manner the other two pages, one giving a garland and the other a sceptre, stepped out. Then the Maids of Honor called up the flowers (take the Buttercups, for instance). They sang, to the tune of "Little Buttercup," in *Phonore*:

"Now bloom the bright buttercups, golden-hued buttercups—
Do you in the meadow grass green.
Come, come, little buttercups, bright little buttercups,
Bloom round the throne of our Queen."

Then two small girls, each wearing a large bunch of buttercups, took their place one on each side of the throne, and said:

"Yes, we're coming, help us up,
I am little Buttercup."

And so on, till we had called many flowers. Then the Queen's guard, which consisted of a captain and eight boys, who had their swords and spears of pasteboard, covered with gold and silver fancy paper, came up behind the Queen and the attendants, and said they would keep the Queen from danger, to love, serve, and protect her all her life. Then the braiding of ribbons round the May-pole, which was very pretty; after which the May-pole twiners and the court

oldest towns in the Netherlands. The Romans, who built it, called it *Trigeton* at *Moson*, while they passed here the river. Not far from the town are the entrances of the subterranean canals, which the Romans had dug, and which extend to Liege. One can visit them only with a guide, and it is worth while to do so; from all countries people come to see them. The Romans wrote their names on the high walls. I saw those of many celebrated men and women, as Napoleon's, Sir Walter Scott's, and Agass's. There is one written in Arabic, which called *Moson-sar*. They sent it to Paris, where it got a place in the Museum. It is always very cold in the caves; the temperature is 10° Reaumur. When one is about to leave the cellars, the guide extinguishes his torches, and as there is nothing so strange and beautiful at the same time as to see all at once the light, the sunshine, and the woods after such intense darkness. If you like it, I will write more about Maastrecht's environs, its *flora*, and buildings in another letter. I should like to exchange stamps which are now used in the different countries of Europe, for stamps of America and its islands. Please will you be so kind to pardon my "bad" English. I am no English girl, and learned this language only by private lessons. With much love, yours sincerely,

ALICE MOUZIN.

LAKESIDE, NEW JERSEY.

My sister has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nine or ten years. I like it very much, and I think the stories are very interesting. I have three sisters all older than myself. We have a good many pets, a greyhound, a horse, two crown-birds and three little ones, two squirrels, two peafowls, and we had two sheeps and ponies, but we had grown too big for them, papa sold them. We have the Shetland colt yet. I will not tell you of the rest, for I am afraid my letter will be too long to print. I have a puzzle which I found. I remain your friend,

I. S. F. (aged 10 years).

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a boy ten years old. I go to school, and study arithmetic, grammar, reading, geography, and spelling. We have been taking this delightful paper for some time. It is miles from here is situated the Guilford battle-ground. This famous battle was fought on March 15, 1781. On the ground is a very large oak tree, which is very beautifully shaped, with its top said to have been cut off by a cannonball. From its roots flows the water of a spring. The water now bubbles into a stone basin. There are three granite monuments near the railroad. One has been erected in honor of Colonel Forbis, who was killed in this battle. There is to be a celebration there to-morrow. J. HOWELL FAY.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am going to tell you about my little brother Edward, who is two years old and a half old. He is very fond of the language of his own; he says "tuy" for stairs and "tar" for chair. Sunday my brother took him out for a walk, and when he came home he said, in a most sorrowful tone of voice, "Mamma, baby tan kime a tree!" This is the first year I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I think it is splendid, and I think "Captain Love" is lovely. This is my very old friend HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I hope you will publish it and oblige your affectionate reader,

SARAH R.

P. S. I am very much interested in "Dory-mates."

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I have much pleasure in reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and the enigmas delight me. I have found the answers in No. 497 with great delight; they are, "Nasturtium," "Grape-vine," "Horse-shoe nail," and "Student." Should the answers to the enigmas be printed separately from my letter, dear Postmistress? As I am a little girl twelve years old, I wish to see if any among your other letters, or in this one, my four little sisters and my one little brother would like to know that I have been printed, for I am their eldest sister. AMY O.

Amy, I am glad you enjoy the puzzles; please send your answers on a separate sheet, or on a postal-card, and not in the body of your letter.

ANSWER TO REBUS IN No. 498

"Oh, be not the first to discover
A blot on the fame of a friend,
A flaw in the faith of a lover
Whose heart may prove true in the end.
"We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not of him at all."

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS

LESSON FOR JUNE 16TH.

Jesus Crucified.—Mark, xv., 21-30.

Golden Text: "He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (Phil. ii.).

Why do we keep Good Friday, children? Because we need every year to be reminded that once there was a day when the powers of evil turned against the powers of good, when Christ, the Son of God, was taken by cruel men, and by "wicked hands was crucified and slain."

I want you to read slowly and thoughtfully the verses of this lesson. Then come close to me, and let us talk together in low, reverent voices of this wonderful, terrible thing that happened on Mount Calvary.

"There is a green hill far away,
Beyond the city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all."

The Saviour, before He was crucified, you know, was cruelly beaten, and in mockery the rough and brutal soldiers threw around Him an out-faded purple robe, probably a camp-cloak of the royal color then worn by kings, put in His poor hand a reed to imitate a sceptre, and, woven of the sharp thorns of a bush that grew by the wayside, thrust on His head a crown of thorns.

"The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now."

But it makes our hearts burn with grief and indignation when we think of those sharp thorns pressed down upon that gentle, loving brow. Had they no pity, these wretches, who were leading the Al-pitil to His doom?

They led Him along the Via Dolorosa, the Sorrowful Way, to the "place of a skull," a great crowd following, some jeering, some crying for shame and the misery of it, there no doubt, were women and children, and the frightened disciples. They made Him carry the heavy cross on which they meant to nail Him, but grew faint under its weight; they compelled a man who came along to bear it in Jesus' stead.

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?"

I do not like to say very much about the pain, the agony of the cross; I will speak rather about the inscription which Pilate caused to be written and hung above it, that all beholders might know who was leading the Al-pitil to death. The legend was written in the three languages which were then most spoken in the world, Hebrew and Greek and Latin. In the great throngs gathered near Calvary, the people would be glad to read one of these tongues, if not each of them, and many could read them all. Then Hebrew was the language of religion, Greek the language of culture, Latin was the language of conquest and dominion. Jew and Gentile, all who represented humanity, took part in crucifying the Son of Man.

The inscription Pilate dictated was:

"This is Jesus, the King of the Jews."

It made the chief priests angry when they saw this, and they said, "Write not 'This is the King of the Jews,' but 'He said that He was the King,'" etc. Pilate, however, refused to alter the inscription.

And as I think of it, Jesus, hanging there, His hands and feet riven by the nails, *King of the Jews*—was King of the world. Long before this He had said, "And if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." The soldiers disputed over His clothing; the women, weeping and wailing; the priests, with their sinister faces; the surging crowd—He was King over them all. You remember the lovely thing He did even in the midst of His agony, providing for His Mother a home with His best-beloved disciple; saying to the penitent thief, "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise," praying for His murderer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." To the very last, Jesus forgot Himself, and thought only of God and of others.

The sun for three hours, from twelve to three o'clock, was in eclipse, so that there was darkness over all the earth. You know the hymn says:

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his golden eye,
When Christ, the Mighty Saviour, died,
For man, the creature's sin."

At the very last Jesus cried, with a loud voice, "It is finished!" It was very wonderful that after so much pain and exhaustion, He could pass away with a shout of triumph, and here again I think of what He said long before about giving up His life. "No man taketh it from Me; I lay it down of myself. I have power both to lay it down and to take it again."

At the moment of His death, *It is finished*, the veil which in the Temple divided the Most Holy place from the common court was rent or torn from the top to the bottom, though

no human hands were near. Henceforth there was no more need for the temple service, nor the high priest, nor the sacrifice, for the Lamb of God had been offered to take away the sin of the world.

What a night that was in Jerusalem! Everybody talking of this strange scene at Mount Calvary. The disciples, the poor Mother Mary, bereft and stricken! Pilate afraid of a shadow; no wonder that a few months later, as history tells us, this cowardly ruler committed suicide. The Roman centurion determining to follow the teachings of this Man, who must have been the Son of God; Joseph of Arimathea laying the body of Jesus in his own new tomb, and the Roman soldiers standing on guard at its door.

Dear children, the story of the cross will do you no good unless you can truly say:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised and forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be."

COUSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.

CHARADES.

1. My first may be used either inside or outside of the house. My second owns the house. My third is on the house, and my whole takes place within the house, and is usually opposed by the world and praised by the younger members of the family.

2. She wore my second at the ball.
My first was there in splendor.
My whole is dainty, neat, and small.
My whole is stately, swaying, tall.
Please name my little reader.

3. In the van of the battle,
Naked, poor, despised and forsaken,
Bore onward my first
On his glorious day.
Blood-dyed was my second
Ere daylight was done.
And the fight that was gallant was splendid,
I won
My whole is quite humble and simple of mien,
And fair little Mary will guess me, I ween.

4. In Russia, China, and Japan,
In India and the East,
In France, and Spain, and Portugal,
The ladies all are fond of me.
My first and second both they prize,
My whole finds favor in their eyes.
From royal women down to-day,
To humblest maids, I bear full sway.
MADGE McNEILD.

No. 2.

WORDS WITH ONE SOUND AND TWO MEANINGS.

1. Lucy's father refused to give her a —, as he wished to — her extravagance.
2. John could not find a word to — with thyme, which would signify the — on the edge of the meadow.
3. He strayed all day beside the —, declaring that he would never — such an insult.
4. The — grow by the river, but the college — are out of favor.
5. I — that story in the — light of the fading day.
6. In other — that — was shown.
7. Please — the tree with the leaves of gold — Do it at once, —

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 499.

No. 1.— FROM KING
ROPE IDOL
OPEN NOSE
MEND GLEE

No. 2.— 1 Ab. About. 2 Abash. 3 Aboriginal.
4 Ab-ridge. 5 Ab-round. 6 Ab-stain.
7 Ab-urd. 8 Ab-use.

No. 3.— P
K
I
A
H
T
P
A
G
E
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N
T
P
E
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R
L
I
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N
T

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from St. Clair Vaughan, Mary Pace, Susie Stuart, Elsie Janney, Clara Johnson, Edna Johnson, Sarah J. Franklin, Peter Dick, R. G. L. Lewis, Waimsey, E. Van De Voort, R. S. Thomas, Eugene Atwater, Alex. Black, Marian Ainslie, and John McCormick.



A Stitch In The Back.

There was an old witch and the same took a stitch :
In Sandy O' Darkins old pladdie,
When snapity crack' it went to his back,
Had made him a sorrowful laddie.



QUITE A TUMBLE.

A CORRESPONDENT in Denver, Colorado, sends us the following "tall" but true story :

"We've got some youngsters here in Denver worth bragging about. Master Walter Ivers, aged eleven, is one of them. Wal-

ter was playing on the roof of the Pioneer building, at the corner of Fifteenth and Larimer streets, when he fell into the street below—a distance of one hundred and twenty feet! Some one will of course rise to remark that the roof of a high building is no place for children to play. I am willing to admit that this is true, but had Walter not been there, this little story would never have been written. The first event in Walter's flight toward the pavement was a collision with some telegraph wires which nearly scalped him. Then he pursued his aerial journey awhile longer, and made his next stop on the back of a horse, which stood quietly in the street. A lady sat in the buggy to which the horse was harnessed. She fainted when our hero dropped, and the horse was knocked flat; but he immediately got up and ran away, perhaps for fear that more boys would fall on him.

"There is nothing very wonderful in the story thus far. The surprise lies in the fact that Walter was not killed on reaching the pavement, for that is where he made his final stop. Any boy can fall off a tall building and be killed, but he was not built that way apparently. He was taken into a drug-store, and his first remark was, 'Well, I did take a tumble, didn't I?' Nobody disputed him on that point. At home doctors set his broken thighs, and he heroically bore the operation without the aid of anesthetics, nor has he murmured during his many weeks of confinement. He was not hurt internally, and expects to be entirely recovered in six months more. I went to see him the other day, and found him bright and cheerful. He told me the entire story of the accident, and remarked that it took just $2\frac{7}{10}$ seconds to make the tumble. He did not figure this out on the way down; that was done for him afterward. Now if any youngsters who read this are inclined to assume the airs of a hero after falling off a fence, or meeting with any other trifling accident, just let them remember the drop of 120 feet which Walter Ivers took."

TO MEADOWS GREEN.

NOW, having filled the pails all foaming.
The generous cows to pasture go,
Beyond the brook and woodland roaming,
On to the meadows sweet and low.

To luscious vines and purple clovers,
And juicy grasses, waving grain,
Then back at eve, oh, sweet-breath'd rovers,
And fill the foaming pails again.



OSTRICH-HUNTING IN THE TROPICS.

OUR YOUNG ORNITHOLOGIST MAKES A GOOD HAUL.

WHICH, HOWEVER, HE FINDS IT PRUDENT TO ABANDON

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
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MADAME VIGÉE-LEBRUN AND HER DAUGHTER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MADAME LEBRUN.—SEE PAGE 566.

MADAME VIGÉE-LEBRUN AND HER DAUGHTER.

BY CARMOSINE.

MADAME VIGÉE-LEBRUN, born at Paris, 1755, died 1842, was the most famous and talented female painter that ever lived. In the course of her life she painted 662 portraits, 15 pictures, and nearly 200 landscapes, taken in Switzerland or England. She has narrated her life in two volumes of souvenirs, which also contain the history of her daughter, the little girl whom she holds in her arms in the picture we have engraved from the original in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris.

Madame Lebrun painted the sovereigns, princes, and nobles not only of France, but of Russia, England, Austria, and Italy; her talent brought her into relations with all the eminent and amiable people of the day; and her society was so much sought after that often she had not chairs enough for all the people who came to see her of an evening in Paris, so that some used to sit on the floor. The great authors, poets, musicians, and singers were all friends of Madame Lebrun. As an instance of the happy year in which these celebrated people amused themselves here is a story. Having read in a book, which was then just published and in all the glory of its novelty, *Le Voyage du jeune Anacharsis*, an account of a supper in ancient Greece, Madame Lebrun conceived the idea of giving such a supper that very night. And so the room was arranged as well as possible; the guests, as they arrived, were draped in Greek fashion; her husband became Pindar or Anacreon; Madame Lebrun and the other ladies dressed themselves as Athenian women; some music by Gluck was sung to the accompaniment of a lyre; a supper of figs, currants, olives, a capon, and an eel was served, while Madame Lebrun's daughter and another young girl, costumed as slaves, passed real Cyprus wine out of real Etruscan jars lent by a gentleman who lived in the same house as Madame Lebrun, and who had a collection of these objects, many of which have since found their way into the Louvre Museum.

As for the costumes, Madame Lebrun had plenty in her studio, with which she used to drape her models. The comparatively recent discovery of Pompeii had furthermore made antique costumes fashionable, so that Madame Lebrun had no difficulty in finding material to carry out her idea; her guests entered into the scheme with enthusiasm, and what with the supper, music, and the recitation of translations of the fine odes of Anacreon, the Greek evening was a great success.

The next day all Paris was talking about this Greek supper, which rumor reported to have cost four thousand dollars, and by the time that rumor reached the other capitals of Europe the sum rose to sixteen thousand. Madame Lebrun herself tells us that it cost her just three dollars, so if any of our readers wish to try the experiment of a Greek supper themselves, they need not be terrified by the expense. It is interesting to note that the girl who, together with Madame Lebrun's daughter, was dressed as a slave, was Mlle. de Bonneuil, who afterward became Madame Regnault d'Angély, a famous beauty, whose portrait hangs in the Louvre Gallery.

The very charming little girl whom in our illustration Madame Lebrun clasps in her arms so lovingly grew up to be a charming blue-eyed maiden of remarkable beauty, vivacity, and intelligence; she sang admirably in Italian, played the piano and the guitar, spoke English, German, and Italian, besides her own language, French; and yet in spite of all these accomplishments she gave her mother great grief, and did not have much happiness herself after her girlish days were over. At the age of seventeen, while she was with her mother at St. Petersburg, she married, in spite of her mother, a penniless, insignificant, and stupid Frenchman, M. Nigris, whom she ceased to love less than a fortnight after this marriage.

THE HAPPY COUNTRY.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT,
AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS LILLIWINKINS."

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who had many reasons for being unhappy. Because it rained; because she had her lessons to learn; because she had to practise and take her dancing lesson; because it did not snow; because her birthday cake was eaten up; because all her pet kittens either died or grew up; and, greatest reason of all, because all her dresses had to be let down. All her other troubles were as nothing compared to this last one; for the others might change or go away entirely; but her dresses would have to be let down several times a year until she grew up, and she felt she could not bear it with patience.

Her friends tried to reason with her, but she hated reasoning even more than having dresses let down, and so that was no comfort, and she just continued thinking that the world was very badly managed, and that children had the worst of everything. So on this day she sat looking out of the window, feeling very dismal, and wishing, for the thousandth time, that if she had to live in such a world, she could at least either be a midget or a grown-up lady, and so escape all the miseries of childhood.

She would not have minded the rain in the least if she could only have gone out in it; but that was not allowed, and she could do nothing but sit at the window and watch the big rain-drops chase one another over the panes, or look down into the street at the little puddles forming between the stones, or at the umbrellas that moved along in a steady stream, completely hiding the people they were sheltering, and looking like great black birds, all wings and with no heads or tails or legs. She sat there a long time, and then suddenly decided that she would be naughtier than she had ever been in her life before, and go out in the rain anyhow.

She was so frightened at herself for thinking of such a thing that she did not wait a moment, for fear some punishment would follow, but slipped into the closet, put on her water-proof and rubbers, and keeping out of nurse's sight, got safely out of the room, and was in the street in no time. She had no umbrella, for she hated them, and liked to feel the rain pat down on her face, and in a moment she had quite forgotten all about her naughtiness, and ran along as happily as if she were the best little girl in the world.

She did not go into the road once if she could help it, but ran in and out among the rows of cornstalks, caught the low limbs of trees, and gave herself shower-baths, splashed right through the largest puddles she could find, and even waded, with her shoes and stockings on, across a little brook that she found in her way.

The late birds, who sat shivering in the almost leafless trees, ready to start southward as soon as the storm ceased, were amazed to see this dauntless little figure go singing along beneath them, and shook themselves to see if they were not dreaming, or if the world had not turned topsyturvy. A good-natured squirrel, admiring her pluck, threw her the largest nut of his collection, and a friendly cat from the farm-house across the fields rubbed its wet sides against her, and purred, as if recognizing a kindred spirit; and being in such an amiable mood, she actually caressed the animal, though she generally detested cats as being only grown-up kittens.

Amid such harmonious surroundings and companions the time passed so quickly, that before she knew it the little runaway had travelled far into the country, and found herself in quite a strange place.

On she went very happily for several hours; but finally she began to grow a little tired, and to wish for something to eat; so she sat down to rest in a tuft of tall grass, and made a little lunch of some orange-peel, raisins, and candy

that she found in her pocket. This refreshed her very much, and she started off again, wondering if it could be growing dark; for in a little while the whole plain grew so sombre that she could scarcely see. But she soon saw that the darkness was caused by the shadow of a high mountain, which rose up so suddenly that it looked like a great stone wall reaching from the earth to the sky.

She had always wanted to climb steep hills and mountains, with no one near to insist on holding her hand, and now started up the almost perpendicular wall in the briskest manner. She found it very easy climbing, as she knew she should, and in a short time she was at the very summit, and so high up she could see nothing at all when she looked back but some dark, heavy clouds that the wind was driving swiftly across the fields.

But when she looked down on the other side she found that she could see quite clearly, and the place below looked so inviting that she determined to go thither at once; and as she thought that this would probably be the best opportunity she would ever have of rolling down a whole mountain, she just lay down and rolled to the very bottom, and got up none the worse for it.

As soon as she was again on her feet she saw that she was surrounded by a number of children, who were all playing merrily in the rain. They were as wet as possible and as happy as possible, and crowded around her with shouts of greeting, asking her name, and where she came from, and how long she could stay.

Thereupon she told them that her name was Fancy, that she had come from a place where children were always miserable, and that she meant to stay until she got tired of the place and wanted a change. At this they all looked at one another, and laughed more merrily than ever, for they had once lived in a place where children were always miserable, and had come to this new home with the same intention of going away again some time as Fancy had. But they had never gone away, and never meant to, they said, for the name of this land was the Happy Country, and no one who came to it ever wanted to leave.

Fancy saw that they were dressed in all sorts of queer ways and fashions, looking as different as possible from any children she had ever seen before. Some wore quantities of jewelry, rings, ear-rings, bracelets, bangles, and necklaces abounding in the greatest profusion. Most of them had their hair hanging straight down their backs, and many wore court trains of silk and velvet; all the dresses had immense pockets in them, which were filled with candy and nuts, and which the generous owners lavishly bestowed upon Fancy; and every child had a pet of some kind, pug-dogs being most plentiful, though there were a number of canaries, and a few mud-turtles, which reposed upon their mistresses' velvet robes in the most affectionate manner.

Then Fancy began questioning them, and found out that it was unknown in that country to wish for anything and not get it. Upon hearing this she immediately wanted to wish for something, but was so dazed by the thought of getting anything she could ask for, that it was some time before she could collect her thoughts sufficiently to make up a wish.

Finally she remembered that she had always wanted a doll that would answer her when she spoke to it, and not say stupidly, "Papa," "Mamma," when she squeezed it.

No sooner had this thought passed through her mind than she found in her arms the loveliest doll imaginable. She hugged it close, in her joy, and asked it if it really belonged to her. At which the doll smiled and said "Yes," and was obliging enough to keep up a conversation of some minutes without any signs of need-

ing to be wound up, or any hint that it would ever run down. This gift so delighted Fancy that she immediately wished it would stop raining, so that she could play house.

Instantly she found herself whisked away to a beautiful dry lawn, where the grass was as green as in midsummer, and on which the sun was shining as brightly as if it had never rained at all.

She found some of the little girls had come there with her, who, with a number of new ones, formed a party large enough to play house in the most elaborate manner, and thereupon Fancy wished for a doll-house. In a moment one stood there, large enough for her to go in at the door, and having an upstairs, down-stairs, and cellar. Then she set the table, and dined on real plum-cake and chocolate *éclairs*, and drank real tea and coffee just as strong as she liked.

As soon as they grew tired of playing house they wandered over the lawn to a beautiful lake with a fine level beach, upon which they ran up and down until they were so warm that they all jumped right into the water like so many fishes, and after plunging around for some time climbed up on some rocks in the middle of the lake, and sat there chatting until they were quite rested.

Fancy thought this the most delightful thing in the world, for she had always wanted a chance to plunge into cool, sparkling water when hot and tired, but had never been allowed to do so before.

But she noticed that every now and then some child would disappear suddenly, and as this happened once or twice when she was talking to the very child that thus left them, she asked what it meant.

Her companions told her that this was because the children took a sudden fancy for something else, as children often do, and that probably those who had been there a few moments before were now playing some other game, or eating lunch, or driving, or walking, or doing whatever they might choose.

Fancy thought this idea such a splendid one that she immediately wished herself lying in a hammock, as she felt a little tired, and in a moment found herself swinging to and fro in the most comfortable hammock she had ever been in. When the sun came in her eyes she wished the leaves of the trees to move and shade her, which of course they did, and so she lay there for an hour, and drank lemonade through a long straw as often as she liked, for she was thirsty as well as tired, and wanted as much of her favorite beverage as she could drink.

And in this pleasant manner she went from one thing to another until the day was passed, and she was actually glad to go to bed, although she was told she need not hurry in the least, and in fact could sit up all night if she wished.

But she thought she would rather go to bed as usual this time, and sit up some night when she felt less tired; and so instantly she was conveyed to a charming little room, and lay down very happy and contented. On feeling something hard under her head, she raised her pillow and found there a neat pile of school-books, and on asking what this meant, she was informed that in this delightful manner the children of the Happy Country learned all they knew of books. Fancy was perfectly satisfied with this explanation, and soon fell asleep with the joyous assurance that in the morning her lessons would all be learned, and she would be much wiser than she was on going to bed.

The next day brought new delights, and Fancy found that the resources of this wonderful country were indeed unlimited. When they played "London Bridge," and Fancy was asked to choose between a gold house and jewelled furniture, and a silver sleigh with twenty ponies,



"SHE SAT LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW, FEELING VERY DISMAL."

she found, on choosing the latter, that a real little silver sleigh and twenty live ponies immediately stood at her side.

And so it was with all pastimes. Hammocks and swings moved of their own accord, and every girl at the same time could play fox-and-geese and jumping rope, for the rope turned of itself, and no one had to take turns. Sleds flew back uphill, after their owners had ridden down, and skates went off and on without an effort, while balls, dolls, and tea-sets remained forever new, and mending-cement was unknown.

And as the days passed, Fancy found that even greater things than these came to pass, for in this obliging climate, where it snowed or rained or shone just as people wanted, and one could gather violets one minute and play snowball in the same spot the next, the little girl learned that letting down dresses was a thing unknown, for the reason that no child there grew at any time excepting on the night before her next birthday; and as even then the growing all went on during sleep, no one suffered the least inconvenience from it; and the birthday cake, which lasted the entire year, never diminished, but was always large enough to admit of having several pieces all round, no matter how many tea-parties there were during the year.

In this country, too, the kittens always remained little, and thus Fancy found that one by one her troubles left her, and she became a perfectly happy child. She remained in this land until she grew up; but then had to go home again, as it was against the law for any one to live there but children. But she returned to her old home very willingly, for she was quite sure that grown people never had any trouble. If she ever found out that this was a mistake she never told any one, but bravely bore things that could not be helped, and once in a while forgot her present life, for every now and then she would meet some one she had known as a child, and then everything else would be forgotten while they talked over the scenes and delights of the ever-to-be-remembered Happy Country of their childhood.

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

VII.—A MUSICAL NOTE.

SOUND may be divided into two distinct kinds, noise and music. You at once think that the difference between these two is that noise is disagreeable and music is agreeable sound. This is usually so, but it does not make the real difference between them, for a noise may be rather pleasant and a musical note may be shrill and piercing. You can tell when you hear a sound, whether it is a noise or a musical note; that is, you know the difference in effect. What I want you to look into to-day is the difference in the cause of these two kinds of sound.

The noise of the bursting fire-cracker we learned in our last experiments came from an air wave that spread out in every direction from the spot where the explosion took place. There was one short sharp report, sending

out one train of sound. Suppose, instead of one cracker, you had fired off a pack, you would then have set in motion many trains of sound following each other; you would have heard a continuous noise, but it bore no resemblance to music. A musical note is a continuous sound of a peculiar kind. The going off of the pack of crackers sent out many irregular waves of sound, following each other hap-hazard. A musical note comes from some body that has been set into a tremble or made to vibrate just so many times a second, and sends out regular waves at regular times so close together that the ear hears them as a continuous note. The separate sounds link themselves together and sing.

Strike a box of nails, there is a noise; shake it, it is noise still. Strike a bell, it vibrates, and a musical note comes out of it. (Fig. 1.) If you have a little table gong, stand it on a table and from something near hang a small cork so that it will just touch the edge of the gong; hold the gong firmly between two fingers of your left hand by its base; now strike it gently with a piece of iron heavily enough to bring out the musical tone without jarring the whole gong. When you strike certain parts of the gong (on the side opposite the point where the cork touches at A or near the cork at B), you will see the cork start away from the bell; the vibrations of the bell have moved it from its place. The bell actually changes shape in its vibrations, like the two dotted lines in Fig. 2, but one after the other; first it lengthens one way (A), and then it gradually changes through C, the original shape of the bell, to B, and so back and forth as long as the singing sound comes from it.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

If you have not a gong, a finger-bowl or thin tumbler or wineglass almost half full of water will show this, if you let the cork swing against the side, and make the glass sing by running your wet finger around the edge. Do not press hard enough to *jar* the glass, only to make it musically vibrate, as the violin bow does the string. A violin bow is a very good thing to use on your glass, if you happen to have one, instead of your finger.

When a sound is repeated, no matter how regularly, but less than sixteen times a second, it comes to the ear as a repeated noise; but when it comes as often as sixteen times every second, or oftener, the sounds are linked together, and it sings: it is a musical note. So you see there are several things necessary in order to produce a musical sound—waves of regular size coming at regular times and with a certain quickness or rapidity of rate; they must follow each other as often as sixteen times a second.

It seems strange that the ear should care so much for this regularity in the sound waves, but if you will compare it with something you have noticed in another direction, it will help you to understand. Suppose you are sitting in a room with a bright lamp burning; it is pleasant and cheerful, and you enjoy it. Now suppose, instead of this steady light, some one flickers and flares a light, no brighter than the lamp, in your eyes, leaving you in darkness between-times, you find it very disagree-



FIG. 3.

able; such a light hurts your eyes. Music is something like the steady light, and noise is like the flickering light; the uneven flickering sound hurts your ear, as the flickering light hurts your eye.

A single noise may be very unpleasant, and yet if it be repeated evenly and quickly enough, it may become musical. The sound of a card tapping on metal is not very pleasant, and yet if a card is held against the edge of a toothed wheel which is turned very rapidly, it gives out a musical note, not very pure, perhaps, but decidedly musical.

No one could count the number of waves of sound that go to make up a musical note. It does not become musical till you cease to hear the separate sounds, and we cannot see the waves and ripples in the air; but a way has been found to count them. A little instrument has been invented, called the Siren, which does this. In its simplest form it is a round plate, made so that it can turn like a wheel about its centre. Regularly around the edge holes are pierced. A bent tube is placed so that it comes opposite the row of holes in the plate, one after another. When air is blown through this tube and the plate is turned, you hear a puff, puff, puff. As a hole comes opposite the tube the air goes through; when the solid part between the holes comes opposite, the air is stopped; this blowing and stopping and blowing and stopping makes the puff, puff. There are some clock hands fastened to the machine which tell just how many times the plate goes round. Supposing there were one hundred holes around the edge of the plate, then when it turned once in a second there would be one hundred puffs a second. The puffs link themselves together and make a musical note. Once or twice in a second the note would sound higher—not louder, but higher in pitch—by striking a note on the piano, and making the siren go faster and faster, so that the pitch of the note will be made higher; there comes a time when your ear would tell you the two are

alike; then you can look at the hands of your siren, and tell how many puffs there were per second: there were just as many vibrations of the piano string as there were puffs of the siren. As the siren moves from slow to fast, first you hear puff, puff, then a low growling musical note, which gets higher and higher till it fairly shrieks; as you make it go slowly, the note gets lower, till it grows, then puffs, and finally stops.

Do you notice the change here: the faster the wheel turns, and, of course, the more puffs we have every second, the higher was the musical note. The difference between a high note and a low note is not a question of loudness, but is the sort of difference you notice between a man's voice and a woman's, between the bass notes of a piano and the treble notes, between the *tone* of the church bell and the breakfast bell. This is called pitch in music, and depends upon the number of sound waves which reach the ear each second.

Such movements as these, which send out regular waves of sound so many each second, are called vibrations; they are so quick that they are like a tremble. You remember that our pendulum vibrated, though very slowly, and just so many times a minute. If you wanted to get a quicker vibration, you did not do it by pushing the pendulum; it is true such a push would move it more quickly for a moment or so, but it would soon fall back into its own regular beat. The way to make it swing more quickly was to shorten the string. This is the case with the strings on pianos and harps. Each one has its own rate of vibration when set in motion, and gives out its own note. Except for this we could have no musical instrument. The player would not know when he set a string in vibration what note was coming. The same thing is true of organ pipes and flutes and horns.

There are several kinds of musical vibration that I want you to try to imitate. Take a common lead sinker with a piece of string fastened to it; pull it aside and let it go. This is one kind. Now fasten to it instead of the string a piece of elastic; pull it gently down and let it go. The elastic lengthens and shortens again and again. These

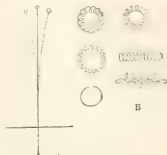


FIG. 4.

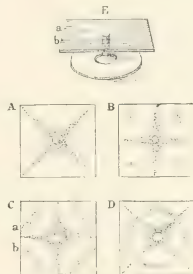


FIG. 5.

are the two ordinary vibrations in musical instruments—crosswise and lengthwise.

Fig. 3.—Take one of the common pasteboard tubes that are used to roll engravings on. Tie over the end half of a thin rubber balloon, stretching it as much as possible; glue on the middle a little piece of looking-glass not half

an inch square, sit where the sun will be reflected on a spot on the wall or a screen from the glass, and sing into the tube. The vibrations of the rubber will make the reflection dance. The forms in the figure (B) were made in this way. There are, you see, a great many variations of the figure 8.

Another very curious experiment, which shows these sound vibrations to the eye, is done in this way. (Fig. 4.) Take a fine steel knitting-needle, fasten a steel bead (the smaller the better) in one end by driving it on or gluing it tightly; screw the other end of the needle to the edge of a heavy board or common table, or on the inner side of a table drawer. This you can do by getting a common round-topped screw and nipping the lower end of the needle between the edge of the screw-head and the wood. Make it very firm. Now give the needle a little blow, so as to make it sing, near to the place where it is fastened. Do not jar it simply, but make it hum. Let the sunlight or a bright lamp-light fall directly on the bead, and notice the beautiful figures it traces in light. Sometimes it makes a circle, and a little blow will make the circle crinkle up in the most beautiful way. Fig. 4, B, shows some of the forms such a needle made for me. This shining bead only tells to your eye the vibrations the needle is making, while the musical note that is given out tells the same thing to your ear.

The most beautiful way these vibrations can speak to the eye is the following: (Fig. 5.)—Take a piece of ordinary window-glass, or, what is better, the glass of a spoiled negative, have it cut into a square about six inches each way. You can do this yourself with a little practice and a ten-cent wheel-cutter; lay the glass perfectly flat, put a ruler down on it, and run your wheel, pressing evenly and hard, along the edge of the ruler. The glass is scratched, and just where the scratch is you can break it. These edges must be smoothed. This can be done easily on a grindstone or with a coarse whetstone or file, rubbing the edges carefully. Do not put your face near the glass when you are cutting, breaking, or filing it, and whenever you can shut your eyes, do so; or, best of all, put on a common pair of wire and glass goggles. Perhaps you can get some older person in the family to cut or grind the glass for you. Now glue with straten or Le Page's glue the centre of the glass to a high spool, and let it stand some days to harden perfectly. (Fig. 5, E.)

Scatter fine silver sand thinly over the little glass table top, hold the spool firmly with two fingers, and if you have a violin or violoncello bow in the house, sweep it along the middle of one edge of the glass. If you have no bow, do not buy one, though they are inexpensive (I purchased one for thirty cents, which is very good for the purpose), but take a small wooden box top, split it from end to end, near one side, cutting through the end pieces, resin the edge of the lid, and if you are as fortunate as I was, the first box you try will answer almost as well as a bow. Do not be discouraged if it is some time before you get a musical note out of your plate. When it once comes, it comes easily again. The moment the plate begins to vibrate so as to give out a musical note, the sand dances violently and settles down into the form given in A. You can soon learn to use your resined edge of wood so as to produce several other notes. At the extreme corner of the plate it gives another note, and figure B appears. Now put your finger and thumb at *a* and *b* on the opposite side of the plate from your bow, and you will hear another and a higher note sound out, and see a new figure, C. Still another sweep of the bow will range the sand in the form shown in D. The sand shows the vibrations of the plate by settling in the quiet places and being thrown off from the parts that are trembling under the bow. Set the plate vibrating again and touch your finger to one of the bare places, you can feel the thrill of the glass: now touch it. After another sweep to the part where the sand has settled, it is perfectly quiet.

BECKY'S GRADUATING DRESS.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

"TU whit! tu whit! tu whee! Chee, chee, chee! Bobolink, bobolink!—chee, chee, chee!" These were the curious sounds that issued from amidst the blossom-decked boughs of Farmer Hardy's old sour-apple-tree, and were followed by such a burst of rollicking melody, that any one would have declared that a whole convention of song-birds was holding a meeting in that ancient veteran of the orchard. A nearer investigation, however, would have revealed the fact that this bird orchestra was concealed in the slender throat and cherry lips of one small girl, little Carola Hardy, who was perched up among the pink and white branches this fair May afternoon, pouring out her young heart in the notes which she had so cleverly caught from the sweet-voiced denizens of the wild woods. But gradually the happy strain changed to one more serious, at last becoming almost mournful, until the low, sad "coo, coo," of the ring-dove fell on the spring air instead of the cheery warble of the reed-bird, and finally ceased altogether.

And now it was a very sober-faced little damsel that nestled back in the comfortable seat formed by three huge gnarled limbs, and remarked to a sociable tom-tit, who, with his merry whistle of "Here, here, here!" had flown up to make the acquaintance of this new ornithological specimen: "It is no use! I can't get poor Becky's disappointment out of my mind, for it does seem too dreadful that the valedictorian of the class should have to graduate in a flimsy old dotted muslin, when all the stupid girls are to have beautiful new white frocks. But mother says there is no use in asking pa for a cent, as crops were poor last year, and he is saving every penny toward the interest on the mortgage. Bother the hateful mortgage! It isn't half as nice as apple blossoms." In which sentiment the tom-tit seemed entirely to agree, as he nodded his head knowingly and then darted off to join his mate, leaving the affectionate little sister to her sombre musings.

They were broken soon after, however, by eight-year-old Tony, who came tumbling across the grass, shouting excitedly, "Car, oh, Car, where are you?" And when she replied by a low whistle, he cried: "Throw me down a bunch of blows, quick, for a lady in a carriage out here says she will give me a whole dime for 'em."

"Wh-a-t! Ten cents for a wee bunch o' blossoms! Why, that's more than the apples ever brought." And she willingly threw a lovely spray to the chubby lad, who scampered off to receive his reward.

"Did the lady like them?" asked Carola, when he returned.

"Guess she did! Sniffed at 'em all the way down the road, and said 'she wondered they were so seldom brought to the city for sale,' while the man gave me this," and Tony displayed a silver coin on his pin-cushion of a palm.

"Well, I never!" and for the next quarter of an hour "Whistling Cal," as she was often called, sat, deep in a brown-study, from which she emerged, exclaiming, "I really think it might work, if only I can 'screw my courage to the sticking-point,' as Becky says; while the result was that that evening Farmer Hardy's after-supper pipe was interrupted by his youngest daughter, who crept to his side, and throwing her arms around his neck, begged imploringly, "Dear pa, won't you please give me all the blossoms on the sour apple-tree; for the fruit, you know, is never fit for anything, except to feed to the pigs!"

"Jehoshaphat!" he cried, "what ever do you want to do with all them blows?"

"Ah, that's a secret! But may I have them?"

"Sartain. My gals shall have all I can give 'em, and that tree is good for nothin'. I should hev cut it down

long ago, 'cept I knew you liked to sit up in it and whistle, along o' the birds. Reckon you don't believe the old sayin'.

"'A whistlin' gal and crowin' hen
Always comes to some bad end.'"

"No, I don't. And, pa, will you take Tony and me to market with you to-morrow? It's Saturday, you know."

"You'll have to be up with the larks, then."

"Oh, we'll be on hand, never fear," and Carola danced off to impart her new scheme to her brother, and soon both children were busy plucking the creamy clusters from the old tree and placing them in a pan of water, while the last thing the girl said that night before she sought her pillow was, "I want you to keep me in countenance, Tony boy, for likely as not I should spoil all at the last moment by my wretched bashfulness. Somehow I get on a heap better with birds than with people."

Day had scarcely cracked, much less broken, the next morning, when Farmer Hardy drove his bay horses out of the farm gate, and went slowly jolting cityward, while in the back of the covered wagon, nestled down among the cabbages and potatoes, sat Carola and Tony, holding between them a great tray of fragrant roseate bloom. The former decided that, after all, father must be let into the secret, and on the way she told him how the desire of her heart was to sell these "posies," and purchase for good, patient Becky a new and pretty graduating dress; and although he "pished" and "pshawed," and declared "nobody would look at a lot of worthless blows when the florists' shops were full of roses and lilies and daffydown-dillies," still he smiled indulgently, and finally agreed to drop them at a well-frequented thoroughfare, and to call for them on his return.

So it was that one radiant May-day morning promenaders were surprised and delighted by the sight of fresh apple blossoms, and still more by the pretty picture formed by the young vendors—a manly little urchin with a battered straw hat on the back of his yellow curls, and a graceful little maid in a faded frock and antique flat adorned with a specimen of her floral wares.

"Oh, Maud, look! Did you ever see anything more picturesque?" suddenly exclaimed one of these promenaders—a beautiful, stylish young girl in a new spring costume, who came to a halt directly before the young flower merchants. "And besides, do you know, they have inspired me with the happiest thought. These blossoms would be exquisite for my luncheon party." And darting to Carola's side, she cried: "How perfectly delicious! Give me two bunches at once; and tell me, little one, are there more where these came from?"

"Yes—oh yes," said Tony; "thousands of 'em. The old sour tree is jest chuck-full."

"Well, then, I am much obliged to the old sour tree," laughed the young lady, "and shall be more so to you if you will bring me a large basket of blossoms on Monday. Can you?"

"Yes, yes, ma'am," replied Carola, whose eyes were sparkling and her cheeks flushed.

"Ah! that is nice. Well, then, there is my card, and I shall expect you in good season." And with a pleasant nod, Grace Dunham passed on, remarking to her companion, "They will be so much newer and prettier than hackneyed roses and violets and lilies."

"Can it be true, Tony—can it be really true?" Carola murmured; but certainly the silver dimes in her pocket were real, and when at noon Farmer Hardy came driving up to the rendezvous he found an entirely empty tray and two of the happiest youngsters in all that busy metropolis.

Bonny Grace Dunham was as amiable and charming an only daughter as ever adorned a refined, luxurious home; but on Monday morning a slight frown knit her fair brows, and it was with an impatient gesture she flung aside a note she had been reading, and turned for sym-

pathy to her bosom-friend Maud Howard, exclaiming, "Oh, Maudie! is not this harrowing? Mrs. Daw, the famous whistler, you know, writes that she is ill, and will be unable to come and whistle for us to-day. So how ever am I to entertain the girls after lunch?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know," began Miss Howard, in a despairing cadence, when both were startled by a shrill boyish voice piping: "If it's whistlin' yer want, why, Caro here can whistle like a mocking-bird"; and they turned in amazement to see two little figures, one of whom was suffused with blushes, and the other staggering beneath a huge basket of pink and white bloom.

"Why, it's the little apple-blossom folk!" said Grace; and welcoming them cordially, she, with kindly tact, covered Carola's confusion by going into ecstasies over the fresh, beautiful sprays, on which the dew-drops still lingered. "And now we shall have as much as we can do the next hour to make them into bunches and tie them with this pink and green ribbon. Rosalie shall bring you some refreshment, for you must need it after your early ride to town, and then you must tell me your names, and sit here and help Miss Howard and me."

It was not many minutes, then, before Tony was chatting away like a young magpie, while Carola too soon lost her bashfulness, and found herself gazing up into Miss Grace's sweet face, and telling her all about Becky, who was studying so hard to become a teacher, and even about the old dotted muslin. That any girl could think of graduating without a new and handsome costume was a revelation to the children of luxury, and there were tears in Maud Howard's eyes as she asked, "How old is this sister of yours?"

"Seventeen."

"Just our age," whispered Grace, and it was with a great throb of pity that she laid a gold piece in Carola's palm, saying, "I am glad to be able to help even a little toward the apple-blossom gown."

"But what did you mean, Tony, by saying Carola could whistle?" asked Maud. "Does she really do it well?"

"Don't she, though! Better'n a boy. Go it, Caro, and let 'em hear the bird-song."

"Oh no, I couldn't," cried Carola, hanging her head.

"Please do, dear; we are not a critical audience," whispered Grace; and at length, urged on by the gracious little lady, to whom she had completely lost her young heart, Carola pursed up her rosy lips and poured forth such a burst of trills, calls, twitters, and roundelays that the girls sat in speechless amazement, while Rosalie came running in with a message from Mr. Dunham to know if "an aviary had suddenly broken loose in Miss Grace's boudoir."

"Wonderful! marvellous! I never heard anything at all like it!" exclaimed Maud, while the young hostess almost fell on her knees to the little country girl, begging that she would stay and whistle for her company. "For," she said, "I have quite set my heart on having my luncheon the prettiest given this spring, and your performance is so novel, so unique, that it will charm the girls, and I will pay you just what I should have given Mrs. Daw."

So at length the shy little maid, almost amazed at her own temerity, consented, although with a beating heart. And later, when the guests had arrived, she and Tony had a tempting little meal served them in the white and gold boudoir, and ate it on an inlaid table, while the murmur of low voices and the ripple of girlish laughter floated up from below.

But it was a dreadful moment to the little rustic when Miss Grace came to conduct her to the drawing-room, and she turned so white and trembled so that her slangy brother shouted, "There, Caro, don't get rattled, but just brace up and go it like that funny cat-bird!" while if it had not been for the "extra money for Becky," and her desire to please her gentle hostess, I verily believe she would have caught up her hat and flown off anywhere—



BETWEEN SMILES AND TEARS, HUGS AND KISSES, REBECCA WAS HURRIED INTO THE DAINTY COSTUME.

anywhere away from that waiting company below. As it was, however, she bravely swallowed the suffocating lump in her throat, and kept saying over and over to herself, "For Becky and Miss Grace! for Becky and Miss Grace!" and all the guests saw was a pale, slim little maiden in a gray frock, who stood up with her hands clasped tightly before her, and sent such a gay, rollicking lay floating through the spacious apartment, that they seemed in an instant transported to the merry green-wood, and listening to Nature's free happy songsters. To say they were captivated but faintly expresses it; and after Carola had imitated the ring-dove, night owl, tom-tit, and bobolink, they gathered about her and showered her with enough compliments to turn any twelve-year-old head, had it not been unusually sensible.

"The child has a fortune in her throat, now whistling has become so fashionable," remarked dignified Miss Vanderdonk, as Carola followed up her bird chorus with "Annie Laurie," and "Home, Sweet Home," to which she gave rare sweetness and expression; while all declared that Grace Dunham's apple-blossom lunch was the success of the spring season.

"And largely is it due to you, my little Carola," said the gratified hostess, as she bade the children "good-by," and sent them home rejoicing. "While, remember, I am to help choose the new gown, and shall certainly come out to Budville to see Becky graduate."

A girl of uncommon ability was Rebecca Hardy, and most patiently and industriously, in spite of many drawbacks, had she pursued her course at the Budville Academy, a teacher's certificate ever floating before her as her guiding star. And yet it was not with unalloyed pleasure that she saw the sun set on the June night that sent the members of the graduating class into nervous tremors, snowy robes, and the trimmest and tightest of shoes and gloves.

For what maiden of seventeen is quite proof against

the fascinations of dress? And although Becky assured herself most philosophically that "mind was of far more consequence than finery, and she must have that diploma in spite of her companions' sneers and pitying smiles," still there was a slight sinking of the heart as she prepared to don the dotted muslin, carefully laundered and mended for the seventh time.

Slowly she approached the bed; but suddenly something made her pause, and the next instant a joyful cry rang through the little dormer room as her eye fell, not on the "relic of the past," which she had laid out there that very afternoon, but on the loveliest embroidered mull, together with such gloves and slippers, all complete. Almost simultaneously her cry was echoed from the closet, and in another instant Carola and Tony were executing a war-dance around their astonished sister, while Mr. and Mrs. Hardy stood laughing and applauding in the doorway.

Between smiles and tears, hugs and kisses, Rebecca was hurried into the dainty costume, and at the same time the wonderful story of its purchase was poured into her ears. And when the simple youthful toilet was completed, she looked to perfection the ideal "sweet girl graduate," and well she might, for Grace Dunham, whose taste was perfect, had herself planned the dress.

They were all proud of Becky that night, and Carola was so pleased to point her out to Miss Dunham, who kept her promise and came to the graduation. But as for Farmer Hardy, he was almost awe-stricken by Rebecca's clever essay, while he felt the climax was reached when the beautiful city girl came to congratulate him, and said, in her most winsome manner: "The little one too has a rare talent, and we hope often to have her whistle for us next winter." At which Carola cried: "Yes, yes; for then, pa dear, I can make a pocketful of money, and help pay the interest on the mortgage."



DORYMATES:*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ICE CAVE AND ITS PRISONERS.

AT first Wolfe hoped that Breeze had merely slipped and fallen, and for a minute waited anxiously for him to reappear. Then it occurred to him that his companion might have slid into the water, and that possibly he was even now drowning, or struggling in vain to regain a footing upon the treacherous surface. Thus thinking, he sprang to his oars, and pulling furiously, soon carried the dory to the other side of the iceberg, which was not a very large one. To his dismay he could discover no trace of his friend even here, and he now began to be seriously alarmed. He could see the whole side of the ice island as it rose, glittering and sparkling above him in the light of the setting sun. It shone with all the colors of the rainbow, and was coldly, awfully beautiful to look upon, but nowhere did it offer to his view the faintest trace of a human presence.

This side was rugged, and so precipitous that it would be impossible for any one to gain a foothold upon it from a boat, much less from the water; all of which Wolfe noticed with a feeling of despair. As he examined more closely the frigid mass above him he noticed that near its top there seemed to be several platforms or terraces, and he determined to pull back to the landing-place and climb up and examine them. Rowing slowly around the other end of the berg, and scanning every foot of its surface in the vain hope of discovering something, he finally came again to the place where Breeze had left him. Here, with a heavy heart, he made his preparations to follow the course his friend had taken. Hauling the dory partially out of the water, so that there would be less danger of its being crushed by floating cakes, he jammed its anchor into a crack of the ice, and pulled the anchor rope taut. Then, taking advantage of the occasional holes Breeze had cut in the ice with his

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492.

hatchet, he began to climb toward the summit of the ridge.

When at last he reached it he dreaded to look around him; for this was his last hope, and if he should see nothing of his dorymate from here, he felt that he must indeed give him up for lost. At length he forced himself to gaze, slowly and carefully, in every direction about him. There was only the ice, the water, the sunset sky, and sharply outlined against it the *Vixen*, standing off and on beyond the floe, waiting for them.

Waiting for *them*, and he must return to her alone. This thought broke him down completely, and he groaned aloud in his distress. He knew now how strong a hold his sunny-faced young dorymate had gained upon his affections, and feeling that Breeze had gone from his life forever, the whole world seemed as lonely and dreary and cold as the scene around him. In his misery he called out, "Breeze! oh, Breeze! come back to me!"

"Well, I'm coming as fast as I can," answered a muffled voice so close to him that he started in affright, and came very near rolling down the incline he had just ascended. He trembled so that he could hardly speak; but he finally managed to call out: "Is that really you, Breeze? And where are you?" for as yet he could neither see his friend nor locate the spot from which his voice had come.

"Of course it's me," answered the voice, "and I'm down here in a hole with poor Hank. I wish you'd fetch the rope and throw one end of it down to me, for it's mighty slow work cutting these steps, and I could get up by it a good deal quicker. We'll want it for Hank anyhow, because he's hurt, and can't climb."

The crest of the ridge on which Wolfe was seated—for he had not dared stand up as Breeze had done—was quite narrow, and sloped sharply down the opposite side from that up which he had come. This side was wet and very slippery, for the afternoon sun had been warm enough to melt the surface in places. A few feet below him the slope appeared to end with a short upward incline, beyond which the ice again fell away to the water.

In compliance with his friend's request, Wolfe hurried back to the dory for the rope, with his heart as full of joyful emotions as a few minutes before it had been of sorrow. He could not yet imagine what had happened to Breeze, nor in what sort of a place he was, and he hardly cared; the mere fact that he was alive was sufficient for the present.

He afterward learned that the icy slope down the opposite side of the ridge ended abruptly about two feet above the short upward incline that, from his point of view, it had appeared to join; while between the two was a deep, narrow crevice extending far down toward the heart of the berg. This crevice had originally been filled with snow, and in the angle between the two slopes there had collected, while the iceberg was still a part of some Greenland glacier, a bank of arctic sand. Attracting the heat of what little sunshine fell upon it, this material had gradually melted its way deep into the snow. Then water had flowed into the depression thus made, and moving the sand back and forth had slowly enlarged the hole, until it had finally become a deep crevice with smooth walls of glare ice and a sandy bottom. No trap could have been better planned, and after waiting perhaps hundreds of years for its victims, it had caught two in one day. It would also have held on to them so long as the iceberg continued to float if Breeze had not happened to hold a hatchet in his hand when he nearly killed poor Hank Hoffer, and frightened as much as he hurt him, by suddenly sliding down on top of him. He had done this, without giving the slightest warning of his coming, about an hour after Hank had landed at the bottom of the crevice, with a sprained ankle and no hope of ever getting out again.

After the first shock was over, and a few words of explanation had been exchanged between the two prisoners, Breeze had set to work to chop a series of footholds up the sides of the crevice, and to gradually make his way toward the top. Wolfe had heard the faint clicking sound of the hatchet, but imagined it to be the beating of small drift ice against the base of the berg. When in his despair he called out the name Breeze, the latter had nearly reached the top of the crevice, and was within twenty feet of where his dorymate sat, though still effectually concealed from his view.

When Wolfe again returned to the top of the ridge with the rope, Breeze had worked his way up so that his head could be seen above the edge of the crevice, and the friends gave each other a joyful greeting. After receiving the assurance that the other was not hurt, Wolfe said, "Did you say that Hank Hoffer was down there where you have just come from?"

"Yes, indeed he is, and pretty badly hurt. He is stiff with the cold too, and we must get him out as quick as we can."

"I don't see how we are going to do it if he can't help himself," said Wolfe. "Yes, I do, too," he added, after a moment's thought. "But we must work fast, for it will soon be dark, and we don't want to stay here all night. You just wait two minutes longer."

With this he again made his way to the dory, took the anchor from the crack into which he had jammed it, thrust the blade of an oar down in its place, and made the dory fast to it. Then he carried the anchor to the top of the ridge, got the hatchet from Breeze by means of the rope which he let down to him, chopped a hole to receive a fluke of the anchor on his own side of the ridge, made the rope fast to it, and again tossed an end of the line to his companion.

First testing the strength of the rope and anchor thoroughly, he slid down to where Breeze was waiting, and the dorymates exchanged as warm a hand-clasp as though they had been separated for months instead of minutes.

All this time poor Hank had been groaning at the bottom of the crevice, and calling upon them to hurry. The rope was fortunately long enough to reach him, and Breeze, again descending to where he lay, knotted the end of it under his arms. While he was doing this, Wolfe cut a few footholds on the face of the slope leading to the top of the ridge. Then Breeze came up, and the two athletic young fellows drew the almost helpless form of their shipmate slowly but steadily to where they stood. While Wolfe supported him there, Breeze pulled himself, by the aid of the rope, to the top of the ridge, where he took in the slack of the line, and fastened it anew to the anchor. Hank being thus secured against sliding back into the crevice, Wolfe left him, and joining Breeze, they together drew the sufferer to the top of the ridge. Slowly and carefully they helped him down the opposite side, and at last had the satisfaction of placing him safely in the bottom of the dory.

It was now quite dark, but they could still note the position of the *Vixen* by the light of the "flare" that was kept constantly burning on board for their guidance. They dreaded leaving their comparatively safe position, and attempting to force their frail craft through the masses of moving ice that lay between them and the schooner. The thought of spending the night where they were was, however, still worse, and they decided to try and reach her.

As there was enough open water to row in for a while, Wolfe took the oars, and Breeze busied himself with the rescued man. He rolled him in the blankets they had brought, rubbed his hands and limbs briskly, and offered him food. Hank declined this, but asked for water, saying that he was dying of thirst.

"Why didn't you get a drink on the iceberg?" asked Breeze, in surprise. "I'm sure there was plenty of water there; or you might have eaten a bit of ice." At the same time he got out their little keg of water and handed it to the sufferer.

"I didn't suppose an iceberg was made of fresh ice," replied Hank, eagerly seizing the keg and applying his lips to the bung-hole for a long drink. The next instant he dropped it, spat out the mouthful of water he had taken, and sank down in the bottom of the boat with a groan.

"What is the matter?" cried Breeze, picking up the keg. As Hank made no answer, he lifted it to his own lips and drank of its contents. It was full of salt-water.

There was no time then for questions or explanations, as the floes on either side of them began closing together so rapidly that the dory was in danger of being crushed between them. The boys sprang from the boat, and managed to drag it out on the ice, just as the drifting masses met, with a shock that ground their edges to powder, and nearly threw Breeze and Wolfe from their feet.

Then began a struggle similar to that which they had gone through in the morning, only with the danger increased a hundredfold by the darkness. Now they dragged the dory by main strength over some great cake that lay squarely in their way, then, both in the boat, they used the oars as poles and pushed it along from piece to piece. Occasionally a submerged mass would rise beneath the boat, and it was only by the greatest activity that they prevented it from capsizing. Several times one or the other of them slipped into the icy water; but they always clung to the dory, and managed to pull themselves out.

But for the flare that continued to blaze brightly from the schooner's deck they would have given over the struggle a dozen times. Hank could lend them no assistance, but lay, numb and stupid, in the bottom of the boat, a dead-weight.

At last, when after a harder struggle than usual, on account of their exhaustion, they had again dragged the dory out on the ice, Breeze threw himself down in it, exclaiming, "I'm about done for, Wolfe; and I'm afraid we've got to give it up."

"I feel the same way myself," said Wolfe. "I can't pull another pound."

The frigid breath of the ice-fields penetrating their soaked garments chilled them to the marrow, and they shook as with the ague. A short hour more of such exposure would have finished the story of these dory-mates, and one more tale of death would have been added to the long list that saddens the history of the Banks fisheries. But their situation was not yet utterly hopeless. One brave spirit of that little group was not yet wholly prepared to yield itself beaten by the terrors that surrounded them.

After remaining a few minutes motionless and silent, Breeze shook off the numbness that was stealing over him, and endeavored to arouse his companions. Wolfe responded readily to his efforts, but it was a difficult matter to rouse Hank Hoffer. When at last he seemed able to understand them, Breeze said:

"We mustn't give up yet, fellows. The schooner isn't so very far off, and though we can't drag the dory any farther, perhaps if we give a shout all together they may hear it on board and do something for us. The wind is blowing that way."

Breeze remembered his experience in the seine-boat off the capes of Delaware, and how the combined voices of its crew had saved them on that occasion.

The others were willing to try, and as Breeze gave the word they raised a cry so wild and shrill that they themselves were startled by it. Again and again they shout-

ed, until their voices were spent; but no sound came to them in reply. Still they sat shivering in the chill wind, and feeling the awful numbness again creeping over them, but keeping their eyes fixed upon the schooner's light, that seemed so near and yet so immeasurably far from them.

All at once Wolfe started up, exclaiming: "There's another light! See it, Breeze? A little one, between us and the flare. They're coming for us! They're coming for us!"

It was a faint wavering light, like that of a lantern, and often, as they watched, it disappeared, but always to appear again. Now it seemed to be going away from them, and again finding their voices, they raised once more the cry for help.

This time they fancied they heard an answer, and a little later were sure of it. Half an hour of alternate fear and hope passed, before, guided by their shouts, the rescuing party of four brave fellows from the schooner reached them. They had made but slow progress, dragging their dory over the broken ice, and not knowing but that each step might plunge them into the water; but never since hearing that first cry for help had they hesitated for a moment, or thought of turning back.

The meeting between the rescued and the rescuers was too joyful for description; but there was no time for words. The new-comers had found an unbroken floe extending from the schooner, which was made fast to the outer edge of it; but there was no certainty that it would remain unbroken from one moment to another, and they could not hasten back too quickly.

New strength came to Breeze and Wolfe with renewed hope, and they were able to aid in dragging the dories back.

In less than half an hour later they were once more safe on board the *Vixen*, and the whole crew was striving to see who could do the most for their comfort, and show them how fully the brave deed they had accomplished was appreciated.

They now learned that ever since darkness set in those who came to their rescue had held themselves in readiness to set forth the moment they should find out in what direction to go, and that their very first cries for help were heard and answered.

Breeze and Wolfe were readily thawed out by hot drinks and blankets, so that they soon fell asleep, to awaken in the morning feeling but little the worse for their hardships. With Hank Hoffer the case was different. His hands and feet were frost-bitten, and besides having a badly sprained ankle, he was so prostrated by what he had suffered that he was confined to his bunk for many days, and never wholly recovered from his terrible experience.

He never could tell exactly how he escaped to the iceberg, after his dory had been crushed between it and the drifting cakes by which he was surrounded. He was able, however, to describe in vivid and forcible language his joy at sight of the schooner, his horror at losing his foothold and falling into the deep crevice while trying to signal her, and his fright when Breeze came sliding down on top of him. Toward Breeze and Wolfe his gratitude knew no bounds. He begged them to forgive him for the cruel tricks he had played upon them, and was never afterward tired of sounding their praises.

In this taste of arctic trials and sufferings the dory-mates thought they had met with adventures as strange as any they were likely to encounter. But their trip was by no means ended, and the Banks still held startling experiences in store for them, as they were to discover ere many days had passed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FISHING AND FISHING-TACKLE.

BY HENRY P. WELLS.

AUTHOR OF "FLY-RODS AND FLY-TACKLE," "THE AMERICAN SALMON-FISHERMAN," ETC.

I.

NO more beneficial or enjoyable amusement than fishing can be found for the young who spend the summer months in the country.

Those who fish may be divided into two great classes—pot-fishermen and anglers. The pot-fisherman fishes for profit only. Slaughter is his main object, and selfishness his chief motive. For those who are to come after him he has not the slightest regard. To him that method of fishing is the best which is the most deadly. If it will kill every fish in the stream, big and little, good and bad alike, it is all the better. If he profits, let the rest of his fellow-men go hang, for what he cares. In short, he is well described and often described by the word "hog."

The angler, on the other hand, fishes for pleasure. Success must be tempered with an approving conscience to have any charms for him. He never kills a fish for which he has no use. Little fish which have not attained their growth, and all he may take after he has killed as many as he has use for, he habitually returns alive to the water. He scorns every way of fishing which calls for no skill on his part, or which is so deadly as to give him who uses it more than his fair share of sport. He never forgets that others



FIG. 1.

will come after him, nor is without an unselfish regard for their pleasure as well as his own. He therefore confines himself to fair fishing with hook and line, knowing that out of many fish few will bite at any one time; for experience has taught him that the natural increase will keep up the supply as against any reasonable amount of such fishing, and that if the fish are destroyed in no other manner, every comer will find a fair share for all time to come.

It is to be hoped that no reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will hesitate a moment as to which of these two classes of fishermen he will belong. The one deserves and receives the contempt of all good men; the other counts in its members many of the best and greatest this country has produced.

There are many methods of fishing with hook and line. Of these the simplest is with the ordinary hand-line. A baited hook, a sinker, and a cord are all that is required. It is a very good way for a beginner, but has the disadvantage that the person using a hand-line must be almost directly over the fish. In short, it can be used from the end of a pier or over the side of a boat, but hardly elsewhere.

The use of a rod with the line not only adds greatly to the pleasure after a fish is fastened, but it gives the angler command

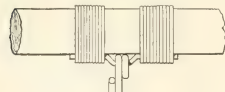


FIG. 2.

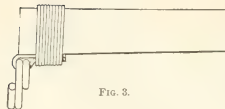


FIG. 3.

of much more water. It also enables him to keep at some distance from the fish, so as not to be so readily seen; this is of considerable consequence, since the larger the fish, of almost any kind, the more suspicious it is.

The rod, then, is an important part of an angler's outfit, and it is the purpose of these papers to teach those who would be anglers, and who need the information, how to provide themselves. As there are many different kinds of fishes,

of many different sizes, so there are many different kinds of rods in use; but they may all be divided into two classes—bait rods and fly rods. A fly rod is a light flexible rod used for fishing with the artificial fly. Money will of course buy any or all of these. But it is the boy who cannot buy, and yet is willing to exert himself to obtain his fishing-tackle, who excites our sympathies, and it is our purpose to aid him.

Let us first consider the question of bait rods. The simplest and the usual way to get a bait pole is to cut the straightest and longest alder that can readily be found near the fishing-ground,



FIG. 4.

tie the line to its smaller end, and fish away. When the time comes to go home, the line is wound up and pocketed, while the pole is either thrown away or hid in the bushes for use another day. This thing is a fish pole. An angler should use, not a pole, but a rod. The pole is a natural growth, usable, it is true, but still ill adapted to its purpose. It is awkward and ungainly to fish with as well as to carry, and with it the biggest and best fish will usually be lost. But let us suppose we have no choice. An alder pole it must be. Can we improve it at all? Yes; we can improve it a great deal, with very little trouble, and almost or quite no expense. With the natural pole we would fasten the line to its small end, and any spare line we may have over the length we wish to use at the moment we wind around that end of the pole, fastening it with two or three knots of the kind called half-hitches, so that it cannot unwind. But we change our position; the water is deeper; we require more line. We must then lay down the pole, walk up to its smaller end, pick out the knots, unwind what we think is sufficient, tie the line once more, try it to see if it is right, and go through it all again if it is not.

If we could wind our spare line on the butt end of the pole, so that we could change the length we were using from there, it would clearly be a convenience. To do this it is only necessary to tie a ring of some kind to the smaller end of the pole, and

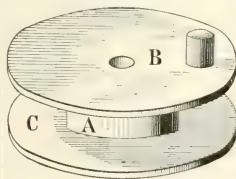


FIG. 5.

fasten a few others along it. The line can then be led through the rings from where the spare line is wound around the butt. The rings must all be on the same side of the pole, and they should be not more than three feet apart.

But how are we to get our rings? Two or three cents will buy enough at almost any shop where hardware

is dealt in. The size is of little consequence; anything from one-quarter to three-quarters of an inch in diameter will do. If they cannot be bought, they must be made. To do this, get a piece of copper wire about the size of such a steel knitting-needle as is used to knit stockings, and wind it twice around a lead-pencil, and cut it off (Fig. 1). This will make one ring; that is, each ring is made up of two complete turns of wire lying side by side, and as close as possible together. If but one turn were used, the ring might pull open at the joint, or the line might catch there. Fasten the rings to the pole by a narrow flat strip of leather about an eighth of an inch wide and two inches long, tying the leather to the pole at the proper places with well-waxed carpet thread or thin twine (Figs. 2 and 3). Of course each ring has its own leather.

We should further improve the pole if we could shorten or lengthen the line as we wished without bothering with any knots. This is easily managed. Have you ever been on a sail-boat? and can you recollect how the rope was fastened by which the sail was pulled in and let out? It was simply wound around a piece of wood called a cleat.

Cut a cleat of the form shown (Fig. 4) out of a piece of pine board, and tie it to the pole between where the hands grasp the pole in fishing, in line with the rings. Make the cleat, measured over the horns, about four inches long, and the middle part in contact with the pole about one and one-third inches long. Tie the cleat to the rod by twine wrapped midway between the horns of the cleat. With a good pocket-knife a handy boy ought to have this arrangement ready for use in half an hour.



FIG. 7.

With a little trouble, however, we can im-



FIG. 6.

prove on this very much. Make one round piece of wood one inch thick, and from one and a quarter to two inches in diameter (Fig. 5, A). Make also two round pieces of thinner wood

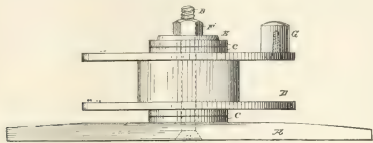


Fig. 8.

(linoleum or other stiff flooring oil-cloth will do very well), from three and a half to four inches in diameter (B, C). Nail the three pieces together so as to form a narrow spool, as shown, but be sure to drive no nail in the middle. Make a flat piece of strong wood about an inch wide, a quarter of an inch thick, and two inches longer than the diameter of the side of the spool.

We are making a reel. We have a spool on which to wind the line, and a flat piece of wood by the ends of which we expect to tie the reel to the pole. We must now unite the flat piece to the spool in such a way that the spool can be turned when we wish to turn it, but will not turn of itself. To do this we must buy a thin wagon tire or stove bolt long enough to pass through the middle of the flat piece and the spool and about three-quarters of an inch more. (Fig. 6.) One can be had almost anywhere in city or country, and will not cost over five cents. An iron washer comes with the bolt, and is necessary and is necessary to our purpose. Having our carriage bolt, we bore a hole through the middle of the flat piece and also of the spool, of such a size that the bolt will pass through them. We will also need four leather washers. A washer, you know, is a round flat thing with a hole in the middle. (Fig. 7.) A piece of an old trunk strap, or an old boot, or anything of the kind will answer to make these washers. If leather is not to be had, use several thicknesses of cloth, but leather will be better. We should prefer the sheet rubber used about steam-engines even to leather; and if we could find an engineer, he would have odd scraps that are of no use to him, and which would be just the thing for us.

But one thing more remains to be done before we put our reel together. We have, so far, no handle to turn it by. A knob of wood nailed on the outside of one of the sides of the spool near its edge will answer. It will be better if we fasten this knob by a screw passing through the side and screwing into the knob. A screw is almost always better than a nail, where one can be used. This rule, however, does not apply to fastening the sides to the middle of our spool. There nails must be used, and driven in until the heads are even with the sides of the spool, so as to present a smooth surface. It will be much more convenient to attach the knob before the spool is nailed together.

We will now put our reel together. (Fig. 8.) All the parts are strung on the bolt B like beads on a string. First comes the flat piece, A; then two washers, C; next the spool, D; then two more washers, C; then the iron washer, E; and last of all the nut, F. We now screw down the nut until the spool is so squeezed between the washers that it will only turn when power is applied to the knob G, which serves as a handle.

Our reel is now ready for use, and, tied by the projecting ends of the flat piece A to the pole between where the hands grasp the pole in fishing, it will be found to answer its purpose very well.

In making this reel, as in most things, a little common-sense will be found useful.

For example, see what kind of bolts are to be had before actual work is begun, and make the flat piece A a little thicker or thinner to match the length of the bolt.

Such of my readers as prefer buying to making will not naturally wish to know what reels cost. Wooden reels, made on very much the same plan as that given, can be bought of various sizes for \$1 50. They are quite serviceable, and much to be preferred to the very cheap all-metal reels, which are sure to become rickety with a little use. A good metal reel is better, but \$3 to \$4 is about as cheap as it can be had. All bought reels are made to be secured to the pole or rod by sliding metal bands, but they can all be tied on so as to serve perfectly well.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INTELLECTUAL INFANT.

THE youngster is really a wonderful lad;

The fact is most easy to see.

He knows "Popsy-wopsey" 's the name of his dad,
That his horse is a woolly "Gee-gee."

He knows that a train is a big "Choo-choo car,"

A "Ding-dong," a "Puff puff," a "Koo-o-o";

He knows that a rabbit, when squeezed, will cry "Mar!"
That a cow's nothing less than a "Moo-o-o."

He knows that a nanny-goat's naught but a "Na-a-ab,"

That a duck's a ridiculous "Quack";

He knows that a lamkin says nothing but "Ba-a-h,"

That a donkey's best known as a "Dak."

There's hardly a creature that's living to-day,

'Twixt twenty and sixty years old,

That knows all these things—that is, I may say,

He doesn't unless he's been told.

J. K. B.



"ME LITTLE BRUDERS GOT STOLED. BOO' HOO!"

very nice too. I liked "Rolf House" very much, and "Captain Poly," and I like "Dormatons" very much. I have no sisters, but wish very much I had. Brother and mamma went away last week, and papa and I miss them very much. Two weeks ago I made myself a flower-garden. I planted sweet peas, sweet allyson, mignonette, balsams, candytuft, and French marigolds, and balsams and sweet peas have come up. Papa gave me a rose-bush, a pansy, and four geraniums, one of which was a rose geranium. Please find room for my letter. Your loving reader,

MARGARET B. (aged 10 years).

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy six years old. Brothers and sisters I have none. I used to live in West Virginia, on the Great Kanawha River, on a plantation called Elmwood, after the son of Cornwall, the great Indian who was killed at the battle of Mount Pleasant, more than one hundred years ago. I used to play with the little colored boys and girls, who were very amusing. I had a pet squirrel, but he became so cross I had to send him away. I enjoy having read to me the story of Princess Lilithwinks, in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Your little friend,

OSCAR.

COLORADO-SPRING-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly two years. I like it very much, and it has been my choice of four papers, and I took this one. I go to a private school, and study reading, writing, spelling, geography, history, grammar, and arithmetic. I have been taking music lessons for a year. I hope some time I will be able to play the Moonlight Sonata, Rhapsodie No. 3, by Liszt, and "Awakening of the Lions" by Schumann. I have several pets—a cat and two kittens, and a white rabbit. I saw a letter in your paper this week, signed Mabel G., and I think I know who it is. It is from a girl who thinks she goes to the same Sunday-school that I do. Mamma thinks this is dreadful writing for a boy of ten years, but I hope you will be able to read it. Good-by.

HAROLD KALSH.

Tell your mamma that I like such writing. Did you ever read a poem in French? Ridley Haverall, on a little girl named Alice, who was learning to play as you are?

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I wrote to you once, but my letter was not printed, so I write you now, and send some of poetry, which I made up when I was twelve years old. I am thirteen now.

THE FLOWERS.

Buttercup, buttercup, over the wall,
Tell me why you grow so tall.
Do you lift to me your yellow cup,
As if to take a little sup?

In a dress of yellow, so clear bright as can be,
You tell who loves better; can you tell me?
With your long green stem and leaves of green,
I'm sure that a buttercup's fit for a Queen.

So you are Miss Daisy, all in white.
I am sure that your face looks exceedingly bright.
As you gracefully nod, as the wind passes o'er,
And sigh when he is gone and wish for some more.

Off in the woods, under a tree,
The modest violet, we see;
With bended head, she is so shy.
She never looks at the clear blue sky.

Her leaves are broad and of dark green hue,
Her stem is slender, and supports just her.
She wears with the ferns, all in the green,
Yet we have to look carefully, or she will be seen.

ALICE C. EARLE.

SAN JOSE.

I took cold, and had a cold for six days, and on the sixth day I was not feeling so well as I did on the fifth, so in the afternoon mamma put me in bed, and now I have pneumonia. I have been in bed for five days. I am a good deal better to-day. Thank I shall soon be well. My brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like "Uncle Peter's Trust," "Captain Poly," "Derrick Sterling," and "Left Behind" the best of the stories in it. I have a pair of white fantail pigeons, but they flew across the street where there were other pigeons, and never came back to stay. I see them flying sometimes. I have written to you once before. I am nine years old.

HAL M. H.

I am very glad you are a convalescent, Hal. By this time I suppose you are as well as ever, and have forgotten those days in bed.

REMINGTON, JAFFER COUNTY, IOWA.

I have never written to you before. I am nine years old. I go to school. My studies are reading (Fourth), grammar, writing, arithmetic, and No. 1 Geography, and shall take No. 2 next term.

I should like to see this letter in print. Last fall papa built a large barn. Remington is a small town of about eight hundred inhabitants. I am a little girl, four feet and ten inches in height. I have dark hair and eyes and a light complexion. I have a brother, but no sisters. I have a cow and a calf. I had a lamb, but we sold him.

THEO. M. V.

LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO.

I want to tell you about a very brave rescue that happened this morning. About a week ago one of my little school-mates, Artie Webster, had started for a walk. He had not gone more than a few steps across the bridge of the Acequia (which is a little run of water that is used for use for irrigating, though it was over little Artie's head) when he heard the splashing of water behind him. He suddenly turned around, and saw to his great surprise little Edna Miles at the baby that he had known for some time; she was about two years old, and he thought her very much like a mouse running for any help at all, brave little Artie jumped into the deep and chilling water, though he knew nothing of swimming. But none too soon, brave little Artie caught hold of Edna's dress, and pulled her safely to shore. Little Artie was taken with a sudden chill after the rescue, and was not able to go to school this morning. Do you not think he was a brave little hero for six years?

VIRGINIA M. B.

I do indeed. Thank you for telling us about him.

Thanks for letters are returned to Belle H. (but we cannot arrange for private correspondence, dear, except in extraordinary circumstances), to Edward C. C., Mabel J., Mary R. D., Lucile T. C. (who writes beautifully), R. Lee S., Ethel C., Willis E. W., and Ralph D.

COUSIN DOROTHY'S CLASS.

LESSON FOR JUNE 23d.

JESUS RISEN.—Mark, xvi., 1-13.

Golden Text: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."

If Christ our Lord had not kept the promise which He made to His disciples, of His resurrection from the dead, He would have been a mere human being, and not the Son of God. Unless He could destroy the last enemy of mankind, death, and by Himself sleeping in the tomb, "taste death for every man," He could not be our Saviour, though He might still be our example, our helper, and our friend. But to be our Divine Redeemer, it was necessary that He should die. "I am He that liveth, and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore." Through the years which immediately followed the Lord's resurrection, the apostles made this the chief theme of preaching and teaching, and when St. Paul was examined before the different tribunals before we have seen, he always carried this message. "Of the hope and resurrection of the dead, I am called in question."

On Friday afternoon they took the poor broken body of the Lord from the cross, and the disciples laid it in a new tomb, in a garden full of lilies and other flowers. This belonged to a man named Joseph, of Arimathea, a rich man. Centuries before, a prophet had said that His grave should be made with the rich, and so this was fulfilled. Pilate, by the wish of the chief priests, set the Roman seal on the great stone which was rolled against the door of the tomb. The sepulchre was a dark chamber cut into a rock, and having places where the dead might be laid; not like our graves, which are holes dug deep into the earth, filled up and covered with soil and flowers. He also stationed a guard of Roman soldiers, who kept watch, day and night, because, said the chief priests, "the disciples may come and steal the body away."

Jesus lay in the grave part of Friday, all of Saturday, and part of Sunday morning, rising on the third day. We keep the day after Easter, Easter in memory of the resurrection, but every returning Lord's Day is really a reminder of this great fact.

About dawn the first Sunday morning, the "first day of the week," as the gospels call it, the great stone, so heavy that it would have taken two or three men to move it by main strength, was rolled away. The Roman soldiers saw a doubtful sign, which so frightened them that they fell back stunned and faint, and the loving women and believing disciples came on, with their spices and fragrant ointments to anoint the body, saw some one bright angel, and others two, sitting in long white garments, in the place "where the body of Jesus had lain."

"He is not here; He is risen," as He said, was the word these angels spoke. Mary, who had broken her alabaster box on the Lord's head before He died, was the sweetest of the women.

To two of His disciples, taking a journey, He appeared, joining them in their walk, and talking with them a long time, all unsuspected, till

they besought Him to "Abide with them." You will find this in Luke, xxiv., 13-34.

St. Paul alludes to the Lord as being seen by "five hundred brethren at once." St. John tells how Thomas, one of the disciples, could not be convinced, though the others told him so, that Jesus was really alive, and he said, "Except I shall put my hand into the wound of the nail, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe."

Even this test was granted to Thomas, and then the Lord said, "Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed. Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed."

There were eleven different appearances of Jesus during the forty days following the resurrection, and upon the last of these, on the Mount of Olives, in the presence of the disciples, He gave them His parting words, and gently ascended, in their sight, up, up, till the blue heavens opened, and a cloud covered the rifted sky, and veiled Him from mortal eyes until He shall come again to judge the world. He is always coming to us in mercy. His hand leads His dear ones, and ours through the gates of death into the heavenly home, but only the ransomed and glorified see Him when they have finished the earthly course.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ALPHABETICAL RIVER PUZZLE.

- A, the largest river of South America.
- B, a small river in the south of Ireland.
- C, a river flowing into Hudson Bay.
- D, a river flowing into the Black Sea.
- E, a river flowing into the Persian Gulf.
- F, a river in the west of Canada.
- G, a river of India.
- H, a river of China.
- I, a river of India.
- J, a river of Virginia.
- K, a river flowing into the Missouri.
- L, a river of France.
- M, a river of Australia.
- N, a river noted for its falls.
- O, a tributary of the Mississippi.
- P, a river flowing into Chesapeake Bay.
- Q, a small river in the east of Germany.
- R, a river of France.
- S, a river of Ireland.
- T, a river of Italy.
- U, a river flowing into the Caspian Sea.
- V, a river in the south of Africa.
- W, a river of Germany.
- X, a tributary of the Amazon.
- Y, a river of China.
- Z, a river flowing into Mozambique Channel.

No. 2.

KATIE S. and MILLIE C.

NO. 2.

TWO DIAMONDS.

- 1.—1. A consonant. 2. A beating. 3. A poet.
- 4. A verb. 5. A towel.

- 2.—1. A consonant. 2. To allow. 3. A King of Judea. 4. A weight. 5. A consonant.

A. D. CHRISTIE.

No. 3.

AN EAST WOOD SQUARE.

- 1. An animal. 2. Mingled with. 3. To move up and down, to be carried along. 4. A garden.

EDITH PROCTOR.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

My first is in hive, but not in bee.

My second in hail, but not in ice.

My third in lack, but not in loss.

My fourth in fight, but not in cross.

My fifth is in tossed, but not in flung.

My sixth is in ding, but not in dong.

My seventh in love, but not in hate.

My eighth is in in, but not in wait.

My whole comes in summer-time.

Loved by children in every clime.

GERTR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 500.

No. 1.—1. William Henry Harrison. 2. "A stiltch in time saves nine."

No. 2.—Livingstone.

No. 3.—1. Rat. 2. Cat. 3. Bat. 4. Fat. 5. Hat. 6. Mat. 7. Nat. 8. Oct. 9. Pat. 10. Rat. 11. Tat.

No. 4.—Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mary Pace, Parker S. Williams, Florence L. Beekman, Edith Paul, Garth, Vida Daymunde, M. Agnes Seaforth, Andrew L. Montgomery, Elsie Maynard, Charles W. Clarke, W. F. D. L., Leolin Travers, M. N. Godwin, Edouard Loomis, Martha Munson, J. M. H., Egbert Winsted, and Warren Davis.



"MAGNET JOHNSIN, PUT UP DAT JUMBREL DIS BERY MIXTE."

"WELL, MAMMY, I'S TRYIN' TO PUT IT UP."

"I DIDN'T MEAN HUST IT, YOU G'LOONNY! PUT IT UP WEAK 'T B'LONG."

COACHING WHIST.

A CAPITAL game for young people (and it is just as good for the older ones) who are summering in the country is called Coaching Whist, and may be new to some of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

If you are riding in a two, three, or four seated wagon, the company may be evenly divided into two sides, those sitting nearest the right side of the road constituting the right side. Be sure to include the driver, even if he be not a member of your party, and see if he does not enjoy the fun.

The game consists in taking account of all the animal life seen on both sides of the road—birds and insects excepted, and human beings included—at given rates, and the side which first counts one hundred wins the game. A man, woman, or child counts five; horses, cows, and sheep, two; hens and chickens, cats and kittens, one each; a yellow cat, ten; and a cat of any color looking out of a window, twenty-five. Of course the latter is a rare sight.

Unless you have tried the game you can hardly imagine the amount of jollity to be got out of it. In riding through an open country, where houses are seen only at long intervals, it is sometimes necessary to make an errand to the farm-houses in order to bring out the inhabitants to be counted, but it is not necessary to be rude in doing so. Of course a well-stocked barn-yard is a treasure-trove to whichever party finds it on his side of the road, and careful counting is necessary if a mother-hen and her brood are startled into taking flying leaps toward some place of refuge. If the driver is on your side, a skilful turn of the wheels will transfer to your count any stray animals that may be wandering aimlessly along in the middle of the road. Try it.

H. M. N.

A QUERY.

WHAT would you do if you had a wee tease,

Asking you daily such questions as these:

"Mamma, does God simply turn down the light

Just when He guesses it's time to be night?"

"Are flowers made out of a butterfly's wing?"

"Why do the trees put their clothes on in spring.

And then when cold winter comes get all undressed?"

"How does the robin get blood on its breast?"

"Will Santa Claus answer that letter of Zeb's?"

"Are bicycles made out of big spider-webs?"

"Does the man in the moon smoke while looking about?"

"And are the blue clouds just the smoke he puffs out?"

"And the stars, are they just the wee sparks he lets drop?"

"Do cat-tails grow up from—" But here I will stop

And ask you again, will you tell, if you please

How you would answer such questions as these?

S. WALTER NORRIS.



A NEW KIND OF INSECT.

WILL (to his small niece, who is stuffing bread and butter). "ALICE, YOU'RE A PERFECT LITTLE FIG."

ALICE. "I ISN'T A FIG AT ALL; I'S A BRED-AND-BUTTER FLY."

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DORMY MATES:

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOST IN THE FOG.

FOR several days after that on which Hank Hoffer was rescued the wind blew steadily from the south, driving the ice-fields far back toward their Northern home, but bringing in their place dense masses of the

almost equally dreaded fog. Fog is the ever-present terror of the Banks, and hangs over them so constantly as to cause the remark to be frequently made that in this latitude three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year are foggy. Of course this is an exaggeration; but it is true that hardly a day passes that does not disclose a fog-bank rising above the horizon in one or another direction.

The *Vixen* was now beset by a fog, sometimes so dense that it settled down upon the water like a pall. Again it would lift, so that her crew were able to set and haul their trawls, with some hope of finding their vessel when the task was finished. It was dispiriting work, and in the midst of it an amusing incident, of which Breeze McCloud was the hero, was hailed with delight by his shipmates.

One night they were lying at anchor. The fog had lifted to such an extent that it was not thought necessary to keep the fog-horn constantly blowing. About midnight Breeze was turned out of his bunk to go on watch. He had hardly reached the deck, and was still rubbing his eyes, when suddenly he caught sight of a dim light. It rose from the mist at about the height of a steamer's mast-head light, and was apparently bearing directly down upon them amidships. He made one spring for the companion-way and another into the cabin, yelling at the top of his voice: "Turn out, all hands! Steamer close aboard!" and snatching up the fog-horn, he again rushed on deck, blowing it furiously as he went, and followed by the startled crew.

Breeze did not even glance at the dreaded light again, so intent was he upon getting all the sound he could from his fog-horn; but all at once such a roar of laughter burst forth behind him that he dropped the horn and turned indignantly to learn what it meant.

"Blow, sonny, blow!" cried one of the men between his shouts of merriment. "You'll have to do better than that to make the man in the moon hear you."

Then poor Breeze realized that what he had mistaken for a steamer's light was indeed the dim and watery moon struggling to show itself through the upper edge of a fog-bank. There was nothing for him to say or do, except to bear as meekly as possible the jokes of his companions and the bursts of laughter with which they greeted him whenever they met him the next day.

The trawls were set as usual the following evening, for in spite of the fog the work of fishing was continued with considerable regularity, and the next morning dory No. 6 went out with the others in quest of its fare. It was customary in thick weather, while the dories were absent, to keep the fog-horn constantly sounding on board the schooner, so that they might be enabled to find her again.

On this occasion there was such a heavy sea running that unusual care was necessary in the management of the dory, and its crew were frequently obliged to swing her head to it to prevent her from capsizing. After considerable difficulty they discovered their buoy, and began to haul the trawl. In spite of the violent pitching of the boat, they were conducting this operation successfully, and had nearly completed their task, when, unnoticed by them, as their backs were turned to it, a larger wave than usual came rushing toward them.

It seemed to spring at the deeply laden dory, and lifted it so suddenly that Wolfe, who was leaning over the gunwale, was pitched head-foremost into the water. At the same instant, Breeze, who had been standing up, was thrown violently backward against the opposite side of the boat, which was probably all that saved it from upsetting. As it was, she shipped a quantity of water, and this, in addition to the load of fish, sank her far below the limit of safety.

Her head, which had only been held to the wind by the trawl, now swung off, and as Wolfe rose to the surface and clutched the stern becket she had turned completely around, and was beginning to drift.

Quickly recovering himself, Breeze went to his companion's assistance, and was endeavoring to help him into the boat, when Wolfe gave a cry of pain, exclaiming:

"I'm caught in the trawl! One of the hooks is in my leg! It's dragging me down! Oh, Breeze, help me!"

For an instant Breeze was horror-stricken; but his quick wit enabled him to understand the situation at once, and also suggested a remedy for it. Wolfe now formed the connecting link between the dory and the trawl, which alone prevented it from drifting off before the wind. The strain on his arms was so great, and the pain from the hook in his leg was so intense, that he could not keep his hold on the becket more than a minute longer. When

he should once let go he would instantly be dragged down beneath the dark waters.

While these thoughts were flashing through his mind, Breeze had picked up the buoy line, cut it free from its keg, and passing the end under Wolfe's arms and around his body, had made it fast to the after thwart. He thus effectually fastened his companion to the dory, and relieved in a measure the strain on his arms.

He next threw off his oil suit, his heavy outer clothes, and his boots. Then, standing erect, with his sharp sheath-knife held between his teeth, he sprang overboard and disappeared, head-foremost, beneath the water, much as his dorymate had done a few minutes before. In another moment the trawl line holding Wolfe was cut, and the terrible strain upon his leg was instantly relieved.

If Breeze had not been the earliest swimmer that he was, and brought up from his earliest boyhood to feel almost as much at home in the water as on land, he could not possibly have accomplished this feat. Neither would he have been able to regain the dory, which, taking a send of the sea, was at some distance from him when he again rose to the surface. He only reached it after a hard swim, and was breathless with his exertions by the time he had managed to clamber in over the bow.

His first act was to lighten it, and cause it to ride more buoyantly by tossing overboard a quantity of the fish with which it was laden. Then he helped Wolfe into the boat; and though the poor fellow's face was white with the pain he was suffering, he gave no expression to it, but at once began to bail out the water that still caused them great anxiety.

While he was thus employed, Breeze was hard at work with the oars, pulling in what he supposed was the direction of the schooner, and keeping a sharp lookout for any waves of unusual size.

At last, when Wolfe had nearly finished bailing, he paused for a moment in his task and said: "Breeze, it was splendid! I don't believe there was ever a finer thing done on the Banks."

"Oh, pooh!" replied the other. "What would be the use of learning how to dive and swim under water if you couldn't do it when it was necessary?"

"Yes, I know; it's well enough to talk about doing such things within reach of shore, but out here in the middle of the ocean, with a sea like that running, makes it a very different matter. I say it was splendid!"

"Wolfe, if you knew how like a coward it makes me feel now to think of it, you wouldn't speak of it again. I thank God that He put it into my heart, and gave me the strength to do what I did. Above all, I thank Him that you are now with me in this boat, instead of at the bottom of the sea; but I don't want to talk about it."

"And I say 'Amen' to your thankfulness with all my heart," replied Wolfe.

"By-the-way," said Breeze, anxious to change the subject, "do you hear anything of the horn?"

"No, I do not, and I don't think I have heard it since we were hauling the trawl," exclaimed Wolfe, with a startled air, while an anxious expression swept over his face. "Let's listen a minute."

Breeze stopped rowing, and they listened until he was again obliged to use the oars to head the dory toward another big sea that he saw approaching; but they heard no sound save the moan of the wind and the rushing of the waters on all sides of them. It came upon them both like a shock, the terrible thought that they were lost on that wild sea, and in a fog so dense that they could not see fifty feet in any direction.

"I don't suppose," said Breeze, at length breaking the silence, "that there's any use in rowing so long as we don't know in which direction the schooner lies."

"No," replied Wolfe, "I don't suppose there is. We had better make a drogue and get it overboard to hold

her to the wind and keep her from drifting as much as possible. Then we'll fix ourselves as comfortable as we can until the fog lifts, and we can catch sight of the schooner again."

Neither of them would admit in words that they did not expect the fog to lift shortly, and the schooner still be in sight when this happened. They both knew, however, that it might enshroud them for days, and that they had but a slight chance of ever seeing the *Vixen* again.

They made a "drogue," or drag, by fastening an end of the buoy-rope to the bow of the dory, and the other to a couple of their trawl tubs, which they then dropped overboard with the trawl anchor attached to serve as a weight. The tubs filled and sank until their upper edges were on a level with the surface of the water. In this position they acted as a floating anchor to the dory, which tailed off from them at once, and rode head on to the wind and sea.

"Stow the oars snugly," said Wolfe; "we must not lose them, whatever happens. Then I suppose we might as well toss the rest of these fish overboard, though it seems a pity, doesn't it?"

"Yes, and I'm afraid we'll be sorry for it when we get back to the schooner. But here goes;" and Breeze began to toss the fish overboard vigorously.

When this job was finished, and the dory rode the seas much more easily than she had done, Wolfe said: "Now that you've made things snug and ship-shape, old man, will you help me a bit with this hook? It's hurting me more than a little."

"Oh!" cried Breeze, in a tone of pitying remorse. "Why didn't you speak of it sooner? It was awful to leave it in there all this time."

"Had too much else on hand. It couldn't get away, and I knew we'd find it right there whenever we got ready to attend to it," said Wolfe, with an attempt to relieve the anxiety of his friend by making light of his own sufferings.

Each of these two brave young spirits was intent upon presenting a cheerful front to the other, while hiding its own anxiety and forebodings, but neither of them was for a moment deceived as to the nature of their situation.

As carefully as possible, Breeze first cut away the small portion of line that still remained attached to the shank of the hook. Then, after cutting little slits in them and clearing them from it, he drew off Wolfe's wet lower garments. The hook was fastened into the calf of the right leg, and had torn the flesh cruelly. Now, while Breeze could, if necessary, bear any amount of pain himself, it made him faint to inflict it in cold blood upon others. So when Wolfe said, "It looks as if you'd have to cut the beggar out, old man," he replied, "I can't do it, Wolfe. I haven't the nerve."

"Then I must," answered his companion; and without a moment's hesitation he reached down, and with one powerful wrench tore the hook from his leg and flung it overboard. "That's a good job quickly done," he said, laughing at the other's pale face. "Now if I only had something to bind it up with!"

For a moment they could think of nothing suitable, for all their garments were woollen. Then Breeze remembered his silken neck-handkerchief, and hastily pulled it off. As he did so it caught on the slender chain that he always wore clasped about his neck, according to the promise he had given his mother, and the golden ball attached to it was brought into view.

Wolfe had never before seen it, and as he tightly bandaged his wounded leg he asked Breeze what it was, and why he wore it. In answer, Breeze told him all that he knew concerning the ball, not forgetting the encounter with the New York jeweller who had opened it, and then closed it again without allowing him to look at its contents.

Wolfe was greatly interested in all this, and examined the locket closely, in the hope of discovering its secret fastening, but without success. For some time they occupied their minds, and kept themselves from thinking of their unhappy situation, by speculating as to what it contained. They wondered who had first clasped the chain around the boy's baby neck, and Wolfe declared that Breeze was undoubtedly a lost prince, who would some day come into his kingdom. He begged him not to forget his old dorymate when that happy event occurred.

The word "dorymate" recalled them to their present surroundings, and looking up, Wolfe said: "Well, there doesn't seem to be any prospect of the fog's lifting yet a while. I wish it would, though, in time to let us get back to the schooner for dinner, for I'm very hungry. Speaking of dinner, have we got a bite of anything to eat besides the raw fish we threw overboard?"

At another time Breeze would have laughed heartily at this Irish bull, but now he only answered by going to the dory's little stern locker and drawing from it his oil-cloth provision bag. A glance at its contents assured him that they were all right, and he exclaimed, joyfully, "Here are two dozen large biscuit, and they've kept dry."

"How about water?"

"I looked after that this morning, and the keg's full of fresh-water."

"Then," said Wolfe, "we've every reason to feel very grateful that we're so well off; and if we only had a compass we would head for the coast of Newfoundland, and row to it, too, barring bad weather and accidents, before our provisions gave out."

"Yes," said Breeze, "we've certainly got provisions enough to do it with, for if each of us eats one biscuit a day, they will last us twelve days."

"Couldn't we take two a day, and make it six days?" suggested Wolfe.

"How would you like to eat three a day, one each for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and call it a four days' supply?" asked Breeze.

"Faith! I believe I could eat a dozen of them now, and then wish for the rest without trying, I'm so hungry. But say, Breeze, how long would they last us if we took three apiece the first day, two the second, one the third, and then began and did it all over again?"

Thus talking, and slowly eating two of their precious biscuit, they managed to pass several hours, at the end of which time they were gladdened by a ray of sunlight. The fog was lifting. Starting up, they eagerly scanned the widening horizon, which now extended for some miles on all sides of them. To their bitter disappointment, they could see no sign that any other human beings had ever floated on that dreary waste of waters.

Shortly before sunset the fog settled down again, thicker than ever; and lying down in the bottom of their boat, the dorymates very nearly abandoned themselves to despair. Finally, huddling as closely together as possible, for the sake of what warmth they could thus obtain, they both fell asleep.

In his sleep Breeze dreamed that he was sailing a boat into Gloucester Harbor, but that instead of looking out for the familiar landmarks, he was steering her by compass. He dreamed this same thing over and over, until at last he awoke with it strongly impressed upon his mind.

It was night, and intensely dark, while the wind moaned mournfully above the dashing waters. Breeze had no idea of the time, nor how long it would be before daylight. While he was wondering about this he became conscious, to his great surprise, that in his hand he held the golden chain and locket that had been about his neck. His surprise was, moreover, quickly changed to amazement when he felt that the ball was open.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HOMELESS.

BY DORA READ GOODALE

COLD breaks the dawn; the misty valleys shiver;
Dark waters chafe the shore;
A voice of mourning rises by the river
Where laughter was before.

On every side the fair, familiar places
Are stretched in ruin drear;
Widows new-made and children with pale faces
On every side appear.

On every side are those, the loved and loving,
Whom fate could ill divide,
And mounting fires, and short processions moving,
And tents on every side.

The fire-lit hearth that laughed upon the master,
The careless feast and gay,
How swift a breath of unforeseen disaster
Has swept them all away!

Here lies the wreck of treasure dear and cherished
In blank confusion lost;
The walls are fallen, horse and man are perished,
And all is lost—lost!

And still the stream, the scene of wild commotion
That filled the heart with dread,
Bears down its solemn tribute to the ocean
Above the dreamless dead.

Pity, sweet stranger, on a stranger's sorrow,
Unsleeping night or day;
Sweet tongues there are that prattle of the morrow,
And know not what they say.

Poor homeless babes that face a bleaker morrow,
O pity, stranger, pray!
The weary hand, the leaden foot of sorrow,
Are round them night and day. . . .

Red breaks the dawn; the misty valleys shiver;
Light breezes sweep the shore;
New love and merry sound beside the river
Where wailing was before.

ARCHIE'S SPECULATION.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

"I WISH I hadn't any education. It would be better if I didn't know how to read or write."

"Oh, Archie!"

"Well, it's so, Jess. It's all that keeps me from getting something to do at the foundry. There isn't one of them there, from Jim Shay down to little Jack Phelan, who doesn't take it as a personal insult that father should have tried to make something better than a day-laborer of me."

"But you're willing to work as hard as any of them."

"Yes, and able to; but that doesn't make any difference. However, I am going to try again."

"Maybe," said Jessie, hesitating and looking anxiously into her brother's face—"maybe if Mr. Shay knew how much we needed to have some money he would give you some work."

"Perhaps so," answered Archie, resolutely; "but that would be like begging, and we haven't come to that yet. We have enough to keep us for a month yet, and before that is over I shall have something to do if I have to go away from Iredale to get it. Mother cares most about having to lose the house; but I don't see any help for that anyhow, for we can never pay the mortgage when it is due. I would like to have something to do, however, so that I may feel that I can take care of you when we have to give up the house."

Archie unfortunately was not mistaken when he said that the men at the foundry resented the fact that he had been educated better than the other boys of his class in Iredale. Mr. Hoxie, Archie's father, had been foreman of the foundry at the Iredale works, and he had been ambitious that Archie should rise higher than he had ever been able to do, because of his lack of education. He had therefore sent him away to a technical school.

He was very proud of Archie, and probably he talked too much of his superior education and of the possibility that some day he would be a gentleman, meaning by that that he might become a superintendent or even more, by reason of having a fitting education. The men resented the attempt to lift Archie above them when Mr. Hoxie was alive, and they held it against the boy when he returned from school after his father's death.

They found fault that he talked and dressed differently from themselves, saying derisively that he was trying to be a gentleman. Poor Archie! he had been glib by the boys at school for dressing so poorly and for betraying so many evidences in his speech of being what they called a Pennsylvania Cornishman.

He had timed his visit to the works so that he would reach there before the noon hour was over. He found Jim Shay, the foreman who had taken his father's place, at the north side of the foundry examining a great pile of empty bomb-shells. It was a bitterly cold day, and none of the workmen were outside of the building.

"Good-day, Jim," said Archie, familiarly, having learned from experience that the courtesy of "mister" was an offence.

"Well?" said the foreman, curtly.

"I heard there was a new job of casting come in, and I thought you might need more help."

"Well, I don't; an' if I did, I'd want workmen, not gentlemen."

Archie bit his lip to keep back an angry retort, and then, as the foreman turned away, said, quickly: "I don't see why you say that to me. I'm no more a gentleman than you are. My father was a workman, and I want to be. What if I have been to school and learned something out of books? I'm strong, and can work as well as any boy of my age; better, maybe, because I've been taught how at school."

"Better, is it?" exclaimed the foreman, angrily. "It's like enough you'd have me give you my place, you know so much. You can find work somewheres else; we've no room here for such scoldars as you."

How Archie would have liked to say the sharp words that rose to his lips! but he had learned the wisdom of keeping his temper, and so he turned away sick at heart, and wondering if nothing he could say would make the man reasonable. He thought of the mother and sister at home, and determined to make an effort to propitiate Mr. Shay. He noticed the bomb-shells, and in default of anything better to say, asked, with a little laugh, "Bought these to break up, didn't you?"

If his words had exploded one of the shells he could not have been more surprised than when the foreman whirled suddenly around, his face red with anger, and exclaimed, as he raised his hand as if to strike Archie: "You saucy faggot! I've a mind to cuff your ears. Off with you! Out o' this! Come here cheekin' me."

"I suppose I did it; but I don't know how."

"What did you say to him?"

"I asked him if he'd bought these shells to break up, that's all."

"All, and enough, too," cried the man, laughing.

"Why, don't you know these shells are Jim's sore point?"

"No. How should I?"

"Why," said the man, who seemed to take a malicious pleasure in Archie's mistake, "it happened while your father was sick and Jim first took his place. He wanted to do something smart to show how good a man he was, and he got young Mr. Bentley to take these shells from the government for a low price. There are ten thousand of them, and they are a dead loss to the company because they can't break 'em at a price to pay. It 'ud take a man half a day to break one with a hammer. Jim ain't sure of his place till he's done somethin' with these shells, an' so he comes out here every day an' looks at 'em, an' tries to think up some way of breakin' them. Chance for you, Archie, with your learnin'."

Archie listened to the man with no great interest, for he had other more pressing matters to claim his attention; but after he had bent his steps homeward his thoughts turned unconsciously to the shells and the part they were playing in Jim Shay's life. It seemed a sort of retribution that they should injure the man who had endeavored through them to injure his father, for of course if their



"NONE OF THAT, NOW," EXCLAIMED THE MAN, THREATENINGLY.

"Who's cheeking you? I'm not. What did I say?"

"Get out o' this now, an' don't let me catch you around here again, or I'll tan your hide for you."

And with these words the angry man walked off, muttering to himself as he went, leaving Archie a prey to amazement. He stood staring after the foreman until he was roused by the sight of a workman coming toward him.

"Good-day, Harry," he said.

"Hello, Archie! Is it you made Jim Shay so mad? He was growling like a dog in a fit when I passed him."

purchase on his advice had turned out a fortunate speculation for the company, he would have been thought too valuable a man to put back in the ranks again.

He presently dismissed that idea, however, as an unworthy one, but he could not get rid of the thought of the shells, and more than once the suggestion of the workman that the shells might be his chance to show the benefit of schooling came into his mind. Had he been taught anything that would help him to solve the problem of the shells? How could they be broken?

It was bitterly cold weather, and there was always plenty of work to do about the house in the way of sawing and chopping wood, carrying in water and such like things, and so he had ample time to think over the problem. He did not succeed in solving it, however, by the time supper was on the table; but just as the meal was nearly over, and Jessie was in the midst of a description of how she had found a pitcher broken in one of the upper rooms, he sprang up with a cry much like Archimedes' famous "Eureka!"

"I've got it! I've got it!" he shouted.

"Got what, dear?" asked his mother.

"I know how to break the shells." He saw that his words were still mysterious to them, and he was on the point of explaining them when a new idea entered his active young brain, and he exclaimed: "I believe I can get work now. Wait till I come back, mother. I must go see Mr. Bentley. Oh, if I'm not mistaken, Jim Shay won't keep me out of work much longer."

He was so excited that neither his mother nor his sister made any effort to detain him, though both were anxious to know what he meant. He hurried into his coat, flung his cap on his head, and rushed out into the cold night.

Mr. Bentley was the president of the company that operated the Iredale Works, and Archie knew that he was not the man to submit to a loss without feeling it keenly. On the other hand, he would not fail to be grateful to any one who would help him to retrieve a loss. Archie was so sure that he could break the shells that he had no hesitation in going directly to the president.

It did him a great deal of good to think that he could so soon prove the good judgment of his father in educating him, and he could not help thinking that Jim Shay might lose his place for his inefficiency. Jim Shay had been hard with him, and now it was in his power to make him regret it.

He almost ran until he was at the gate of Mr. Bentley's handsome residence. His hand was on the latch, and he was on the point of opening the gate, when a vision of Mrs. Shay and five little Shays came up before him. He hesitated, lifted the latch, let it fall again, took his hand off the gate, and turned and ran. The good impulse had conquered, and he was on his way to Jim Shay's house.

One of the little Shays opened the cottage door to him and then ran into the sitting-room, and Archie could hear the childish voice say, "It's Mr. Hoxie." He was so pleased with himself for having resisted the temptation to do a mean thing, that he smiled as he stepped to the door of the room and said, "It's I, Jim."

Jim had been sitting moodily in front of the stove, and had hardly turned at the words of the child; but at the sound of Archie's voice he turned, and the boy could see that he was angry.

"Oh, it's you, eh? Well, Mr. Hoxie"—mimicking the child's words—"you may get out again."

A hot flush of resentment mounted to Archie's cheeks, and his impulse was to turn around and walk out of the house; but a glance at the face of Mrs. Shay held him. She looked so troubled and unhappy, though not at Jim's treatment of him as it seemed to Archie, that he swallowed his own anger and said, rather shortly, "I'll go if you say so; but I came to tell you how you could break those shells."

"None o' that now," exclaimed the man, threateningly, thinking Archie was taunting him—"none o' that, or I'll throw you out o' the house."

This outburst seemed to Archie so unreasonable, and the man, speaking hoarsely and shaking his finger at Archie, so startled him, that he was on the point of going, when the woman with a better sense seemed to see something in Archie's face which made her say: "Be easy now, Jim. He says he's come to tell you about the shells. 'Tain't likely he'd come to your own house to flout you.

Listen to him; he's been to school, an' may know something." Maybe you won't lose your place through them."

"Was he going to lose the place because he couldn't break the shells?" demanded Archie, eagerly.

"He was, next week. Whist now, Jim!"—as the man made an angry movement—"sure everybody 'll know it by to-morrow, if they don't know it already."

"Jim, I can help you, if you'll listen to me," said Archie, stepping eagerly into the room.

Jim stepped back and looked irresolutely from his wife to Archie.

"He'll listen," said the wife, promptly. "Set down, Mr. Hoxie."

Archie saw the man wince at the "mister," and he exclaimed: "Don't call me 'mister.' Call me Archie."

"I'll call you anything you like if you'll help us out o' this trouble," answered the woman. "Set down, Jim."

Jim was not in the habit of being ordered by his wife; but she was energetic with the sense of being right, and he did as she said, but with no very good grace.

"It's simple enough, Jim," said Archie, without any preface. "All you've got to do is to fill them up with water, screw down the caps firmly, and in the morning the water will have frozen, and the shell will have burst open with the expansion of the water."

Mrs. Shay, who had listened eagerly, turned away hopelessly as he finished; but Jim was filled with disgust and contempt, partly at himself that he should have listened.

"You're a fool," he said, emphatically.

"I knew you'd think so," said Archie, naïvely, "but I assure you it will do it. Come over to the works to-night, and try it on one of the shells. It won't take long to try. Urge him to go with me, Mrs. Shay."

"Ah! what's the use?" she answered, sadly. "You mean well, but any one in his senses could know that water could never break the iron that a man can't crack with a sledge."

"Water will blow up a big boiler," said Archie, quickly.

"That's steam," answered the woman.

"Steam's only expanded water. Jim knows that. Isn't that so, Jim? Well, ice is expanded water too. Come, Jim."

"I'll not budge a step on such a fool's errand."

"Then I'll go to Mr. Bentley," said Archie, losing his temper. "I was going to in the first place, only I thought of you, and how you might lose your job for not doing it yourself. See here, Jim," said Archie, recovering his temper again. "Suppose it is a fool's errand; you won't be any worse off than you are now, will you? Come along."

"Go on, Jim," said Mrs. Shay, moved partly by Archie's threat to go to the president, and partly by his argument. "It can't do you any harm."

And finally Jim did go, but he protested and growled all the way over the folly of the attempt. Archie cared little for that, however, and was so good-tempered that, after they had filled one of the shells and screwed the cap down, Jim said to him: "Well, Archie, I hope it 'll succeed for your sake as well as for mine, for there are five cents for each shell broken. That's the price offered."

"Then," said Archie, "you and I will put some money in our pockets."

"Not a cent will I take," said Jim. "If you break the shells, you shall have the money. I'll be only too glad to have them broken. And there are ten thousand of them; so you have been to school, and can figure on that."

"Five hundred dollars!" said Archie, in a whisper of so much delight that Jim ejaculated, sadly,

"I hope you'll get it."

They parted, and Archie went home to tell what he had been doing, knowing that his mother and sister would be devoured by curiosity. He did tell them, and they

listened in silence, neither being able to comprehend that freezing water could have such power.

"It was suggested by your telling about that pitcher that was cracked by the water freezing in it, Jess."

Jessie said yes, and looked mournfully at her mother, and if Archie had not been so full of his subject, he would have seen that they both were pitying him. He would have liked to sit up all night, or to have gone to the foundry at midnight, but as both ideas were impracticable, he had to content himself with going to bed, and with waking at the first stroke of five in the morning.

He dressed himself and hurried away to the foundry. He would have liked to stop for Jim, but, to confess the truth, he did not feel so certain about his experiment now that morning had come, and he would rather see the result alone.

He turned the corner to reach the north end. There stood Jim Shay, looking down at the ground. Archie hardly knew whether to run away or go up to him. But of course he did the latter.

"Hello, Jim!" he said, huskily, though he had meant to be very bold about it.

Jim looked up. "It's broke, Archie!"

Archie laughed in a short, hysterical fashion, then grew moist in the eyes, and was never so much inclined to sit down in his life as at that moment.

"I knew it would; I was afraid it wouldn't be," said Archie, catching hold of Jim's arm and looking down at the broken shell and the ball of ice.

"Archie," said Jim, "I ask your pardon—for everything. There's my hand, Archie, if you'll take it."

Well, that's all there is to be told, excepting that Archie did get the five hundred dollars, and he was taken into the works, and he did do all that his father expected of him, for he is superintendent now and a gentleman.

FISHING AND FISHING-TACKLE.

BY HENRY P. WELLS.

AUTHOR OF "FLY-RODS AND FLY-TACKLE," "THE AMERICAN SALMON-FISHERMAN," ETC.

II.

SOONER or later the would-be angler is sure to become dissatisfied with the pole, since its length makes it such a nuisance to carry any distance, and it is so unnecessarily heavy in use. The remedy is either to buy or make a rod. We cannot afford space for advice on buying rods, beyond earnestly to recommend that a good angler, experienced in the particular kind of fishing you hope for, help to select it. You need not be afraid to ask any one you may know even slightly. A good angler is always ready to aid a beginner, particularly a young beginner. It is a part of his code of angling morals. He would think it positively wrong to refuse to assist, or to do so reluctantly.

We will pass by the purchase of a rod without further remark, and turn our attention to making one.

For this some few tools are absolutely necessary. Whatever they are, let them be of the very best—men's tools, not the trash that is usually sold for boys' use. Good tools cost only a little more than those made to sell and not for use. Nothing is more disheartening than a poor tool, nor is anything more ill advised than to supply a boy with such. The less the practical skill, the more necessary is it that the tools should be good. The best mechanic could do little or nothing with the tools ordinarily sold "for boys." If a parent wishes to discourage a boy and turn him away from mechanical amusements, then he should buy him "boys' tools"; otherwise the very best should be had, so that the boy may have only his own lack of mechanical skill to struggle with. With good tools he will be able from the first to do well enough to encourage him to try to do better. With poor tools he will never be able to accomplish anything of which he will not be ashamed.

What tools will a boy require to make a rod?

First, he must have a flat medium coarse-cut file, a good

pocket-knife, and some broken window-glass. If only one other tool is to be had, let it be a spokeshave. By "spokeshave," I mean not a drawing-knife, but one of those tools in which a blade is set in a straight piece of wood or iron so that it cuts like a plane. The iron spokeshaves, in which the blade is held in position by a screw, will be found most serviceable for a boy.

Were I about to fit out a boy, I should provide him with one of the iron planes made by the Stanley Rule and Level Company, 219 Chambers Street, New York city, fourteen inches long, cost \$3 75, and a small plane of its make about four inches long, cost about forty cents. They can be bought at almost any hardware store the country over. The advantage of these planes is that the thickness of the shaving can be regulated with the utmost ease and nicety by turning a screw at the back of the blade. Besides, they are always perfectly flat on the bottom, always discharge the shavings freely, and consequently never choke up, and the blade is thin and easily sharpened. Wooden planes almost invariably require alteration after they leave the shop before they can be used even by an expert, and if all right, require considerable skill and experience to set the blade so that it will take just the thickness of shaving required. Wooden planes are cheaper; but to provide a boy with a wooden plane, especially if right from the shop, is almost surely to condemn him to failure in any purpose for which it is to be used. If the planes recommended are had, a spokeshave will be convenient, but not absolutely necessary.

A word about sharpening tools; for a dull tool is useless in rod-making. The surfaces which meet to form a cutting edge must be flat, and not rounded. Therefore, when a knife or plane blade is rubbed on an oil-stone, try to keep it at the same inclination to the stone all the time. Do not let it rock, or the surfaces which make the cutting edge will be rounded and not flat, and an edge so formed can never be made to cut.

So much for the tools. Now for the material. Not every wood will answer, since not every wood is strong, stiff, and elastic, and these are all essential qualities in rod wood. One general rule, however, we may lay down. Any wood which will make a good bow will make a good rod if it is treated right.

There are two ways to procure rod wood. One is to buy it of the dealers, and the other is to pick it up where it can be found. Get some fishing friend to recommend two or three dealers. Write to any of them, enclosing a stamp for reply, and an answer will be returned telling you the charge for what you want. Most of them publish elaborate illustrated catalogues of their goods, which they are glad to distribute to any one who will write for them.

Taking everything into consideration, ease of working, cheapness, and certainty of good material, if wood for rod-making is bought from dealers, it had better be lancewood. This comes mainly from Cuba, is yellow in color like boxwood—the yellower the better—and is strong and elastic. It is the wood of which the bows sold in shops are usually made.

If, on the other hand, you wish to hunt up your own wood, white ash will probably answer your purpose best. Old billiard cues are particularly recommended, since they are always seasoned, and almost always of good wood. If billiard cues are not to be had, then look for hickory or rake handles. These are usually of ash or hickory, and either will do, though hickory is heavier and apt to be less elastic than ash. In selecting ash choose that of wide grain, with the part between the grain hard and bony in character. If the grain is very narrow—a sixteenth of an inch or less—the wood is apt to be weak. About an eighth of an inch wide is the best. Don't use the wood if it is reddish in color. It should be quite white where fresh cut, as well as quite hard.

Now, having our wood, how shall we proceed to make it up?

You have all seen an iron bridge stretching across some river or chasm, looking against the sky like a spider's web. It seems

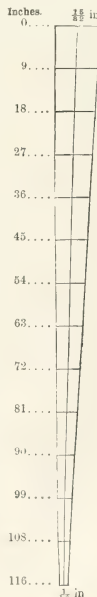


FIG. 1.

as though it would hardly support itself, yet the heaviest railroad trains thunder across it with perfect safety. Why? It is because wherever the strain comes, there the material has been placed to meet it; and where there is no strain, there the material is left out. Every ounce of iron in it does useful service, and not an idle ounce is permitted.

A fishing-rod should be made in the same way. Now I will give you a method which will do this, no matter whether the rod is to be light or heavy, nor whether it is to be five feet long or twenty. Only three things you need to know beforehand: first, the length of the handle of the rod; second, the thickness the rod is to be just above the handle; and third, the thickness at the point of the tip.

Let us suppose we are to plan a fly-rod 10 feet 6 inches long. This will be used with one hand, and the handle will be 10 inches long, the thickness just above the handle half an inch, and at the point of the tip one-sixteenth of an inch. The rod then is 126 inches long, less length of handle, 10 inches, which leaves us 116 inches. It is with this 116 inches we are to work, since the part of the rod which is to do the work is that above the handle. Now take a smooth pine board or piece of fresh wrapping-paper three or four feet long. Mark the thickness of the rod above the handle at one end of the board or paper (half an inch), and the thickness of the point of the tip at the other. Make these marks at such a distance apart that you can easily divide up the distance between them into a number of equal parts—thirteen will answer very well in this case, though we can take any number. Draw a straight line, as shown in Fig. 1, at each one of these thirteen divisions. We had 116 inches to work on, and we have thirteen divisions. Dividing 116 by 13 we get 9 so nearly that we may neglect the fraction. We now draw lines from each end of the half-inch mark to the corresponding end of the one-sixteenth-inch mark, and we have a triangle like that in the cut, the base of the triangle being the thickness of the rod just above the handle, and the small end the thickness of the end of the tip.

From this triangle we can measure the thickness our rod should be at any point in its length. For since we have called the triangle 116 inches long, we must call each of the thirteen divisions nine inches long. We therefore marked the first division from the handle 9, since that corresponds to nine inches of the length of the rod; the next we number 18; the next 27; and so on, for the same reason. Now if we want to know how thick our rod ought to be at 54 inches from the handle we have only

to measure the width of the triangle at the point marked 54, and we have it; and so with any other point.

Instead of a fly rod, suppose we wish a single-handed bait rod. We would then make the handle a foot long, the thickness just above the handle nine-sixteenths of an inch (or, if we wished it very stiff, one-thirty-second more), and the small end of the tip three-thirty-seconds of an inch. Having changed the base and the small end of our triangle to correspond, we would proceed as before. This rod would do nicely for ordinary country fishing in fresh-water, and for salt-water where a heavy sinker was not required.

But maybe a heavy bass rod is wanted, such as is used in salt-water for the largest fish, with which we can use a heavy sinker. It is to be a two-handed rod. It is all one; the rule will work just as well. We will make the rod eight feet (96 inches) long from the end of the butt to the end of the tip. The handle will be 16 inches, leaving the rest of the rod 80 inches long. The small end of the tip we will make one-quarter of an inch in thickness, and the rod just above the handle three-quarters of an inch. Eight divisions will be enough in this case, and we can find out just how thick our rod ought to be at any point from the new triangle in the same way that we did in the first instance.

I have gone into this at some length, because I think it really the most important part of the whole matter. No person can make anything worth while unless he first knows what he is to make, and that is just what the rule is for. A little study will make it plain; if not, get some older person to help you to understand it. It is really very simple when you come to do it, though it takes so many words to describe.

Having found out the proper thickness by the aid of the triangle, file some square notches in a piece of sheet zinc of the same size to measure by (as shown in Fig. 2), one notch for each division. This we will call the thickness gauge. Also make a little square, about one inch on a side, as shown in Fig. 3.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

You will find it a great deal easier to make the rod if you make the handle first and separate from the rest of the rod, dividing the rest of the rod up into three equal lengths, unless it is but eight feet long, when two pieces will be short enough to carry conveniently.



TROUT FISHING ON THE NIPIGON RIVER—A "SIX-POUNDER"



"MORNING PAPERS!"—AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.

HOME STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

V.—NIGHT-WALKERS.

A FEW years ago the Texas rangers captured a bandit who had filled his cabin with an astonishing amount of plunder. He was a Mexican by birth, and his neighbors had never seen him in company of his countrymen, and knew that he owned no horse; yet his cellar, garret, and back rooms were fairly crammed with stolen articles that he must have brought from a considerable distance.

"Your collection would fill a warehouse," the judge addressed the prisoner; "you must have had an accomplice, and there is no use in denying it."

"I don't deny it," said the Mexican. "It's a fact that I had one excellent helpmate; in your language you call her *Night*."

That same helpmate befriends a good many of our dumb fellow-creatures. They travel by night; they play, ramble, and forage by night; the moon is their sun. Night life alone enables thousands of beasts and birds to hold their own against their enemies and rivals, and night-prowling marauders seem to know at what time of the dark hours people are apt to be most soundly asleep.

Even the best watch-dogs are apt to get a little drowsy in the "wee small hours" of the night, at two or three o'clock, when the morning chill creeps over fields and farms, and at that time night prowlers effect their most daring depredations. The earlier part of the night they seem to pass in reconnoitring. Wolves sneak down through the gullies and thickets of their highland haunts; minks slip like snakes through the chinks of a board fence, and tiptoe about the out-buildings of a sleeping farmstead; foxes, possums, and coons explore the woods and fields in every direction. Not a square yard of accessible ground escapes their restless researches, and I have often thought that the nocturnal raids of carnivorous animals might account for the mysterious disappearance of dead wood-birds. Where do they bury their dead? we often ask ourselves. What becomes of the myriads of feathered songsters, of the squirrels and chipmunks, that haunt the thickets of our summer woods? Thousands, no doubt, are killed by hawks and owls, by hunters and trappers; but other thousands, surely, must die a natural death. How is it we hardly ever find their dead bodies? The explanation may be that night-prowling animals find them so much sooner.

In the course of their nightly raids such marauders, moreover, come across more than usually well-hidden caves and hollow trees, and in the best hiding-places of that sort they pass the daylight hours. An owl's nest is harder to find than that of any other bird, and a party of my hunting companions once spent two hours in the vain attempt to discover the whereabouts of a wild-cat that we had seen dashing up a large oak tree, which the dogs immediately surrounded in a way that seemed to make her escape impossible. The tree could be overlooked from a mountain slope, and the lower branches were plainly visible from the lower levels, and moreover had lost nearly all their leaves, but in spite of the incessant howls of the dogs their quarry remained invisible till we at last sent for a couple of axes. The moment the splinters began to fly, the hidden tenant of the tree dashed out of her lurking-place, a hollow in the upper part of the tree trunk, and accessible only through a cleft in the only fork of the main branches that could not be seen from any point of the mountain slope.

A still better hiding-place was that of a mountain wolf which a few years ago plundered the sheepfolds and farms of a Georgia highland county, and by its skilful retreats baffled the best hunters for a year and a half, till at last its den was discovered by a mere accident. He

had never been seen in daytime, but his tracks in the snow frequently betrayed the direction of his nightly raids, and again and again the dogs had followed him to the banks of the Toccoa River, where his trail was lost in cane-brakes, or in the labyrinth of the limestone cliffs that flank the stream for dozens of miles. One night, however, a Tennessee teamster was camping near a spring a few hundred yards from the point where the old Knoxville 'pike-road enters the foot-hills of the Georgia Alleghannies, and about an hour after midnight the farm-steeds on the river-side of that road became the scene of an uproar of dog voices. Hounds, shepherd-dogs, and deep-mouthed mastiffs swelled the chorus, and the excitement seemed to spread toward the foot-hills, where the yelping watch-dog of a miller joined in the concert; and when the teamster's old hound at last rose bristling from his lair at the camp fire, his master seized his shot-gun, and after quieting the dog, stepped behind a bush at the edge of the moonlit 'pike-road. A dark object seemed to crouch near a bend of the road, and presently came along in a sort of a dog-trot—a wolf, as it looked, or some night-prowling cur, in quest of mutton, and the teamster had already cocked his gun, when his hound dashed out with a loud howl, and just left him a second's time to fire a load of buckshot in the direction of the suspicious visitor, who in the next moment had vanished like a spectre in the night mist.

On the afternoon of the following day a trout-fishing boy happened to approach an overhanging ledge of cliffs on the bank of the Toccoa, near a point known as the "Old Cherokee Ford," when his attention was attracted by a strange moaning sound that seemed to come from a cave in a recess of those cliffs. A party of farmers crossing the river at the ford volunteered to investigate the mystery, and at the same time succeeded in solving the enigma of the wolf raids. In a cavern, completely hidden by rocks and tangle-vines, the old marauder lay dying, so riddled with buckshot that he had barely been able to drag himself home to his den, which, but for that night adventure, might have sheltered him for years to come, for besides being invisible from any point of the adjoining shores, the entrance of the cave could be reached only by swimming or wading down the river for a distance of at least two hundred yards.

By such tricks less gluttonous animals often manage to avoid the very suspicion of their existence. In spite of hounds and hunters, panthers are still found in twenty-six States of the American Union, and bears at least in twenty, including such well-settled countries as Pennsylvania and New Hampshire. Wild-cats still lurk in all the larger mountain ranges of western Europe, and a few miles from my native town, in a well-wooded but by no means solitary mining district, two of my school-mates once succeeded in routing out a den of lynxes—creatures which even the government game-keeper of the town supposed to have become extinct many years ago.

The tracks in the snow were ascribed to a tomcat that had left his home for good, and haunted the hill country for years, but one of my friends had seen exactly the same kind of tracks in the mountains of southern Austria, and stuck to his lynx theory. "If that's a lynx," said the game-keeper, "he must never have left his den in daytime, or I would stake my rifle against a pop-gun that my dogs would have cornered him long ago." That "cornering" was at last accomplished by a miner's boy, who followed the strange tracks through rocks and gullies to the entrance of a gypsum cave, where my friends the next morning piled up a mass of dry brushwood. The game-keeper, too, put in an appearance to witness the fun, though he felt sure that our trouble would be rewarded only by the capture of some starved old tabby. Lynxes, he said, visited the lower hill country only in the hardest winters, and the only specimen he had seen in his life was a stuffed one nearly as large as a poodle-dog, and with

paws much bigger and rounder than the tracks in the snow. The burning brush pile, however, had in the mean time filled the cave with dense clouds of smoke, and in the midst of the lecture on the appearance of that stuffed lynx, a fat live specimen of the same genus suddenly bounced out of the hole and dashed off through the underbrush, hotly pursued by a mob of boys, and unfortunately also by our two best dogs, for in the next moment a second lynx shot out through a whirl of sparks and smoke, and succeeded in making its escape.

After the reports from the British colonies of southern Australia, I often thought that rabbits must be harder to exterminate than any other wild quadruped; but I changed my opinion in northern Georgia a few summers ago. In the rear hall of my board-built summer-house I had fastened a shelf with a considerable collection of stuffed birds, and nearly every night that shelf was raided by some bone-grawing animal of extraordinary climbing abilities, for the weather-boards of the inner hall had all been planed, and it seemed incredible that even a mouse could have crawled through the close-fitting planks of the ceiling. Some of my prettiest specimens were gnawed to pieces in such a way that no patching would mend the damage. In the hope of at least establishing the identity of the unknown night prowler, I painted a couple of long boards with a mixture of birdlime and lamp-black, and laid them along the floor in a way that no rat or weasel could reach that shelf without leaving a black copy of its footmarks on the wall. The next morning, however, another fine bird fell to pieces at the first touch, and the splinters of bones scattered along the shelf proved the marauder to be an animal of a size that could surely not have touched the telltale boards without leaving some memento of its visit, though the planed wall showed no trace of a footprint. I then fastened the lime boards directly in front of the shelf, and the next night solved the riddle of many weeks. A flying-squirrel covered with a mass of the entangling mixture was hanging helpless at the edge of the shelf, which it could have reached only by running along the roof, and entering the hall by a flying leap from an open skylight above the door.

WILLO'-THE-WISP AND PRINCE TOTO.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.
AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS LILWISKISS," ETC.

DOWN in the meadow the fire-flies were busy. They had so much to do, the poor little fire-flies, for there was to be a grand Summer-Night's Entertainment, and it was their business to illuminate the grounds.

So they flew about hither and thither in the busiest manner, and the result was charming.

"Really, what could they do without us?" they would whisper as they flitted past one another.

Some house flies, who were on a visit from a neighboring orchard, grumbled a good deal over the confusion. They could not sleep, they said, and it was really very trying to be so disturbed.

The fire-flies went on with their work, and when it was finished awaited the arrival of the guests with great complacency, for the grounds looked beautiful.

Before they had time to grow impatient the company came in sight. First the glowworms came across the meadows in long wavy lines of light; the fire-flies felt quite a thrill of excitement when they saw what a fine appearance they made, and began to feel sure that the festival would be a great success.

Following the glowworms came a procession of black beetles, each carrying a small phosphorus lantern. They felt a little out of place in this company of shining bodies, for they were a modest lot, and knew the difference between shining by one's own light and shining by borrow-

ed light; but as they held their heads modestly down and their lanterns bravely up, no one could call them in the least presumptuous, and every one welcomed them very cordially.

And now what a fluttering there was among the fire-flies! for, following the beetles, and making them look more insignificant than ever, came royalty itself in the person of Prince Will-o'-the-wisp.

The fire-flies came and knelt before him in token of their homage, and then, escorted by them and the glowworms and beetles, he took the seat of honor over the chief musician's stand.

Then the glowworms arranged themselves in circles before him, and behind them came the beetles, while the fire-flies in the rear perched on blades of grass and shone with all their might, and grew quite impatient for the performance to begin.

At last the musicians arrived.

First the katydids swept grandly to their places, and rattled their sheets of music, and shook out their lace handkerchiefs, and looked coquettishly at the beetles, all excepting the Prima Donna Katydid, who felt that she had a right to look at Will-o'-the-wisp himself.

After the katydids came the crickets, who quietly seated themselves, and folded their hands, covered with lace mitts, and sat up prim and stiff, looking straight ahead at nobody.

Then came Mr. Leading Frog, the first violin, followed by his entire family, who had kindly consented to appear on this occasion. They entered one after the other, holding their violins stiffly before them, and in a moment began such a tuning and scraping that it was enough to deafen one.

Every one felt a little fluttered and anxious, for to-night Mlle. Nightingale, the world's greatest singer, was to make her appearance. But she was not to come until the middle of the evening, and in the mean time the concert would go on. So the leader, Signor Whippoorwill, mounted his stand and began waving his baton.

"One, two, three—" but "four" never came, for the leader stopped suddenly, and stared straight before him in the most terrified manner.

All eyes followed his, and then what a commotion! There would have been a rush, pell-mell, helter-skelter, here, there, and everywhere, and that would have been the end of the Summer-Night's Festival, had it not been for the opportune interference of the June bugs, who formed the police corps, and who, with great presence of mind, immediately pinched off the heads of two or three of the excited company, and thus restored something like order.

And what was the cause of all this trouble? Why, only this! that standing there in the night, with his eyes gazing wonderingly at it all, stood a little earth-child.

He was very beautiful; his eyes were blue and soft, and there was a little sleepy look in them in spite of the wonder, as if they had been used to saying *good-night* long before this. Upon his hair, which fell in long curls, was a wreath of daisies, gone to sleep long ago, and in his hand he held a little willow branch; his little feet were bare and glistened white in the dark grass, and any mortal would have felt just like going to him and kissing his sweet, sleepy eyes; but that was not what this assembled company felt like doing.

After a time the company gained a little courage at his silence, and ceased staring at him, and began staring at one another. The house flies even began a friendly buzzing, which reassured the others, and when the crickets chirped up too it began to look as if there would be a concert after all.

But by this time the earth-child had gotten used to the scene, and he began walking slowly toward the chief musician's stand, which he reached just as Signor Whip-

poorwill, in a great flutter, was preparing for a second flight; but the child saw this, and smiled so sweetly that the great leader could not help feeling reassured, and stood his ground quite bravely.

Then the little boy mounted the musician's stand, and looked around at the company, and stretched out his tiny dimpled hands toward them, and said in a very low and musical, but somewhat dreamy voice, "Is not this delightful?"

Delightful was a word he had heard his mamma use that day, and he had remembered it because he liked the

go on, and commanded the frogs to take their places again; and there certainly would have been a duel between him and Mr. Leading Frog, had not a message arrived at that moment from Mlle. Nightingale saying that she could not possibly sing that evening.

This made every one cease to care for the concert, and Prince Will-o'-the-wisp, who always had a great many ideas, proposed that they should have a ball instead of a concert, and to this every one agreed instantly.

The house flies said they did not care about dancing, but would be happy to furnish the music; so they immediately



"DON'T THE FLOWERS EVER GET SLEEPY?" SAID TOTO, WHOSE OWN EYES WERE GETTING HEAVY."

sound of it, and now when he wanted to say something sweet and pleasant, he of course used the word he most fancied.

But unfortunately it was a word that none of the little creatures in the meadow understood.

They looked at one another in surprise, and then with one voice asked the house flies and crickets, as being most familiar with the language of mortals, what it meant.

But here the katydids interfered, one party shouting that the crickets and house flies did not understand the language of mortals no matter what they might pretend, and the other party shouting back defiantly that they did.

As soon as there was quiet the little boy spoke again.

"I am Prince Toto," he said; "some one told me you were going to have a concert, and I thought I would come; and I think it is de-light-ful."

There was that word again. What could it mean? The frogs thought it sounded something like decapitate, and they knew what that meant very well; so they arose in a body and declared they must go, for they all had the sore throat and could not play; and would Signor Whippoorwill kindly excuse them.

But Signor Whippoorwill would not, and frowned in a fearful manner, and said that the entertainment must

began buzzing a most delightful waltz, the first notes of which sent every one off to find partners.

Toto stood looking on quite dazzled by all this, but he was still more dazzled when Prince Will-o'-the-wisp came up to him and gravely asked him to dance.

Of course he consented, and they were soon on the grass mingling with the others.

But as they danced, Prince Will-o'-the-wisp gradually kept moving farther and farther away from the others, and presently he and Toto seemed to be quite by themselves. Then the glowworms and fire-flies also began to move away from the rest of the company, and soon, looking back, Toto saw that the frogs and June bugs and crickets and katydids had the ball all to themselves, while he and the glow worms and the fire-flies were travelling quickly over the meadow, led by Will-o'-the-wisp. And now other things, all with wings of glistening silver, came moving around them—moths and darting insects with gold and crimson lights. It seemed sometimes that they would never reach any place, for Will-o'-the-wisp kept changing his direction all the time. "Why don't you go straight ahead?" asked Toto, when he had grown tired of walking in a circle; but Will-o'-the-wisp only flew on ahead and said nothing, and by-and-by Toto

noticed that the glowworms and fire-flies were dropping off in twos and threes, and at the same time he heard a peculiar sound almost beneath his feet, where two glowworms had just stationed themselves. He stopped to see what it all meant, but his guide touched him on the arm. "Don't stop here," he said; "they're only waiting to light the moles home."

On they went, past banks of violets and beds of starry daisies and wide-awake dandelions. "Don't the flowers ever get sleepy?" said Toto, whose own eyes were getting heavy.

"They sleep with their eyes open," said Will-o'-the-wisp.

"Yes'm," answered Toto; "I sleep with my mouth open. Where are all the bumblebees?"

"Dreaming sweet dreams," answered Will-o'-the-wisp; and just then he stopped for the first time, and stood still, watching a great spider spinning its web in the moonlight. The spider was singing. They listened.

"Thin enough to see through,
Strong enough to hold dew."

"That's right," said Will-o'-the-wisp. "Take care, though; to-morrow will be misty."

"Is that because the sun fell into the sea to-night?" asked Toto.

"Certainly," said Will-o'-the-wisp.

"I smell sweet-brier," remarked Toto, getting tired of the spider.

"Oh, no you don't," said Will-o'-the-wisp.

"I smell roses, anyway."

"Yes, I know you do, and they are the very roses that Beauty's father saw when he came to the palace of the Beast." As he spoke, Will-o'-the-wisp pointed ahead, and Toto saw indeed a most beautiful palace rising before him. The windows glistened in the moonlight, and the marble sides were covered with climbing roses, whose rare perfume filled all the air. But beautiful as the sight was, Toto could not enjoy it, as he was afraid the dreadful Beast would come out and make him his prisoner.

"I wouldn't dare touch one of those roses," he whispered to his guide.

"Nonsense," said Will-o'-the-wisp, breaking off a lovely spray and placing it in the child's hand. "Don't you know all that happened years ago, and that Beauty and the Beast have been dead for years and years? Certainly; and now this palace is used as a museum. You know what that means, don't you?"

Toto did not know, but he said nothing, being ashamed of his ignorance.

"Ah yes!" continued Will-o'-the-wisp. "They are all dead long ago, long ago, long ago."

"You must be very old," said Toto, gravely.

"Old! I am as old as Adam! And I shall grow older and older as long as the world lasts."

"Why?" asked Toto.

"Mortals like me," replied his companion. "But now, what do you think of this?" As he spoke he pointed to the palace doors, which had swung noiselessly open.

"My! my!" said Toto: "what a lot of things!"

"Didn't I tell you it was a museum?" demanded Will-o'-the-wisp, sharply.

"Yes'm," answered Toto, meekly.

But now they were in the hall, and the little boy forgot to talk in his wonder at the things he saw. The whole place was bright, but Toto only saw one dingy old lamp burning. But how it burned! It seemed to Toto that the sun and moon together could not give so much light.

"Aladdin's lamp," said his guide, noting his wonder. And then he whisked him around from object to object.

There was Cinderella's slipper reposing daintily on a cushion of cloth of gold, and Puss in Boots nicely stuffed and grinning in a most life-like manner; there was, too, Little Red Riding-Hood's hood, and a beau from the im-

mortal Jack's Beanstalk, and a lock of the Sleeping Beauty's hair; and in a dark corner, quite shut off from the rest, Toto's face grew pale as he looked upon the skin of the wolf that had eaten poor Red Riding-Hood, and Blue-Beard's wonderful beard, and the picture of the wicked uncle who slew the Babes in the Wood.

These last were so dreadful that the little boy snuggled close up to his companion, and, indeed, would have been glad to take hold of his hand, only Will-o'-the-wisp never lets any one get near enough to him for that; but Toto felt very glad that this was the last of the show, and breathed much easier when he was out in the friendly moonlight again.

And Will-o'-the-wisp went sailing across the meadow, flitting in and out among the bushes by the river's side, and stopping every now and then from very wilfulness to peer into some bird's nest, and wake its little dreamers up with the idea that the sun was high in the sky, and they had all overslept themselves.

Toto sat up and looked all around, but saw no signs of his friend except one flash of light away down in the edge of the meadow.

Toto thought he should not be afraid now to go through the meadow alone, and started off to find his way home.

All the flowers nodded as he passed, for it seemed to them they had known him forever, since he had actually been there all night; and so he went happily along, across the fields wet with dew and fragrant with clover, and at last came safely to his own gate. He passed into the house, and up to his own little chamber, and lying down on his bed, was soon fast asleep again, for the house was much quieter now than the meadow had been.

HEROES.

BY O. HERFORD.



BUILT a castle on the shore,
And left to guard it three or four
Tin soldiers, of the bravest sort
That could be bought, to hold
the fort
Till I should come once more.

But when I came again next day
I found the sea had washed away
My little fortress on the sand.
Alas! my gallant little band
Of soldiers, where were they?



Buried in sand, erect and square,
They held their post with martial air;
And when I'd said a little speech
And dug them out, I made them each
A general then and there.



OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ROYAL MARINE BARRACKS, CHATHAM, ENGLAND.

I have never seen a letter from this part of England, so I thought I would write one. Chatham is a place with a lot of soldiers in it; there are several different regiments. My father is a Colonel in the Royal Marines. There is a naval dock yard here; nine thousand men are employed in it. There are always several men-of-war being built in it, and I often go and see them launched; it is a very pretty sight. I like Harper's Young People very much; I have the last volume. I think "Derrick Sterling" is very good; I read the beginning of it in somebody else's volume. I go to a private school at Eastbourne, several boys take it in there. I am going to a public school soon. I have no brothers or sisters. I am very fond of all out-door games, especially cricket. I have never written before. I hope to see this in print. I send two easy squares.

ROWLAND H. M. M.

COLLEBROOK, NEWBOLD, QUEBEC, CANADA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We have just finished wiping the tea-dishes, and while we were doing them we thought of writing to you. We are two school-girls, and very good friends. I (Violet) am staying with Mabel while mamma is away. Mabel has three sisters, and my little sister is here too, so you may be sure we have lovely times. Mabel is sixteen and Violet is fifteen. We go to an academy, and are waiting anxiously for the examinations, which commence the 3d of June and last about three days. When we have our examination papers they are sent to Quebec, with the examination papers of all the other academies in the Province, and from them the standings of the students are judged. I hope our academy will stand among the first, but I am afraid it won't. We both like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Knowledge is a pretty little village in the County of Bromo. It has a lovely little lake, which makes it very attractive to city people. We were to have had a picnic on the birthday of our beloved Queen, but as it was too cold, we had to bear our disappointment as cheerfully as we could. I (Mabel) wrote once before to this delightful paper, and as my letter was printed, it gave us courage to try again. With much love

VIOLET B. and MABEL K.

I must write to thank J. M. L. for the recipes she kindly sent me. I tried them, and found them very nice. Mamma reads "Lilwinkins" to me, and my brother and sister. It raised my heart all day to-day, so that I could not go to school. I am in the Third Book, and study arithmetic, reading, spelling, literature, geography, grammar, and drawing at school. I study botany at home, as only the Fifth Class takes it up at school. I will tell you how to make a "botany book." Get blotting-paper, and make a book any size you wish; then cut two silks, and slip the stem of the flower through, and write its name, family, and page in botany. In the winter you may not have flowers, but you may press several flowers of each kind, so that you can choose the best. I think "Dormyates" is a splendid story, don't you? We have some very pretty flowers, and I will send you some. We are all of the readers please send me a few sweet-scented violets for other flowers? I cannot get any here. The frost spoiled all my garden, so I'll have to plant it again. I love reading, and have read a good many books. My favorite authors are Lougheville and Miss L. M. Alcott. I am afraid this letter will be too long, so I close with love. Your little friend,

AGGIE MCKAY (aged 11 years).

Box 59, Ailsa Craig, Ontario.

GRANITE FALLS, MINNESOTA.

As I have seen no letters from Granite Falls, I thought I would write one. I live in Dolans Falls, on the Minnesota River, so named because of the abundance of granite rock in the river valley. The rocks, the trees, and the hills make a

great variety of beautiful scenery. The rocks have been prospected for minerals, and gold, silver, iron, and copper have been found. We have two railroads coming through our town. There is an extensive water-power, upon which are built three large flouring mills. I go to school, and study arithmetic, reading, grammar, geography, physiology, and spelling.

JOSE R. (aged 10 years).

PINE, COLORADO.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have only taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the 8th of March. My sister gave it to me for a birthday present. I like the stories of "Dormyates" and "The Princess Lilwinkins" the best of all the stories I have read in it. I went to school during the winter, and studied geography, reading, grammar, physiology, history, arithmetic, and spelling. I take great delight in music. I also take great delight in crocheting. I have twenty-nine little chickens. I have two more hens sitting. For pets, we have two dogs named Flora and Jo. The roses are budding.

HELEN L.

CARLTON, NEW YORK.

I live one mile south of Lake Ontario, at the junction of the Oak Orchard and Marsh creeks. In the summer we take nice sails, and get pond-lilies. I am twelve years old, and have a little sister Daisy thirteen years old. For pets, we have a dog named Turk, and a bird named Gypsy. This is the first year I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. The stories I like best are "Captain Polly," "Dormyates," and "The Princess Lilwinkins." I like the stories by "Pansy" and by Florence Gould, and Miss Alcott's books. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I am going to speak and sing on Children's Day. I belong to the Band of Hope.

ADAM M. Y.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been longing to write to you for some time, but something was sure to get in the way. I am now enjoying. Mamma forbade my writing to you, because I was naughty, but I am good now. May I join the Little House-keepers? I do so love to cook and sweep, when mamma allows me. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, geography, history, arithmetic, grammar, and a little French. I have only taken your lovely paper for a little while, but I love it dearly. I think "Dormyates" is a very interesting story. The soldiers fired a great many guns from the citadel on the Queen's birthday, and the sailors on board ship responded. I hope to see this on tomorrow's print.

JENNY D.

NORTHPORT, SUFFOLK COUNTY, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly five years, but I have never written to you. I do not know how to write. I have two sisters younger and one brother older than myself. I saw Kitty Johnson's letter, and sent her some arbutus, also two postal-cards, but I have never had an answer from her yet, so I thought she might see this letter and answer me. We have had a great many pets, about which I will write some day if you would like me to. I am twelve years old. MAY BROWN.

POPULAR RIDGE, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write a letter to you, as I see so many other letters from little girls about my age. I am ten years old, and go to a Quaker school. I have a good time when I read. I have no little girls of my own age, but have a cousin three years older than I am for a playmate, and she likes to play with dolls quite as well as I do. I do not play with dolls much when I am alone, for I have so many books and papers to read, and I like that better. I have a blind grandma, to whom I often read. My other grandpa, my mamma's mother, is here visiting us; she lives on the Hudson River. Mamma is going to have a little tea-party this afternoon, and if you were

near enough to us we would invite you to come to it. We live in a large house, with a large yard in front of it. It is very pleasant here in summer, but rather lonesome in winter. We have two cows and plenty of milk. I am afraid I will make my first letter too long, so I will close.

CLARA D. S.

ALLEGHENY, PENNSYLVANIA.

We are two little girls. We are sisters, nine and eleven years old. We have a big brother whose name is Alec; he is fifteen. We all go to the same school, but Alec is very much ahead of us, of course. We are going to dance at one fair next week, and the next week we are going to wait on a candy table at another fair. We have a pet donkey, which is very stubborn; day before yesterday he threw us out of the cart, but we were not hurt beyond a few bruises. Alec likes "Dormyates," but we like "The Princess Lilwinkins" best.

AMELIA and MABEL W.

RAPIDAN, VIRGINIA.

I like to read the children's letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and so I thought I would write to you and see if you would publish my letter. I am ten years old. We had a picnic Saturday at Piedmont, and had a fine time. There were about thirty children, and we had a Queen of May; I was sceptre-bearer. It was fine the morning, but after dinner it began to rain, and we all got wet. We went to a house near by, and dried our clothes, and did not go home till late in the evening. We went home in a big road-wagon, which jolted fearfully, but we did not mind it. We have a fine strawberry bed, and had strawberries Saturday.

EDITH M. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington is a pretty place to live in. There are some very handsome buildings in the city, such as the War Department, the National Museum, the Art Gallery, and many others. At the Museum there are live and stuffed animals. Some of the live animals are the jaguar, buffalo, antelope, bears, monkeys, parrots, snakes, foxes, turtles, and flying squirrels.

J. T. M. (aged 10 years).

As a rule I do not care for parrots, but I wish you could see one which is the property of a neighbor of mine. He wears a gray suit faced with pink. He comes to his owner at a call, and perches on his wrist like a falcon. He whistles, laughs, talks, and does all sorts of things, and is a perfect Prince of parrots.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—As you probably know, a great deal of attention is being paid to Milwaukee at present, because of the Grand Army Encampment. I therefore have decided to write to you and my fellow-readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a short description of this city. Milwaukee is situated on the western coast of Lake Michigan, in the southeastern part of Wisconsin. It is said to be the next prettiest city in this country after Washington. It has 170,000 population. Milwaukee was just about half as much as it is now—doubled in the last ten years! The principal products of this city are lumber, manufacturing and raising wheat. Wisconsin is one of the States which comprise the "great wheat belt" of the United States. Milwaukee is sometimes called the "City of Churches," on account of the many cream-colored brick houses. At the Grand Army Headquarters of this city, an old rebel cannon is mounted in front of the door. This inscription is written along the barrel: "Captured by the 14th Wisconsin at the battle of Pittsburg Landing." Beside this is a large flag, at present at the headquarters of the Grand Army, a generous, prominent citizen of Milwaukee, has recently died. Two plaster-Paris statues adorn the sidewalk in front of the headquarters; the one on the right is of a man, and the one on the left is of a woman. The city is full of detectives from all the large cities of the United States will be here during the encampment. Milwaukee is preparing for the coming

festive week, and not one of its eighteen wards but has contributed something toward hiring lodgings, building houses, renting rooms, etc. The "National Home" is out of this city. National Park, Juncus Park, and Sitch's Park are three of Milwaukee's prettiest places. Main Street, Jefferson Street, Cass Street, Prospect Avenue, and Juncus Avenue are the best streets and avenues in this city. I hope you will be here this summer, dear Postmistress, and if you come I feel sure that you will enjoy yourself. I have not read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but I enjoy reading it the most of anything I have ever read. I also take *St. Nicholas*.

"Dorymats" is my favorite story.

MATRICE ALDRICH.

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI.

I read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, although I do not take it. My uncle, the editor of the *Victory* Post, sent it to me. I am reading a very nice story in it; the name is "Dorymats." I have two pet cats; the largest is King Tom, and the other James.

GEORGE M.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

I will tell you where we were for our holidays. We were at saltcoats: that is a place down on the Ayrshire coast. We had fine fun riding on the donkeys. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I go to school at Newport, and I like writing, spelling, and arithmetic. I have a dear little baby sister, and her name is Edith, and we all love her very much. The next youngest is a little girl aged five. Her name is Nell. During the Christmas holidays we had fine fun, for there was snow on the ground, and we have a sledge which papa brought from Norway. I am eight years old. Good-bye from DARY.

Dear Daisy:

THE ACACIAS, WORTHING, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

Thank you very much for having my letter and puzzles printed; it was very kind of you, as I know what a number you have from your little friends. I told you about last year and you did well. The dove is much tamer; we have cut its wing, and we are able to let it out in the garden, and it does a number of tricks. Bob, the cat, is very lazy now; when I put him down for a walk, he falls asleep. I try to teach him some tricks, but have not succeeded as yet. I was very glad to see in the papers that there were no more of the old friends in the world; we were last year; there were some very terrible ones, were there not? In our garden we have a cold frame, in which papa has put a number of orchids; some of them are very funny shapes, such as the butterfly, bee and bumble-bee, fly, moth, spider, lizard, brown man, and soldier; they are peculiar, but very pretty. A little while ago there was a wreck near us. There was a collision between a steamer and a vessel called *Vandalia*. All hands of the steamer were lost, and for improvement in music, a book called *Sea- Monsters and Sea-Birds*. My sister Nelly had two also; one for composition, a book called *The Branch-Builders*, and for general improvement in English subjects another book called *On Duty*. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is splendid; the plates are lovely and the stories delightful, especially the one "Household of Glenlady." Uncle Peter's Trust, "Thestral, Joy, and C." and "A New Robinson Crusoe," "Held for Ransom," and the fairy tales. I wish there had been more. The puzzles are much more difficult in this volume, but mamma and I enjoyed doing them very much. Could you tell me, please, in what year HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was begun? I have got a number and I want to know how many more I ought to have had. Do you know such a game as "Plantings"? For instance, you say, "I planted a way-side inn, and what did it spring up?" The answer is "And it sprang up traveler's joy." Or you ask, "I planted some weakly youths; what did they spring up?" The answer is "And they sprang up sickly men." Eyclamen. With my letter I send you some of my puzzles, which I hope may be of some use to you.

MURIEL W. LUCIE SMITH.

Thank you, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, as the children say, is ten, going on eleven. The game you describe is very clever and interesting.

MAINESTREET HALL, DURHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am thirteen years old. I have a donkey, two sheep, a St. Bernard dog, and two little Scotch terriers. I am collecting picture advertisements: some of them are very amusing. I began in December, and now have about four hundred different pictures. I come over every morning to do lessons with me. I mean to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in 1885, and like it very much. I am very much interested.

ed in "Captain Polly." There was a diorama of the Niagara Falls in London. I went to see it, and thought it was very lovely, but the real falls must be simply beautiful. I like to hear about America and Americans. I have been to the Irish and English lakes, and think them very pretty.

A. F. THORODOR W.

BROMFIELD HOUSE, SHERBORN, HANTS, ENGLAND.

I have never written to you before. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and we all like it very much. Father and mother have just come back from the West Indies, where they have been saying very interesting things. For pets, we have a dog, a pony, two horses, some pigeons, and fowls. We had seven birds, but they all either died or flew away. My favorite is "The Little Prince and the Princess," "Captain Polly," and "Captain Polly," and I think the Post-office Box is very interesting.

ISABEL G.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I suppose, of course, you saw the centennial parades. I saw all three; the naval one from the top of the fort on Governor's Island, and the civic and military from a new Fifth Avenue car. I have been in New York, do not live in New York. I came in every day, as it is only about half an hour in the cars. I am very busy now with my garden. My two sisters and I have a garden, and we are planting flowers entirely in flowers. Half the garden I have planted in seeds, and the first flower that blooms I will promise to send to you in a letter—that is, if I am here to do it, for we expect to go to the sea-shore for a short time, and they may begin to bloom before I come home again. We live a lovely open-air life out here in the country; for our games, our boat, our horse, and our other things. I wish you could see our place; it is so pretty.

K.

But you do not tell where the pretty place is, my child. Did you forget to do so?

I am a little girl eleven years old. We have taken your splendid magazine for five years. I think "Captain Polly" is the nicest story I ever read. I have two brothers and no sisters, but I have a dear friend named Tessie K. I think she is the prettiest girl I know. She has golden, curly hair and pink cheeks, and big gray eyes. Don't you think that sounds pretty, dear Postmistress? I send you a picture of our family when Harpaz was a year old. I drew it myself, and I would like to see it in print. I am afraid this letter is too long, so good-bye from your loving little reader.

ANNIE S.

P. S.—I don't think I am too old to play with dolls; do you?

Not at all. The picture is very lovely, Annie.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We have a Skye terrier named Twinkle. Once grandma dropped her pin-cushion. The next time she wanted it she couldn't find it, and pieces of it had been found. There was nothing in it; Twinkle had taken all the needles and pins out and laid them in a straight row on the floor. I like to swim and float over the waves that don't break at the beach. We have a country home, where there are big fields to play base-ball and tag. My brother has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, but I read it just as much, and am just as enthusiastic.

LAWTON H. W.

SARACON, NEW YORK.

I always enjoy reading the letters and stories, and I am anxious for my paper to come every week. I have not any pet, but I expect to have a kitten soon. I don't know what to name it. Would you please tell me some names? We have six more weeks of school before we have our long vacation. I study arithmetic, spelling, geography, physiology, and reading. I love to read very much, and so does my sister, who is two years older than myself. It has been very hot here to-day. My favorite authors are "Pansy," Miss Louise Alcott, Charles Dickens, and Mr. C. Lillie.

ETHEL B.

Call the kitty little Tease when you get her. I saw three white cats the other day, in a warehouse where flour was sold—a mother puss, and two baby pussies, snow-white, with blue eyes.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I have intended to write ever since I can remember, and I am now sixteen. Papa has taken your paper since the first number. I have enjoyed it, and I want to Hughes' High-School last year, but have been ill this year, and I intend to go back next. I live very near Eden Park, in which are situated our Art School and Museum. We have a very nice Museum given a reception, and all the grandees attend. I had an invitation this year, but did not go. I never can tell whether it is a girl or boy writing unless the name tells me.

To-morrow we have grand celebrations in the Park, and some day, if you like, I will tell you about them. I should like to tell you of "Centennial in Ohio."

VIOLA T.

Pray do some other time.

WEST HALL, UPPER WARRINGHAM, SURREY, ENGLAND.

I thought I would write and tell you about our ducks. Well, mother had some ducks just hatched, and she brought them in a great big basket and put them before the fire. We had a little kitten, and she was ill. I think she must have been cold, so she got into the basket with the ducks. The kitten was jet black, and the ducks yellow; they looked so pretty together. For pets, we have pigeons, three doves, seven cats, lots of ducks, and hens, a rabbit, a pair of bantams, a cow, and a canary.

ROSE ALLAN (aged 11 years).

WEST HALL, UPPER WARRINGHAM, SURREY, ENGLAND.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for more than a year, and like it very much. I am going to tell you of our seven cats. Bosco, the eldest, has four little kittens. One evening they were all missing, and Bosco went mewing all over the house, but none of us could find them, and every one blamed Trap, our little dog, for killing them. Next morning Lizzie, our servant, came in with her arms full, and said, "Here is my family." Bosco had hidden them in one of the bedroom cupboards, and forgotten where, I suppose. We were all so glad to see them again.

MURIEL ALLAN (aged 9 years).

"Cousin Dorothy's Class" will, for the present, be omitted, in order to give more room in the Post-office Box, during the summer, for the children's breezy vacation letters.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO VERY EASY SQUARES.

- 1.—Free from harm. 2. Space. 3. Two parts of the body. 4. What a person does to live.
- 2.—A part of the verb to ride. 2. Another word for poems. 3. Another word for profound. 4. To see.

ROWLAND H. M. M.

No. 2.

TWO CHARADES.

1. My first is soft and fragrant, and my second is cold and ill: My whole is often seen in summer. And often in the fall. EMMA LOTT.
2. My first is liked by children. My second is a name in mythology. My whole is a familiar household article. WILLIE PARKER.

No. 3.

DROP-LET PUZZLE.

A — — — — — I — — — — — A — — — — — h
e — — — — — s — — — — —

No. 4.

GEOGRAPHICAL GUESS WHAT.

A shoal of merry (cape off Massachusetts) fish. We were sporting one (island north of Scotland) day.

There came a daring fish (island in the Irish Sea).

And frightened them away.

But (country in Connaught) and (capital of Texas) were there.

And these two caught their fill.

Till a (cape off Australia) there came,

And they got (lake in Sweden).

TOM KILSON.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 501.

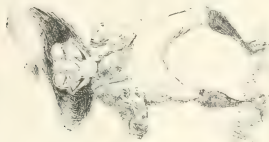
No. 1.—Starveling.

No. 2.—Candy tuft.

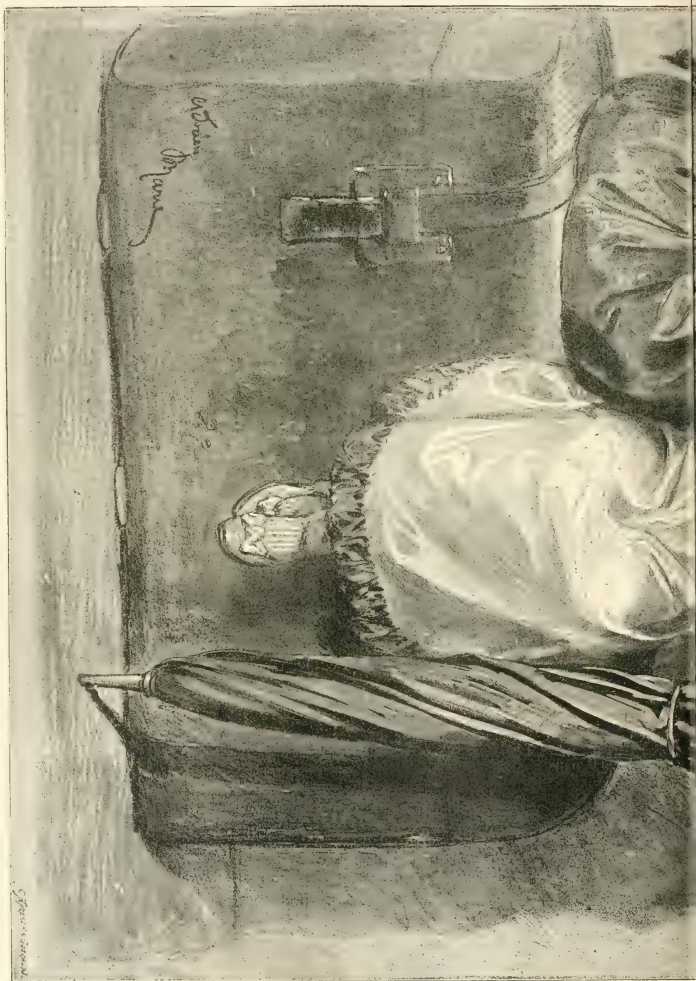
No. 3.—S U R A P T
S K G R A P T
K T T O E
R N

No. 4.—1. A-gate. 2. M-utter. 3. S-snow. 4. C-cross. 5. G-rasp. 6. E-aster. 7. M-ail.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Vida D., Henry S., Curly, Bertha H., Le Grand Davis, Ralph Alecock, Dorcas Gaston, Gerald Lee, Mollie Beaton, N. S. H., India Archer, Susy P. Holland, Lulu J., Amy Dover, Eleanor Gookin, Jennie Caskie Loomis, and Maudie Mithred.



THE FROG'S REVENGE.



WAITING FOR THE COACH.—FROM THE DRAWING BY ADRIEN MAHIE.



HARPER'S

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"NOT A HUMAN BEING WAS TO BE SEEN ON BOARD OF HER, NOR DID THEIR HAIL RECEIVE ANY ANSWER."—SEE SERIAL "DORMYTES," PAGE 508.

DORYMATES.*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SECRET OF THE GOLDEN BALL.

IT seemed to Breeze as though daylight never would come, as he lay there holding the open locket in his hand and wondering about it. How had it come open? and what did it contain? He was adrift in a fog, far out at sea, in a frail open boat. He was wet, cold, and hungry. His situation was about as uncomfortable as can well be imagined; but all this was lost sight of and forgotten in the thoughts aroused by that golden ball, which during his sleep he must have taken from his neck, and which had so unaccountably been opened. It was the visible evidence of the great mystery of his life that he so longed to solve, and in his curiosity he wished for the daylight only that he might see what it contained. He hoped Wolfe would wake up, that he might talk of all this with him; but he would not disturb him, and after a while he too fell asleep again.

When Breeze awoke it was early morning, and daylight was sifting faintly through the fog. Wolfe had been aroused some time before by the pain of his leg. He had just finished attending to the wound as well as he was able, and was replacing the bandage.

The moment he noticed that Breeze had opened his eyes he exclaimed: "Good morning, dorymate! We seem to be in luck, as usual."

"How?" asked Breeze, wonderingly.

"How! Why, don't you notice that the wind has gone down and the sea is getting smooth? We have had a pretty comfortable night, and I shouldn't wonder if the sun drove away this beastly fog before long, and shone out warm and pleasant. Then we must surely sight something, out of all the vessels that are cruising on the Banks."

"That's so," said Breeze, quite cheered by this hopeful view of the situation. Then bethinking himself of the wonderful event of the preceding night, and anxious to add his bit of pleasant intelligence, he continued, "And best of all, Wolfe, the ball is open."

"The what?" asked Wolfe, greatly puzzled for the moment to know what his companion meant.

"The ball—the golden ball that I wear around my neck, and that we were looking at yesterday."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the other, now greatly interested. "How did you get it open? What's in it? Where is it?"

"I don't know how I got it open, and I don't know what is in it, because it was too dark to see; here it is."

With this Breeze withdrew the locket from the bosom of his flannel shirt, into which he had instinctively thrust it for safe-keeping when he found himself dropping off to sleep, and they both bent over it eagerly.

One half had swung back from the other on a pivot, by which the two sections were still held together. After a single glance at it, Wolfe gave a shout.

"A compass, by all that's wonderful!" he cried. "The very thing we've been wanting above all others! Well, old man, any one who says we are not in luck now doesn't know what he's talking about—that's all."

One side did indeed hold a small but perfect compass, the daintiest that was ever seen. Its freely moving card was a thin plate of gold, upon which were enamelled the four cardinal points and a coat of arms. The latter consisted of a blue shield with a diamond, cut in the form of

a star, upon which the card was pivoted in its centre. On the shield, above the star, and in the lower corners were three devices, which Breeze thought might be pyramids, and which Wolfe called volcanoes. Above the shield was a closed helmet, and beneath it, in letters of gold, the motto, "Point True."

As Wolfe repeated this over to himself his face wore a puzzled look. "'Point True,'" he said aloud. "I have certainly heard that before, and I wonder where?" Finally he satisfied himself that he must have read it in some book, and gave the matter no further thought.

In the other half of the ball was a second golden plate, on which was enamelled the same coat of arms, with the only difference that the central star in this case was formed of a pearl. A spring, which they did not discover for some time, slipped this plate aside, and in the cavity beneath it the boys saw three tiny locks of hair, of which one had evidently been cut from the head of an infant. On the under side of the plate was engraved "Merab to Tristram," and Ruth's answer to Naomi, "Whither thou goest, I will go."

Breeze could not help feeling somewhat disappointed when he found that this was all. Although the ball had yielded up its secret, it had in reality told him nothing. It had merely given a new direction to his curiosity. Who were Merab and Tristram? To whom had the locks of hair belonged? The only satisfactory features of its revelation were the coat of arms and the compass. The former might at some future time be located, while the latter could be immediately used.

This thought had also come to Wolfe, who had rejoiced at the very first sight of the little vibrating card, and who now said:

"Let's have breakfast right off, Breeze, and then start for Nova Scotia. I've been thinking the situation over, and though I believe we are somewhat farther away from Nova Scotia than we are from Newfoundland, we'll stand a better chance of falling in with some sort of a vessel by steering west than if we headed to the north. So what do you say to laying a course due west, and sticking to it, taking turns at the oars all day?"

"I don't care much which way we go," answered Breeze; "but I think it will be much better for us to row than to lie still, because it will at any rate occupy our time and keep us warm."

"All right, then, west it is, and I wish the cook would hurry up breakfast so that we could make a start. I'm not only awfully hungry, but I'm in a great hurry to get to Nova Scotia."

The cheerfulness and flow of spirits by which this Irish lad managed to sustain both his own and his dorymate's courage were wonderful. They never flagged, and from the first to the last of that memorable voyage his constant effort was to make the best of everything, and turn every trifling circumstance to account for the purpose of provoking a smile or inspiring fresh hope.

In addition to his own inclination to look upon the bright side of things, Breeze was happily influenced by his companion's cheerful view of their situation, and now he said, "So long as we have lost the *Vixen* and found a compass, what a comfort the fog is!"

"Is it?" asked Wolfe, in surprise. "Well, I must confess I had not quite taken that view of it. How do you make it out?"

"Because it keeps us all the time hoping for something to turn up. It would be awfully discouraging to be able to see for miles, with nothing but water to look at. Now we may come upon some vessel at any minute."

"That's so. The skipper was telling the other night of some fellows who were out four days in a fog without food or water, and who had just given up in despair, when their dory was nearly capsized by drifting afoul of the cable of an anchored schooner."

"I remember a story my father used to tell," said Breeze, "about two men who were lost in a fog on this very Bank. They had been out only about an hour when the fog lifted, and they saw the flare their mates were burning for them. They rowed for it as hard as they could pull, but the schooner was under way, and kept just about the same distance ahead of them all night. The next day they could still see her, with her flag at half-mast for them; but they couldn't get near enough for those on board to see them. After they lost sight of her they were out two days longer, both of them bright and clear. During that time they sighted and chased five more vessels. Then the fog shut down again, and an hour afterward they were nearly run down by the schooner that picked them up. Now if they'd been in the fog all the time, they would have taken things a great deal more easy, and probably got picked up just as quick."

"Yes," admitted Wolfe, "that all may be very true; but I'm afraid there's another side to it. Hark! didn't you hear a whistle?"

The next moment it came to them plainly, the hoarse warning whistle of some great steamer. At first they could not locate the sound; but as they heard it again, and this time much nearer, they fixed it as coming from the direction in which they were heading, and knew that it proceeded from some transatlantic liner, bound eastward. Then they became filled with a fever of apprehension, of mingled hopes and fears. What if she should run them down? What if she should pick them up? What if she should pass without seeing or hearing them? These were the questions they asked each other over and over again during the few minutes that elapsed before the vast, formless object rushed by them still concealed by the fog, but so near that they could hear voices from her decks. They had not been seen, nor were their frantic shouts heeded, if they had been heard.

In deep, dejected silence they sat motionless, listening to the sound of the whistle until it was lost in the distance. Then Wolfe said, "That's the other side to it."

"Yes," replied Breeze, "and it's a pretty dark side to have to look at, too. If the fog had only lifted ever so little, even for one minute, we might be on board that steamer safe and comfortable now, on our way to—I don't know where, and I shouldn't have cared. At any rate, we wouldn't be here, lost, starved, and drifting through a fog bank."

"Take a biscuit, old man," said Wolfe, sympathetically; "it'll cheer you up."

For a moment Breeze tried to look angry at what he considered an ill-timed levity on the part of his companion; but the expression of the other's face changed his mood, and he laughed in spite of his unhappiness.

"That's right!" exclaimed Wolfe. "Laughing's a sight more becoming to you than crying, and whenever you 'Point True' to yourself, it's plenty of the first and little of the last you'll be indulging in."

"But it is hard to bear such a disappointment. Just think how near she came to us!"

"Faith, it might have gone harder with us if she'd come nearer. For my part, I'm just thankful she didn't run us down entirely. Those same steamers are the terror of the Banks. I mind well the last trip I was here in the old *Walpus*. We were lying to an anchor in a fog every bit as thick as this, and minding our own business, when one of them came rushing down on us. They paid no attention to our shouting or to our horn, and turned neither to port nor starboard, but just came on tooting their old whistle for all other folks to get out of their way. Well, sir, we were all in the act of piling over the stern into the dories, when she drove past within a hand-shake of the end of our jib-boom, and we could see the scared faces of the people on her deck looking down at us. She was that close that the patent log towing behind

her caught on our cable and parted its line. We hauled it in the next day when we hove up our anchor. No, sir! none of your steamers for me. They're too careless and overbearing-like, and I say we've just had a mighty lucky escape, and should be thankful for it. Come, now, stand your watch like a good fellow, and pull for Nova Scotia, or for some easy-going sailing vessel that'll pick us up."

So Breeze took a spell at the oars, and then rowing by turn, and telling each other yarns of their own experience, or repeating what they had learned from others, to divert their thoughts, they passed the second day.

The fog had not lifted for a single moment since morning, and when darkness again shut down upon them it still infolded them in its clammy embrace. Although the night was calm, they tossed their drag overboard lest a wind should rise while they slept. Then, after eating their scanty supper of a single biscuit each, they lay down, hugging each other closely for warmth, and prepared to pass the night in such comfort as their circumstances would permit.

Before they dropped asleep Breeze heard Wolfe say, as though talking to himself, "We must have made something over fifty miles to-day, and at the same rate we'll soon reach the Nova Scotia coast now."

Breeze smiled at this too evident attempt to cheer him; for he knew as well as Wolfe that they had not made more than twenty or twenty-five miles at the most, and that the coast toward which they were heading was still several hundred miles from them. Three more days would finish their biscuit at the rate they had been eating them, and even now he was so hungry that he felt they might as well starve at once as to try and economize them any longer. Their fresh water was already half gone, and altogether their prospect was very gloomy.

The night passed uneventfully, but before daylight Wolfe was awakened by an exclamation of dismay from his companion. "What is the trouble?" he inquired, sitting up stiffly.

"The ball is closed," answered Breeze.

"Closed?"

"Yes; it must have got pushed together somehow while I was asleep, and I can't get it open again."

"And a good job, too," said Wolfe. "Now we'll have no excuse for rowing this day, and I'm glad; for my back's broke thinking of it."

"But don't you want to get to Nova Scotia?"

"Indeed I do not. An out-of-the-way place like that! I'd prefer to be picked up where we are by some craft that'll take us into New York, or Boston, or maybe Gloucester itself."

An hour later the sun rose, and under its cheerful influence the last trace of fog disappeared, and a perfect spring morning broke over the sparkling waters of the Grand Bank. It was just such a morning as would cause the New England birds to break forth into an ecstasy of song, and Breeze almost expected to hear them as he sat up in the dory and looked around.

His ears were not greeted by the songs of birds, but his eyes were gladdened by a sight so welcome that his first joyful exclamation was choked by his emotion.

Wolfe sprang up in alarm at the sound, only to see his friend pointing with trembling finger to the southward. There, not more than half a mile from them, he saw a square-rigged deeply laden vessel, rising and falling gracefully on the long swells. The next moment, under the impulse of two pair of oars, dory No. 6 was surging over the calm waters as it had never before been driven in all its storm-tossed career.

The dorymates spoke no word to each other, nor looked around, until they paused, breathless and panting, close beside the vessel. Although there was not a breath of wind, they had feared that somehow she might sail away and leave them. Now that there was no danger of that,

they sat in their boat and gazed at her curiously. She was weather-beaten to the last degree, though her spars were all in place, and she still looked stanch and seaworthy. Not a human being was to be seen on board of her, nor did their hail receive any answer.

The strangest feature of the brigantine, for such she was, lay in her sails and rigging. Instead of showing a cloud of light canvas, as would naturally be expected in such weather, she was under a double-reefed mainsail, single-reefed fore-topsail, and fore-stay-sail only. Her fore-course was clewed up, but not stowed, and the royal was furled; but the top-gallant sail seemed to have been blown away, judging from the few streamers of tattered canvas that still hung from the yard. Her running rigging was either hanging at loose ends, or tangled in the greatest confusion, and a ragged American ensign drooped at half-mast, "union down," from her main-peak.

The boys pulled entirely around the vessel several times, wondering at her condition, but still unable by their shouts to attract the attention of her crew. On her stern they read her name, *Esmeralda*, of Baltimore.

Finally Breeze spied a rope hanging over her side near the fore-chains, and proposed that they board her by it. Having tested it and found it strong enough for their purpose, they went up hand over hand. Breeze was the first to clamber over the bulwarks and gain the deck.

There was something mysterious and awful about this apparently deserted brig that caused Breeze to shiver and gaze about him apprehensively. He walked as far aft as the quarter-deck, and as he gained it a gaunt, pale-faced man came slowly up the companion-way leading down into the cabin, and stood looking at him. Breeze, too, stared for a moment, and then sprang toward the trembling figure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A MORNING AT WEST POINT.

BY RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.

HAVE any of you young people ever made a visit to West Point? Some of you, I know, will answer, Yes indeed; but many of you will have heard of it only as the great military school of the nation, where some hundreds of fortunate young fellows are leading a gay life of martial glory, and receiving an excellent education at the Military Academy as cadets of the army of the United States. Let me tell you in a few words something about the life they lead—an existence not wholly made

up of martial glory, gay uniforms, stirring scenes and incidents, but one of strict attention to duty, unquestioning obedience to superior officers, hard study, and much self-denial.

Come along with me, boys. It is just the kind of morning for a walk—bright and breezy, and if we start immediately we shall be in time to see the cadets at work on the wide plain at West Point. It is not far from here. The wind is from the northwest this morning; and listen: don't you hear the drums? The cadet battalion is marching back to

hook at the back of the seat for the occupant to hang his cap on. Portraits in oil of distinguished army officers hang on the high walls. The whole room is as neat and clean as a new pin, and the young gentlemen are provided with food and drink of the best quality. We pass the Academic Building, closed now, for the studies for this season are over, and the cadets are enjoying their summer's rest.

Let us stop a moment under these great trees, and look out over the level plain in front of us. How green and velvety soft is the grass on the wide parade-ground! Over there toward the west the wide-spreading branches of the beautiful shade trees almost hide the brick houses with the long line of iron railings in front of them, although we can catch glimpses of green lawns and bright flower beds; and directly on our left the high towers and simple gray front of the cadet barracks line the whole length of the wide roadway. Directly in front of us the great mountains rear their shaggy crests, and we look over Trophy Point through the gorge of the Hudson, and get a view of range upon range of hills and mountains bathed in the morning light. High up on its tall white staff, opening out its broad folds at the caress of the morning breeze, the flag is proudly floating. Turn to the right now, where the chapel and the library stand, and follow the line of trees lying to the eastward. Bare and gleaming in the sunlight, hardly a blade of grass on it, stretching out in front of the buildings—that is the cavalry plain, and over there, just beyond, we see the white tents of the camp among the trees.

Hark! there goes the drum. Rat-a-tat-rat-tat: first call for troop parade. Let us hurry across the plain to the rows of seats



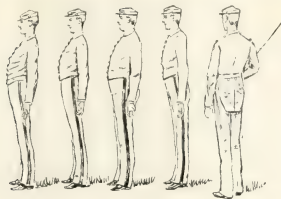
OFFICER OF THE GUARD.

camp from the mess hall, where they have been breakfasting. We shall be just in time to see the morning parade, but we shall have enough besides that to see and talk about before the day is over.

Here we are at the mess hall—Grant Hall, it is called, after the great General—and as the door is open, we can see the servants at work inside clearing away the remains of the breakfast. You see that there are a number of tables, arranged in regular rows, each with chairs around it, and each chair with a little



BATTALION DRILL



PLEBES.

in front of camp. There is the band over yonder, and there the guard tent, with the young cadet sentry, trim and neat, not a speck of dust on his uniform, not a spot of rust on his rifle, pacing up and down, alert and attentive. Visitors from all parts of the Union, and some from foreign lands, sit upon the benches or stand about in groups. We can see right up the straight streets of the camp. The companies are falling in, and we hear sharp words of command, and the fresh manly voices of the cadet sergeants as they call the roll. The cadet officers, with crimson sashes wound about their slim waists, and swords at their sides, are at their posts, and as the band strikes up a stirring march, the cadet adjutant, the markers with fluttering guidons, and the sergeant-major, march out to the front and mark the line for the formation of the battalion. Company after company marches out, bayonets glittering, colors waving, and the long straight line is formed in an instant.

Yes, it is a pretty sight, the parade, and as we sit here waiting for the drills, which will soon begin, perhaps some of you would like to know how the day in camp is passed. Reveille—the signal for “turning out” in the morning—is sounded at half past five; five minutes later comes “police” call, when the bedding is rolled up, tent sides lifted, and flooring swept; and at six o’clock away marches the battalion to breakfast. After breakfast come the morning drill and inspection, and then the parade which we have just witnessed. The remainder of the morning is taken up with drills—artillery, engineering, dancing, swimming, etc.—until one o’clock, the dinner hour. At four o’clock, “police” call is again sounded, and the camp is thoroughly cleaned and swept out, and soon the whole battalion is out at infantry drill. At sunset, dress parade again.

This constitutes a summer’s rest, you remark. Well, so it is, comparatively, for there are no studies now, no long hours of close mental application within the four bare walls of the barrack-room. For ten long months no cadet may leave his own room between the hours of 8 A.M. and 1 P.M., and in the afternoon from 2 until 4, except to march to recitations or drills. In the spring and fall they have drills between four o’clock and evening parade. At that time of year, when the days are short and night falls soon after four o’clock, they may have perhaps an hour of liberty before supper, but half an hour afterward the bugle calls “to quarters,” when back go the cadets to their rooms again, and study until bedtime. The signal to put out the lights—“taps,” it is called—is sounded in the barrack yard at ten o’clock. In summer, while they are in camp, the cadets have the time after supper pretty much to themselves.

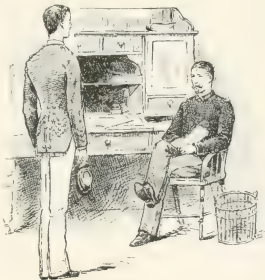
The drum is beating again, and away go the cadets scurrying back to camp as fast as they can. See the various squads assembling for drill. There goes one detachment marching to the sea-coast battery, and these young fellows in white, with the gray-clad officers, are going out to the light battery waiting for them under the trees over there. The horses we saw in the stable-yard have been brought up while we were talking, the

teams have been hitched to the guns, and the mounts for the officers are in readiness.

Yonder go the “Plebes.” What are the “Plebes”? Why, that is the term applied to the boys who have just joined the corps of cadets, and who form the Fourth Class. See how stiffly they march, little fingers on the seams of their trousers—“pants” the cadets say—palms of the hands turned outward. That is the way they are compelled to walk on all occasions while in camp, even when going from one tent to another, and when not in ranks. They have a hard time of it for the first months of their stay here, but when you look at those other fellows marching over to the light battery, and notice how erect they hold themselves, how easily and freely they walk, what manly-looking chaps they are, and when I tell you that only last summer they too were “Plebes,” you will acknowledge that the hard training they have had to undergo has done them a world of good. You should have been here a month ago to see the “Plebes,” just after they had been admitted and were being put through their preliminary drills, to realize how hard they have to work. But as no candidate is admitted to the Academy unless he passes a most rigorous physical examination, they are all sturdy fellows, and the enforced exercise puts new life in them, and brings out to the best advantage all the physical power they possess. It would do any boy good to be put through a similar course of training, whether he is to be a soldier or not.

Ah! now for the light battery. See, the cannoners are at their posts by the guns and gun-carriages; the cadet officers are mounted, their horses pawing the ground impatiently, and clamping at their bits. One or two are restless, and rear and plunge; but see how skillfully their riders manage them. They show their two years’ training in the riding hall and at cavalry drill. They are taught to ride and manage a horse as soon as they have completed the first year’s course of study, to handle sabre and pistol on horse-back, to mount and dismount at a gallop, to leap the hurdles, and everything that makes them, at the end of four years’ stay here, as good “all-round” riders as there are to be found anywhere.

Hark! a quick word of command, a blast from the trumpet. The cannoners swing nimbly up to their seats; another trumpet call, and the whole battery comes lumbering over the plain toward us. Now we shall witness a stirring sight as the battery performs one evolution after another. With a thunder of hoofs and rolling of heavy wheels, on flies the battery from one end of the plain to the other; there the guns wheel about, the cannoners spring to the ground, and with a crash the guns are unlimbered and point their black muzzles grimly out to the front. Back go the limbers—the carriages to which the guns are attached—and the cadets are working away like beavers loading and pointing the pieces. A lightning-like flash of flame, a cloud of white smoke, another and another, as gun after gun bursts forth in angry fire, and the mountains give back the reports in long echoing rolls like thunder.



IN TROUBLE.



THE ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

High above the crash of artillery we hear the trumpet pealing; the firing ceases; up come the limbers again; the guns are attached—"limbered up"; the cannoners are in their seats in a second, and down the broad plain the battery rushes, horses at a gallop, dust flying in clouds, the sunlight striking on the shining tires of the great wheels. They pass us like the wind, wheel about again, again unlimber, and burst forth in fire and smoke. And so for an hour, without a moment's rest, the drill continues, until, the cadets dismissed, they come trooping back to camp glowing and invigorated by the healthful exercise.

There are other drills now until dinner-time. Some of you may go over to the river-bank there to see the engineering drill, the building of the pontoon-bridge—the bridge of boats—or you may walk still further over the flats beyond to see the swimming lesson. Those youngsters there, the Third Class men—"yearlings," as they call themselves—are off to the rifle range, and the "Plebes" will soon march to a room in the Academic Building where they will receive an hour's drill (for that is what it amounts to) in dancing. They will have to be contented with one another for partners, for until they have attained the dignity of "yearlings" the "hop-room" is forbidden ground to them.

You would like to know how appointments are made to the Academy. Perhaps what you have witnessed this morning has made you enthusiastic about a soldier's life, and away down in the depths of your heart you wish you too might be a cadet. Well, as I said before, the training, physical and mental, that the cadet receives would do every boy good; but do not make up your minds rashly. Remember that the discipline here is very severe, more so than in the active army, and that the hardest study is required to enable the average young man to successfully pass through the four years' course, as about half of the cadets admitted to the Academy fail finally to graduate. Each Congressional District and Territory in the United States—including the District of Columbia—is entitled to one representative here, besides which the President of the United States may keep at the Academy ten cadets, appointed from the country at large, during his term of office.

If you finally determine to try for an appointment, apply to your Congressman, if there is a vacancy in your district, or write to the Secretary of War to have your name placed on the register of applicants. In the event of your securing an appointment, you will have to pass a careful preliminary examination, before being admitted, in reading, orthography, grammar, writing, arithmetic, geography, and the history of the United States. Appointees must be between seventeen and twenty-two years of age, and must be "free from any infirmity"—so says the official circular; and it would be well for every candidate to cause a thorough physical examination to be made, so that in the event of his not being in perfect health he may be spared the cost and trouble of a journey to the "Point," and the disappointment of a rejection for physical disability at the hands of the surgeons.

Once a candidate is admitted, he is presently assigned to one of the cadet companies, receives his warrant as cadet, and is required to engage himself to serve the United States eight years "from the time of his admission to the Academy, unless sooner discharged." His pay amounts to \$540 a year, out of which all his expenses are paid, and which is quite sufficient for that purpose. He is not allowed to have any money in his possession, nor to receive any supplies or articles from his parents or other persons unless by permission of the Superintendent. As I said, the discipline is very severe, and the slightest breach of any of the numerous orders and regulations is sure to be followed by swift and effective punishment. As a rule, the penalties inflicted consist of confinement to one's quarters during the time that one's comrades are at liberty; walking "extras," as it is termed, armed and equipped as a sentry, on Saturday afternoons, the one half-holiday of the week; and in extreme cases solitary confinement under lock and key in the so-called "light" prison. Drills, gymnastics, and riding go on just the same for those in confinement, so that at no time is a punishment so severe as to interfere with the health of the delinquent through preventing him from taking all the exercise that is good for him.

And now I must stop. It is dinner-time, and the drums are rattling away merrily as the cadets once more spring into ranks, and breaking into platoons, the battalion marches away across the plain, under the branches of the trees and down the wide road to Grant Hall, their appetites sharpened by the morning's work. If any one of you should ever enter West Point as a cadet, I hope I shall see you there, and that success will attend your efforts to become an officer in Uncle Sam's army.

WHO SHALL BE CAPTAIN?

BY MARY S. MCCOBB.

JUNE the 30th. Fourth of July was near at hand. Much remained to be done in the way of preparation. Fireworks were out of the question, since the "Carter Cannoners" had lost ten dollars by reason of ex-Corporal Jones stealing Aunt Glory's wedding cake. Still, bells could be rung; the cannon could be fired; there was to be a grand parade in Jones's field; also an oration by Captain Carter, to be delivered with gestures.

There was always great excitement in ringing the bells at midnight. Deacon Jenkins kept the key of the Meeting-house, and he had vowed and declared that no boy should lay a finger on it. But Bob Jones knew that the big iron key hung on a certain crooked nail close by a window the catch of which would spring back at a particular kind of shake. To get possession of the Court-house key was a more delicate business. Judge Rice carried that round in his pocket, and every one knew that Judge Rice was "peculiar."

That was the reason of Captain Carter's oration. You thought—didn't you?—that he was to make a speech about the "American Eagle" and the "Star-spangled Banner" and "E Pluribus Unum." Not at all. The oration was concerning the propriety of the Cannoners ringing the Court-house bell from midnight to dawn. The plan was to march to the Judge's lawn, and there to "present arms" while the Captain made his plea. There was to be much Latin in the speech. In fact it was to begin with the famous quotation, "*Arma virumque cano*,"—the "*Virumque*" being the Judge himself, who had "fought and bled in Freedom's cause" at Antietam.

"*Arma virumque*! 'll fetch him!" said Dillon Carter, grinding away at his speech, which must be faultless, since the Judge was on intimate terms with gerunds, and no favors could be wheedled out of him by a boy who slipped in his datives.

Being hard pressed in his literary labors, Dillon did not know that the lively ex-Corporal had located the cannon at the northeast corner of Jones's field. This spot lay directly under a certain chamber window of a neighboring house. In this chamber slept Mrs. Glory Toothaker.

"She'll wish, before morning, she hadn't gobbled that ten dollars," said Master Jones, ominously.

As for the parade, that was to combine profit with amusement—amusement to the spectators, profit to the cannoners. For a new base-ball nine was to be organized, and the committee on "ways and means" had decreed that ten cents should be charged for admission, and thus funds raised to buy shirts, bats, and balls.

Dillon counted upon being chosen Captain of the nine. He always liked to be Captain—of anything!

You can readily see how full the days were of work. Every boy in the village was counting on the glorious Fourth. It seemed as if the day would never come, so eagerly was it longed for. Yet the hours passed, and at last it was the evening of the 3d.

The Carter Cannoners were to assemble in Dillon's barn for concluding arrangements. Two lanterns and a candle would baffle the shades of night. Two horses fretted in their stalls, and Aftermath, the cow, was nervously curious. The red-wattled rooster flew to a rafter,

"And down his querulous challenge sent."

The raid on the Judge was to be made at nine o'clock. Seven thirty yet no Dillon. Eight o'clock—the Captain was still missing. It began to look serious. Somebody was about to go in search, when Jones suddenly caught sight of the orator coming toward the barn. He was walking slowly, kicking against the turf.

A silence fell on the boys as Dillon reached the doorway. The candle threw its ray across his face, but no

answering gleam came from his eyes. He stood there, the picture of gloom. When he spoke,

"It's all up with us," said Dillon Carter.

"What's 'all up'?" cried the boys.

"Those bells can't be rung," said Dillon, with a sort of savage desperation.

"Can't be rung!" echoed the Cannoneers.

"We can't parade," the Captain went on.

"Can't parade!" repeated the boys.

"No one must fire the cannon!"

That brought ex-Corporal Jones to the fore.

"Come, now," said he, sharply, "this is getting a trifle too much. I'll touch off that cannon, or I'll know the reason why."

"This is the reason," answered Dillon, giving himself a little shake, as if to force the unwilling news from his mouth: "Aunt Glory Toothaker has gone and got typhoid fever. It's as much as ever she'll pull through. Dr. Staples says she'll die, as sure as a gun, if she's disturbed. That puts a stop to the bells. If there were any other place to parade except Jones's field we might try it. But it's no fun to train without the cannon, and since both wheels came off you might as well try to move the Meeting-house as the—the artillery. It's just like Aunt Glory to get sick on the Fourth, and spoil everything."

A clamor arose in the barn. It was not an expression of sympathy with Mrs. Toothaker's sufferings, but a sort of howl of rage.

"I won't stand it," cried one. "Mrs. Toothaker's been none too polite to us. She needn't flatter herself we're going to be cheated out of our fun, just so she may be comfortable."

"Aunt Glory took our ten dollars; she put barbed wire round her pear-trees. She says she 'knows' our 'habits.' One of 'em will be to make just as big a racket as we please, for all of her."

But Dillon stood his ground. "It will be sheer murder if you ring the bells or fire the cannon," said he.

"I don't know as we're over and above particular that she should live," retorted a sullen voice. "And here we've been working like tigers for weeks just to get ready for to-morrow."

Just then Dr. Staples drove along the road. The boys rushed for him in a body.

"If you fire crackers, it mustn't be within half a mile of Mrs. Toothaker's house," said the Doctor, soberly. "I'm sorry enough for you, boys; but those bells must not be rung."

There never was a more disgusted set of lads than were the Carter Cannoneers. Ex-Corporal Jones was especially fierce. Dillon did not at all like the look on his face, and hearing him mutter something about "powder" and "chamber window," the Captain laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"If I catch you meddling with that cannon, Bob, I'll lick you within an inch of your life."

The boys dispersed, angry and disappointed. Dillon felt that he himself bore the brunt of the disaster. Not only were his literary labors to go for nothing, but it had been he who must make himself obnoxious by enforcing quiet. At first his only feeling was of unmitigated wrath against Aunt Glory. Every sharp word she had ever spoken to or of boys in general, and himself in particular, Dillon recalled with fresh irritation. The ten dollars which she exacted from them when one of the Cannoneers stole the wedding cake especially rankled. The meanness of a woman who could find it in her heart to punish twenty boys for the fault of one stood out in bold relief. The more he meditated on Aunt Glory's moral make-up, the more exasperated he grew.

"I declare I've a great mind to ring those bells and shoulder the consequences," he thought, fiercely. "Catch her dying! Not she."

But at this point he stopped himself. Truly he was not so cruel as to wish harm to a lonely old woman.

"She must be having a greswome sort of Fourth of July," meditated Dillon, and his heart melted within him. "Typhoid fever's no joke; but when it comes to typhoid fever and ugliness too, it's a lively combination."

What the other boys were doing Dillon did not know. For any noise to be heard they might have gone out of the small village to "celebrate." Possibly they too were struck with compassion for the sick woman. There is no surer way for making one's self feel kindly toward another than to do him a favor. We cannot long cherish a grudge against one whom we persistently befriended.

Dillon wondered if by the afternoon of that silent, dreary Fourth, ex-Corporal Jones would have the heart to fire off the cannon, even if he dared to do it. As for himself, he sat by the window, drumming lazily on the sill, and sincerely hoping Aunt Glory might be growing more comfortable. It was in this gentler mood that he suddenly caught sight of a short, fat little woman, who came puffing and panting up the street.

"It's *Mehitable Waters!*" exclaimed he, greatly surprised; for *Mehitable Waters* was Aunt Glory's maid-servant.

Seeing Dillon at the window, the handmaiden began a series of wild beckonings, and as soon as she came within hailing distance it was evident that her attempts at speech were utterly balked by lack of breath.

Dillon ran to the front door. *Mehitable* sank upon the step gasping:

"Come! come! *She* wants you. Hurry! No time—to—lose. Come!"

"Rest yourself," said Dillon, "and get your breath. Who wants me? And are you sure it's I she wants?"

Mehitable nodded, wiping the drops of perspiration from her red face, and then fanning herself with her limp handkerchief.

"Here, drink this water," said Dillon, "and make yourself easy."

"Easy!" repeated *Mehitable Waters*, finding her voice. "Talk of being easy! What with fever and what with her dispositions, *she's* a party to tackle. But it's you who are to come, Master Dillon. 'Fetch him,' says she, 'or I'll go for him myself,' and she would 'go' if she died on the road. I can't stop here. *She's* alone. Come."

Mehitable seized Dillon's hand. She would not stop for him to get even his hat. She hurried him along the road, into the house, up the stairs, straight to Aunt Glory's room. She herself sank on the top stair, and began a series of gasps and gurgles.

Half frightened, Dillon paused on the threshold. But Mrs. Toothaker's quick ears and eyes were on the alert.

"Don't stand there like a blockhead," cried she, in her shrillest tones. "Come here and tell me what you mean by such impudence."

Dillon advanced, peering over the high mahogany foot-board of the bed. There, propped up on pillows, appeared Aunt Glory. In spite of his perturbation, Dillon could hardly keep from laughing. Never had he beheld such a marvel as was her bright green dressing-gown, on which scarlet roses and magenta lilies scolded one another. As for her night-cap, its wide starched border stood out like a gigantic halo around her face. Her gold-bowed spectacles were perched on her nose, the end of which looked as if it would really prick, so sharp had it grown.

"Why didn't you boys ring the Meeting-house bell at midnight?" she demanded.

"Because we were afraid of disturbing you," said Dillon.

"Humph!" ejaculated Aunt Glory. "What business of yours was it to *think* anything about it? What I can't abide is to have folks put *me* under obligations. If I want this town kept quiet, I'll send out orders to that effect.

You needn't flatter yourselves you can kill *me* with a little noise."

"Nobody wants to kill you," suggested Dillon.

"Oh, they don't, don't they? Mighty polite of 'em. Why don't you fire your crackers, eh?"

"We—we—we—" faltered Dillon.

Aunt Glory's eyes snapped. Dillon thought that *Mehitable* ought to come. He was sure the sick woman was delirious. If she were, he speedily discovered that there was "method in her madness." She shook her long lean finger at him, and burst into a torrent of words.

"If I had *my* way, there'd never be another boy born into this world. I know your habits. You needn't tell me you didn't ring bells, and fire caannon, and send off rockets, and raise a racket generally, just because you were so tender-hearted and so afraid of pestering me. I know the deepness of you. You knew well enough I had your ten dollars safe in my locked box. You thought you could wheedle it out of me by putting me under obligations. Oh, you're clever, you are!"

Dillon's eyes flashed. "We never thought any such thing," exclaimed he, indignantly.

it, Master Dillon. Her 'bark's worse than her bite.' Take it—do!"

But Dillon, foolish boy, was not to be appeased.

"You've insulted me, Aunt Glory," he said, with much dignity, and out of the room he marched.

In vain *Mehitable* Waters followed him, wringing her hands.

"Why do you mind what she says?" questioned the distracted nurse. But Dillon shook his head.

"She wants to be kind. It's only her cantankerous way!" argued *Mehitable*.

It was useless to expostulate. Dillon departed in dudgeon.

But *Madame* Toothaker was wily. She *did* know the "habits" of at least some boys. *Mehitable* Waters was sent flying in another direction.

Ex-Corporal Jones was hailed into the sick-room. Ex-Corporal Jones was not burdened with delicacy, nor were his feelings so easily wounded as were those of a certain comrade.

Mrs. Toothaker rated him soundly for his underhand "tricks." Jones stared at her in blank amazement.



"DON'T CONTRADICT ME," AUNT GLORY CRIED. "GO BRING ME THAT LOCKED BOX."

"Don't contradict *me*," Aunt Glory cried. "Go bring me that locked box. You shall have your ten dollars. But mind you, I know, for all I'm sick and half out of my mind—I know you've stolen it from me by your tricks and pretences just as much as if you'd come by night and robbed me in my bed. Bring the box, I say."

"I won't touch that money," said Dillon, growing more and more angry.

"Come, now, here's the box," said *Mehitable* Waters, suddenly putting in her plea. "She *wants* you to have

"What on earth is she driving at?" muttered ex-Corporal Jones in his artless soul.

But he did understand what Aunt Glory meant when she bade him bring the locked box. His fingers closed with alacrity on those two five-dollar gold pieces.

"Possibly you can find a use for the money," said Mrs. Toothaker, sarcastically.

"Possibly I can," ejaculated ex-Corporal Jones; and he too, though from very different motives, made a hasty exit from Aunt Glory's presence.



JUMPING PRACTICE AT WEST POINT.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGRAHN. SEE PAGE 600.

It was ex-Corporal Jones who called an extra meeting of the "committee on ways and means" in his father's barn that evening. It was he who hastily organized the new base-ball nine. And as with extraordinary generosity the ex-Corporal offered to purchase bats, balls, and even flannel shirts for the boys, it was only natural that he should be chosen Captain of the nine.

The boys asked no troublesome questions as to how he suddenly had come into possession of so much ready money. But Dillon eyed the new leader suspiciously. Dillon even went so far as to refuse to accept his blue shirt from ex-Corporal Jones.

"Hold all that I give you, and catch what you can," suggested Jones, a little maliciously. "Don't be a fool, Carter."

But the ex-Corporal knew that Dillon would have liked to be Captain of the nine as well as of the Cannoneers. The fact that Dillon had deprived him of his chevrons

for stealing wedding-cake still rankled in the ex-Corporal's mind; and now to outrank the Captain gave just the needed tang to his new dignity.

"I'll buy my own fit-out," said Dillon, shortly.

"Very well," acquiesced Jones. "And have a red sun sewed on the breast. The club's name is to be 'The Rising Sun Nine.' There's to be a circle of yellow rays all round the red disk; a sort of—*Glory*. Rather a neat compliment that?"

Ex-Corporal Jones glanced slyly out of the corners of his eyes, but Dillon's face showed no answering intelligence.

"Does he or doesn't he know where I got the money?" mused Bob Jones.

"I needn't have gone off at half-cock," thought Dillon, as he walked away. "Why should I have lost my temper at a sick person? I might have had the spending of those ten dollars. I might have been Captain of the nine. I wonder if I *was* a fool!"

STRAYED.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

IN the lumbermen's winter camp on the Cabineau stream there was a young ox of splendid build, but of a wild and restless nature.

He was one of a yoke, of part Devon blood, large, dark red, all muscle and nerve, and with wide, magnificent horns. His yoke-fellow was a docile, steady worker, the pride of his owner's heart; but for himself, it appeared as if he had never been quite broken to the yoke. The woods seemed to draw him irresistibly. He wanted to get back to the hill pastures where of old he had roamed untrammelled with his fellow-steers. The remembrance was in his heart of the dewy mornings when the herd used to feed together on the sweet dewy hillocks, and of the clover-smelling heats of June when they would gather hock-deep in the pools under the green willow shadows. He hated the yoke, he hated the winter, and he imagined that in the wild pastures which he had in mind it must be always summer. If only he could get back to those pastures!

One day there came the longed-for opportunity, and he seized it. He was standing unyoked beside his mate, and none of the teamsters were near. His head went up, and with a snort of triumph he darted away through the forest.

Plunging on with long gallop through the snow, he was soon miles from camp. Growing weary, he slackened his pace. As the lonely red of the winter sunset began to stream through the forest, flushing the snows of the tiny glades and swales, he grew hungry, and began to swallow unsatisfying mouthfuls of the long moss which roughened the tree trunks. Ere the moon got well up he had filled himself with this sapless fodder, and then he lay down in a little thicket for the night.

But some miles back from his retreat a bear had chanced upon his footprints. A strayed steer! That would be an easy prey. The bear started straightway in pursuit. The moon was high in heaven when the couched ox heard his pursuer's approach. He had no idea what was coming, but he rose to his feet and waited.

The bear plunged boldly into the thicket, never dreaming of resistance. With a muffled roar the ox charged upon him, bearing him to the ground; then he wheeled and charged again, and the astonished bear was beaten ere the fight was well begun. Gored by those keen horns, he had no stomach for further encounter, and would fain have made his escape. But as he retreated the ox charged him again, dashing him upon a huge trunk. The hopelessly discomfited bear dragged himself with difficulty up the tree, and the ox turned scornfully back to his lair.

At the first yellow of dawn the restless creature was again upon the march. He plucked the fibrous mosses by the way, but now he disliked them the more intensely because he thought that he must surely be nearing his ancient pastures with their tender grass and quick streams. The snow was deeper about him, and his hatred of the winter grew apace. He came out upon a hill-side, partly open, whence the pine had years before been stripped, and where now grew young birches thick together. Here he browsed hungrily on the aromatic young twigs; but for him it was harsh fare.

As his hunger increased he thought a little wistfully of the camp he had deserted, but he dreamed not of turning back. He would keep on till he reached his pastures and the glad herd of his comrades licking salt out of the trough beside the accustomed pool. He had a blind instinct as to his direction, and kept his course southward very strictly, the desire in his heart leading him right.

That same afternoon he was attacked by a panther, which dropped out of a tree and tore his throat. He dashed under a low branch, and scraped his assailant off; then

wheeling about savagely, he put the brute to flight with his first mad charge.

Soon his steps grew somewhat weaker, for the panther's cruel claws had gone deep into his neck, and his path was marked with blood. Yet the dream in his great wild eyes was not dimmed as his strength ebbed away. His weakness he never heeded. The desire that was urging him absorbed all other thoughts, almost even his sense of hunger. This, however, it was easy for him to assuage after some fashion, for the long gray mosses were abundant if not nourishing.

By-and-by the ox's path led him into the bed of a stream whose waters could be heard faintly tinkling on their pebbles beneath their coverlet of ice and snow. His slow steps led him far along this open course. Soon after he disappeared, around a curve in the distance came the panther, following stealthily upon his crimsoned trail. The crafty beast was waiting till the bleeding and the hunger should do their work, and the object of its inexorable pursuit should have no heart left for resistance.

This was late in the afternoon. The ox was now possessed by his desire, and would not lie down to rest. All night long, through the gleaming silence of the open spaces, through the weird and checkered gloom of the deep forest, heedless even of his hunger—or perhaps driven the more by it as he thought of the wild clover and tender grasses awaiting him—the solitary animal strove on. And all night long, lagging far behind in his unabating caution, the panther followed him.

At sunrise the worn and stumbling animal came out upon the borders of the great lake, which stretched its leagues of unshadowed snow away to the south before him. There was his path, and with unflinching confidence he followed it. The wide and frost-bound water here and there had been swept clear of its snows by the unhampered winds, but for the most part its covering lay unruffled, and the pale dove-colors and saffrons and rose-lilacs of the dawn were sweetly reflected on its surface.

The doomed ox was now journeying very slowly and with the greatest labor. He staggered at every step, and his noble head drooped almost to the snow. When he had got a great way out upon the lake, at the forest's edge appeared the pursuing panther, emerging cautiously from his covert. The round tawny face and malignant green eyes were raised to peer out across the expanse. The laboring progress of the ox was promptly marked. Dropping its nose again to the bloodied snow, the beast resumed his pursuit.

By this time the ox's quest was nearly done. He plunged forward upon his knees, rose again with difficulty, stood still, and looked around him. His eyes were clouding over, but he saw dimly the tawny brute now close upon his heels. Back came a flash of the old courage, and he turned, horns lowered, to meet the attack. With the last of his strength he charged, and the panther paused irresolutely; but the knees of the brave ox gave way beneath his own weight, and his horns ploughed the snow. With a deep bellowing groan he rolled over on his side, and the desire and the dream of the pleasant pastures and the sudden wrath faded altogether from his eyes. With a great spring the panther was upon him, and the eager teeth were at his throat, but naught he knew of it. No wild beast, but his own desire, had conquered him. When the panther had slaked his thirst with the hot blood, he raised his head, and stood with his fore paws resting on the dead ox's side.

To one watching from the lake shore, had there been any to watch in that solitude, the wild beast and his prey would have seemed but a speck of black on the gleaming waste. At the same hour, league upon league back in the depths of the ancient forest, a lonely ox was lowing in his stanchions, restless, refusing to eat, grieving for the absence of his yoke-fellow.

PURITY OF LANGUAGE.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

PURITY of language may be violated in three ways:

1. By a Barbarism, which is an offence against etymology. It is committed by the use of obsolete words, such as "behest," "erst," "whilom," "erewhile," "selfsame," etc.; also by the use of new words not framed according to linguistic law, such as "energize," "declinature," "residenter," etc. The English language is so copious in words expressing all forms of ideas that few new words should be accepted, save at the demand of science. In the third place, by the use of words and idioms from foreign languages, among which might be mentioned *cognition*, *effusion*, and *numerosity*, from the Latin, and *dejeuner*, *resort*, and *beaux arts*, from the French. The ancient Greeks were so sensitive about the purity of their language that they branded every foreign word as a barbarism. No foreign word should be used if any good English word will serve us as well. To those who are familiar with the foreign tongue the word has a pedantic look, and to those who do not understand the language it is unintelligible.

2. By a Solecism, which is an offence against syntax. It is a violation of the rules of grammar and the idiom of language. It also includes offences against the usages of society. The word is derived from the city of Soli, in Cilicia, whose inhabitants, owing to their intercourse with the Cilician natives, spoke very bad Greek, which fact led the fastidious Athenians to coin the epithet.

It is not probable that many of our young readers would say "The horses is here," or "It are a cold day," or "I should have kent," or "That is the *finest* of the two," or, worse still, "The most *finest* of the two." But in the use of pronouns we are not so sure as to their correct use of them. It would puzzle not a few of them to decide which of the two subjoined sentences is correct:

"I esteem you more than *they*."

"I esteem you more than *them*."

It is a "catch" question, however, as both sentences are correct. The wide difference in their meaning is shown by inserting "understood" words:

"I esteem you more than *they* [esteem you]."

"I esteem you more than [I esteem] *them*."

The sense of the question "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than *these*?" seems somewhat doubtful. "Lovest thou me more than *these* [love me]" would be to ask, "Dost thou love me more than thy fellow-disciples love me?" "Lovest thou me more than [thou lovest] *these*?" would be to ask, "Lovest thou me more than thou lovest thy fellow-disciples?" This is not a solecism, however, but an example of the want of perspicuity.

3. By an Impropriety, which is an offence against lexicography. It is committed when the words and phrases employed do not express the precise meaning custom has affixed to them. A previous article on precision of words pointed out this offence with considerable clearness. The impropriety of a phrase is generally found to be its inconsistency. Swift says, in his Remarks on the Barrier Treaty, "I have not *willfully* committed the least mistake." A wrong *willfully* committed is not a mistake. In his "Voyage to Brobdingnag," he says, "I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads." He did not mean to say that he had more than one head, but that he might have had his head broken several times. Addison, in his *Cato*, speaks of "a pure limpid stream foul with stains," which is a marked impropriety. "Than the rest of our neighbors" can be corrected by omitting the words in italics.

But what is there to be said about the inelegancies of language, the vulgarities of speech? How can speech be pure and refined when it is interlarded with slang?—with such expressions as, "You're off your base," "Now you're talking," "I should smile," and "You can just bet?" Or with such expressions from the saloon and the street as, "Let her go, Gallagher," "There are no flies on me," and "Not if the court knows itself?" They violate the purity of speech beyond any rules found in rhetoric. They touch the morality of our lives. Don't use them, boys. They stain and degrade; they shock the sensibilities. A boy may be very smart, well versed in the classics, and able to "calculate an eclipse on his thumb nail," but his slang phrases will never lead one to suspect it.

I shall say nothing about profanity in connection with purity of language. Leave vulgarities of speech where they belong, with the low, the illiterate, and the debased. Use for your incentive the motto of the wise man, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

FISHING AND FISHING-TACKLE.

BY HENRY P. WELLS.

AUTHOR OF "FLY-RODS AND FLY-TACKLE," "THE AMERICAN SALMON-FISHERMAN," ETC.

III.

THE most important thing in working out a rod is to make every part square and of the right thickness before you try to round it (Fig. 1). First get it square, then plane off the corners, until it shows eight equal sides. Then take off the eight corners and the rod will be almost round. The time to be careful, if you wish to turn out a nice job, is when you are working the parts of the rod down to the right thickness in the square. Take the utmost pains to keep the stick square, and try it frequently with the square you have made, that you may know if you are going wrong, and correct any mistake in time. Be careful, too, in making the square stick eight-sided. If these two things are well done, and the thicknesses shown by the triangle are followed, your rod is sure to be good if the wood is good, no matter how rough it may look. But if these two are neglected, no care afterward will make it good. Remember this, for success or failure depends upon it.

So in making your handle, first plane it square to a thickness which will suit your hand; then eight-sided so that the eight sides are all of equal width; and then round. If you propose to make a separate handle (in which case one handle will do for several rods, light and heavy, short or long, besides having the other advantage I have already spoken of), the wood should be three or four inches longer than the measurements I have before given. Then having made the wood round its entire length, reduce the thickness for three or four inches at one end by a sudden taper to the size of the ferrule which is to join your handle and butt joint, as shown in Fig. 2. Ash will be the best wood to use for the handle.

Fig. 2 shows the handle of a fly rod for use with one hand. In such rods the place for the reel is always below the grasp. On all rods to be used with both hands the reel is placed between the hands. With single-handed bait rods the place for the reel is either above or below the grasp, according to the character of the reel. Most reels are so made that the spool will not turn unless power is applied to turn it. The reel we have shown how to make is of this kind. In single-handed rods such reels should always be placed below the grasp, because the reel then balances the upper part of the rod better, and makes the rod feel lighter. Some reels, however, are made so that the spool is perfectly free to turn. Such reels must always be placed above the grasp, so that the angler can prevent the spool of the reel from turning when he does not wish it to turn, by pressing against it with his thumb. Otherwise the line will be in a chronic condition of tangle.

In planing down the joints, by which I mean the pieces of the rod other than the handle, a flat board to plane on will be necessary. It should be six or eight inches longer than the piece to be planed. Before beginning, with the aid of a foot-rule mark off its length in inches on one side, so that you can lay the joint beside the marks, and measure to any point on it. This will help to show where the different thickness gauges should be tried, to learn when the joint has been planed to the right size.

You know that when a carpenter planes a board he lays it on his bench, so that the end butts against something to prevent the board from moving when he pushes the plane over it. This will not do in planing tips, or middle joints if they are thin, since the push of the plane would be likely to break them. But if we can change the push of the plane to a pull, then there will be no danger. To do this drill two small holes through the stick near one end, as shown at *a b* in Fig. 3. Then drive a piece of wire (a piece of knitting-needle is good) into the planing board near one end, hook the stick on the pin, and plane from the pin toward the other end of the stick. Be sure the pin does not stick up above the planing board so far that you cannot plane over it without the plane blade striking the pin. A small drill will be needed to bore these holes without splitting the wood. A one-sixteenth twist drill driven into an awl handle, costing ten cents, is best for this purpose. If the stick is an inch and a half or so longer than the finished joint is to be, you can get rid of the holes, after the joint is rounded and the holes are no longer needed, by cutting off the end of the stick. It is only necessary to add, in reference to planing down the joints, that you must keep trying them frequently with the thickness

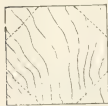


FIG. 1.

gauges so as to get the right taper—by which I mean the gradual lessening of the thickness from the thickest to the thinnest part. Try to make it exactly agree with the thickness gauges, and above all things keep the joint square till the taper is finished. Then make the joint eight-sided, then round, and finish with your file, by scraping with broken glass, and sand-paper.

The next thing is to arrange so that the various joints can either be put together so as to form one rod, or be taken apart at will. For this, ferrules are best (Fig. 4). Brass ferrules can be had by mail from any dealer. They cost from ten to fifteen cents the pair, according to size. By measuring the triangle where the division between the joints is to be, you can find out the size you need. That is, suppose the handle to be separate, and that the part of the rod above the handle is to consist of three joints (butt, middle, and tip) of equal lengths, then divide the triangle into three equal parts, and the width of the triangle at the divisions is the inside diameter of the fer-



FIG. 2.

rules required. Order by these measurements to the nearest one-thirty-second of an inch. Always scrape away the sharp inside edge of the ferrule at the ends that go over the wood. The blade of a pair of scissors will serve as a tool for this purpose. Otherwise the sharp edge is apt to cut into the wood, when the rod is likely to break there. You will need a ferrule of the size of the base of the triangle to join the handle to the butt joint.

The ferrules are to be fitted with the file and by scraping the wood with broken glass. Try to get a good fit, but if you fail there is no need to cry over it. Heat the end of the joint where the ferrule is to go, and rub it with stiff shoemaker's wax; or, better still, the red wax that gas-fitters use; or shellac, to be had at any city or country apothecary's, will do very well. Cover the end of the joint where the ferrule is to go with melted wax or shellac, and while the wax or shellac is soft wind thread around the joint,



FIG. 3.

thus enlarging it enough to fit. The ferrules are to be cemented on to the joint in the same way, by covering the end of the joint with melted wax or shellac, warming the ferrule, and pushing it on to the proper distance. When the ferrule is cold, it will be found to be stuck fast. The ferrules should go on the wood so far that when the rod is jointed together there will be little empty space inside the ferrules; that is, so that the ends of the joints almost meet.

Now put the rod together, bend it, and see whether it makes a regular curve. If it is stiff and straight in some places and curved in others, the stiff places must be thinned until the rod bends in an even curve.

It may be the wood will be crooked when it comes to you, or it may crook under the plane. If the crook is slight, plane it



FIG. 4.

out; but if too much for that, the wood must be straightened. To do this, heat the wood till it is as hot as you can bear your hand on it. While hot, it can be straightened; and if afterward left alone until it is quite cold, it will usually remain straight. If possible, it is better to wait till the joint has been rounded before straightening it, since then it both heats and cools quicker, and less time is lost in waiting, and it can be more easily straightened.

This is all we have space to say of this part of rod-making. It will do very well to begin on.

Next in order is finishing the rod. We assume that the reel bands and



FIG. 5.

butt cap have been fitted, the latter cemented in place, and all parts of the rod made as round as possible and nicely sand-papered. The butt cap and reel bands will cost about ten cents each. The

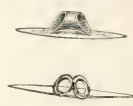


FIG. 6.

next thing is to attach the rings for the line to pass through, and the metal eye which goes on the small end of the tip. These it is best to buy, as well as the little strips of metal called "keepers," one of which is used to fasten each ring to the rod. The best sizes of rings are shown in Fig. 5, and are known in the trade as $4\frac{1}{2}$, 4, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $4\frac{1}{2}$ being the largest, which is for the butt joint, 4 for the middle joint, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ for tips—and cost five cents a dozen. If it is a bait rod, "guides" of the form shown in Fig. 6 are better,

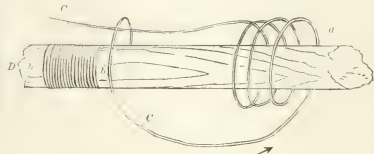


FIG. 7.

though more expensive. Rings of the one size ($4\frac{1}{2}$) may be used instead from end to end on a bait rod. The dealer will send keepers to match the rings, so nothing need be said about their size.

In ringing a rod, the first thing is to mark where the rings are to go. Use plenty of rings. If you take a stick by the ends to break it, it breaks somewhere in the middle, and not where it is grasped. The shorter the stick, the harder it is to break it. It is just so with a rod. It is more likely to break between than at the rings, and by having a number of rings the strain is distributed in such a way that though taken all together it may be great, yet at no one part between the rings is it too much for the rod.

To allow the line to run freely through them, the rings must of course be in line. Put six or seven rings on a tip, five or six on a middle joint, and two or three on the butt joint. Begin-

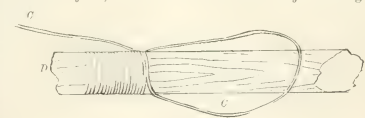


FIG. 8.

ning at the small end of the tip, the rings should be about seven or eight inches apart, growing gradually further apart until the large end of the tip is reached, where they should not be over ten inches apart. Begin on the small end of the middle joint with the rings the same distance apart as on the large end of the tip, and increase the distance till at the large end of the middle joint they are a foot apart. On the butt joint they may

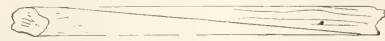


FIG. 9.

be from a foot to fourteen inches apart. It is well to have a ring close to each ferrule, since at those places a rod is most likely to break.

Rings are attached to a rod by closely winding thread around the keeper just as you wind a string on a top. In winding the string on a top, you hold the top still and move the string around it. But in winding a rod you turn the joint around and roll the thread on. The thread is to be started just as you start

a top string, then roll it on evenly so that each turn will lie close to its neighbor. Having wound enough, the loose end is to be fastened. A knot known as an "invisible knot" is used for this purpose, which you must learn. There is but one way to learn, and that is to try it with a round piece of wood and a string, with Fig. 7 before you, until you master it.

Roll the thread on the joint so that the thread rolls over the top of the joint, not underneath it. Then hold the finished winding with the thumb of the left hand so that it cannot unwind, cut the thread so that you have end enough, which will be from eight inches to eighteen inches, according to the thickness of the joint. Drop this end downward between you and the joint next under, and then up behind the joint, so as to form a loop, say three inches across, hanging loosely below the joint. If you have any trouble, it will be here. Remember the end *C* passes downward on the side toward you, and upward on the side away from you. Keep the big loop open with the fingers of your left hand, and make three or four turns of the end *C* between the point where the large loop meets the joint *a*, and the winding you wish to fasten, *b*, winding toward the latter. Throw the end *C* at every turn, after making the large loop, between the first and second fingers of the left hand, and so hold it until you can reach over the joint with the right hand and draw the end *C* through the loop. Having made these three or four turns, pass the end *C* to the left under the left thumb, and hold it down on the windings already made, *b*. Everything should then be as shown in Fig. 7. Then hook the forefinger of your right hand in the large loop, and putting a strain on it, turn the joint, winding on the thread as before. You will thus wind on as many turns over the end *C* as you make between *a* and *b*, close to those you are to fasten. For every wind you add to them you will, if you have made no mistake, see one of those between *a* and *b* unwind, and the result will be as shown in Fig. 8. Now pull the end *C* so as to draw up the slack of the large loop until it lies close to the other windings, cut off the end as close as you can, and the trick is done. I am sorry to give you so much trouble with this knot, but really it reads very much harder than it actually is. If you wish to make rods, you may as well begin right here to master this knot. If you get discouraged before you have learned it, you may as well give up rod-making. It is of constant use to the angler not only for putting on rings, but also for repairing breaks, fast-

ening fish-hooks to snells, and many other purposes. In putting on rings, slip the keeper through the ring, hold both in place on the joint with the left thumb, wind from the ring out to and beyond the end of the keeper, and fasten off the winding. This finishes one-half of the keeper. Then begin at the ring and wind over the other half of the keeper, and that ring is done. Coarse black linen thread will do for winding, and it works much easier if bees-waxed.

When the windings are finished, give the rod three or four coats of varnish over the windings as well as the wood. When dry, the rod will be ready for use. Perhaps you will do as well to use shellac dissolved in alcohol as a varnish. It is not the best thing, but it will do pretty well, dries very quickly, is cheap, and can be had almost anywhere. A fresh coat can be put on every two or three hours. Three coats are enough. More makes the varnish likely to chip off.

One word about repairing broken joints and I must close. Cut and file the broken ends as shown in Fig. 9; heat the flat surfaces, rub them with shoemaker's wax, press them together, and wind where they lap from end to end closely with strong waxed thread. Finally, give the winding a couple of coats of shellac varnish when you have the chance, and the mended joint may be serviceable for years.

And now I must wish you good luck and bid you good-by. Don't expect to turn out a rod like that of a professional at the first trial. But if you persevere, and really try your best each time, it will not be long before your friends will begin to look upon a rod of your make as a prize, and you will find you have gained for yourself a pleasant occupation for your leisure hours, which will be a blessing to you not only while a boy but in manhood as well.

TOMMY ON THE FOURTH.

POP and crack and bang and roar! Little flags a-flying.
Drums a-beating right and left, little trumpets crying.
"If the enemy should march on this town to-day, sir,
He would lay his musket down, and he'd run away, sir.

For Nan would fire her crackers, sir,
And Fan would bring torpedoes, sir,
And I would shoot my wooden gun,
Till he'd be very glad to run
This Independence Day, sir."

M. E. W.



THE NIGHT OF "THE FOURTH"—STIRRING UP THE HEAVENS



JULY.

Said July, "I am fond of
small boys.
When they play with the
right kind of togs,
But indeed when it comes
to these hot-horns and
drums
I am driven quite wild
with their noise!"



OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

I MUST urge the boys to look after their laurels. The girls are crowding their brothers and cousins out of the Post-office Box, and as I am a great friend to my merry boy readers, I do not feel quite pleased when they neglect me. Come, young gentlemen, send your letters along by the first mail.

"MICAH CLARKE."

PARENTS sometimes write to me, inquiring what books to buy for their children. Young people ask for advice in the same line. I wish to tell everybody, old and young, that if they want a book for wet days and dry, for the hammock, the veranda, and the evening lamp, they must send for *Micah Clarke*, which has just been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The book is full of stir and incident; it is healthy and manly, and so interesting that it is hard to lay it down after beginning the story till you reach the last chapter.

SPRINGFIELD, CONNECTICUT.

I want to tell you about a train I took to Washington last winter, with my father, mother, and brother. We had a delightful time, and I would love to go there again. The places that interested me most were the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum, which is full of curiosities, relics, mummies, skeletons of men, beasts, birds, and insects. There are also stuffed animals. There are the Chinese Department, Indian Department, Lapland Department, and several others of great interest. I saw the first steam-engine that was ever built; it is an old looking contrivance. The Capitol is also a very interesting building. Papa, my brother, and I, leaving mamma in the Rotunda, went away up in the dome, from the top of which would be obtained a fine view of the city. Looking down upon the people in the Rotunda would seem like looking down upon a number of monkeys dressed up. The Rotunda is a large round room, with handsomely carved panels along the sides; between these panels are beautiful pictures of events of history. Way "way up, almost as far as you can see, is the ceiling, beautifully painted with pictures representing Peace, Plenty, War, etc. The Washington Monument is another place of interest. A large elevator conveys us to the top, where is obtained a fine view of the city and the surrounding country, the Potomac River looking like a small stream. DAISY M.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I had a Mexican beetle, which a captain brought me. It was a gold harness around it. It ate nothing, but lived on the air. I wore it pinned on my dress, and it is called a "live jewel." It had the American flag pasted on its back and head. EDITH W. (aged 9 years).

ha, Ogden, and Sacramento. Among the sights I saw on the plains were cow-boys driving herds of cattle, coyotes, prairie-dogs, skeletons of buffaloes, etc. The buffalo is almost extinct on the American prairies. I did not see a single live one. I saw a good many Indians, all of whom were peaceful traders at the station. I wish I could see the hostile ones on the prairies. At Sherman, Wyoming Territory, the train reached the highest point between Omaha and Ogden. The ascent of the mountains was very gradual. We had two engines to our train. Our watches were three hours slow when we reached San Francisco. H. M. R.

VALLETTA, MALTA.

I am thirteen years of age, and I live in Malta. I have been ill for four months, and my leg is in a splint. I have disease of the hip-joint, am going to England on Sunday. I wish I could see *Lord Rutherford*, and think it is a lovely book. Some friends of mine and I had a club, and we called it the Correspondence Club, but we were not very successful. I have two cousins who are Americans; their names are Emily and Nellie K. I have taken your delightful paper for four years. I am not yet married, but I wish to be. Malta is a nice place to winter, but not nice in summer. I used to go to school, and studied the piano, history, geography, grammar, spelling, and I used to learn Italian. I have one sister (her name is Alice) and a papa and mamma. My papa is in the navy, and I have seen numbers of torpedoes; they are shaped like a fish. I remain your constant reader, EDITH N.

ROYAL CENTRE.

I live in a small town named Royal Centre. We moved from the country, about three miles on the other side of Logansport, about a month ago. Our school-house burned up in the country about four months ago, and I had to leave school. I am now seven years old. I study arithmetic, grammar, geography, reading, writing, and spelling. I have two sisters and one brother. LILL E. S.

TAMPA, FLORIDA.

I have a pretty doll named Martha; she has long curls. I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE myself, but my friend Annie M. takes it, and lets me have it. I think "The Princess Littlewinkles" is a pretty story. I went down the bay some time ago, and all along the coast there were pretty shells. I gathered some, and brought them home with me. KATIE BIRD.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE month for about two months, and I like it very much. I would not give it or *Wide Awake* up for sixty billion dollars (if I could get that much). I read "The Princess Littlewinkles" and "The Princess Littlewinkles." I feel sorry for Breeze McCloud and Wolfe Brady, and think the men in the *Titan* acted like vixens. G. GRAYSON.

My precious child, please don't exaggerate so, you take away my breath!—60,000,000,000's!!

GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl five years old. My brothers have taken your papers ever since it was published. I cannot write, but I love to print. I have six brothers; they are all older than I am. My name is Bessie. I do hope you can read this, as I am

very anxious to see it in the paper. We have a very pretty home; it is at the top of a large hill. The trees in the yard are over one hundred years old. We have three dear little ponies. Their names are Dan, Bob, and Nell. I have four dolls; their names are May, Ethel, Helen, and Marie. My uncle Will brought Marie from Paris. As most of the girls tell about themselves, mamma said I could also. I have large blue eyes and long light curls. One day brother Bob and I were riding the ponies. We were out in the country, and had stopped to water the ponies. A man came up behind us and cut some of my curls off, then ran in a woods. I was so frightened that I could not speak. I don't ride any more without papa or mamma. I do not go to school; mamma teaches me at home. BESSIE K. W.

Bessie must try to learn to write.

NORFOLK, CONNECTICUT.

I have just been reading the Post-office Box, and I saw Mabel L. C.'s letter, and liked it very much. I would like to have seen the May party. Wouldn't you? I saw Willie Van M.'s letter too. I can sympathize with his mamma, because I am lame also, but I haven't spinal disease. The reason I don't write this letter is because I have never been able to learn. It has been quite hot for two or three days, but to-day we had a thunder-shower. I don't like them; do you? I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and I think I could do without it now. My papa gave it to me for a Christmas present. SARA H. F.

Little fingers that can print can learn to write, Sara.

LACON, ILLINOIS.

I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I have a friend who does, and so I thought perhaps I might be allowed to write. I have never written before, but I thought I should like to try. I am a pretty little girl, and I like to walk in the woods all round it, which are full of pretty flowers. The girls around here are quite lively, and we have a good deal of fun at picnics and fishing excursions. I am collecting an herbbarium, and would like to exchange pressed flowers or seeds with some one either in a foreign country or in some place near than Illinois. LAURA COLLYER.

This interesting letter from a teacher, with an accompanying card of one of her pupils, is one proof among many of the good accomplished by the Post-office Box:

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—The reading aloud of the children's letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to my pupils has done wonders toward their composition and letter-writing. The "dreadful" word composition is not named, but pretty penned sheets are laid on my desk, and to my surprise little ones from the lower grades are the compositors. I send you a few epistles to their great delight, and hope for further encouragement when these printed words shall return to be scanned by admiring eyes on a delightful journey on a royal road, and who can tell the limit of the influence of this little act in childhood. Your interested friend, H. L. STANNARD.

Principal Intermediate Department,
Public School No. 1, Seventh Street.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

I live in Buffalo, am nine years old, and attend the Public-School. I am in the Seventh Grade. We have sent some of our work to the Paris Exposition. I go to a school called the Kindergarten in Saturday. I have to make the bed, dress the baby, wash the dishes and clothes, make the fire, and sew. We have a penny savings-bank, in which we save all our pennies. In school we have a drawing teacher, a writing teacher, and a music teacher. Perhaps you will not like three letters from one school, but we girls are great friends. With love, KITTIE W.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

I hope you will publish this letter of mine. I take a very great interest in collecting curiosities. I know I have a very good collection. I have corresponded with a great many readers of this paper, and I would like to correspond with the continents. I have often thought of writing to them, but did not, as I did not know if I would receive an answer. I would like to correspond with boys or girls living in Africa, Asia, and Europe. Will Nora Waugh, Nainai Tai, India, please answer my question. Anybody having curiosities in the United States I would be glad to hear from. L. SNYDER.

413 W. Wayne Street.

A WEEK'S TOUR IN DERBYSHIRE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I wrote to you last year about my tour in North Wales, which was printed in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for February, and I thought I would write to you again, about my

tour in Derbyshire. My papa and I went last summer to a well-known picturesque country of Derbyshire. We went to Matlock Bank, which is not far from Buxton. We lodged at a very nice establishment, called Poplar Cottage, from which we could view the surrounding district with ease. Straight in front of it, on the opposite hill, was Ribber Castle, the residence of Mrs. Smedley, the owner of the Matlock Hydro-Electric Establishment, called "Smedley's," which is one of the largest and best-conducted establishments of its kind in the kingdom. It is capable of accommodating some hundreds of persons, and is always in constant and being enlarged. We took many pretty walks in the district around, and enjoyed ourselves very much. The first walk was onto High Tor, an amazing height of 396 feet, and is composed entirely of limestone. Below it runs, in transparent beauty, the river Derwent, and boats glide in a rapid manner. One thing of interest which I must not leave out is the High Tor Grotto or cavern; it is situated at the base of High Tor, and is approached by a rustic bridge crossing the river Derwent, with the Tor towering up tremendously above and the water rushing wildly below from the weir. Having crossed the bridge, we passed a point called the "Devil's Den," and then passing under the entrance of the cavern, which opens into the solid rock at the foot of the Tor. From the entrance, the view of the curious and opposite rocks rises to the enormous height of 396 feet, and is simply magnificent. At the top of High Tor there are also several caverns, one of which is called Fern Cavern, but which is not to be compared with the High Tor Grotto. Descending the Tor through Matlock Bank, we wended our way home by way of the road below the Tor, separated only by the river, tired, but well satisfied with what we had seen.

My second day's walk was almost as enjoyable as the first. We went up a gigantic mountain called the summit, which is the highest point, called the Heights of Abraham. The heights are ascended by a crooked walk among the trees, with which the whole hill is covered. On arriving at the summit, the scene is splendid and beautiful. From the top of the mountain you may see the Vale of Derwent, the Derby railway and canal, Aze Edge (near Buxton), Crich Chase, Moor, Middleton, and the surrounding country. In other places of less note, but not less beautiful. At the top there is also a splendid cavern, the price of admittance being one shilling; it is called Rutland Cavern. The walk was very enjoyable.

The next day being wet and unpleasant, we stayed at our residence, and on the following day, which was fine, we went to Darley Dale Church along with mamma and aunt, who had come to visit us. The church is very old, and with many old inscriptions on the grave-stones.

On the next day, which was Thursday, we walked to a small village about three and a half miles from Matlock, where there is also a pretty church, though not as old as that of Darley. In the afternoon we went to visit the Petrifying Wells at Matlock Bath, where many curious things are to be seen. We were very much interested in other ways, which is of no consequence to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

On Friday we walked up to Ribber Castle and Forest. The castle is a square building with a tower at each corner, which give it a very pretty appearance.

On Saturday I staid at the cottage and played cricket, while papa went with some more of the visitors to Haddon Hall, coming back very late.

On Sunday we went to Darley Church in the morning, and walked to Cromford in the afternoon.

On Monday we took a short walk round about the Bank, and then returned, had dinner, and went to catch an early train, which brought us safely to Sheffield.

I remain, dear Postmistress, yours truly,

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

WILLIE WILDE.

Thanks, Willie, for the pains you have taken to please us all.

PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have written to the Post-Office Box before, but before I have a present, but this little letter I hope I shall see in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am very glad to be able to take it up, and there is one continued story which I like best of all, and that is "The Flamingo Feather." I have not begun "Captain Polly," but I have been told by one of my little friends that it is very nice. I go to my mother and study French, Latin, and Algebra, grammar, and geography; I also study his-

tory, Latin, French, drawing, and reading. Our holidays are over now, and we went back to school on May 6th. I hope I shall see this letter in the Post-office Box.

J. MERRIFIELD (aged 9 years).

PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

We broke up at school for our Easter holidays on the 18th of April and went back on the 6th of May. We took several new subjects last term; they are algebra, Euclid, Latin, and history. We have also Latin, and music, and we have spent part of our holidays on the moors and part at a place called Yealmpton. I have read all the continuing stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we have been taking them up from the first number. We have now four volumes. I have begun "Captain Polly," and I like it very much, and I am reading "The Flamingo Feather" until it is finished, because if I read one chapter one week I have forgotten all about it the next. I think I like "The Colonel's Money," "The Flamingo Feather," "The Household of Glen Holly," "Derrick Sterling," and "Uncle Peter's Trust," the best. There are four of us writing to you, and we are going to see whose letter is the best by seeing whose is printed first, and if none are printed we shall know that they are not worth looking at. One of the children (Polly Smith) has written a story before, which was printed, and I hope you will think mine nice enough to be printed also this time.

MINNIE M. (aged 11 years).

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken YOUR PEOPLE for three years, and now would like to suggest this novel contest, i. e., to see how many stenographers are readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and also endeavor to find out who is the youngest stenographer in the United States, or for that matter, in the world. I claim to be the youngest regularly employed stenographer in the world. I am eighteen years and four months old, and completed my first year of the business on the 8th of June. I would like to hear from all the young stenographers on this question. I write the Pitman system.

ALICE S.

The question is open to all who are interested in the subject.

FREDERICK, MARYLAND.

We, my cousin and myself, are very anxious to prepare some of the sweet-smelling rose jars, as we have many sweet roses this summer. Would some of your correspondents kindly tell me of a method of preparing the rose jars before the season is over? We are quite busy now preparing for Commencement, which comes June 13th, and I shall have heavy rains we are dreading now will cease before then.

S. M. J.

Read Mrs. Lillie's paper on the subject in No. 501.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I wrote to you last November, and was very much pleased to see myself in print. Since then my dear little baby brother, and very suddenly, and very much to my regret, I have been ill, but I am better now. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has been a great comfort and enjoyment to me, for I love to read the letters. I liked the story of "Captain Polly" very much. I am reading "Princess Liliwinkins," and think it is very pretty. I am going to try the receipt of E. May L. St. Louis, Missouri, for cream candy and chocolate creams.

FLORENCE E. C.

PETER-BAY, ONTARIO.

I live on a beautiful island in Lake Erie. I have lived here almost one year. Do you know of any good heroine stories; I am very fond of them. I read a great deal, I go to school every day, and I study reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. We will have vacation in two days. My mamma and grandma were in Washington at the time of the inauguration of President Harrison, and they had a splendid time, but I did not go. I have one brother eight years old.

FLORENCE T.

I advise you to read Dickens and Sir Walter Scott. You will find some splendid heroines in their stories.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

As I have never written to you before, I thought I would write to-day. I have two pet kittens, about a month old, but I am going to give one away. The mother of the kittens belongs to my sister. The cat is a Maltese, and last April; she is a Maltese, and her name is Floss. We also have a little black dog, which is a great pet, because he is so clever. Our canary is a very nice one, and it sings very sweetly, spelling, physiology, reading, and writing. I am in the Grammar-School, and the Ninth Grade. I pass many pleasant hours in reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; we have been taking the first number. I think "Princess Lili-

winkins" is splendid, and can hardly wait from this week to another to read it. I think "The Household of Glen Holly" is splendid. The pieces and stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are so interesting; I like to read them very much.

EMMA I. R.

CHATEAU DE MABAY, PARIS, FRANCE.

I grow more and more fond of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My home is in Northampton, England, and I go to the Grammar-School, but at present I am in Paris, visiting our relations and friends and the many places of interest. L'Exposition is magnificent. The Eiffel Tower is grand. I have not yet been on it, because there is no lift yet. I hope there will soon be one, for I do not care to go up on foot. I think it must be so tiring. I went also to visit the Invalides, Notre Dame, the Jardin des Plantes, the "Musée de la Boile de Brogne, the Jardin d'Acclimation, La Ste-Chapelle, where we met many English people. We also went to the Hôtel de Ville and La Madeleine. We took long walks in the Champs Elysees and the Tuileries. Everything seems very beautiful, but I indeed enjoy reading your delightful paper better than anything in the world. On my return home I will tell you all the news of the Exposition, "la tour Eiffel," but for the present my letter is long enough. I remain, my dear Postmistress, a reader and lover of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

HAROLD W. (aged 13 years).

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.

CHARADE.

My first is a collection of houses. My second is situated on an eminence and overlooks my first. My whole is a faithful servant of the public.

JOHN MORRIS.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

My first is in thermometer, but not in mercury. My second is in the oriole, but not in the jay. My third is in arbutus, but not in sunflower. My fourth is in your tea-cup, but not in lemonade. My fifth is in mauadone, but not in a cyclone. My whole may be a barren spot, where dwellings there are none.

LUCY PARKINSON.

No. 3.

ALPHABETICAL TOWN PUZZLE.

- A town at the east coast of Scotland.
- A town at the mouth of the river Severn, in England.
- A sea-port town in France.
- A town on the east coast of Scotland.
- The most important town of Scotland.
- The former capital of Germany.
- A town of Italy, situated on a gulf of the same name.
- A town in the north of Norway.
- A small town in England.
- A celebrated town of Palestine.
- A town in the north of England.
- A town in the north of Ireland.
- The capital of Spain.
- A town in the south of Africa.
- The capital of Canada.
- A town in the west of Australia.
- A historical town on the St. Lawrence River.
- A city of Italy, famed for its art.
- The capital of Sweden.
- The capital of Denmark.
- A town in Holland.
- A town of Austria, situated on the Danube.
- A town in the south of England.
- A town in the north of Spain.
- A town of England, in a county of the same name.
- A town of Switzerland.

MILLIE C. and KATIE S.

No. 4.

VI.

Stih st bte ntomb ehwn ew eakm eth yha,
Dna nea veit tuo osdro the ihewo erda aya,
Nad bte gsduee ras etwse ihwt hnt wrongbin
amy.

IDA FISHER (aged 9 years).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 502.

- No. 1.—1. Blindman's-buff. 2. Lady's slipper. 3. Prince's Feather. 4. Tea gown.
- No. 2.—1. Check. 2. Rhyme—rime. 3. Brook. 4. Rushes. 5. Read—red. 6. Mays—maize. 7. Hew—hus—hush.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emma Sydney V. Edgeworth Smith, Gertie Blanche Taplin, Lulu K., Bertha H., Mary Pace, Myra V. Trail, Eva and Thomas Cartwright, Lillian De Nyse, Arnold Buxton, Molly and Blanche Seaborn, Clara Leete, Margaret Devine, Emma Gateson, and G. L. R. T.



SUGGESTION FOR A CHINESE
FIRE-CRACKER.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO SET
FIRE TO HIS PIGTAIL.

AND—BANG!

A PAPER BASKET.

BY A. M. K.

THE heavy matting that comes around tea-chests can often be bought at a grocery store, and this can be made into a basket to hold waste paper or rags. A piece twenty-four by fourteen inches makes a medium-sized basket, but the size can be varied, of course. Bind the two long sides and one short side with ribbon an inch and a half wide. Fold the short side that is bound over the other side, that has been left plain, and fasten it in two or three places. This will look like a hollow tube. Cut a piece of cardboard for the bottom, and bind it with ribbon. Sew this to the other part by overhanding the ribbons together by which each is bound.

The outside of the basket can be



THE WORST OF BEING SHORT.

THIS MAKES THE SIXTH MAN WHO HAS BOUGHT A
TICKET OVER TOMMY JONES'S HEAD

decorated with a bunch of artificial flowers, a bow of ribbon, a painting in oil-colors, or by gilding it all over with metallic paint.

FRENCH WIT.

BAYONNE, a city in France, is famous for its hams, and the bishop of that place felt nudely pleased when he understood a poet whom he was visiting to say, in the course of conversation,

"Monsieur, vous ne sauriez croire combien j'aime les gens bons de Bayonne."

"Ah! s'il était permis d'entrer dans ce beau jardin!"

"Pourquoi cela ne serait-il pas? Ne voyez-vous pas qu'il est tout vert."



"THE FOURTH" AT PELTYVILLE—TESTING A GIANT CRACKER.

WITH FOUR-PAGE

SUPPLEMENT

HARPER'S

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IN THE BREAKERS.—DRAWN BY HARPER PENNINGTON.

LAWN-TENNIS.

BY VALENTINE G. HALL.

I.

LAWN-TENNIS is certainly a very difficult game to master. The players are many, yet how very few of them ever reach anything like perfection! Of the many thousands who play tennis to-day there are not a score of really good players—that is, in America; England is far ahead of us.

This game more than any other demands careful training at the commencement, and many a player has ruined his "style" from lack of proper instruction at the start. In lawn-tennis there are four requisites which every player must have to a certain degree if he ever expects to succeed. These are, first, *strength*; second, a *good eye*; third, *patience*; fourth, *willingness to work hard*.

Taking it for granted that these qualities are fairly developed, let us now see how to acquire the rudiments of the game.

If possible, when you begin to play, get some one well up in the game to show you how your racket should be held. Then ask some friend to stand on the opposite side of the net, and send you over easy balls into the different parts of the court, in order that you may acquire the correct movement of the wrist and the proper way of handling the bat. Do this, say, an hour every day for about two weeks, and if besides this practice you can find time, play the ball against the wall of some building, making a mark with a piece of chalk three feet from the ground, which is the height of the net on a tennis-court. Stand back about twenty or even thirty feet from the wall, and play the ball on the bounce in all imaginable ways in order to make back-hand strokes as well as right-hand ones. Do not be too ambitious at first and attempt to volley, for it takes the best players to do this in the correct way. Be satisfied to progress slowly, and in time you will be able to make the more difficult strokes with ease. By this practice you will find that before long your wrist, which at first was weak, has gradually become stronger and your eye more sure.

Now many, in their haste to enjoy the game, will think that this preliminary practice entails too much trouble, but it is unwise for any one who desires to become proficient in lawn-tennis to begin his career by immediately playing games without it. He will be certain to fall into bad habits. The natural desire of every player is to win; yet if before any preliminary training he starts in with the one idea of winning, his only thought will be how to get the balls back over the net, never for a moment thinking that his movements and strokes are awkward, and that if he does not learn a good style of play in the early stages of his practice he will certainly acquire a bad one, and so lessen his chances of ever becoming a good player. To these reasons I attribute the fact that most of the players who pretend to play this game are so unskilful: either they will not take the trouble to make themselves familiar with the strokes, or, knowing the difficulties and the practice necessary to become even an ordinary player, they do not think it worth their while. To such people the suggestions already given will be of no value or interest.

When you first play a regular game be very careful that the desire to win does not run away with all your good resolutions, and thus put to naught all you have already learned. Play against your adversary as though you were playing against the wall or with your obliging friend on the opposite side of the net. Take plenty of time and make your strokes correctly, even though you lose the game, and, for the matter of that, many games. You cannot expect to win at first, and unless you acquire a correct style, it may be that you will never win anything worth

the winning. Try to play against as many different players as you can, for this widens your knowledge of the game, and brings out all the weak points, which playing against the same person constantly would never do. Another suggestion which I heartily make to the beginner is that he watch good players, and see how they play, and compare his own style with theirs. In this way he will be surprised to find how much there is to be learned. I have frequently heard it remarked by good players that watching a championship match is nearly as beneficial to them as playing in it.

Now having considered the important points in preliminary work, let us turn our attention to the way in which the game should be played, and how one should play his strokes in order that they may be as effective as possible.

There is no definite rule as to where one should stand when serving, but from general observation and my own experience I think that the centre of the base-line is the proper position. In serving the ball, do not attempt a very swift service, for in nearly every instance the ball either finds its way into the net or out of court; and again, in a long match you waste a great amount of valuable strength which you will need before the match is finished, if your opponent is anywhere near your equal. Besides, a very hard service is not always so effective as a moderately hard service well placed on your opponent's back hand; or, if you see he is rather weak on back-handers, and edges over to that side, place the ball in the other half of the court.

In returning the service, there are two plays for your opponent to make. If you have succeeded in placing your first service properly, and with sufficient speed, the only thing he can do is to get the ball back; he cannot place it where he wishes. But if you have failed on your first service, and your second ball is a slow one, your opponent then can make either one of the following plays: first, say you served into the right-hand court, he can play the ball hard across court, which will bring it on your right hand about three feet from the side-line and five from the base-line. Having made this play, he should immediately follow it up to the net, and be ready to volley your return. Three feet from the net is the correct distance for one to stand when volleying.

If this play is made properly, it is a difficult one to return, but a good player has three courses from which he can choose. The first is to play the ball hard down the right alley, keeping it as near the top of the net as possible; the second is to play the ball with moderate speed directly across court; and the third is to *lob*, or toss, the ball high enough to force the opponent back from his position at the net. Remember that the best position on a tennis-court, when one can get there, is the middle of the court, about three feet distant from the net; therefore, whenever an opportunity offers, if possible drive your opponent back and try to obtain the best place. Of course one must not risk too much in attempting to gain this place. The second return which your opponent can make—which is probably better than the one just mentioned—is to play the ball hard up your left-hand alley, which makes your position now doubly difficult, as your return will have to be a back-handed one. Now the three plays I have mentioned above are the same here, except that I should advise you, if you are strong on lobbing, to play this stroke in preference to the others. Lob the ball high and diagonally across the court, so that it will fall within a couple of feet of the base-line, and about the same distance from the side. This is a very difficult play to make well, but when once attained it will prove of the greatest value. If your opponent does not attempt to volley it—which would be a weak return, and on the next stroke would place him at your mercy—follow it up, and take your position three feet from the net, ready to volley the return.

There is one other point which I might mention here, and that is, never run up on your first service. This is an error that many players make, and, as a rule, it proves disastrous; for if your adversary keeps cool, he can pass you with the greatest ease by playing the ball down your alley or directly across court. Again, it requires a great amount of strength, and if practised continually will completely tire you out.

Another point which should be constantly kept in mind is never to run half-way to the net and then stop, for this is the worst position you can possibly take. If you decide to run up, do so; but under no circumstances hesitate after having once started.

If you find your opponent weak on his back hand, place as many balls as you can on that side; but be careful to use judgment in doing this, for I have seen cases in which a player, knowing that his opponent was weak on back-handers, would place the ball on that side when the other half of the court was entirely unguarded.

It is hard to lay down definite rules which will apply to every case, but these are good general directions. The player must use his own judgment, and govern his style of play accordingly. For example, should your adversary be particularly good in volleying, it will then be to your advantage to keep him in the back part of the court as much as possible; and if his base-line play is very weak, while his net play is strong, it will pay you to run a certain amount of risk in order to keep him away from the net. This, of course, applies also when you find your adversary strong in the back part of the court and weak up at the net. Then it is to your advantage to entice him to volley; but, as a rule, if you are strong yourself in volleying, there will be no fear of your being defeated by one who plays entirely the base-line game.

The two most difficult strokes for a beginner to learn and execute well are the *lob* and the *smash*. There are two kinds of lobs, one where you simply wish to play the ball over your opponent's head, driving him back from the net, the other when, your opponent having forced you into rather close quarters, you lob in order to give yourself time to recover and a chance to regain a proper position. In this case the ball should be lobbed high and well back in the court. Lobbing to be done well needs much practice, and you should not be disappointed if you fail at first. I cannot lay stress enough on this stroke, and every player who ever intends to amount to anything on a tennis-court should practise it constantly; for a lob cannot be done in halves. If not done properly, the lobber loses the stroke, because his opponent at the net will *smash* it, making it impossible for him to return. My advice is, never lob unless it is absolutely necessary, for almost always it places you at a disadvantage. There is one exception to this rule: If your adversary has the sun in his eyes, *lob* the ball every time he holds the position at the net, for in this case it gives you a decided advantage, because he is forced to run back and take it on the bounce, which will give you the opportunity of running up and securing the position at the net.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAULINE'S PATIENCE.

BY E. CAVAZZA.

WHEN Pauline Wilson had handed the travelling-bag and umbrella and wraps into the carriage, had kissed her mamma once more, wished her a pleasant journey, and watched the carriage until it turned the corner of the avenue, she went up the front steps and into the house with an air of much dignity. Mamma had left the family in charge of her eldest daughter, and Pauline immediately felt herself twice her fourteen years. She greatly enjoyed the opportunity to prove her capabilities. Mamma would be away for two days—this was Wednes-

day, and she would be at home again on Friday; but Pauline planned to do much in that time. Papa's breakfast should be punctual to the moment, and Ann should be spoken to seriously upon Mr. Wilson's dislike to weak coffee. Mary must never be allowed to forget to bring the cards of visitors upon the little *repoussé* tray. Pauline would herself look over the garments that came up from the laundry, and mend them carefully; every button and string should be in its place, so that brother Albert should have no cause for complaint. She meant to send "the children," as she began to call them, promptly to school. Gerald should not be allowed to plead that his thumb hurt him—he had jammed it slightly in a bureau drawer six weeks before, and it was apt to become suddenly painful about twenty minutes before 9 A.M. This new broom of a Pauline intended to make a clean sweep everywhere: mamma would praise her daughter, and mamma's friends would say, "Pauline Wilson is a very remarkable girl."

She would also find time, after making home elaborately happy, to pay some visits, carry jelly and flowers to the Children's Hospital, crochet a pair of toilet slippers for mamma as a "welcome-home" present, and write her paper on Chaucer for the class in English literature. She had chosen Patient Griselda as her theme, and was so much impressed by the mediæval virtues of that heroine that she determined to imitate them.

"I was about to be just horrid," she said to herself. "Suppose that Dora does tease a little, and Stella runs to tell of her, and Ger pets his thumb when it is time to go to kindergarten, and half an hour later cracks almonds with it, and Allie will stop to read stories when she is dressing—they are all better than I am, who pretend to take mamma's place and rule them all. Didn't I speak crossly to Alice only yesterday? I did; and she was just as sweet about it. I would better learn to be patient with the dears; that is more like taking mamma's place with them."

The next morning when she opened her window-curtains Pauline found that it was raining; not a dubious drizzle, but a downright pour. She was sure that mamma would not wish the children to be sent to school in such weather, and Alice was not so eager for mathematics and history as to refuse a holiday whenever she could obtain one. Papa and Albert had been gone but a few moments when the scamper of little boots and the thump of an umbrella was heard on the stairs, and Gerald appeared.

"Ho! I say, Paulie," he shouted, in great glee, "Mary says it's raining cats and dogs, and I'm going out to get some. I want a big dog, sir, but I'll bring you a kitty, Paulie darling, if you'll let me go."

She held the coaxing rogue by the shoulder. Gerald wriggled, but his sister had him fast.

"Oh, my thumb! my thumb!" howled the naughty little fellow; and his sister, although she had not touched that tender thumb, was obliged to release him. "I won't go out," suggested Gerald, "if you will play soldiers for me for two whole hours."

"I have not time, little brother," answered Pauline. "But will you not be a good boy, and stay here and draw pictures on your slate?"

"No, sir; no, sir; no, sir; no, sir," chanted Gerald.

Then Alice came flying into the parlor, pale with annoyance, to say that a gentleman had left a note for papa the evening before. Papa was not at home, and she had told Mary that she would take charge of the note and give it to him. "And oh, Paulie, what shall I do? You needn't forgive me nor ask papa to forgive me. I was reading a story, and forgot all about it."

Alice subsided into a tearful pocket-handkerchief. Pauline caught the letter from her sister's fingers, ran up to her own room, buttoned herself into her brown coat, put on her hat and gloves, and in two minutes was



"ALICE SUBSIDED INTO A TEARFUL POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF

hastening down the street. The rain blew in her face, she could hardly hold up her umbrella, the station was several blocks distant, and it must be nearly time for the train that was to take papa into the city.

He, standing on the platform of his car as he spoke with a gentleman, was surprised to see Pauline run toward him, wet and breathless. "A letter, papa—left—for you—last evening!"

"I ought to have had it sooner," said Mr. Wilson, reading the note with an anxious look. "Why was it not given to me?"

"It—it was forgotten, papa."

He saw the tear in her eyes, and spoke kindly. "Try to be more thoughtful another time, daughter. And now run home and dry yourself."

Pauline went away, with a new trouble, feeling herself undeservedly blamed. She wondered whether Patient Griselda had a younger sister addicted to story-books in season and out of season.

When she rang the bell it was Ann who opened the door.

"Where is Mary?" asked the young house-keeper, foreseeing new difficulties.

"Mary's aunt is that bad, Miss Pauline, wid the azmy in her throat, that they did be sendin' afther Mary to stay wid her the day; and Mary bid me say to ye she was sorry indade, but she'd be to be going."

Then Alice came, contrite and pretty, to be assured that papa had his note and did not blame her. "You are a sweet girl, Paulie," she said, and went back to her story-book and a red apple.

Pauline had not had time to remove her wet dress and boots when the twins came to her room. Dora had nearly completed a new pink surah gown for her doll, cut and basted by Mary; but the maid had not had time to fit a dress also for Stella's doll, and naughty Dora was teasing sensitive little Stella.

"My Blanche can't invite your Juliet to her party,

People never go to parties in a navy blue cashmere dress, high neck and long sleeves."

"Paulie, can't you help me, so that my Juliet can go to the party?" pleaded Stella. "Here's a lovely piece of cream-white silk and some lace, but I don't know how to cut a dress."

Pauline's boots and stockings were soaked; she had taken off her wet gown and slipped into a flannel wrapper; but with a patient little sigh she sat down to cut and fit and sew Miss Juliet's festal attire, and was rewarded by a warm kiss from Stella, and a cold little shiver that crept down her shoulders. At last she completed her own toilet, and next bethought her of Gerald, whom she had left with Alice; but a suspicious silence led her to doubt if the young man were still busy with his slate. He was not.

He had discovered his father's box of chessmen—superb Indian carvings in ivory, the valued gift of an old friend. These armies were being reviewed by Gerald, who made them fight by poking them with his fingers. When a red chessman, for instance, fell over, he was apt to knock down a white one—a simple mode of warfare, but perilous to the delicate carvings.

"Oh, Gerald Wilson," cried Pauline, "you must not touch papa's chessmen! You know that."

"I know it," replied Gerald, stoutly;

"but I said three times to Alice, I've got the chessmen, and she didn't say no; I warned Alice, and now she's s'ponsible."

Albert, who attended a military school a few miles out of the city, came home by an earlier train than that which would bring his father from New York. Pauline, sitting alone in the twilight in a forlorn little heap on the library hearth-rug, was glad to hear the front door bang jovially, an umbrella rattle in the stand, a gay step run up the staircase, and Albert's voice on the landing.

"Paulie, oh, Paulie!"

"Here, in the library," she answered, in a muffled voice; and there her brother found her, quietly sobbing over the defeats of her proposed great day.

"Come up here, little sister," said Albert, drawing her into a cozy chair that was large enough for two. "What is the matter? You are not a girl to cry about nothing. Tell me your troubles?"

"It has been a dreadful day," said Pauline. And she related her long list of discomfitures.

"I have tried—indeed I have—my very best; and I couldn't have time to crochet mamma's toilet slippers, nor write my paper on Patient Griselda. Nothing went right all day; and papa thinks I was careless—oh dear!"

"You're a donkey, Pauline—a regular donkey," said the wise man of seventeen years. "Patient Griselda indeed! I hope you won't try to act like her. Patience is a virtue; but a fellow—I mean a girl—ought to use common-sense. You know that Alice ought to have told father that, her head being in a book as usual, she forgot that note. Of course you were a brick not to tell of Alice"—here Pauline gave a forlorn little smile of satisfaction at her brother's praise—"but she ought to have gone out in the rain with it herself, the little humbug. Stella's doll could have waited for a new dress—those tots are getting a bad habit of continual fusses. If you were good enough to make the doll's dress, you might have had

the sense to put on dry shoes. Mamma won't thank you for taking a bad cold, you know. People make lots of trouble by being absurd. Don't you see, my dear girl," concluded the sage, "that you've exhaustively done up the goodness for the family; and while you are cultivating your angelic tendencies the rest of us are obliged to be more or less piggy!" It is horribly selfish to crowd other people out of the chance to do their duty. You would have been kinder really to Alice if you would have let her help you with the spoons and things instead of doing them yourself and feeling injured about it. Oh! you have made a lot of blunders—and you're my precious, darling old Paulie!" said Albert. "Now come upstairs and wash off the salt-water, and be ready for father. Meanwhile I shall do myself the pleasure to give a lecture before the Nursery Institute."

As Pauline was bathing her hot cheeks, and removing as well as she could the signs of her tears, she heard Albert discoursing in the nursery:

"Ladies and gentleman, I hope you like yourselves and the way you have behaved to your sister Pauline today. I am but little accustomed to direct the education of young persons; but I may be permitted to inform you, Alice, that you are selfish and lazy, Dora is a tease, and Stella is fussy, and Gerald is an abominable bumblebee—and I'm extremely fond of you all. Girls, all is forgiven. Allie, I spoke a little harder than I meant—brace up, dear, and shake hands. As for Private Gerald Wilson, he is under arrest for insubordination to his superior officer, Lieutenant Pauline Wilson, temporarily in command in the absence of the colonel of the home regiment. Corporal Mary Macbride, take him to prison, twelve hours in his crib on bread and milk. He will report to me at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, and I will button his frock and his boots and hear his spelling-lesson."

The children looked at each other. "I'm sorry I teased you," said Dora, and Stella was ready to be the best of friends. Alice solemnly placed her story-book in a drawer of the bureau, locked the drawer, and intrusted the key to Mary. Then she ran out of the room, and Albert was sure that she had gone to find Pauline.

Gerald was radiant, for he was considered to be a soldier. "Ho!" said he, "if I'd known that Paulie was a *non* officer, I'd have minded her every time."

Albert, upon reflection, thought it best to tell his father that the delay of the business letter was the fault, not of Pauline, but of Alice. After all, no harm had been done; Mr. Wilson had been able to attend to the affair in time. And when Alice came to make her own confession, she found that her father knew all about her carelessness, and was ready to forgive it.

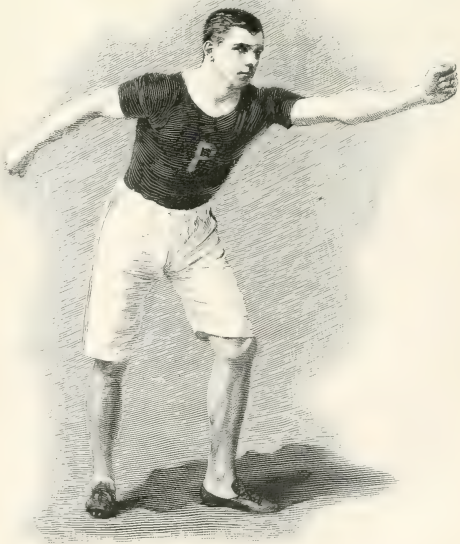
Mamma came safely home, was charmed with her toilet slippers (which Pauline finished the next day), and interested to hear from Albert the story of Pauline's day. She too had a little talk with Pauline about the right and the wrong exercise of patience, and perhaps made the subject more clear to Pauline's mind than Albert had done in his off-hand boyish way. But Pauline always declared that nothing ever had comforted her so much as when her brother called her a donkey.

A PRINCETON ATHLETE.

IT seems only the other day that every man and boy who takes an interest in athletics was talking about the wonderful records of L. E. Myers, the phenomenal runner of the Manhattan Athletic Club. Now Myers is seldom heard of, and other names are upon people's lips. And this is not because that great runner has been discredited (for some of his records still fling out a defiant challenge to other athletes), but because other and younger men are pushing to the front, and are fitting athletic laurel wreaths to their youthful brows.

The latest comer, upon whose crown the dew is scarcely dry, is the young Princeton student whose portrait we give below. Walter C. Dohm, of the class of '90, first took up running in the spring of 1888. Up to that time he had no idea that he could run faster than the average college boy, and it was literally an accident that led him to find out how well he could run. In the foot-ball season of 1887 Dohm hurt his knee, and so foot-ball was forbidden him. Feeling the need, however, of exercise, he took to running, and it was while engaged in this exercise that he attracted the attention of the college trainer, who discovered in Dohm's easy style of going the making of a record-smasher.

This was in May, 1888, and on the 9th day of that month he won his first important race, the Princeton quarter-mile, which he covered in the creditable time of 53½ seconds. Three days later he did the same distance in 51½, and about two weeks after that he traversed the quarter-mile track in 51½. This was done in England, whither the young collegian had gone to try his speed against English runners. While there he ran in only two races, finishing first and third respectively, his time being the same in both cases. The reason why a time that was good enough to win in the one case was only quick enough to bring him in third in the other, was that the latter was in the English champion games, while the former was only a local handicap.



WALTER C. DOHM

On his way home Dohm stopped over at Dublin, and won two first prizes in the Irish championship games, in the quarter and the 220 yards respectively, but without improving upon his own record, except to establish a good one for himself in the 220 yards. Several other races he took part in after his return to his own country, and at the end of the season his records were: 440 yards, 51 seconds; 220 yards, 22½ seconds; 100 yards, 10 seconds.

This year his triumphs have been numerous, and his records have steadily improved, showing patient and well-directed work. His quarter-mile record has dropped down to 49½ seconds, and a new distance has been taken up, namely, the half-mile, which is perhaps the most difficult of all to do. Dohm first attempted this distance at the in-door games of the Amateur Athletic Union, and won the race in 2 minutes 1½ seconds. At the Columbia College games in the spring he won, over the same distance, in 2 minutes, and in a match against T. P. Conneff he secured the race by three-fifths of a second less. Nor was this all, for as lately as June 20th this phenomenon of rapid progress beat all American records by covering the half mile in 1 minute 55½ seconds. His trainer is of the opinion that Dohm's running will continue to improve until he beats all his present performances. If this should prove to be the case, Princeton College may well be proud of him, for it will be the *alma mater* of one of the best of American runners.

DORYMATES.*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A WONDERFUL MEETING.

AS Breeze came toward him the white-faced man in the companion-way, who was so weak and emaciated that he seemed to have just arisen from a sick-bed, tried feebly to wave him back. The effort was made in vain; for the next moment the boy had sprung to where he was standing, thrown his arms about his neck, and half laughing, half crying, in his excitement, was exclaiming: "Father! oh, father! We knew you weren't dead. We knew you'd come back to us—mother and I did."

"Gently, lad, gently. I'm not quite steady on my pins yet, and if you don't have a care you'll pitch me down the steps," answered Captain McCloud, trying to speak calmly and to quiet the excited boy. But tears stood in his eyes, and directly his weakness had mastered him. He cried out brokenly: "God bless you, Breeze! God bless you, my boy! I'd thought never to see you again, and in my heart I'd bidden you good-by—mother and you. But I wasn't reconciled to it. I couldn't die without seeing you. You'd not ask it, lad. You'll not leave me again to the fever, will you?"

Then, overcome by his emotion, the man who had been so strong, but who was now so weak and wellnigh helpless, bowed his head and sobbed like a child.

This pitiful sight, and the piteous appeal just made to him, almost unnerved Breeze, but he controlled himself by a strong effort, and led his father to a seat, at the same time speaking soothing and loving words to him.

"No, father," he said, "of course I'll not leave you. I've come to stay with you, and take care of you, and carry you into port, where mother is waiting for us. Only you must hurry and get well, for it would never do to go back to her sick and looking like this, you know. It would frighten her to see you so."

Just then, walking stiffly on account of his wounded leg, Wolfe came aft in search of Breeze, and was filled with amazement at what he saw. For once his ready

tongue failed him, and he stood staring at the little group in silence. He wondered what could have affected them so deeply, and if they had ever met before, or whether he were not witnessing the effects of a mild species of insanity, as exhibited by the stranger.

"At any rate," he said to himself, "I'll not interfere with them, for Breeze seems to have a quieting way with the old gentleman, and maybe hearing another strange voice might send him off again."

All at once his attention was attracted by the sudden appearance of the most uncouth and altogether peculiar human face he had ever seen. The head to which it belonged had just been lifted cautiously over the cabin companion-way, and the great eyes, which seemed to Wolfe to be wholly white, were rolling wildly at the sight of the strangers. The face was the color of black ashes, the flat nose expanded into a pair of enormous nostrils, while the lips were of unusual thickness, even for a full-blooded negro. This strange face was set off, and in a manner overshadowed, by a pair of most remarkable ears. Not only were they large, but they projected almost at right angles from the head, which gave them the appearance of always being pricked forward with an air of extreme attention or curiosity. Above and in front of these the head was covered with a thick growth of kinky hair, which had been for so long brushed, pulled, or otherwise trained forward that it surrounded the face like a sort of a furry hood. On account of it some way in the far-away country from which this odd-looking individual came had called him "Nimbus," and this name had clung to him ever since. He was so short as to be almost a dwarf, but his body was thick-set, and powerful enough to belong to a giant. The length of his arms was extraordinary, and so was the size of his feet, but his legs were so ridiculously short that he waddled rather than walked. He was as strong as two ordinary strong men, and at the same time he was tender-hearted, obliging, good-natured, a fair sailor, and a capital cook. He was a Guinea negro, from the west coast of Africa, but had passed the greater part of his life in the galleys of sailing vessels, and had thus visited most of the principal ports of the world. He was fond of occasionally returning to his own country, which he managed to do about once in every two or three years. Such was the individual who now appeared at the top of the companion ladder, and exclaimed:

"Tank de good Lord, gemmen, you's come at las'! Me an' de Cap'n we's been habin' a mons'rous hard time, an' we's mos' gib up. You mus' scuse me, gemmen, fur not bein' on de deck to receiv you proper an' ship-shape, but I 'ain't had no sleep fur more'n a week, an' I jus' takin' a nap. You see, fus' de port watch on deck all night, den de cook he busy waitin' on de Cap'n all night, den de star-board watch he up all night, den de fus' ossifer, den de secon' ossifer, dey don't get no sleep all night, an' I is all ob um. Yes, sah, ole Nim he eberyting but Cap'n ob de *Esmeral* now. De res' all dead an' go oberboard. De feber catch um. Sometime one, sometime two, t'ree toged'er. De las' one, he de fus' mate, die more'n t'ree day. De Cap'n here he mos' die, but ole Nim pull um troo; couldn't be lef' alone nohow. Where you' ship, eh?"

As he asked this question Nimbus looked around with a perplexed air in search of the vessel from which he supposed these strangers must have come.

Wolfe was delighted with this odd character, and now, glad of a chance to use his tongue, he told their story as briefly as possible, and ended by saying that they were extremely hungry.

Nothing pleased Nimbus more than a chance to cook for strangers; and with a broad grin on his face he waddled away toward the galley, saying, "Dreckly, gemmen! dreckly ole Nim get you mons'rous fine breakfus'."

In the mean time Captain McCloud had recovered his composure, and now, to Wolfe's amazement, Breeze in-

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492

troduced him as his father. At the same time he said: "Wolfe Brady is my dorymate, father, and next to you and mother, my dearest friend. We haven't known each other very long, but what we've been through has made us pretty well acquainted."

"Yes, sir," said Wolfe; "we met only about three weeks ago, but in that time your adopted son has twice saved my life at the risk of his own, and we have been in some rather tight places together. I don't mind saying, now that it is all over and we are standing on a good solid deck once more, that drifting around in that dory through the fog of the last two days was about the meanest fix of them all, and I hadn't much hope that we were going to get out of it either. I'd go through with all its suffering and anxiety again, though, for the sake of being present at such a wonderful meeting as this. I never heard of anything like it."

"It is truly a wonderful meeting," replied Captain McCloud, "and there have got to be a great many explanations made before we shall understand how it was all brought about. Certainly we have been guided in marvellous ways. You said your mother was well, Breeze?"

"Yes, sir, quite well," answered Breeze, "and looking for you to come in at any time."

"So she hasn't given me up yet! Bless the little woman! Well, there's a chance of getting there now. I didn't think there was any hope of it three days ago, when the mate died, and left Nimbus and me alone on the old brig, and I too weak to lift a rope's end."

"Do you mean to say, father," exclaimed Breeze, who had not comprehended the true state of affairs before this, "that you two are the only ones left aboard?"

"Yes," replied the Captain, sadly; "we have buried all the rest, and are the only survivors of a crew of twelve souls."

"That's the reason, then, you're under such short sail?"

"Yes; she was got under this canvas in a blow, two weeks ago, while the mate and two others of the crew were alive and still able to work. Since then there has not been force enough on board to do anything with them. Nimbus is as strong as an ox, and he can manage the head-sails alone. I believe he got the course clewed up too; but the poor fellow has had a hard time trying to steer, cook, wait on me, keep a lookout, set the lights, ring the fog-bell, bury the dead, and in fact do all the work of twelve men. He fell asleep last night on the cabin floor, utterly exhausted. This morning I was going to try and shift for myself, and let him have his sleep out. I was about to look for something to eat when you came aboard. I'm feeling hungry for the first time in weeks."

"Faith, sir," cried Wolfe, "it must be catching. I'm so hungry myself that if starving's any worse, it would take a wiser man than I am to point out the difference. And to think, Breeze, of the elegant biscuit we left behind in the dory! If we'd only eaten them yesterday, and had the comfort of them! Never mind, we'll have them up after a while for a dessert, like, for of all the sea biscuit ever I tasted those have the finest flavor. But here comes breakfast now, praised be the cook!"

Nimbus was going to carry the breakfast down into the cabin, but Captain McCloud said they had better eat on deck, on account of the fever that had been in the cabin.

"I tried to warn you, Breeze, against coming too close to me when I first saw you," he added, "but you didn't seem to pay any attention."

"As if I could have, father, when I was so surprised and so happy!" replied Breeze, reproachfully.

Never had a meal tasted better, or been more thoroughly enjoyed by the dorymates than this one, and it seemed as though they could not stop eating. Even Captain McCloud developed a wonderful appetite for a sick man. He ate so heartily that Nimbus, who waddled around

them, his face beaming with pleasure as he brought them this thing or that, began to grow somewhat anxious, and exclaimed,

"Take care, Cap'n; you' tomach's powerful weak yet, an' you musn't s'prise um too much!"

"Which are you now, Nimbus, doctor or cook?" asked Captain McCloud, smiling at the faithful fellow's anxiety.

"It's bofe, Cap'n. De ship's doctor an' de ship's cook am de same. P'r'aps de cook tell you eat, an' de doctor tell you not eat. You min' um bofe, den you all right. You min' de cook, you eat too much. Berry bad! You min' de doctor, you eat too little. Berry bad too! You min' ole Nim, you all right. Berry good!"

Wolfe was immensely amused at all this, and the negro's comical appearance, together with his earnest manner, caused the young Irishman to roar with laughter. He declared that Nimbus had more sense in his woolly head than half the white folks he knew, and that if he were as good a doctor as he was a cook, he ought to be a member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

"Don' know nuffin 'bout no surgins, sah," replied Nimbus, showing the ivory of his teeth in a broad grin, and highly flattered by this praise; "but if de young geman's ready for anodder cup ob coffee, I's got um a-bilin' in de camboose."*

"Will I have another cup of coffee? Of course I will! It's the best I ever tasted. I tell you what, Breeze, there's nothing like drifting around a few days without anything to eat to make a fellow appreciate a meal like this."

"We had the sea biscuit," said Breeze.

"Yes, sea biscuit! But what did they amount to? Dry, tasteless things! I'd almost as soon eat so many chips," exclaimed Wolfe, in a scornful tone, as he finished the last mouthful of a hot buttered roll.

"Then you are not going to have them up for a sort of a dessert?"

"Dessert! I should say not. I hope I'll never have to see one, much less eat one again. They would always remind me of drifting through a fog-bank in an open dory."

All of which goes to show how very differently a hungry man and a well-fed man may view the same object.

The sea still remained unruffled by a breath, and after breakfast Captain McCloud said: "So long as there's nothing we can do until we get some wind, we've a chance for a yarn. If you'd like to hear about it I'll tell you how I happen to be aboard this brig, and how she got into the sad condition you see her in now."

As both Breeze and Wolfe expressed the strongest desire to hear the Captain's story, he related it to them as follows:

"You remember, Breeze, when I left home in the old *Sea-Robin* last October for the Banks, I said that if all went well I'd be back in time for Christmas?"

"Yes, sir, I remember."

"Well, we made a fair trip, but did not fill up as fast as I had hoped we would, so that it got to be pretty near Christmas Day before we saw our way clear to picking up our anchor and heading for Gloucester. By-the-way, have any of the *Robin's* crew ever turned up?"

"No, sir; not one of them. You were reported as seen on the 15th of December, but since then not a word has come from you until this day."

"Poor fellows! they're long since gone, then. Well, as I was saying, we were all ready to start for home the day before Christmas, when there came on such a gale of wind as I've rarely seen in these latitudes. By night it was a hurricane, and such a sea was running that it seemed as though each wave must swallow the schooner as it

* Camboose, or caboose. Both are used in referring to a ship's galley, or place for cooking. Caboose is, however, the more common expression.



"'ME AN' THE CAP'N WE'S BEEN HABIN' A MONS'ROUS HARD TIME."

came rushing down on her. We were hove to under a three-reefed foresail and the riding-sail with a bag-reef tied in it. About nine o'clock in the evening, I'd been on deck so long, and was so drenched and chilled, that I stepped into the fore-castle to get a cup of coffee. There was one other man there, poor Dick Simonds—you remember him, Breeze—and the cook. The rest were either on deck or in the cabin.

"I had just braced myself between the foremast and the edge of a bunk and was reaching for the coffee, when the vessel seemed to give a great leap in the air. When she dropped, it was on her beam ends, and I could feel her settling down. The cook got out some way, how I don't know; but Dick was met by the water pouring in the companion-way. He pulled the slide to keep it out, thinking she'd right in a minute if she didn't fill first.

"At the first shock I was so braced that, lying on my back as I was, I couldn't move, and when I did get right side up, there we were, Dick and I, shut up like two rats in a trap, and the schooner was bottom side up.

"Dick stood it as long as he could, which I suppose was some time the next day. By then it had got so quiet overhead that we judged the storm had gone down. At the same time we knew our air must be escaping, for we could feel the water slowly but surely rising in the fore-castle. The rats were becoming troublesome, too, and swarming over us. Though we couldn't see them, we managed to catch and drown quite a number of them.

"At last Dick said he couldn't die but once anyhow, and that he was going to make a try for one more breath of fresh air and one more sight of God's blessed daylight. He succeeded in smashing off the companion-way slide, and a faint light came in through the water, so we knew it was day. I didn't remember till afterward that it was Christmas Day, and I'm glad I didn't.

"Dick's plan was to dive through the opening with the hope that he'd clear the rigging and sails underneath it some way or another. I tried to dissuade him from trying it, and pointed out how slim his chance was; but he was bound to go. He said it was better to drown at once and have it over with than to stay in there and meet a slow death along with the rats. He stripped off his clothes so as to have a better chance of swimming, wrung my hand, and said, 'Good-by, skipper. If I get out you'll hear me pounding. If you don't hear anything you'll know what's happened.' Then he drew in a long breath and made a dive for the hole. He got through it, I know, for I saw the ray of light darken and then come again; but I didn't hear a sound from him afterward, though I listened for more than an hour.

"But hello, boys! here comes a puff of wind, and there's more behind it. If you and Nimbus can manage to get some sail on the old craft, we will make a start for home, and I'll spin you the rest of my yarn some other time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HIS ONLY LOVE.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.

MATIN SONG.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

THE bee is beginning to hum in the flower,
 And the blossom to break on the vine;
 The clock in the steeple is striking the hour.
 And the sun is beginning to shine—
 Beginning to shine on the factory tower,
 And to kindle the crest of the pine.

There's a wee wren that sings at your pane;
 Twice, thrice, she has sung there to you;
 I woke, and I wondered, so sweet was the strain,
 But the dusky wings fluttered and flew;
 She has gone where the reapers are gleaming the grain,
 While the berry is swollen with dew.

Rise up, little heart; oh! be joyful, and rise
 While the morning is misty and red,
 For the sun will grow mighty and blaze in the skies,
 And the primrose will bow down her head;
 The hyla will slumber and sleep where he lies,
 And the locust will shrill there instead.

Rise up, for the owl is adoze,
 His eyeballs are dazzled with day.
 Oh, come! for the waters are crimson and rose
 Where the river winds down to the bay.
 And the little brown boat, where the sweet corn glows,
 Is waiting to bear us away.

SAVED BY A BROKEN STRAP.

AN ADVENTURE IN SWITZERLAND.

BY DAVID KER.

THE sun was just beginning to sink toward the great snow-peaks of the Central Alps, on a fine summer evening, when three strapping young fellows, knapsack on shoulder and pikestaff in hand, came tramping down the steep hill-side that overhung one of the prettiest valleys in northern Switzerland. And there, on the farther side of it, barely three miles away, lay nestling beneath the shadow of a vast rocky mountain, thousands of feet high, the snug little village where they meant to halt for the night—a welcome sight to them all, for they had had a long and hard tramp that hot summer day.

But all at once the tallest of the three, who was lagging a few paces behind the other two, as if he were either less active or more foot-sore than his comrades, stopped short, uttering an impatient exclamation.

"There's that plaguy strap given way again!" cried he, angrily, as he slipped his heavy knapsack off his shoulders. "One would think I had nothing else to do but to keep fussing with it!"

"Are you sure you didn't help it a little yourself, Ludwig?" asked Franz, with a sly grin. "It's queer that every time you begin to feel a bit tired, that strap's sure to come loose again."

"Well, anyhow, we can't wait till the repairs are completed, for I want my supper," said Kaspar, who was almost as good at eating as at walking. "We had better just go on to the village; and when Ludwig's straps are mended—or when his feet are rested, which is the same thing—I suppose he'll come after us."

And so, laughing and joking like school-boys, the doomed men went merrily onward to the very spot which, of all places on earth, they ought to have avoided.

Meanwhile Ludwig, who really was rather tired after his long march, and also, perhaps, somewhat vexed with his two friends for leaving him, took his time about splicing and repairing the broken strap; and even when all was done he found the grass upon which he lay so soft, and the shade of the tree above him so pleasant, that he was in no hurry to move.

"If they couldn't take the trouble to wait for me," he muttered, looking after his two companions, who were just disappearing among the clustering trees far below,

"I don't see why I should take the trouble to run after them; so I'll just lie still a little longer, and have a bite."

And taking out of his pouch a piece of brown bread and some hard cheese, he fell to with a will.

Just as he was finishing his meal, and thinking of getting up to march on, he suddenly caught sight of something in the distance which puzzled him a good deal, and, to tell the truth, somewhat frightened him.

A number of birds which were wheeling around the tree-tops of the valley below checked their movements all of a sudden, fluttered confusedly to and fro for a few moments, and then, with shrill screams of terror, came flying to the other side of the valley as if pursued by some terrible enemy, passing Ludwig with a rush that stirred the leaves above his head like a strong breeze.

What could it be that was terrifying them? Ludwig strained his eyes toward the village, expecting to see a hawk, or a mountain vulture, or some other bird of prey, but nothing of the kind was to be seen.

A few minutes later, however, he saw something which disturbed him still more. A flock of sheep, which were feeding peacefully in a wide green meadow that lay midway between the village and a small lake in the centre of the valley, suddenly ceased to feed, lifted their heads uneasily, and then, without any apparent reason, rushed wildly away from their pasture, and came galloping up the narrow path to the spot where Ludwig stood, as if a whole pack of wolves were at their heels. But neither wolf nor any other creature was there.

Then a strange horror, which he could not himself understand, began to creep over the lonely man as he stood watching there. And even while he looked he was startled by another portent more awful and mysterious still. Although not a breath of wind was stirring, the smooth surface of the lake heaved itself all at once into angry waves, which surged furiously to and fro, while the trees were shaken as if by the rush of a storm.

Ludwig took out his spyglass in order to observe this extraordinary commotion more closely. But as he glanced through it he gave a start, and his sunburned face grew pale to the very lips, as well it might.

For as long as its oldest inhabitants could remember, a small stream had come leaping and flashing down the mountain-side just beyond the village, bounding from ledge to ledge of the great precipice in an endless succession of tiny water-falls; and when he had passed through the valley only a few weeks before he had seen it there himself, just the same as ever. Where was it now?

Where, indeed? He rubbed his eyes, thinking that they must have deceived him; but no—he had seen only too truly. The bed of the torrent was dry.

Never before, even in far hotter and drier summers than this, had that stream been known to fail; and even had the sun had the power to parch it up, the heavy rains which had lately fallen would have been more than enough to swell it to its wonted size again; yet now not a trace of it was left!

As Ludwig stood gazing blankly at this unaccountable phenomenon he suddenly saw, or thought he saw, the outlines of the great mountain wall that overhung the village beginning to quiver and tremble as if seen through wet glass. He wiped his spy-glass with the skirt of his coat, and looked again. In that one glance the fearful truth burst upon him—the whole mountain was falling!

The cry of horror that broke from his lips was drowned by a crash as if the earth itself had been rent in twain. Instantly all was dark as night, the air trembled, the ground shook beneath his feet, and he fell heavily to the earth.

How long he lay there, helpless and unconscious, he never knew; but when he began to come to himself again, and rose to his feet, shaking off, as he did so, a thick cloud of dust that covered him from head to heel, the un-

natural gloom had passed away, and the last rays of the setting sun were lighting up the surrounding landscape.

But oh, what a scene those rays revealed to his shuddering sight! The beautiful green valley, the happy village, the smooth, shining lake, were gone as if they had never been; and in their place lay outspread beneath him one wide waste of hideous ruin—broken rocks, vast mounds of earth and gravel, shattered trunks of uprooted trees, and great sheets of muddy water; for so mighty a mass of ruin had been hurled into the lake that its waters had been actually forced from their bed, and dashed over the surrounding country in one gigantic wave, sweeping to instant destruction every living thing that lay in the path of its rush. Of the ill-fated village itself nothing was ever seen again, except the bell of its church, which was found amid a heap of earth and stones fully a mile and a half away.*

Years have passed since that fatal evening, and among the wrecks of the tremendous landslip other villages have sprung up. But its traces are as plain as ever, and many people still live there who have heard from the lips of a white-haired old man named Ludwig Stein how his life was once saved by a broken strap.

GLIMPSES OF CHILD LIFE FROM DICKENS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LITTLE NELL AND THE MARCHIONESS.

LITTLE Nelly Trent lived with her grandfather in an ill curiosity shop, where the rusty suits of armor, battered furniture, ragged tapestry, and fantastic carvings were as time-worn and tarnished as the poor old man himself. Nobody ever came to buy anything from the musty shop, and the neighbors, seeing how wretchedly poor the old man was, observing his furtive air of having a treasure concealed in some obscure place, and noting that somehow he managed to get little besides bread for Nell and himself, concluded that he was a miser. By a series of misfortunes, and owing at last to the ill-will of a dwarf named Quilp (a horrible creature, with the head and shoulders of a giant on the spindling legs of a boy), Nell and her grandfather lost this poor home, and began a wandering life. It is of this that I want to tell you, disentangling the beautiful story from the mazes of the *Old Curiosity Shop*.

The old grandfather had been very, very ill, and was convalescent, which means better, but not yet well—only getting well by degrees—when one evening at sunset he proposed to Nell that they should slip away from the town, and make it their endeavor to live, somehow, where there should be no frightful Quilp to invade their home and disturb their peace.

"Yes, let us go," said Nell, earnestly. "Let us begone from this place, and never turn back or think of it again. Let us wander barefoot through the world rather than linger here."

"We will," answered the old man; "we will travel afoot through the fields and woods, and by the side of rivers, and trust ourselves to God in the places where He dwells. It is far better to lie down at night beneath an open sky like that yonder—see how bright it is!—than to rest in close rooms which are always full of care and weary dreams."¹

To escape, however, was not easy, for the redoubtable Quilp and a friend of his, a lawyer by the name of Brass, were on guard in the rooms below. Nell packed the few things which belonged to herself and her grandfather in two tiny bundles, a few poor articles of clothing and a very few of household use, and while the old man slept she watched, or, lightly stepping from room to room, took her farewell of the familiar places, and then in the first

glimmerings of dawn, the peep of day, they set out on their journey.

To get away from the house was no easy matter, and as they would not have been permitted to leave if seen by either Quilp or Brass, you may fancy how softly they stepped, and how their hearts beat when a loose board creaked, or, having safely reached the front door and drawn the rusty bolts, they found to their dismay that the door was locked.

Then the child remembered, for the first time, that one of the nurses had told her that Quilp always locked both the house doors at night, and kept the keys on a table in his bedroom. Stealing back with light feet, Nell passed the terrible dwarf, fast asleep and snoring frightfully, secured the keys, and presently the two travellers, a pair of innocent tramps, were out in the world, as helpless and happy, for the moment, as the Babes in the Wood.

They walked all day, and slept at night at a cottage where beds were let to travellers. The next day, late in the afternoon, they stopped at a laborer's cabin to buy a little milk. An old, old man was sitting on a cushioned chair in the corner, and there were three sunburnt children besides the cottager and his wife, who gazed wonderingly on the new-comers.

"God save you, master," said the old man, in a thin, piping voice. "Are you travelling far?"

"Yes, sir; a long way," replied Nell, for her grandfather appealed to her.

The people in this cottage were very kind. The good woman bathed Nell's blistered feet; they tried to keep their guests for a longer rest; and finally, when the pair had moved on, the whole family stood at a turn of the road and watched them out of sight. And it was through their kindness that Nell and her grandfather presently had a lift on the road—a jolting cart filled with clean straw, which to their tired limbs was as grateful as a luxurious carriage.

When this cart had stopped to set them down they took their way to a church-yard, where they hoped to be safe and quiet for the night among the tombs. But what should they come upon here but two merry-faced men, who were snatching a little repose while travelling with a Punch and Judy show; Punch himself, in an uncomfortable attitude, was perched upon a mossy gravestone, and Punch's guardians were in some perplexity.

"Look here," said one of them (Tommy Codlin was his name), "here's all this Judy's clothes falling to pieces again. You haven't got a needle and thread, I suppose?"

"The man addressed shook his head mournfully, when Nelly timidly came to the rescue.

"I have a needle, sir, in my basket, and thread too. Will you let me try to mend it for you? I think I could do it neater than you are old."

After this introduction Nell and the old gentleman were taken for a while under the protection of the travelling Punch and Judy show, and Nell staid with these people till, reaching a certain race-ground, her grandfather's nervousness induced her to take again to the road.

They were next sheltered by a gentle old school-master, whose heart was almost breaking at the death of a dear little pupil, and after that a stout, good-humored lady, who wore an immense coal-scuttle bonnet with a great bunch of flowers on one side, and whose home was a travelling caravan, took charge of the pair. The touching beauty of the little girl's face, her gentle manners and womanly behavior, as well as the feebleness and dazed appearance of the grandfather, appealed to every one whom they met.

The lady of the caravan was the "Original Mrs. Jarley," and her show, it is needless to say, consisted of Mrs. Jarley's waxworks. It occurred to this good woman that the strange pair might be made useful, Nell in pointing out the figures, and the old man in dusting them and keeping the show in order.

* A similar disaster, attended by phenomena of the same kind, destroyed, several years later, the Swiss village of Plurs, at the foot of the Conito Alp.—D. K.



LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER

The waxwork show gave Nell plenty of employment, and though often tired out at nightfall, and very much afraid of encountering Quilp whenever the show passed through a crowded town, her little life became quite easy and free from anxiety, until something unexpected took place.

Walking out one evening with her grandfather, they happened upon some rough, ill-looking men who were playing cards. The sight instantly roused the gambler's passion in the poor old grandfather, and he did not rest till he had taken Nell's little purse away, and coaxed the men to let him join in their game.

All the trouble that had ever come to this poor man had come through his frantic desire for cards. He was at its mercy. The storm which had driven them for refuge into the little inn where these men were playing lasted three full hours, but its effects never disappeared in the life of Little Nell.

Ever since leaving London, Nell had cherished in her pocket, or wherever it was safest, a piece of gold, thinking that a day might come when she would be forced to spend it by some great necessity. She was very sorry when at last, in the very inn where her grandfather had again begun gambling, she was compelled to change this precious bit of wealth. She endeavored to do so unobserved, for, alas! she knew that her poor old comrade could not be trusted to know that she had money in her possession. He, poor old fellow! deluded himself with the hope that he would yet win a fortune for her.

Nell was awakened from her sleep, in the night after the change of the gold piece, by the feeling that there was somebody in her room. She saw a figure groping stealthily near the bed, hands moved under her pillow, the robber's breath was in her face.

She was so frightened that she could neither move nor cry for help.

Slowly the figure left her bedside, softly it dropped upon its hands and knees, and crawled away.

Nell gathered her courage up to leave the dreadful

room. Once in the room where grandfather was, she would be safe. She followed the retreating robber down the stairs step by step. He paused at the door of her grandfather's room.

"She turned faint and sick." But the next moment a deadlier terror oppressed her, for, seated at the table, eagerly counting the money of which he had robbed her, sat her grandfather himself.

The gambling instinct had been too strong. It had led the old man to steal her last penny from the faithful little friend who would cheerfully have died for him.

You may imagine that it was hard for Nell, the next day, to be rebuked by a grim preceptress for following the business she did. "Mrs. Jarley" had sent her to present some handbills at Miss Monflathers's school.

"As Nell approached the awful door it turned slowly upon its hinges with a creaking noise, and forth from the solemn grove beyond came a long file of young ladies, two and two, all with open books in their hands, and some with parasols likewise. And last of the goodly procession came Miss Monflathers, bearing herself a parasol of lilac silk, and supported by two smiling teachers, each mortally envious of the other, and devoted unto Miss Monflathers."

"Confused by the looks and whispers of the girls, Nell stood aside for the procession to pass on, and modestly presented her little packet to Miss Monflathers in person....

"You're the waxwork child, are you not?" said Miss Monflathers.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Nell, coloring deeply....

"And don't you think you must be a very wicked little child to be a waxwork child at all?"

Poor little Nell! When the journey of life grew too hard for the poor weary feet, she found a shelter in the cottage of the kind school-master who has once before been mentioned in this story. Here, lovingly tended, Nell died. And as she lay at rest "she seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death."

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always."

In *The Old Curiosity Shop* you find another child portrait, different from that of Little Nell, and less touching, but very captivating too. It is that of a small, half-starved servant, who lived with a gaunt spinster named Sally Brass. Miss Brass was the sister of Mr. Sampson Brass, that friend of Quilp who helped to turn Little Nell and her grandfather out-of-doors.

A new clerk, Mr. Richard Swiveller, had come to assist Mr. Brass in his office, and was musing on the general oddity of the world, when there was a rapping on the door.

"Come in," said Dick. "Don't stand upon ceremony."

"Oh, please," said a little voice, very low down in the doorway, "will you come and show the lodgings?"

"Why, who are you?" said Dick, to the small creature, whose dirty coarse apron covered her from head to foot."

The child explained that she was the cook and also the house-maid, but was so very small that she was not permitted to show the lodgings, lest the people would not take them, fearing the service would be bad. The poor little maid had been at work from her cradle, and Dick Swiveller, who had a kind heart, was very much perplex-

ed to ascertain how Miss Brass treated her, and worried in his mind as to whether she ever got anything to eat.

One day fortune favored him, and peeping over the hand-rail, he saw Miss Brass flitting down the kitchen stairs.

"She's going to feed the small servant!" he exclaimed. "Now or never!"

Miss Brass had the dampest, darkest, most pinched and miserable-looking kitchen one could think of—a perfect nightmare of a kitchen. Here the small servant spent her time, from early till late, every day of her life.

"Are you there?" said Miss Brass.

"Yes, ma'am," was the answer, weakly.

"Go farther away from the leg of mutton, or you'll be picking it, I know," said Miss Brass, taking a key from her pocket, and extracting a "dreary waste of cold potatoes" from the safe.

"This she placed before the small servant, and taking up a great carving-knife, she sharpened it furiously and noisily, and then cutting off about two inches of cold mutton, she held the little piece out on the point of a fork.

"Do you see this?" she cried.

"Then, the hungry little thing having faintly said 'Yes,'

"Don't you ever go and say," retorted Miss Sally, "that you hadn't meat here. There, eat it up."

"This was soon done, and Miss Brass exclaimed, 'Now, do you want any more?'

"The child had been drilled to say 'No.' Whereupon Miss Sally looked up the mutton, and stood over the poor dependent until she had finished every shred of the chilly potatoes, giving her digs and thumps the while on her head, back, and shoulders.

"You've been helped once to meat; you've had as much as you can eat; you're asked if you want any more, and you answer no. Then don't go and say you were allowanced. Mind that!"

To the small servant Dick Swiveller brought the first ray of sunshine that had ever brightened her path. He amused himself by sometimes feeding her, and he never spoke to her except very kindly. By-and-by he was taken ill, and was for a while delirious, and the Marchioness came to take care of him. She had never had a name of any kind till Dick Swiveller gave her this one.

He waked up one day, after a spell of knowing nothing and nobody, and the little Marchioness was the only person in the room. "How's Sally?" he asked.

The small servant explained that she had herself run away, and didn't know anything about Miss Sally, who had been "tizing" her; that she lived now with Mr. Swiveller, the only friend she had ever had. She had overheard Miss Brass saying that Mr. Swiveller was very ill, and would probably die, and so she had made her escape; and pretending that he was her brother, had been trying her best to nurse him.

"And I'm very glad you're better, Mr. Liverer."

The Marchioness went on to say how cold she had been, how famished, how she had crept out like a starved mouse at night to find crumbs in the office or fragments of orange peel.

"Did you ever taste orange peel and water?" she said.

"If you make believe very much, it's quite nice," said the small servant; "but if you don't, you know, it seems as if it would bear a little more seasoning, certainly."

The Marchioness told Mr. Swiveller of several things that had happened during his illness, among them the trial and sentence to transportation of a young fellow named Kit.

Mr. Swiveller was sure that even yet he could save Kit from this terrible fate, so he proposed to get up, weak as he was, but here was a difficulty.

"Whereabout are my clothes?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm so glad—you haven't got any," replied the Marchioness.

"Ma'am!" said Mr. Swiveller, in great astonishment.

"I've been obliged to sell them, every one, to get the things that was ordered for you. But don't take on about that," urged the Marchioness, as Dick fell back upon his pillow. "You're too weak to stand, indeed."

When you yourself read *The Old Curiosity Shop* you will find that I have only outlined the character of the brave little Marchioness; and in Kit, and Barbara, and Mr. Garland, and ever so many others, you will find people pleasant to know. And I'll just tell you now that Mr. Swiveller, having a legacy left him, educated the Marchioness, to whom he gave the name of Sophronia Sphynx, and finally, after she had left school, proposed to her, and they were married.



AT THE ZOO.

DICK: "OH, AUNT TOOK AT THE CARNIVAL!"

KIT: "TOMMY A CANNON-BLIND AUNT KATE. IT'S A DREAM!"



MAUD AND HER BROTHER.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE children whose bright faces are presented at the beginning of this number are reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Their names will be found by reference to a dear little list in these columns.

YOU will be interested in reading how the children of a school in Nashville succeeded in performing Mrs. Saenger's little play, "Pomegranate Seed," which you have all read in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

WARREN, TENNESSEE, NOVEMBER, 1894.

I write to tell you that "Pomegranate Seed" was a great success. I found suitable tunes in Carl Rinow's *Children's Songs*, and the audience was delighted. The Gnomes were gray and brown, with striped hats, and picked and shovelled sand vigorously while chanting a monotonous chorus. The leading parts were given to beautiful girls, whose toilettes were charming, and I wished for you to see the trio, Nature, Ceres, and Prosperine, in a little song, which was a crowning glory. Mother Hubbard had an obedient pig, that munched ginger-cake and chewed gum, and kept the children in roars of laughter. The dance was quite a feature, and altogether you have the thanks of forty children, as many dotting mamas, and a select audience of six hundred. With sincerest regards, I am very gratefully yours,

MARY H. R.

CLARK, ENGLAND.

I thank you very much for printing my letter in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My doggie I told you about was poisoned. We had another, but it ran away. The cut ran away too. My sister Winifred will be three on the 13th of June. Freda (Winifred) is a dear little thing. I am now in Standard V., and do hard sums, reading, maps, and music. I have read three of Miss Alcott's books. I shall be eleven on the 1st day of November. We have a lovely garden, and two large bushes of lilacs are out in full bloom. A small bush and a large tree of red double May are out too in full bloom, and also the hothorn.

DOROTHY A. G. (10 years old).

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

Have you ever had a letter from this far away place? I have seen them from Victoria, but not from Melbourne. There is a very nice place with many pretty buildings and pleasant gardens

the youngest. I go to school, and study arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, reading, writing, spelling, poetry, Latin, and after the Easter holidays, I am in the Fifth class. I have a kitten named Greyford, and a silver fish, and my sister has a dog named Toby, an English terrier. I am very fond of cats and all animals, aren't you? I have had a great number of them. Will some girl about my own age write to me and tell me about America, or about the place she lives in, my address being Lillian E. Lewis, Alexander House, Brougham Street, Brixham Hill, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

LILLIAN E. LEWIS.

QUEEN'S COTTON, KANSAS, KENTON.

I had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE given me by a kind gentleman; it is such a lovely book. Before my Christmas holidays, the Buddhist people in the town had a big perihara procession; it started from the big temple in which they say there is a tooth of Buddha, and it was a grand sight. The first day there were ten elephants in the procession, four of them carrying a gold house on their backs. On the second day there were fifteen elephants, and on the last day forty-six elephants. The crowd was very large, and they made such a noise that we could not get to sleep. When we get holidays, I go up to mother's estate. The crowd is there, and children growing there, and there is a big garden to play in. Sometimes I go and see the tea being made in a factory near our estate. Kindly let me have a place there, I like large trees and plenty of cocoa-nut-trees. We have our school built at the foot of a great hill, and about sixty scholars come to it. I like living here very much, though it is hot sometimes. I wonder if America is like this? Please tell me, Postmistress, also if I may write you another letter soon again?

DANSON M.

America is not much like Ceylon. Certainly, write and tell us more about the wonderful country in which you live.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

I was born in the house I live in now. There are a great many trees, flowers, and ferns in my garden. I take care of the flowers, and have three little flower gardens all my own, separate from Aunt Fannie's garden. I once had a little dog whose name was General Posey (named after our country). He was black all over, and knew a great many tricks. He used to travel with me when I went away from home, and he thought a great deal of my flowers, and he loved me. Posey died of the dropsy. He was five

years old when he died. His grave is in our yard, next to one of my flower gardens; it is covered with ivy, and there is a white rose-bush at the head of it. I always keep a bouquet of his grave, in a glass full of water, right under the rose-bush. We have just had a big fire in town, and it was very exciting. There were two fire-engines at work on it; even women were at the fire. Some people say that it was the women who helped save the business houses, for men could not be everywhere at once.

FANNIE L. G.

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I enjoy the letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I hope to hear from West Virginia. I am a little girl twelve years old. I live in a very pretty and healthy town, which is almost surrounded by hills and water. I like to go out and pick flowers, and wild flowers. I also like to fish, but don't often catch any. I attend the Northwestern Academy, and hope to be promoted to the Grammar Grade next year. We are now preparing for Commencement, which will be about the first of June. I will be sorry when school closes. I must close, for my letter is getting long. Yours truly,

MAX CHISS.

P. S.—I would like to see this in print very much.

WILLIAMSON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I have just finished reading a very good story about Captain Polly in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. One of my uncles gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1887 and 1888 too, bound in nice volumes. I like them very much. My youngest brother is taking it now, and all the little girls and boys in the family are delighted with it. My youngest brother and I had our photographs taken together in one picture with some of the boys and girls of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have four brothers and four sisters, and I am the youngest.

MAUD L. B.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, grammar, drawing, arithmetic, geography, and physiology. My brother was in New York a few summers ago. He was at Franklin Square, but he did not see you. For a pet, I have an old cat named Peter. He was born fourteen years old on the Fourth of July. The other night I was at a fair; my cousin went with me. We went with my uncle, and he was very kind. We staid until after eleven o'clock. My cousin staid with me all night. They had booths at it. In one booth they had flowers, in another candy, in another ice cream, and in another another ice cream and strawberries. They had gypsies too. They had a tent for the gypsies. I visited the ice-cream and strawberry and lemonade booth. We went to see the gypsies. One of my cousins was a gypsy; she said she would tell us our fortune, but she did not have time to. I am going to be going to the King's Daughters. When do I may write and let you know? I think "The Princess Littlewinkins" is a pretty story. I like to write letters to the Post-Office Box. My letter is getting pretty long, though I would like to see it in print. Your little reader,

M. JENETTE.

BADSTON, KENTUCKY.

I live in Kentucky, in the country, two miles from town. I have three brothers. I go to school in town every day. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year. I like "Dorothy's" very much; I am anxious to see the end of it. I am nine years old.

BEVELLY G.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

As other girls and boys write to you, I thought I would. My brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all like it very much. I am very much interested in the stories. My brother used to call HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE "Papa's Young People." I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box very much. Two girls and myself write stories, and then read them to each other.

ELLA C.

WARRENSTOWN, NEW YORK.

Although I live in the country, I was born in New York city. I like the country better than I do the city. I had a few sleigh rides last winter behind the house that C. F. Row owns, and which my grandpa owns now. I practise every day on the piano and the violin. My mamma has taught me to play on the piano, and I have a teacher for the violin. He expects to have me play at a concert soon. I am almost ten years old, but am so large that every one thinks I am older. I am reading a book called "The Story for Little Thinkers," and enjoy it so much. I take several magazines, but think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the very best. I have the sweetest brother that I ever was; he is more than three years older than I am, but he is so kind and so much like me, that I think I know him, for he laughs when I go near

him and talks to me in his baby way. I know he wants to tell me how much he will love me. I would write more, but am afraid you will be tired of it.

PATIENCE A. B.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

I go to school, and our school closes for a three months' vacation the last week in June. I go to Galena every summer in vacation. I have a garden. I live in a beautiful little house, with a river running through it. There is a factory here where they manufacture all kinds of woollen goods. I have one sister four years old, and my aunt, my neighbor has a flower stand filled with plants on her porch, and some birds came there this spring and built a nest in the top of a begonia. We went past it every day, and were around there a good deal, but the birds were so tame they did not mind us. They raised three little birds, which have all flown away now.

AINEE K.

MADISON, NEW YORK.

We have a beautiful Gordon setter named Jack; he is very intelligent, and knows very well when it is Sunday. When we all go to church and leave him alone in the house, he does not come out, but if we go away at any other time, he will make a great fuss. I am nine years old, and can read all the stories in Harper's Young People. I study reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic, and have just begun to take lessons in music, which I like very much. I must close my letter now, with much love,

MABEL C. B.

LA MAR, IOWA.

We live just twenty-five miles from Sioux City the "Palace City." I have been to it twice, and there both times, and enjoyed it very much. It was a beautiful building. I go to school, and study arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, spelling, and drawing. We will go there next week. I have been to Jacksonville, Florida. Last fall a very good uncle took me on a trip to Colorado. We stopped ten days in Denver, and the rest of fifteen days in Colorado Springs and Manitou. I went to the "Garden of the Gods." For pets, I have a dog and two birds. The birds are both tame, and last spring they had four young birds, but when they were a week old the old birds stopped feeding them, and they starved to death. I felt very badly, and tried to feed them, but it did no good. My dog is a little brown one, and we named him Dumbo. He will sit up, shake hands, carry a stick, and do many other things; but the best trick is to open a door for his latch. He will come in, and I will tell him to shut the door, and he puts his fore paws against it and pushes it shut. He in this way saves a great many steps. I am afraid my letter is too long, but as it is my first, I hope it will be printed.

LILA L.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

I am going to write you a letter, so as to tell you how delighted I am with our lovely paper. I have two sisters and one brother, all eleven years old. I go to school, and study arithmetic, geography, spelling, writing, reading, and grammar. I have no pets at all. I have been writing letters from Sioux City, and so I do hope this letter will be in print. The "Corn Palace Train" started for Washington on Thursday, and indeed it was a lovely sight.

NELLIE F.

THIRTEEN, WISCONSIN.

We live on the bank of the Milwaukee River, fourteen miles from where it empties into Lake Michigan. We have lived four years in this place, and before we came here my sister and I could not speak any German at all, but now we can speak it, and write it, as well as English. I am in German twice a week in our Public School. My papa has a flouring mill, and at the side of it stands a big chimney, seventy-five feet high, and from the top of it smoke about the middle of July from five thousand to ten thousand swallows fly in a circle around the chimney, and all go down into it and stay there overnight. It is a beautiful sight to see them all fly around and plunge into the chimney. The chimney is not in use at present, and the little swallows find a comfortable lodging. Jessie K. (aged 9 years).

CANTON, ILLINOIS.

My brother takes Harper's Young People, and gives it to me. We had not taken it for a good many years, and when we did take it we were very much interested in Jimmy Brown's stories. I took a few of the papers to school, and in place of our reading, our teacher read them to us. Last summer our family made a visit to California and Yellowstone Park. We staid in Pacific Grove most of the time. We went out to the ocean. One day my uncle took us to the ocean to stay all day. There were some small hills of sand, and we got on top of the hills and watched the waves. We were in San Jose part of the time, about twenty-seven miles from Mount Hamilton, where the great Lick Observatory is situated. We went up one Saturday

evening, and looked at the moon through the large telescope, and at Saturn through the small telescope. We staid at Yellowstone five days. I did not like it as well as San Jose. We then went to Yellowstone Park, and staid five days. I liked Old Faithful the best of the geysers. I would like to go to Yellowstone, and you will print it.

BELLE M.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I was eight on the 9th of May, and as you can't make out my handwriting, I will get my sister to write while I dictate. Last summer mamma and I went up to a place among the mountains, one and a half miles from Harper's Ferry. One day we took an excursion to Pineacle Rock, and had an excellent view of the land below and the Potomac River. I noticed one of your numbers you wanted us to tell you what we would like to do for our summer occupations. I am in the Third Grade, and study reading, writing, drawing, spelling, and arithmetic. As I am very anxious for this to be printed, I will leave off now, hoping that you will find room in the Post-office Box for

FANNY WHITE R.

GLIOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years. My brother takes it, and he likes it very much. He has had it one year. I have a brother Arthur and no sisters. I live near the sea-shore, and in summer I go in wading and bathing. I was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and lived in Zenia, Ohio, and then came here to Gloucester. I have been in Gloucester all around. It is a queer place, for the rocks lay all around, under ground and above, as if they had been thrown down in this one place only in the world, but the wild roses spring up everywhere and make the rocks pretty in summer. Mamma says there are some kinds of wild flowers here that she never knew anywhere else. I like to play in the sand, throw stones in the water, and jump from rock to rock. I have for pets four cats, three birds, and a dog. I hope to write before this paper, and hope to see this printed, as it is my first one. I think I must close now, with love,

HELEN H. (aged 10 years).

ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

I have taken your lovely paper for nearly a year now, and I think it is delightful. I have a lovely home here in Englewood, not far from New York. I have for pets two birds: one is Dicky, and will you suggest a name for the other, which is a male? I am nine years old, and go to school to study arithmetic, geography, history, spelling, French, and music. There is also a singing-class, which I have joined. I fear I shall have to stop now. I hope always to remain your loving reader,

ANNA R.

THOMASTON, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write you a letter. I have taken Harper's Young People for nearly two years, and I like it very much. I go to school, and study reading, history, geography, grammar, arithmetic, and writing. My favorite authors are Miss Alcott and Mrs. Lillie. I think *Little Women* is a lovely book. For pets, I have a dog, a cat, three dogs, two cats, and five little chickens.

LAURA M. W.

NINETY SIX, NORTH CAROLINA.

As I have never seen a letter in Harper's Young People from this State, I will write you one, hoping to see it in print soon. I have been a member of the Young People a year and a half; it is the best paper I ever saw for children. There are three of us in our family, mamma, Johnnie, and myself. I like to look forward with great pleasure to the coming of the paper. Mamma likes to read it as much as I do. We live in the country, three miles from the town of Ninety-Six. Our place is named Cherry Grove. I have for pets a cat, a dog, a cat named Gypsy, Tiny, and Tab, and a large black dog named Dasu. With much love, I am your little friend,

LUCILE T. C.

FOXES CREEK, TEXAS, FRANCE, NEW JERSEY.

MY DEAR POST-OFFICE MISTRESS: I am now in the country, and it is a beautiful place, but I am going to stay there only a week, and then am going down to Annapolis; then I am going to Garden City for the summer. For pets, I have a cat, a dog, and two dogs named Berlie and Crocodile, but Crocodile was lost and papa gave Berlie away. Your loving friend,

RAYMOND FLOYD HERBERT.

SANCTA, CALIFORNIA.

I do not live quite in town, but about half a mile away. We are surrounded by hills and mountains. I love to hunt wild flowers out in the woods. I fancy there are few, if any, that do not grow here. Violets grow wild. One of my favorite flowers is the little white forget-me-not, which grows wild here. It has the sweetest and most delicate scent of all the wild flowers. It was my grandma's favorite flower, and we call

it "grandma's favorite." Papa never shoots the quail or doves, or in fact any bird inside of our fence, and when the boys from town come out to this hunting, you can see robins, quail, and many other birds fly inside of our fence right away as soon as they see the boys. I guess they know they will be shot. I never heard of such a thing, if you were out in our yard, you might hear a mountain quail upon the hill calling to his mate, and away over on another hill hear the fence answering. We have also heard the mountain quail call to his mate in the pasture. I'm sure that if I have my way, I'll never live in the city. We have a cat twenty-one years old, which is remarkable. I never heard of such an old one before. He is in his second childhood now, and likes to play with a string as well as when he was a kitten. I am a great friend of Harper's Young People, and always will be.

ANNA M. S.

MIST, OHIO.

This is the first letter I have ever written to Harper's Young People, and I hope I will see it in print. I am making a flower-bed, and I think I will have lots of pretty flowers this year. I have a little brother seven years old; his name is Irving. He likes to read all the pictures in Harper's Young People, for he can't read the stories. I like the story about "Dormatons," and can't wait for the papers to come. I wish some of the little girls would send me a pattern for a crochet tie. EMMA S. K. (aged 12 years).

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

1.—My one, two, and three are in gilt-edge, you'll find.
My four, five, and six are in Emily's hands.
My seventh is in sweet; my eighth is in heat.
My ninth was in clover from time out of mind.
Every house-keeper uses my whole at her need,
And considers me very essential indeed.

A. L. D.

2.—In Addition my first,

In Shakespeare my second,

In Dickens my third,

In Scott my fourth,

In Young my fifth,

And my whole is in every meadow.

LUCY GOWAN.

3.—My first is in come, but not in go.
My second in finger, but not in toe.
My third is in cradle, but not in cot.
My fourth is in some, but not in lot.
My fifth is in fute, but not in horn.
My sixth is in plum, but not in corn.
My seventh in clamor, but not in noise.
My eighth is in men, but not in boys.
My ninth is in rake, but not in hoe.
My tenth is in dandy, but not in bean.
My eleven in bread, but not in butter.
My twelfth is in say, but not in utter.
My whole is a day which in summer is here,
When roses are blooming and blue skies are clear.

No. 2.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A verb. 3. The middle of a temple or enclosed space. 4. To offer. 5. Hostile. 6. To a certain degree. 7. A consonant.

GURTH.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 503.

No. 1.—Amazons: Babylon, Churchill, Dunblow, Ephraim, Fane, Gage, Gage, Hough, Indus, James, Kansas, Loire, Murray, Niagara, Ohio, Potomac, Quisque, Rhine, Shannon, Thier, Ural, Vaul, Weser, Xinger, Yangtszekiang, Zambesi.

No. 2.— D A B A H
D A N T E H E R O D
D A T E T O N
E D

No. 3.— P R A D E
R A D E
R I D E N

No. 4.—Vacation.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emma Badger, J. D. V., Alice R., Gurth, Claire Thowder, Carrie Russell, Lulu D., Edith M. Wheeler, Mary Conners, Paul and Theodore, John Jones, Dora Grace, Ellen Dill, T. B. Lawrence, W. Wilmet, Rose Mackay, J. T. Love, and Jean Lewis.

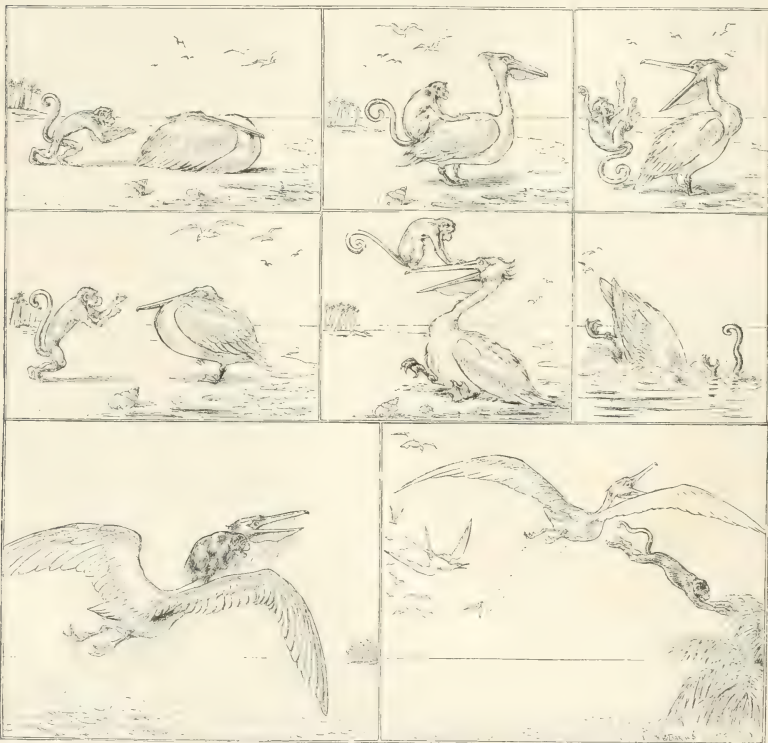


ASTONISHING INDEPENDENCE.

"DON'T CARE IF Y'ARE THIRSTY. I GOT THE CAN FIRST, AN' I'M GOIN' TO DRINK FIRST."

[A SHORT PERIOD OF SILENCE].

"NO, THANK YOU. I DON'T CARE FOR ANY MORE I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH."



AERIAL NAVIGATION—ANOTHER FUTILE ATTEMPT.

WHAT MAY WE DO IN VACATION?

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



the most of our freedom. We will play, or do something which is just as easy as play, through the merry summer weeks."

Far be it from so warm a friend of the children as myself to propose anything less agreeable than this for the midsummer holidays. As the sweet songs of Commencement Day die into silence, the trunks are packed, the desks locked, the school-rooms swept and garnished, and the janitor left to keep lonely watch and ward, where lately there was the murmur as of a hive of busy bees, and the intense life of an eager, wistful, gay-hearted throng of beautiful youth, my heart follows the children with zest equal to their own. Some of them are going from city streets and avenues to the wide green country; they will climb rugged hill paths, gather wild flowers, sleep in farm-houses with a brook singing its lullaby at the door, wander over the roads which were the daily paths of their fathers and mothers a generation ago. Some will dip into the surf, learn to row, to fish, to manage a sail as well as an oar, to swim as though the water were their native element. Some will spend long days in the city parks or museums, take trips to the pleasant suburbs which are a few hours' distance only from our larger towns; while others will start boldly off on exploring trips, footing it sturdily, and learning self-reliance by a little wholesome hardship; perhaps living for a while in camp, they will get very close to the dear old Mother, whose touch gives us new life when we are weary.

This talk is rather for mothers than for children, however, and so it may suggest to them some vacation chances which they will perhaps appreciate. And let me begin by urging first of all a little common-sense.

Do not spoil the vacation for your boys and girls by insisting on an everlasting dress parade. For the boys, the cool, comfortable tennis shirt and knickerbockers, with no collar to come up like a manacle around the throat, and no cuffs to become limp and soiled about the wrists, is the ideal summer costume. If you are very fastidious, and dread the effect on your boy of too much liberty, you may insist that at the dinner-table, or the high tea which takes the place of late dinner in the country, he shall invest himself in the garb of civilization and conventionality. But, for my part, a blazer may be so tasteful and so pretty, a white flannel shirt may be so becoming and so clean, that, dainty as I am, I can see the boys who belong to me dressed in tennis or yachting rig all summer without a single protest, drawing the line in favor of regulation uniform only at church.

For girls, a mother should provide in the summer outfit, a warm, strong flannel suit for tramping, since by actual experience all who have tried it admit that nothing is so cool in reality as this same thick flannel; a loose, well-fitting tennis gown; some gingham and challis for every-day use; a white dress or two for Sundays and occasions of ceremony, which should be few in a little girl's vacation—and the lassie is equipped for enjoyment. Shoes

and slippers should be of the best make, fit closely but not over-tightly, and be a little longer than the foot, with low flat heels; and it is economy to have enough of them, so that they never need be retained a moment on the feet if damp or uncomfortable.

The dress question having been decided, the next thing in order is to select the supply of summer reading. This is far too important to be left to the hap-hazard of the children's own selection, for, let the play be ever so unrestrained, there are always several hours in the middle of the day, and often there is an hour in the evening, when the book asserts its claim to be considered. Order HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE sent to the children's summer address; they will be delighted with its weekly visits, and find it a capital addition to their store of gratifications. Take with you Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*, and two or three volumes of Dickens, *Ivanhoe*, *Old Greek Stories Told Once More*, two or three of Mrs. Whitney's books, some of Kirk Munroe's and Mrs. Lillie's stories, some of Colonel Knox's books of travel, and a selection from good biography. *The Life of Lord Laurence*, judiciously used by a mother who reads aloud to her boys and girls, will afford them many an hour of pleasure. So, in a wholly different way, will that enchanting volume, *The Capitols of Spanish America*. If your children have not read *The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*, or *Winifred Bartram*, or *The Dragonets and the Davenants*, I advise you to let this vacation be the time of their introduction to those wholly charming books. And by all means lay in a stock of Mrs. Ewing's wonderfully suggestive stories. Nothing more beautiful than *Jackanapes*, nothing purer and more heavenly than *The Story of a Short Life*, nothing more bewitching than *A Furthing for a Flat-Iron*, have these eyes rested upon in many a day.

In vacation there comes an opportunity for intimacy between parents and children such as the rest of the year does not give. I use the word advisedly. How many fathers are intimate with their growing boys? How many mothers have kept the first place in their daughters' hearts? Fashion, society, house-keeping, business, orders to which we belong, clubs, even the church, all press forward their claims, and sometimes they so monopolize the time that a wall is built, by slow degrees, bit by bit, stone by stone, between the children and their parents. One constantly observes families in which the different members seem to lead independent lives, meeting only at the table; the father and mother having their own friends, each son and daughter drawing apart, and having his or her particular circle, unknown to the others. God did not set people in families that they might live like solitary individuals, or drift hither and yonder like waifs at the mercy of every gale of impulse.

I do not think a mother can put her time to better account, than by constituting herself her children's companion and chief friend in their vacation. Not imposing her presence in the way of restraint, but acting rather like a benignant messenger of Providence, let her make the hours she passes in their company the white-letter hours of the summer.

The vacation days give leisure to the girls, older and younger, to use their pretty accomplishments for sweet charity's sake. The countless little fairs and fêtes held for Fresh-Air Funds, the pretty entertainments organized and given by summer loiterers at the inns which are their temporary homes, have a reactionary effect, as blessed to those who give as to those who receive. The Flower Missions, gathering the wealth of bloom which riots in the meadows, and lies broadcast on hills and vales, or sheds its rich sweetness in old-fashioned gardens, carry more than blossom and fragrance to the hospitals and asylums

whether the fragrant hampers in their dewy freshness go. They link the rich and the poor, the fortunate and the wretched, in a golden chain, and prove anew the truth of those words of Holy Writ, "No man liveth to himself."

It is obvious that the best time for botanizing, geologizing, studying natural history, and making collections is summer-time. Give that inquisitive child a microscope, and—if you can afford it—let it be a good one. Economize somewhere else, and put in the hands of the bright-eyed, keen-witted young student the tool by the aid of which he may make investigations on his own account. Encourage him to collate facts, to keep a record of whatever interests him in bird or beast. Olive Thorne Miller and John Burroughs and that acute and keen observer Dr. C. C. Abbott, have shown us what a world of activity lies at our very doors. Establish pleasant relations with the little neighbors, wrens, orioles, robins, martins, swallows, who build in the orchard or under the eaves; let all the four-footed creatures know you and your children for their friends and protectors, and that wonderful realm of nature, which we arrogantly call lower than our own, will repay you a thousandfold. We owe it to the child-life around and nearest us to bring it, so far as we can, in touch with the nature-life which is its environment.

Here I would say an earnest word to those thoughtless mothers who teach their children to be cruel by precept and example. You need not go far afield to find the woman who is not ashamed to shriek in almost maniac terror when she sees a mouse, whose delicate boot heel is ready to crush to death the hapless beetle which arouses her antagonism by its presence in the path. Thousands of children are taught to scream at a caterpillar, shudder at a toad, and go into fits at the sight of a centipede, for one whose more fortunate lot it is to be led by sensible parents to see the real beauty in each of these forms. "Kill it, stamp on it, toss it out of the window!" shrieks the mother, at the sight of some harmless little creature with wings and tiny feet and a coat of mail, a little thing that God took pains to make according to a pattern old as creation. And the child, unless he be a born naturalist, is quick to learn the murderous lesson, and sometimes acquires an aversion which clings to him like an uncanny familiar the rest of his life.

And now I am about deliberately to give a bit of advice on which half the mothers who read this will frown. Some of them will exclaim at my harshness, some declaim on my inconsistency. But I must speak the message that is borne upon me to speak in this plain and homely talk, and here it is:

Let the boy, as soon as he is old enough to be trusted with it, have a gun of his own. A Flaubert rifle, removing first that perilous little hair-trigger which goes off at a touch, is a very fit piece of property to belong to a *responsible* boy. By this I mean a boy who has learned to obey rules, who understands that a gun is not a toy for babies, and who will take due care of his gun and its equipments. From the rifle to the breech-loader is a question of time, but the possession of the gun insures long out-of-door tramps with an object, means excellent training in accuracy of eye and hand, and need never mean recklessness, cruelty, or waste of life. Every boy should, as a part of his education, learn to shoot, to ride, to drive, to row, to swim, to take care of himself in all circumstances, and to keep his presence of mind, let occur what may.

The charm of lawn-tennis, and of the game for which we hope a return to popularity, croquet, is that both sexes may engage in them together. An out-door game which excludes the boys from the girls, or from which the girls are wholly debarred, is less desirable than one in which all may freely join. For the veranda or the lamp-lit parlor there are dumb crambo, proverbs, twenty questions, and other trials of wit, memory, and acumen which are to be recommended for their social qualities.

I have written to little purpose if I have failed to impress what in my view is the choicest opportunity of vacation, after all—the time it affords us for loving one another more dearly, for growing in grace, as the Bible so tersely puts it. Are we not over-timid about demonstration, friends? over-chary of using caressing names, and telling our kindred how precious they are? We would die for the dear mother, but we forget to wrap the shawl about her shoulders and to place the little rest for her feet. There is nothing we would deny the dear sister, but when she enters we remain calmly seated, while she looks for a chair as best she may, and we seldom open the door for her when she leaves the room. The babies receive kisses galore, but the big boy, with arms pushing out of his sleeves, the long, awkward-looking girl, all elbows and angles, how few kisses are theirs, though their hearts may absolutely hunger for these expressions of love! Friends, let this vacation teach us as never before to show the sweetness of our true love one to another.

"While the days are going by"

If there is one in the household who is usually overlooked, one who has a deformity, or who is for any reason unable to join in the sports or employments of the rest, let that one receive the tenderest care, be guarded with the most strenuous gentleness. For the aged ones, too often left out of the good times, too often pained by heedless neglect, let the children learn a very tactful heed. As we grow older, we do not wish to be reminded that we "lag superfluous," we enjoy being counted in with the others, and as no home is quite perfect without the serene and benignant presence of a grandmother, so no vacation is quite so full of joy, so rounded to a sphere of calm content, as that in which the grandchildren learned to love more dearly than ever before the sweet woman who was their mother's mother in the long ago.

STORIES IN NAMES.

BY MARY WINSTON.

SHAKESPEARE'S old question, "What's in a name?" when asked in regard to surnames, may have a new answer—a story, always a story. Sometimes a simple one, as that of a man burdened by a sense of guilt leaving home and country and all his wealth to make a weary pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saviour, hoping to find forgiveness. Then, clad in his coarse gray cloth, with shell and scrip hanging from his belt, and on his head a large hat covered with scallop shells, coming gladly homeward, waving his palm branch triumphantly, henceforth to be called the Palmer, and to hand down that name to his children's children, and hidden in it the story of his sin and of his journey in search of peace.

Sometimes the story does not so openly appear, as in the name Lockhart, in which, after a little search, we find the story of a brave, loving, faithful man, following his King across the water into a foreign land, even into the midst of the enemy; and then, when all hope of seeing the Holy Land has died from the heart of the wounded King, bending tenderly above him, our hero catches each word as it comes more and more faintly from his dying lips, and solemnly gives the required promise that the heart from which the life is so rapidly ebbing shall be enshrined in a silver urn and taken to Palestine. Henceforth, guarding that heart as the treasure of his life, he is called Lockhart, and with the name he hands down to all ages the story of his fidelity. As in these two, so in all our names, there lies hidden some information of the grandfather, with so many greats before his name, who first bore it. Sometimes we learn the color of his hair, sometimes the strength of his arm; again, the unpleasant fact that he was bowlegged, if we happen to bear the name of Cruik

shanks; sometimes we learn where he lived, or who his father was, or what was his occupation; sometimes we learn his favorite animal. From all we learn something, and we may rest assured that our names are no meaningless groups of letters, as they seem to some of us; they were applied first as distinguishing words, and were appropriate, we doubt not, to our ancestors. But before considering how these surnames were acquired, let us pause for a minute to ask, Why were they needed? In reading the Bible, we have all been struck by the fact that men had one name only. Why have all of us two, three, four, or even more? Suppose we were to follow the example of the ancient Jews, calling ourselves simply John, James, William, Henry, how much confusion there would be! These Bible names caused no such confusion, because each parent tried to give to his child an original name; that is, a name never before given any one. You will seldom find two alike even in the long lists of kings and priests and patriarchs given in the Old Testament. In later times, when the New Testament was written, this custom was not so general, and we read of two Johns, two Jameses, etc.; then it was found necessary to distinguish these men by such terms as the Beloved, the Baptist, the Less.

What was true of the Jews was true of our ancestors several hundred years ago; they had one name only; but, unlike the Jews, they had not an almost infinite variety from which to choose it. There were in all only about four hundred for both men and women; of this four hundred, about thirty for each sex were in common use, half of the men bearing one of these seven—John, James, William, Henry, Thomas, Richard, George. But then they did not need another name; as you in your family are readily recognized when called by your Christian name, so they, scattered over the country, and but seldom leaving home, found one sufficient. After a while travel became less difficult, and men began to settle in villages and cities; then was felt the need of surnames, the more sparsely settled regions acquiring them latest because needing them least.

There are in existence about forty thousand English surnames; but that allows only one name to five hundred persons. Of course some names have less and some many more. If I were to ask which two have most, I think every one would say at once Jones and Smith. These illustrate two of the most common ways of acquisition, and are examples each of a class. Take Jones first, illustrating the first class, that of relationship. We all know what a common name John is and has been all ways. When the John of long ago gave his son his own name, people confused the two, so John junior comes to be called John John's son, or John John's, with the *son* omitted. This John's son is soon run into one word, Johnson, the John's changed to a word rather easier to say, Jones. You can find among the names of your friends many ending in son that were acquired in this way. There is Jackson, Robertson, Dixon, Anderson (Andrew's son), Wilson, Tompson, Richardson, Harrison, and many others. Often the *son* is omitted, and we find our Christian names used as surnames, with the addition of an *s*, originally possessive, as in the case of Adams, Rogers, Williams, Walters, Edwards, Harris, Phillips. Frequently we find surnames which are Christian names, as Thomas, James, Moses, Henry, Arthur, David, Daniel, George, Lewis. This relationship of father and son was expressed also by the prefixes Fitz, from *filius*, a son, Mac in Scotland and Ireland, and Ap in Wales. The Irish O' denotes a grandson.

Now for the name of Smith, belonging to the second class. This word comes from the Anglo-Saxon *smitan*, to smite, and could be applied to any one who dealt blows in a lawful craft. It is seen in blacksmith, locksmith, goldsmith, silversmith. The second class, of which Smith is an exam-

ple, is a class of names which are names of occupations, offices, or professions. It is as natural to say John the Shepherd as to say John Steven's son, and you will probably find more surnames derived in this than in any other way. I can mention only a few: Hunter, Fisher, Brewer, Farmer, Cooke, Butler, Baker, Mason, King, Page, Marshal, Bishop, Dean. In this class we find names which carry us back to long-ago times, and bring before our minds almost forgotten customs. There is Archer, reminding us of the manner of ancient warfare, and of a time when there was no gunpowder or dynamite, no guns, pistols, or cannon; Clarke, from the word clerk, carrying us back to Chaucer's stories, and reminding us that the word meant originally a clergyman, afterward a scholar. Words ending in *ster*, belonging to this class, were originally feminine, as Webster, a female weaver; Baxter, a woman baker; Brewster, a woman who brews.

The third class of which I wish to speak includes those names which were derived from the location, position, or natural features of the country, or from the name of the country itself, as in the names English, French, Scott, German or Gorman, Fleming. To this class belong those names that end in *ford*, *ham*, *lea*, *field*, and *ton*, and when we see such we naturally suppose that their first possessor dwelt near such a *ford*, or in such a *field*, *ham*, *lea*, or *town*. Besides these, we find in this class *North*, *East*, *West*, *Sterling* (a corruption of *Easterling*, a man from the east), *Hill*, *Field*, *Brooke*, *Clay*, *Stone*, *Lake*, *Woods*, *Sands*. John living near a marsh was spoken of as *John at the marsh*, to distinguish him from other Johns, then, in course of time, as *John Marsh*. Sometimes the preposition is retained in such names, as *Underhill*, *Atwood*, *Atwell*, *Nash* (atten ash).

The next class includes those names which are nicknames, or adjectives indicating some moral quality or some peculiarity of mind or body. It is rather amusing to notice how complimentary most of these are: *Goode*, *Christian*, *Bright*, *Wise*, *Strong*, *Manly*, *Fleet*, *Goodman*, *Truhart*, *Young*, *Old*, *Armstrong*. Among those describing personal appearance are the colors *White*, *Black*, *Gray*, *Green*, *Red*, *Brown*, derived from the color of eyes, hair, beard, or complexion; *Little*, *Long*, *Longfellow*, *Small*, *Stout*, *Whitehead*.

The fifth and last class I wish to mention includes the names of many animals. Did you never think it strange that men should have such names as *Lamb*, *Lyon*, *Hart*, *Drake*, *Jay*, *Fox*, *Martin*, *Wren*, *Roe*? These were taken from signs, and not these only, but such as *Bell*, *Locke*, *Key*, *Ball*, *Moon*, *Starr*. In olden times not only shops and taverns, but private residences, had signs, not such signs, as those we see plainly painted over shop doors, but representations of beasts and birds and figures painted in the brightest colors.

HOW TO USE COMPASS BEARINGS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THE young sailor who starts off on his first cruise in his little yacht, even if he is going only a few miles up the Sound, is often troubled, even in clear weather and in broad daylight, to tell his precise position. He has his chart, and perhaps he has carefully studied the directions laid down in Division B of the *Atlantic Coast Pilot*, yet with landmarks before his eyes, and readily recognized, he finds that he cannot tell just how far from some given point he is. If the weather is a bit doubtful, and he happens to be sailing a boat with a "long leg" (deep keel)—say a 30-foot Burgess cutter, drawing $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water—the determination of the precise position of the little ship becomes an imperative necessity. There are scores of dodges known to all coastwise navigators, and I mean to set some of the most useful of these before you.

In the old days, before celestial observations were as

well understood as they are now, sailor-men were exhorted to ever bear in mind the three I's—log, lead, and lookout. You will not have much use for the first, but always keep a good lookout, especially at night. Even if it is a bright night, bear in mind that heavy pieces of timber are often floating about, and if in bowling along at a six or seven knot gait you should happen to strike the end of one, it might knock a hole in your little boat and send you to the bottom.

The lead line is the coastwise navigator's chief reliance. Some of the steamers running between New York and Southern ports are often navigated far down the coast in thick weather by the aid of the lead alone. The soundings are very regular on the American coast, and they are so plainly set forth on the charts that only a simpleton would neglect to make use of them. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the young sailor's mind that he should thoroughly understand the use of the lead line. Boys, as a rule, are too fond of steering or of tending the main-sheet to learn these prosier parts of seamanship; but when running in for a harbor in a fog, with a rising wind and a heavy southeasterly swell, heaving the lead becomes an anxious piece of business. The description of the lead line can be found in any nautical work, but in case some of my young readers have no such book, I give this brief account. The hand lead, which is the kind you want, weighs from seven to fourteen pounds, and is attached to a line marked to twenty fathoms. The marks are as follows:

- Two fathoms from the lead, two strips of leather.
- Three fathoms from the lead, three strips of leather.
- Five fathoms from the lead, a white rag.
- Seven fathoms from the lead, a red rag.
- Ten fathoms from the lead, a piece of leather with a hole in it.
- Thirteen fathoms from the lead, same as at three fathoms.
- Fifteen fathoms, same as at five.
- Seventeen fathoms, same as at seven.
- Twenty fathoms, with two knots.

Let every boy who means to learn to sail his own yacht learn those marks thoroughly, and then get some good sailor-man to show him how to heave the lead and feel the bottom. Half an hour's instruction aboard a boat will teach you more than I could in a page of this paper. You will notice that the marks do not come very close together. The intervening fathoms are always estimated, the leadman saying, "By the mark, five," "By the deep, four," or "A quarter less seven," and so forth.

The most useful method of determining a vessel's position is by what are called cross bearings. It is necessary for a boy to understand the use of the compass and parallel rules in order to employ cross bearings. I take it for granted that the young sailor can box the compass, and knows the angles which each point makes with the true north and south line, or meridian. If he does not, he ought to. Suppose, now, you are in sight of two light-houses. To insure a good cross bearing, they should be as nearly as possible at right angles to your position; that is, if one bears north, the other should be about east or west.

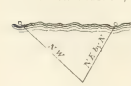


FIG. 1.

They should not be less than 60° or more than 120° apart, or else your result is liable to error. Take the bearings of the two light-houses by the compass. Then on your chart draw a line from each light-house, preserving the compass direction, and produce the lines until they intersect. The point of intersection (Fig. 1) is your position. You preserve the compass direction by laying the parallel rules down on one of the compasses printed on the chart, so that one of the edges of the rule follows the bearing desired. Then, preserving the angle, slide one limb after the other till you reach the place desired on the chart.

Next let us suppose that you want to know how far you are from a light-house or a mountain whose height is set

down on the chart. In almost any nautical work, such as Captain Howard Patterson's *Yachtsman's Guide*, which all amateurs ought to have, you will find a table of distances at which objects can be seen at sea, according to their elevation and that of the observer. Suppose that when standing on the deck of your yacht, your eye being about eight feet above the water, you can just make out in the distance, peeping above the sea, a light-house which your chart says is 200 feet above the sea-level, the distance being measured to the top of the lantern. Your table gives you the following facts:

8 feet elevation, distance visible . . .	2.91 nautical miles.
200 feet elevation, distance visible . . .	16.22 nautical miles.
Distance of light-house . . .	13.13 nautical miles.

Suppose, however, the landmark is not a distant one. In that case you may employ several methods. If you are running along a coast, you will employ some one of the variations of the bow and beam bearing. There is a very good table, published in numerous nautical works, and in John Bliss's abridgment of the *Nautical Almanac*, for finding the distance of an object by two bearings and the distance run between them. If you care to use it, you will find directions with it. For myself, I prefer the dodges which require no table. The bow and beam bearing in its original form is extremely simple. When the landmark bears by compass four points (45°) from the course, heave the taffrail log over. When the object bears abeam (90° from the course), read the log and find out how far the yacht has gone, always remembering to make the proper deduction or addition for the tide. The distance run between the two observations is the distance of the landmark at the second bearing.

Suppose a yacht at A sees a light-house at C bearing southeast. At B the yacht finds that the light bears east, and that she has made five miles. The light-house, then, is five miles east of her.

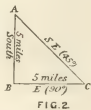


FIG. 2.

But perhaps you have not time to wait till the light is abeam. If so, use this method: take a bearing and note the time; see how many points it differs from the course; when this difference is doubled, the yacht will be as far from the object as she has run in the interval.

Example: Steering west, going 10 knots, at 9.45 A.M. a light-house bore W.N.W. Difference between bearing and course, two points ($22^\circ 30'$). Stood on till it bore N.W. (double the difference), at 10.15 A.M. Distance run, 5 miles. Distance of light at second bearing, 5 miles.

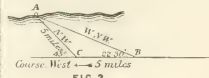


FIG. 3.

Another variation of this method is as follows: note the time that elapses while the light is altering its bearing $2\frac{1}{2}$ points. Twice the distance run in this time is the distance of the light. For instance, a light when nearly abeam bore W. by N., and twenty minutes later it bore W. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.; ship making 9 knots per hour, tide 1 knot with her. How far away is the light? The ship is doing 8 knots over the ground. In twenty minutes she makes $2\frac{2}{3}$ miles, and that is the distance of the light. If the light-house—or other mark—should not be visible till nearly abeam, use this plan: note the time when it bears $1\frac{1}{2}$ points before the beam, and again when it has the same bearing abaft the beam. Twice the distance run in the interval is very nearly the distance of the object when it bore exactly on the beam.

These are some of the simplest and most useful tricks of the trade employed by coasters. You can never become too skilful at taking bearings, and there may be times when your personal safety will depend upon your coolness and readiness in the employment of one of the devices described.

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A CASE FOR THE DOCTOR.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

THERE was a great deal of meekness in the face of that pony, and you could not tell what else it was that looked out of the corner of his right eye. He stood in a patch of pretty good grass at the side of the road, about half a mile from Deacon Hackett's gate. He was all alone, and it may be that part of the expression of his face was lonely.

"Kyle! Kyle! come look a-here! Stray hoss!" shouted a clear, shrill voice in the road, and at once the ears which had been turned back limply were pricked forward

sharply, and another kind of look shot out from the pony's left eye.

Behind that patch of grass a thicket of raspberry bushes, and out of it came a clearer, shriller, more positive voice.

"Hold on to him, Ned! Hold him! I'm a-coming. Don't let go of him."

"I ain't a-holding of him; I haven't touched him; he might kick," responded Ned. "He doesn't know me."

"I'm coming." And in a moment more there were two boys looking at the pony, and there was also a pony looking sidewise at the two boys.

"Cuyler Hackett," said the taller of the two, "you daren't touch him. Perhaps he's vicious—"

"No, he isn't," said the shorter boy, sturdily. "That isn't a vicious horse. I know all about horses. He's a Canada pony."

"How do you know he's a Canada pony?" asked Ned. "He's just a pony, and that's all there is of him." "Somebody's lost him, Ned Runyon," said Kyle, "and we've found him."

"No, we haven't," said Ned. "You couldn't catch him. Some horses'll bite at a stranger."

"He won't bite," said Kyle. But he took a step nearer the stranger a little cautiously.

"Soh! soh! soh!" he said. "Poor fellow! Whoa, boy! Soh-oh, boy!"

Kyle's right hand went out slowly and gently, as he took yet another step, and then it suddenly dropped.

From the open mouth of that lost pony, and from all over him, by way of his mouth, there came the most remarkable whinny.

"Come back, Kyle! come back!" exclaimed Ned.

"Oh, that isn't anything," said Kyle, once more taking a resolute step in advance. "He doesn't mean anything at all. I know about horses. Soh! soh! Whoa, boy!"

"Chicker-nicker-flicker-e-e-chucker-aw-aw—" came once more the prolonged, mournful whinny, as if the lost pony were thinking of his friends. Perhaps one of them was a mule, and the pony was trying to remember something he had said.

"Look out for his heels, Kyle," hoarsely whispered Ned. "He looks as if he was getting ready to kick."

"Be still, Ned," whispered back Kyle. "He's all right. Soh-oh, boy—whoa."

But the pony had turned his heels toward the fence, and was facing Kyle with another and very peculiar look on his face, and Kyle hesitated.

"Tell you what, Ned," he said, as he drew back, "we can't do anything more without a bridle. There's one at our barn that'd fit him."

"Let's go and get it," said Ned, and he set off at once, as if he was almost glad to get away from the neighborhood of that mysterious quadruped.

"No use to do anything else," said Kyle, as he followed Ned. "You can't manage any horse without a bridle. Hope he'll be there when we get back. Let's run."

"Cuyler Hackett," gasped Ned, the first time they paused for breath, "one of us'd ought to have staid and kept watch on him, so's he wouldn't get away."

"That's so," said Kyle, "but it's too late now. We must have the bridle. All our folks are over to your aunt Jane's house, but mother'd let me take it, I know."

The visit to the barn was a quick one, but it seemed as if it took an hour, and all that while the lost pony was wandering along the road by himself. He was not running away. He was hardly even walking. He seemed to be hunting for the best bites of grass here and there.

"There he is!" shouted Ned, as they once more came out into the road. "We've got him. Would you dare put the bridle on?"

"I ain't afraid," said Kyle. "I've put bridles on horses lots of times."

Perhaps he had, but he looked serious enough when he again began to make advances toward the lost pony.

"Soh, boy! Whoa—wh-oh whoa, poor fellow. Keep back, Ned—kee-ep still whoa!"

Very meekly, very soberly, and very submissively did the lost pony put out his head, and he even appeared to help in getting on that bridle. Then he leaned his head affectionately on Cuyler Hackett's shoulder and let off a whinny as long as your arm.

"Ned," said Kyle, "let's name him."

"Nig's a good name for a black pony," said Ned.

"Brick's a better name. I'm going to call him Brick," said Kyle, as if that decided the matter. "Wish we had a saddle. I'll just lead him along a little."

The pony was looking at him out of the corner of his left eye when he said that, and he may have been thinking. At all events, when Kyle and the end of the bridle began to move, the pony stood perfectly still.

"Come, Brick," said Kyle, sharply. "Chuck, chuck! Get up! G'lang!"

Brick was evidently not deaf, but he heard as if he did not hear, and not one of his four feet moved.

"Hold that bridle, Ned," shouted Kyle, with a severe tone and look. "I must get me a gad. I'll show him. He's got to get along—"

There were bushes enough at hand, and one of them supplied Kyle with an effective-looking switch. Brick watched the cutting of that switch, and three times running he shut both his eyes, as if it pained him to look at it. He opened them, one at a time, moreover, while Ned stood as far away as the length of his arm and of the bridle would let him.

"If a horse shows the whites of his eyes, it's a sign he's vicious," said Ned, stretching his arm another inch or so.

"I'm coming," said Kyle. "Some horses have got to have the gad. Give me hold of that bridle? Git up! G'lang!"

For one moment Brick seemed disposed to disobey, but Kyle flourished the whip savagely, and it had its effect.

Brick drooped his black head, meekly, sorrowfully, but he stepped out. Alas for him! One secret of his forlorn condition was discovered at once.

"Ned," exclaimed Kyle, "he's awful lame in his left fore foot."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Ned, "how he does limp! What can you do?"

"I just want to see what's the matter," said Kyle, stooping low to look at the limb the pony limped upon.

Step after step went Brick, and each limb was more pitiful than the last.

"Ned," said Kyle, "that horse has got to go to Dr. Dusenbury. There's something the matter with his pastern. We've got to tie it up and lead him over to Dr. Dusenbury's. He can cure him."

Brick evidently knew that he had found friends. He felt it too, to judge by the length of the sorrowful whinny he uttered while Kyle was tying his own white handkerchief around the tough, hard-looking ankle, where the cause of the dreadful limp was hidden.

Whether or not the bandage did any good, Brick appeared to be a trifle less lame, while he humbly and gently followed his two young sympathizers, but then they were willing to walk slowly. Kyle told Ned Runyon a great deal about horses as they went along, and he also told him great things about Dr. Jedediah Dusenbury, the horse doctor.

"He's a complete veteran," said Kyle. "Doctors cows, too."

There might be some hope for Brick in the hands of such a man, and Ned said he hoped so.

If Brick had known where he was going, he might have been afraid, but as it was, he allowed himself to be led right along, until they came to a fence that was mostly gateway; that is, it had more posts than rails, and the yard beyond it had some of the biggest burdocks and bull-thistles you ever saw. There was a house there too, and beyond it were some barns.

In front of the house, if the other side of it was not really the front, and you couldn't exactly tell, stood a tall, sober-looking old man, with yellowish eyes and a reddish face, and with the stiffest kind of a white beard sticking out about three inches from his lower jaw. He was in his shirt sleeves, and he wore corduroys and cowhide boots. He stood and waited until the boys led up their pony, and he hardly uttered a word while Cuyler Hackett explained to him the difficulty under which Brick was

limping. Ned kept still, and he just wondered how Kyle came to know so much about horses.

"That's all that ails him, Dr. Dusenbury," said Kyle, in conclusion. "Can you cure him?"

"Course I can; course I can," said the Doctor, gruffly. "Don't you see that sign? I'm a veterinary surg'n, I am. Curin' hosses is my perfesh'n. You hold on. All he needs is some of my Everlastin' Liniment."

Into the house he went, and he limped on his right leg at every step; but then he was not a horse, and it takes another kind of liniment to cure a lame man. When he came out, he had a bottle in his hand, and it took him full five minutes to tell Ned and Kyle how wonderful was the reddish-brown stuff it was full of.

"Take off the bandages," he said. "He may be a hard case. May take a month. May take six months. May take a year. May have to use forty bottles, but it'll cure him."

Off came the handkerchief, and the hairy skin of Brick's left fore leg was liberally bathed with the magical cure-everything from the bottle.

"There!" exclaimed Dr. Dusenbury. "If you put it on twice a day—"

But Brick began at once to walk around, and he did not show a trace of lameness in that left fore leg. He stepped with it firmly and freely, but an increasing limp could be noticed in his right fore leg as he walked.

"I declare!" exclaimed Dr. Dusenbury. "I've seen that happen afore. Tisn't anything new. Fact is, I was kind o' waitin' to see 'f 't would come to be so this time."

"Why, doctor," said Kyle, "what's the matter now? Did we make any mistake which leg it was?"

"Not a bit; not a bit," exclaimed the doctor. "The liniment has drivv the lameness out of one leg into t'other. We can fix that right off."

The right ankle of the patient pony, or the pony patient, was bathed as the other had been, and the result was all that could be asked for. That leg was also at once restored to perfect health, and Brick walked around easily, casting meek glances sidewise at Dr. Dusenbury. Suddenly, however, he began to limp fearfully in his left hind leg.

"There it comes," exclaimed the doctor. "It's got there, boys. I know just what to do, though, and we'll drive it clean out of him. May take forty bottles, may take six months, may take a year, but we'll work it."

There was a great deal of magical medicine rubbed over Brick's left hind leg with perfect success, and then just what Dr. Dusenbury looked for happened, and his right hind leg had to be treated in the same way. When all was over the bottle was empty, the boys were almost awe-struck, and Brick was trotting around as gay as a lark.

"There," said the Doctor. "It's all right, boys. I'll see Deacon Hackett 'bout pay. Bring him here or hev me send the med'cine to the house. It's jest one of them cases I like to do for."

Kyle could not have told Ned if he had tried exactly how he felt about Brick and Dr. Dusenbury, and Ned did not even try to tell how he himself felt. Brick whinnied a little, and on the whole he behaved so well that, as soon as the boys were out in the road and nobody could see them, Kyle's courage came up to the right point.

"Ned Runyon," he said, "I'm going to ride him."

"What if he should rear and throw you off?" said Ned.

"Let him rear," said Kyle. "I ain't afraid. I've ridden horses. I'll lead him up alongside of the fence."

It was easy to do that, and in half a minute more Kyle was mounted on Brick.

"Doesn't he canter fine?" shouted Kyle. "It's just as easy."

"I ain't afraid," said Ned. "I'd as lief ride him as not. Why don't you ride to our house 'n' show him to the folks?"

"That's just what I'll do," shouted Kyle. "I can turn him any way I want to."

Ned was a good runner, and the pony's canter carried him up and down rather than ahead. It was easy enough for Ned to keep up with Brick, until Kyle guided him through a wide open gate and up the curve of a gravelly drive.

The steps of a wide piazza came down to the middle of that drive, and there were ladies in chairs all around the piazza.

"There's mother," said Ned, "and your mother, and Aunt Jane, and your aunt, and the Miss Snodgrasses."

A pair of men on horseback were riding rapidly down the road just then. They saw some reason for pulling up in front of that house, for dismounting, and for hitching their horses. They hitched them, just as Mrs. Hackett got up very suddenly.

"Cuyler!" she exclaimed. "My son! Where did you get that pony? Get off. He might throw you."

"Kyle knows all about horses," shouted Ned Runyon. "He caught him. He tamed him. It was Dr. Dusenbury that cured him, though."

A big half-bushel basket could have been filled with all the things the other ladies said, and that Kyle said in the next quarter of a minute. Kyle cantered right past the steps of the piazza, and then Brick wheeled and came back of his own accord. He stopped, too, in front of the steps, and Kyle gave the reins the least tiny bit of a jerk.

"Cuyler! my son! Oh my!" screamed Mrs. Hackett, and all the rest also said "Oh my!" for Brick quietly sat down in the middle of the drive, and Kyle keeled back clean off from him into about half a square rod of four-o'clocks, with a rose-bush in the middle.

"Napoleon Bonaparte," severely remarked one of the men who had hitched his horse and who had walked fast up the drive, "don't you know better than to sit down in the presence of ladies? Stand up, sir!"

Brick gave the longest kind of whinny in reply, but he at once arose upon his hind feet, gently paving the air in front of him.

"That'll do, sir!" said the man. "Show the lady that you are an Emperor. Shake hands with her."

Kyle came out of those four-o'clocks and the middle of that rose-bush like a flash, but all he said was:

"Oh, mother, I ain't hurt a bit! He was lame. Look at that!"

Brick was behaving like a very good Emperor, and was holding out his right fore hoof to Mrs. Hackett. She must have felt safe about Kyle, for she shook hands with the pony, while he bowed to her.

"Napoleon Bonaparte, madam," said the man, "is a very wicked pony. He got away from the circus late yesterday afternoon, and we've been hunting him everywhere. I'm glad he has been good to the boys. Sometimes he isn't good to anybody; but what he doesn't know, for a pony, isn't worth anybody's while to teach him."

"What'll Dr. Dusenbury say to that, Kyle?" said Ned.

"I don't care," began Kyle; but both of the men began to laugh.

"Napoleon Bonaparte, which foot is the lamest?" asked the man who had spoken.

Brick turned at once, picked off Ned's hat, and walked half-way up the steps, holding it out like a beggar, and limping dreadfully, on one foot after another, as if he were uncertain.

"That'll do," said the man. "You've scared the ladies. Beg pardon, madam. I must hurry away with him. Good-by, boys. Tell Dr. Dusenbury to come to me and I'll pay him. I'm glad he's got some liniment that's worth something. Come along, Nap."

That was the way Kyle Hackett and Ned Runyon lost their pony, but when they went and told Dr. Dusenbury, he said there was a mistake about it somewhere.



THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY ROMNEY

TWO YOUNG ENGLISH PEOPLE.

BY CARMOSINE.

OUR illustrations represent two young English people—a noble English boy, Philip, second Lord Wharton, painted by Vandyck, and now hanging in the gallery of the Hermitage Palace at St. Petersburg; the other, a simple English girl, the "Pastor's Daughter," painted by George Romney, and now to be seen in the National Gallery at London. In our previous studies of young people in the works of the old masters, we have frequently been induced by various considerations of character, history, costume, or curiosity to select for illustration the portraits of boys and girls whose features have not always been fascinatingly beautiful, or even beautiful at all. This criticism, we think, cannot be addressed to the sweet girl whom Romney has depicted in the radiant purity of English maidenhood, with her white gorgerette rising in prim folds around her lily neck, and the soft vapory hair, tied with a plain pale green ribbon, forming a silvery blond aureole around her serene yet piquant face, dazzlingly clear in complexion, the lips ruddy as a cherry, the cheeks softly tinted with the rosy red of youth and health. We could not find a lovelier type of Anglo-Saxon womanly charm than this "pastor's daughter"; she merits, indeed, the epithet of "blooming" which Dr. Primrose uses, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, in the phrase, "My sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming." In his book on the *History of Painting in Italy*, the French critic Stendhal, who was very much an Anglomaniac, justly remarks that this epithet

"blooming" can only be applied to an English girl; it is a quality peculiar to English flesh, just as auburn is a tint that seems to be peculiar to English hair. "Never in Italy or elsewhere," Stendhal goes on to say, "have I found any so beautiful as the English children, with their hair in curls around their charming faces, and those eyes adorned with lashes so long, so fine, so delicately curled up at the tips, which give to their look an almost divine character of sweetness and innocence. Those dazzling complexions, so transparent and so pure, which color so deeply at the slightest emotion, you will seek for in vain in any country but England. I do not hesitate to say that if Raphael had known the boys of six and the girls of sixteen of beautiful England, he would have chosen for creation in his pictures the *beau idéal* of the North, which touches by its innocence and delicacy, whereas the *beau idéal* of the South is based on the ardor and fire of the passions."

This enthusiastic eulogy of the French critic we may accept with all the more pleasure, as the modern Latin people, while admiring the marvellous purity of the complexion of Anglo-Saxon girls, do not generally find pleasure in the aspect of our country men and women. On this point, again, Stendhal has made an interesting remark. The French, he says, are struck by the singular appearance of English men and women in the streets of Paris, not because their fresh colors and firm walk indicate health and strength, or because their looks are full of gravity and seriousness, but simply because there is too much of all this. "The English," says the French writer, "come nearer than we do to the antique ideal of physical beauty,

whereas we Frenchmen find that in order to be beautiful they need more vivacity and finesse." It is a fact that after travelling in Europe, and especially in France, one is peculiarly struck by the splendid quality of English flesh, by the freshness of the complexions, the firmness of walk, and extreme seriousness of bearing of the English men and women; and when one thinks of the Greek statues and bass-reliefs that are preserved in the museums, where all the figures are so grave, so serene, often so neutral in expression, one is inclined to reflect that, after all, the athletic Athenians of old may not have been very unlike the men whom we see at Harvard or Oxford; while the fair-haired girls who play lawn-tennis at Newport or at Brighton might fitly carry baskets of flowers in honor of Artemis, if processions in the service of the pagan gods should happen once more to come into vogue.

As for the young Lord Wharton, whose refined face and slender elegance Vandyck has portrayed in this beautiful semi-pastoral portrait, where he stands in some ancestral park, draped in rich robes, and holding in his delicate left hand a shepherd's crook, or *houlette*, we may be sure that a Greek sculptor would have desired no finer model for an Adonis or for young Apollo. This noble adolescent, as Vandyck has painted him at the age of nineteen, is the very pink of refinement, of nobility of race, and of elegance of education, manners, and deportment. For that matter, Anthony Vandyck (born 1599, died 1641), the most famous of the pupils of the great Flemish master, Peter Paul Rubens, was noted for the air of nobleness which he imparted to all those whose portraits he painted. Himself a most highly cultivated, widely travelled, and thoroughly accomplished gentleman, he had the honor of painting the portraits of all the noble ladies and gentlemen of Flanders, France, and Spain; in 1632 he visited England, and having been appointed court painter to Charles I., he was knighted and provided with a pension and lodgings at the expense of the crown; henceforward during seven years he worked indefatigably, and aided by his pupils he painted more than three hundred portraits and pictures, which are still in the galleries and mansions of England; finally he died at London at the early age of forty-two. After Holbein, Raphael, and Titian, Vandyck discovered for himself a new and personal manner of interpreting the human figure, so brilliant, so happy, and so seductive that the memory of his pictures is one of the most charming that the mind can retain. He and Velasquez and Franz Hals were the great portrait-painters of the seventeenth century. The originality of Vandyck's genius consists, above all, in the stamp of nobleness and elegance which his magic brush imparts to his models; he gives them always something of his own moral

and corporal distinction, something of his own frankness and intensity of expression, something of his own gift of wearing fine clothes finely, and of delighting in the sheeny folds of silks and satins, the floating softness of lace, the milky glistening of pearls.

The painter of our charming "Pastor's Daughter," George Romney (born 1734, died 1802), became, next after Reynolds and Gainsborough, the fashionable portrait-painter in London at the end of the eighteenth century. He excelled particularly in poetical portraits of ladies. Like Reynolds's portraits, those of Romney always seem instinct with grace and urbanity; you feel that the people he painted were courtly and well-bred, and that he himself was suave in manner and practised in all the arts and amenities which marked the social relations of his day; even our little "Pastor's Daughter," young and simple as she is, must, we feel sure, be perfectly well-bred, thoroughly self-possessed, and prepared to do and to say the right thing in all the ordinary and extraordinary circumstances of daily life. She is a sweet, charming, refined, and most sensible little lady, whose acquaintance we should most eagerly seek if she were still in the land of the living.



PHILIP, LORD WHARTON.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY VANDYCK.

DORYMATES.³⁰

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC

CHAPTER XVI.

NAVIGATING THE BRIG.

THE brigantine on which our dorymates now found themselves shipped as able seamen, under the command of Captain McCloud, had been almost left to herself for nearly two weeks, during which time the current of the Gulf Stream had carried her far to the northward of her course. No observations had been taken on board in all this time, and the dense fog, through which the vessel had been drifting for the past four days, would have effectually prevented this work even had Captain McCloud been strong enough to perform it. He was therefore not surprised to learn from the boys that he was now on the Grand Bank, but he determined to try and take an observation at noon that day, and discover their exact position.

The promise of wind that interrupted the Captain's story was fulfilled by a steady breeze from the southward, which, as their general course was westerly, was favorable and satisfactory. While the Captain took the wheel, Nimbus and the boys hoisted the jib, got the foresail loosed and sheeted home, shook the reefs out of the foretopsail, swayed up the heavy yard by means of a winch, and set the royal. They got one reef out of the mainsail without much trouble, but when it came to the second, they found it so difficult to hoist the great folds of heavy canvas and its weighty spar, that the boys became wholly exhausted with their efforts, and even the enormous strength of Nimbus was exerted to its utmost. After bracing the yards, trimming the sheets of the headsails, and even getting in a bit of the main-sheet, they set to work overhauling the running rigging, and bringing order out of its confused tangle.

At this last work, Wolfe, having sailed before the mast on a square-rigged vessel, was more at home than Breeze, but the latter was quick to comprehend, and so learned easily, for a ready comprehension is more than half of learning. While the boys were thus employed, Captain McCloud called Breeze to take the wheel, as it was nearly noon, and time to take his observation. Fortunately, amid all the trouble and disaster that had overtaken the brig, her chronometer had not been allowed to run down, and with the sextant and other instruments belonging to her late captain, it was still in serviceable condition.

Bringing the sextant on deck, Captain McCloud gazed through it at the sun, as reflected in a small mirror, until it had reached its greatest altitude, and stood exactly above the meridian, or, in other words, until it was noon. By looking at the chronometer, which was set to Greenwich time, the difference between the noon where they then were and Greenwich noon was found to be three hours and twenty-six minutes, or two hundred and six minutes. As the earth revolves from west to east at the rate of one degree—which at the equator is sixty miles—every four minutes, the whole number of minutes divided by four gave fifty-one and a half, or $51^{\circ} 30'$, as the longitude of the brig west of Greenwich.

The latitude of the place—its distance north or south from the equator—was obtained by another observation of the sun, taken with the sextant, for the purpose of finding the angle between it and the zenith, or point directly overhead. A glance at the *Nautical Almanac* under

the date of that day, and a minute's figuring, gave the required result. The latitude was found to be $43^{\circ} 37'$, and of course, being north of the equator, it was north latitude, or $43^{\circ} 37'$ north.

Having obtained these two figures, Captain McCloud got out a chart of that portion of the Atlantic, and drawing on it a fine north and south line through meridian of longitude $51^{\circ} 30'$ west, and a delicate east and west line to indicate parallel of latitude $43^{\circ} 37'$ north, he made a small cross at their point of intersection, and showed it to Breeze as the position of the brig at that moment. It was very near the southern point of the Grand Bank, and almost due east from Gloucester, but over eight hundred miles from that port.

"There!" said Captain McCloud, when he had finished these operations, in all of which Breeze had been greatly interested. "If we steer due west, and hold this wind, we ought to sight Sable Island by day after to-morrow, and run into port inside of three days more. How would that suit you, my boy?"

"It seems as though I couldn't wait for the time to come, father. Won't it be glorious to sail into Gloucester Harbor and take everybody by surprise? But, father, while we are on this cruise I wish you would teach me something of navigation. I never saw an observation taken before. They don't take them on board fishing schooners, do they?"

"Not often. Most fishing skippers trust to their lead, log, and compass. They can generally tell by the sort of bottom the lead brings up where they are. You have often, I dare say, noticed skippers examining the sand and shells that stick to the tallow in the bottom of the lead."

Breeze said he had, but that he should think it would be pretty hard to remember what the whole bottom of the ocean was made of.

"We don't try to," laughed his father; "we only remember what sort of material forms a few of the principal banks and reefs. For the rest we examine the charts, where it is all laid down. Now I am going to show you an old-fashioned log, and how to use it. It is the only one I can find aboard, though many vessels nowadays use patent self-registering logs."

"Of course I have often heard of heaving the log," said Breeze, casting an eye aloft at the sails, then glancing at the compass, and giving the wheel a spoke or two to keep the brig on her true westerly course, "but I never knew exactly how it was done."

Captain McCloud called upon Nimbus to bring him the log and the glass, and made ready to use them. The log was a triangular piece of thin board, having its base rounded and weighted with lead. Three short lines extending from the three corners fastened it to the log-line, much as a kite is hung. The log-line was about a thousand feet long, and had a number of red rags, or "knots," tied to it, at distances of fifty-one feet apart. Each of these long spaces was divided into ten short spaces, called "fathoms," by bits of leather twisted into the line.

The glass which was to mark the time of the log's running was shaped like an hour-glass, but was much smaller, and the sand contained in it occupied only half a minute in running from one end to the other. Now, half a minute is the one-hundred-and-twentieth part of an hour, and fifty-one feet is the same portion of a nautical mile, which is 6120 feet, or 840 feet longer than a geographical or land mile. Thus, when we say that a vessel sails six knots (or miles) an hour, we mean that six knots, or three hundred and six feet, of the log-line ran out in half a minute. The log-line is wound on a reel that turns very easily.

In the present instance Nimbus dropped the log into the water over the lee quarter of the brig, and held the reel in his hands. When the first fifty feet, which is called the

* BEGUN IN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE NO. 492.

"stray-line," and is sufficient to carry the log clear of the vessel's eddy, had run out, and Nimbus saw the first red rag touch the water, he sang out "Turn!" Captain McCloud turned the half-minute glass, so that the sand in it began to drop to the other end, and answered, "Done!" The instant it stopped running he cried, "Stop!" and Nimbus held the reel, so that no more line should run out.

"Seben knot, five fathom, sah," he reported to the Captain.

"Very good," said the Captain; "reel in." Then to Breeze and Wolfe he said: "That shows that we are running at the rate of seven and a half knots, or miles, an hour. By heaving the log every hour, and keeping note of all the courses steered, we shall not only know pretty nearly the distance run, but can determine our position at the end of each sea, or nautical, day, which is at noon. This is called 'dead-reckoning,' and is useful as a check on observations, and also when, on account of cloudy weather, no observation can be taken. Of course, for such reckoning we must have some fixed point to start from, or 'point of departure,' as it is called. Ours in the present case is the point back here a few miles that we established by finding its latitude and longitude, and marking it on the chart.

"There is one more thing to be thought of in our dead-reckoning, and that is the leeway. This may be caused by ocean currents, or by a beam wind, which not only acts upon the sails, so as to force the vessel ahead, but to a certain extent drives her sidewise. This must be allowed for, and every captain must use his own judgment to determine what leeway his vessel is making, and how much her course should be altered to allow for it. Now I am going to allow a couple of points for leeway, and instead of keeping her due west, Breeze, you may make it west-south-west."

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Breeze, promptly; "west-south-west," and he altered the brig's course slightly in obedience to these instructions.

"At the same time," continued the Captain, "we shall make the course on the chart, as though we were heading due west."

All this had been so interesting to the young sailors that, though already quite hungry again, they were almost sorry to hear Nimbus announce dinner just at this point.

After dinner, and after Captain McCloud had rested for an hour in the cabin, the boys asked him to tell them how he escaped from his awful position in the forecabin of the capsized *Sea-Robin*, and of his experiences since that time.

"Well," he replied, "of course I will tell you the whole story, but I hate so to think of that time that I shall make my yarn as brief as possible."

"You left off," said Breeze, "just where poor Dick Simonds had dived out of the forecabin, and you didn't hear anything more of him."

"Yes, I remember. Well, as you can imagine, I felt badly enough in that place, all alone, with the water steadily gaining on me, and not the faintest hope of escaping. I would have followed Dick Simonds in a moment, but that I knew there was no chance of getting out that way. To do so would simply have been to commit suicide, and that has always seemed to me a pretty mean and cowardly way of escaping trouble.

"When we were first shut in there we could sit on the edge of the lower bunks; but before Dick left, the water had risen so that we were sitting in it, and I soon had to stand on the bunks to keep out of it. It must have been night again, for no ray of light came in through the broken hatch, when I found the water so deep that I was obliged to climb up on the foremast, and sit there with my head between two of the bunks on the upper side. I

knew this was the last move I could make, and I fully expected to die there. I had no way of knowing how long I sat there, but it seemed like many hours, and doubtless was.

"All of a sudden, I seemed to hear faint, far-away voices, then some heavy object struck the hull of the schooner, and directly I heard footsteps, as though men were walking upon the bottom above me. I nearly suffocated in my efforts to shout; but somehow I couldn't utter a sound. I don't know whether it was from excitement or weakness, but my voice had left me. Then I tried to make them hear by pounding with my fists on the planking overhead; but though I kept it up until my hands were bleeding and numb, the sound did not reach them. At last I ceased to hear the footsteps, and imagined that the men, having satisfied their curiosity, were going to leave, which, as I afterward found out, was the case.

"At that moment I thought of my watch, which was still in my pocket, and which, as you know, Breeze, had a very heavy silver case. Pounding on the planking with it, I succeeded in making a sound that attracted their attention just as they were about to pull away. I never stopped my pounding for a moment, until somebody sung out, 'Hello in the schooner! Is anybody inside there?'

"I found voice then to answer that I was in there all alone, that the water had nearly reached me, and to beg them not to go away without trying to do something for me.

"'All right, shipmate,' came the answer; 'we won't leave you as long as there's a chance of saving you. You may count on that. We are only going for some tools to cut a hole with, and will be back in a few minutes. So keep up a good heart.'

"I heard them go away and then return again; and by rapping on the planking with my watch, I managed to show them a place between two ribs where there was no inside sheathing. Here they began to cut, after asking me how thick the planking was. They did not break through in any one place until they had cut very nearly through all around, for fear of making holes out of which the air would rush. In that case, you see, the schooner would quickly sink, taking me with her.

"At last they sang out for me to keep from under, as they were ready to break in. Then came three or four quick blows, a section about two feet square was crushed in, and somehow I got out through the opening. I think I must have been almost shot out by the confined air that rushed out with a roar. At any rate, there was barely time for the men to drag me into their boat and push back a few yards from the wreck when she sank like a stone. The boat was spun around and around like a straw in the vortex that it made, and for a moment they were afraid that it was going to be sucked under. I knew nothing of this until afterward, for I became unconscious the moment I got into the fresh air and out of the foul gases I had been breathing so long. When I recovered I was lying in a berth in the *Esmeralda's* cabin."

"The *Esmeralda's* cabin!" interrupted Breeze. "Was it this very brig, father?"

"Yes; I was lying in the cabin of this very brig, which was bound for the west coast of Africa, with a cargo of salt fish from the Provinces. It seemed that while lying becalmed that morning, they had drifted close to the wreck of the *Sea-Robin*, and the mate, with a couple of men, had boarded it out of curiosity. They had got into their boat again to leave, without a suspicion that anybody was in her, when they heard the noise I made pounding with the old watch. The men said it was only rats, and wanted to go on; but the mate insisted on finding out what it really was.

"All hands, from the captain down, did everything for me; but it was a long time before I recovered from the horror of those two days shut up with the rats in that wreck. I was always on the lookout for some vessel on which I might get a passage to the United States, but we only spoke two on the voyage. One of these was bound for South America and the other around the Horn, so I stuck by the brig.

"We made a quick run out, discharged our cargo promptly, and tried to take in our return cargo of palm-oil quickly, so as to start back before the sickly season set in. Somehow, though, everything seemed to work against us. One delay followed another, until we had spent three months on the coast, cruising from the mouth of one pestiferous river to another, picking up our cargo in small lots here and there.

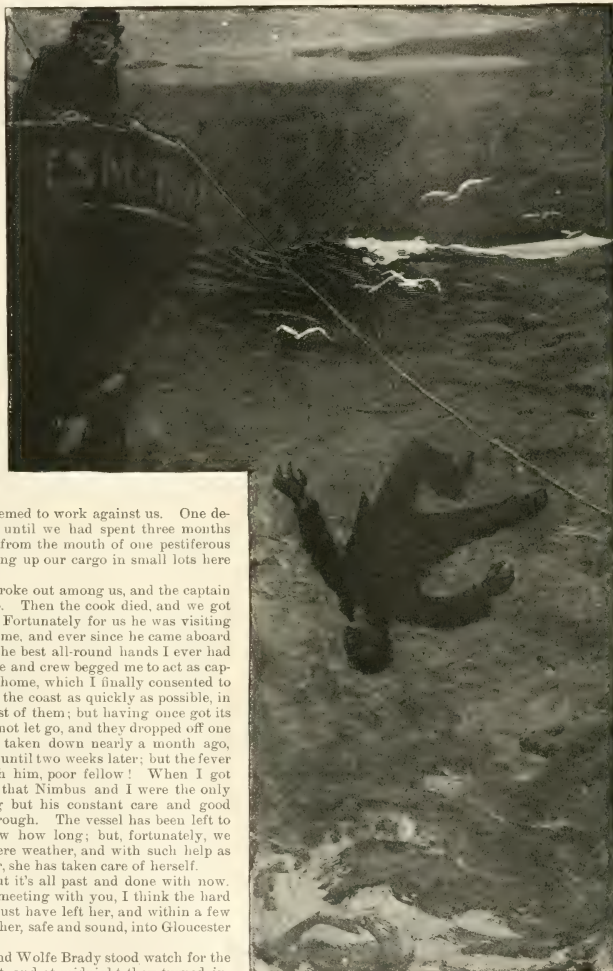
"At last the fever broke out among us, and the captain was the first one to go. Then the cook died, and we got Nimbus in his place. Fortunately for us he was visiting his old home at that time, and ever since he came aboard he has proved one of the best all-round hands I ever had on a vessel. The mate and crew begged me to act as captain and take the brig home, which I finally consented to do. I got away from the coast as quickly as possible, in hopes of saving the rest of them; but having once got its hold, the fever would not let go, and they dropped off one after another. I was taken down nearly a month ago, and the first mate not until two weeks later; but the fever made short work with him, poor fellow! When I got about again I found that Nimbus and I were the only ones left, and nothing but his constant care and good nursing pulled me through. The vessel has been left to drift for I don't know how long; but, fortunately, we have had no very severe weather, and with such help as Nimbus could give her, she has taken care of herself.

"It's a sad story, but it's all past and done with now. After this wonderful meeting with you, I think the hard luck of the old brig must have left her, and within a few days more we'll carry her, safe and sound, into Gloucester Harbor."

Captain McCloud and Wolfe Brady stood watch for the first half of that night, and at midnight they turned in, while Breeze and Nimbus came on deck.

Two hours later, Nimbus, who was steering, lashed his wheel, and said they must heave the log, as the wind had freshened considerably. They got a lantern on deck, and Breeze was to turn and watch the glass, while Nimbus held the reel.

The line had run about half out when it was suddenly slackened by the rising of the brig on a heavy sea. The slack caught on something, and Breeze leaned far over



the taffrail to clear it. As he did so, the big sea that had lifted her seemed to slide out from under the vessel, she dropped into the hollow with a sharp lurch, and the boy was flung far from her. Without a sound he disappeared, and the blackness of the night closed over him as the brig swept on her course.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN"—AN OUTDOOR THEATRE.—DRAWN BY LINDA F. FARRITT. SEE PAGE 612



"ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN."

A Tableau.

NEARLY all the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are familiar with the "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood" as set forth in the wonderful pictures and stories by Howard Pyle. In this tableau Robin is represented with some of his men under the "green-wood tree" listening to the famous minstrel Allan a Dale sing one of his ballads. Lest the girls should feel left out in the cold if the boys had it all to themselves, Maid Marian and Fair Ellen have been introduced. Tableaux out-of-doors on pleasant summer days are great fun, besides being more effective and easily arranged than in-door ones, as no artificial scenery or background can ever be made so pretty as the real grass and trees; and no lamp or gas can ever be so becoming as sunshine.

The only part which is a little troublesome is the arrangement of the stage and curtain. One way of doing it is to make a high three-sided board inclosure for the audience, with seats placed one row above the other, as in a circus. The open space in the front of the inclosure is filled by the curtain, which is dropped to the ground instead of being raised, in order to avoid interference with the effect of the natural scene. This plan, however, is only necessary when a large audience has to be accommodated. A simpler and more convenient way would be to put up two posts with a curtain hung between them, which could be dropped to show the tableau, and raised by means of pulleys and ropes to its place again. In this case the audience could simply have rows of chairs on the grass. This latter plan would do perfectly for tableaux; the other is necessary for a play, when the performers have to pass on and off the scene of action. Tableaux could be arranged behind the curtain, and the dressing and waiting can be managed behind screens covered with green boughs and placed on either side of the curtain posts.

The dress of Robin Hood, and, in fact, of all the boys except Friar Tuck and Will Scarlet, must be of Lincoln-green, which is now called sage or olive. The long hose can either be bought at a costumer's, or else long green stockings may be sewed to short trunks of the same shade. Robin's full shirt should be made of any soft cream white cotton material. His doublet and sleeves, of either woollen or cotton in the same soft rich shade of olive green as his hose, may be laced up in front with a leather thong. His inner sleeve and the facings of the upper one might be of either terra-cotta, dull yellow, or Turkey red sateen. His shoes of green velveteen or russet leather are long and pointed.

The "Nut-brown Maid" should be dressed in a long clinging gown of soft yellow cheese-cloth, which might be roughly embroidered at the waist and sleeves in either gold or deeper yellow. The puffs at her sleeves may also be of a deeper shade than the dress. Her skirt, which must be long and full, is drawn up carelessly through a girdle of wide gold braid, disclosing an under-petticoat of deeper yellow, like the puffs in her sleeves. Neither of the girls must wear any stiff or starched garment under their dresses, as it is impossible to arrange a drapery over any such thing with the proper effect.

Friar Tuck's gown, of soft dull brown or gray in any coarse material, is confined at his waist by a knotted rope. His shaven pate can be well enough imitated by drawing on over his hair a close-fitting flesh-colored skull-cap. His dress is completed by the sandals, which are easily made by tying a wooden or leather sole to the foot by means of leather or chamois skin bands.

Fair Ellen is, of course, done by a blond girl in contrast to Maid Marian. Her dress is also of cheese-cloth, but of the softest pink, disclosing at the neck and sleeve puffs an inner garment of softest creamy mull. Her

wreath might be either of real wild roses or blush roses from the garden.

Allan a Dale, according to tradition, had long blond hair. Although dressed in the same Lincoln-green as the others, his doublet might be decorated with a pattern done with a stencil and gilt paint or paper, giving at a little distance the effect of a rich brocaded stuff. His harp may be made by any ingenious young amateur carpenter, and either painted white or gilded, after having been strung with fine wires or threads.

Will Scarlet, who sits next to him, and who was always the "dude" of the party, must be very gallant in red hose and a Turkey red doublet with long trailing sleeves scalloped at the edges. His inner sleeves and shoes might be of darker red velveteen, and his belt of gold braid or leather decorated with gilt paint. His hat of red velveteen, ornamented by a peacock feather, surmounts a close-fitting hood of Turkey red, bound and hung round his neck with a gilt cord.

The boy standing, whom we may call young David of Doncaster, should have a doublet of russet or chamois leather, with green hood and hose.

Little John is all in green; his hat, like that of the boy on the ground by the jolly friar, can be best made out of those soft felt tennis hats, which can be obtained in all shades, and which, with the aid of a little wire and a little cutting, can be made into any shape.

It is well always to remember in getting up tableaux that the most important thing is the general effect. A great deal of time and trouble is often wasted by paying too much attention to minute details which do not add to the beauty of the effect. If the color of the whole is harmonious, the posing graceful and natural, and the outlines of the costumes correct and effective, it makes no difference how cheap the materials or how big the stitches.

LAWN-TENNIS.

BY VALENTINE G. HALL.

II.

HAVING disposed of the "lob," let us now take up the "smash." This stroke is generally used when your opponent lobs a ball which falls short, and if allowed to bounce would fall in front of the service lines, or somewhere near the middle of the court, instead of in the rear of the court. Under no consideration allow a short lob to bounce, for it gives your opponent time to recover and place himself for your return; but, bringing your bat up quickly, strike the ball hard, and follow it with the racket, remembering to advance the right foot slightly to the front on striking. This is done in order to keep one's balance, and to give greater speed to the ball struck. In making this stroke keep the wrist loose and the arm stiff.

The "smash" will be found an exceedingly difficult stroke to play at first with accuracy, and some players are never able to acquire it. The reason for this is that they are afraid of hitting the ball hard, fearing it will fall into the net out of court. This is a serious mistake, and one which the beginner should be careful to avoid. If your opponent makes a poor lob, which gives you an opportunity to smash, and you do not avail yourself of it, your return will either be lobbed again, or your opponent will pass you, and thus gain the stroke. It is far better to attempt the smash, even if it does prove fatal, than to play a stroke which is sure to prove disastrous. A well-played smash is one which your opponent can never return; and as this is about the only stroke in tennis of which this can be affirmed, it will be seen that the smash well learned by the beginner is well worth the time expended on it.

There are many who in volleying a "lob" hold the racket up, waiting for the ball to descend upon it. This, of course, is wrong, for it not only shows your adversary in what part of the court you intend placing the ball, but it lessens the speed when you do make the stroke to such a degree that the play is worthless. The player should simply watch the ball until it

has fallen within a few feet of him, and then like a flash raise his racket and hit it as hard as he can.

There is another stroke which I must say a word about to the beginner, namely, the half-volley. Never use it unless it is absolutely necessary. Of course there are times when one can do nothing else, but I have heard players say that rather than play a half-volley they would sacrifice the point. I think this statement is too strong, but there is no question but that playing a half-volley generally gives your opponent a point. Young players are apt to be tempted by this stroke, because it is an extremely graceful play, and generally meets with the approval of spectators. The beginner, stimulated by applause, is easily led to overrate the stroke, and in time takes *everything* on the half-volley.

Having now considered briefly the most important principles of the game, let us turn our attention to the tournament, or match, play. Lawn-tennis has grown so rapidly in public favor during the past few seasons that open tournaments are now given by all the prominent clubs throughout the country. Tournament playing is the best practice and training for a player who has reached a fair degree of proficiency. Now in playing a match, the great thing is to keep cool. Never lose your head. Play a steady and careful game, laying aside all fancy strokes. Never argue or discuss a point unless you have some rule with which to back up your opinion; for, as a general thing, the umpire who is judging your balls can see far better than one playing, and especially in a match when things are close, and every point may mean victory or defeat. Always, if possible, before starting your match, select competent men to act as umpires, for umpiring is not so easy as one would imagine, and often a careless decision loses a player his match. Therefore choose men well up in the game; and if you are aware before starting that your opponent does not adhere to the rules, mention it to the umpire, and tell your adversary also that you intend playing strictly according to the rules of the game. An example to illustrate: Suppose your opponent has a tendency, when serving, to step over the base-line continually, making what is called a "foot fault." The umpire should warn him at first, and then if he continues to do it, it is the duty of the umpire to call a fault. A referee is sometimes desired; he generally calls the "lets" and keeps the score.

Now, having chosen umpires, and all arrangements being completed, toss for the choice of courts. Rackets as a rule fall "rough," so that in calling I should prefer this to "smooth." The choice of courts depends greatly upon the circumstances. If it is a bright sunny day, take the court with the sun at your back; if a windy day, take the court in which the wind will be with you. Remember that after each set a rest is allowed; and whether you feel tired or not, a short breathing spell will not harm you. Be very moderate in drinking anything while playing. Oat-meal water is recommended by many, but a swallow of fresh water—not ice-water—I think will prove the best. And finally, no matter what the circumstances may be, never let your temper get the better of you. Be manly, generous, and straightforward toward your opponent, even if it cost you the match; for winning, after all, is not the only thing which must be taken into consideration. It has often been remarked, and most truly too, that a tennis-court is the best possible place to judge human nature. Remember that being a gentleman is worth all it costs; and how very much it counts, not only on the tennis-court, but in the trials and work of every-day life! A gentleman is respected and honored; and, better still, he respects himself.

Passing from the single match, let us turn to the double game, which not only requires a knowledge of all the strokes and rules laid down for the single game, but in addition to these must be added careful attention to the difficulties which may arise from the close relationship of partners. In the single game, if a mistake is made, there is only one person to lose, whereas in the double game one's errors may cost his partner the match. There are two directions in the double game which I cannot make too strong: *First, under no circumstances quarrel or find fault with your partner; second, good team work.* In the first case, fighting with your partner, or arguing about points, and speaking to him when he makes errors, only tends to irritate and "rattle" him. It also encourages your opponents, and shows lack of tact and confidence and generous fellowship. As regards the second point, unless one plays with one's partner often it is impossible to have good team work. Only a short time ago a prominent player wrote me, giving it as his opinion that the double game was on the decline in this country, and one of the reasons on which he based this opinion was that in all the double playing seen now-

adays team work was conspicuously absent. There is certainly a good deal in this, and it often happens that two fairly good players will defeat two "cracks," owing to the good team work of the former. Since the volley game has so generally taken the place of the old-fashioned base-line game, it is very important, if you intend to make a good double player, that you should be good at volleying, for it is useless to attempt to play the base-line game against those who volley. In the double game always run up after your second service. In the single game you will remember I warned you against doing it. Now the reason why you should run up after your second service is that you have only one-half of the court to guard; and since the best position in the double game is five feet from the net, each player standing in his own court a trifle nearer the centre than the side lines, following up the service gives you the better position, and places your opponents at a disadvantage. For the same reason in the double game, if you should win the choice, I should advise you always to take the service in preference to the court.

To be a good double player one must be quick and active, for nearly all the strokes are on the volley, and one has but little time to think. Never jump over into your partner's court in order to take a ball which you think you can kill. It generally turns out that you place the balls in the net, or out of court, or you clash with your partner. Again, it leaves one side of the court unguarded. Of course there are times when one can make an effective stroke by leaving his side and running over, and this opportunity generally occurs when your partner is serving, and his first ball being a good service, and hard to return effectively, it will be found a good play for you to run over and kill it; but have it well understood with your partner that when you cross over on his side he shall run over and fill the place left vacant by you. This crossing courts is also a good plan when your opponent lobs a service over the head of the man at the net. The proper thing for the net-man to do is to cross over, and leave the ball for his partner to take on the bounce near the rear of the court.

Whether or not swift serving is profitable in the double game is a question. Some players say yes, others no. It is, however, my opinion that a man with a good service can use it to much greater advantage in the double game than in the single. First, his partner at the net has an opportunity of smashing the opponent's return if the service has been a good one, and again in the double game, only having to do half the work that a single calls for, one's strength is not so apt to give out. There are strong reasons in favor of hard service, but it is impossible to lay down any rule as being the best always. As I remarked before, the player must use his own judgment, and play according to circumstances.

And now I come to one of the most important points in double playing, that is, the player's prompt decision as to which balls belong to him and which to his partner. This, of course, must be learned by practice and playing together; but a few directions and remarks, I think, will be of assistance to my readers. As a rule, the player who in doubles has the right-hand court should allow his partner to take all balls which pass close to the centre of the court, for it is generally in this spot that double players are the weakest. The reason the left court player should take these balls is that they are on his right hand, and a much better return can be made than if the right court man should attempt them, for they would be on his left side. As to the other balls, let every man play on his own side of the court, and only take the balls belonging to him, except in the two cases given above. The best players should generally take the left court, for it is decidedly the hardest one to play in, and especially so if one's partner is weak on back-handers, in which case under no circumstances give him the left-hand court, for nearly all balls are served in this court on the player's left hand. Again, the player having the left-hand court will find that he will have to return the balls to his partner's right. All balls which are lobbed, and which, if allowed to bounce, would fall in the centre of the court, let the left court man play, for they will be on his right hand. If you see your partner going to take a ball which by rights is yours, do not hinder him, but stand back and give him room to play the stroke. For it often occurs that having started to play the ball, he hears you coming up, becomes hurried and confused, makes a very bad play, or lets it go altogether, thinking you will take it. Then follow foolish looks, and empty excuses and apologies; but the point is lost all the same.

Constant practice it will be seen is necessary to make and perfect good team work, and this is the secret of success in the double game.



HOW SIX BABIES (INCLUDING HIS OWN) LOOK TO A FOND FATHER.

AUNT CYNTHIA'S PRIZE PEACH.

BY A. TEMPLE BELLEW.

MISS ENDERBURY'S mantel-piece was always a matter of curiosity and pleasure to her numerous nephews and nieces; each separate article upon it possessed a charm in their eyes, but the most charming of all was an ordinary pickle jar with a solitary peach reposing in a sea of syrup at the bottom.

The younger children looked upon it merely as a tempting morsel placed tantalizingly beyond their reach, but the older ones often wondered how it came to be given a place among the family daguerreotypes, wax flowers, and china match safes, and often teased their aunt to tell them the reason. In vain; Aunt Cynthia would never disclose the mystery. She had never told any one, she said, and she never would; and she would shake her head decidedly, until the little corkscrew ringlets bobbed again; and then, when all had left the room, she would stand with clasped hands gazing tenderly upon the jar, and sigh tearfully, "No one shall ever know."

However, I am a privileged person, and I may as well tell all about it first as last.

Years ago, when Miss Enderbury was a pretty girl, and the ringlets were thick instead of corkscrew, an admirer of hers, a handsome young horticulturist, had given her a peach—one of the very peaches that had taken the prize at the grand fair in their neighborhood—and she had promised him and vowed to herself to cherish it forever; and the next morning, in dainty working trim, she had gone into the kitchen and preserved it in the best white sugar to be had in the village, and hermetically sealed it in a jar.

Though the children possessed the average amount of meddlesomeness common to their kind, none of them had ventured to lay a finger on the mysterious jar until the arrival of a new little nephew from the city. Aunt Cynthia was quite wrapped up in him, the only child of a favorite sister, and would hardly let him out of her sight.

One day she was summoned hurriedly to an interview with the cook, and telling Harry to be a good boy till she got back, she bustled off.

Master Harry turned the last leaf of his picture-book before she was half-way down-stairs, and then looked around for some fresh amusement. The mantel-piece seemed a good field, so he dragged a chair up to it, mounted, and began to explore. He started at one end with the wax flowers, and meandered on through family portraits and china dogs until he reached the pickle jar. This he immediately seized, and after one or two futile efforts unscrewed the pewter top, then proceeded to fish out the peach, and deliberately eat it.

Five minutes later Aunt Cynthia re-entered her room to find her beloved nephew with a sticky face, and both hands engaged in skirmishing round the mouth of the empty jar for the last streaks of syrup.

With a sudden scream she snatched the desecrated jar

from him. "Oh, Harry! Harry! what have you done?" she wailed.

The child, frightened at the turn affairs had taken, set up a loud cry that soon brought his mother and the rest of the household to the spot.

Questions and counter-questions ensued, to all of which Miss Enderbury replied, "He has eaten the peach! he has eaten the peach!" Vainly aunts and cousins asked what was the matter with it: they received only incoherent murmurings and moanings, and the final outburst, "Oh, to think that all the time I have been loving and petting him—just to think—oh dear! oh dear! after all I've done—to prepare this cup of poison for me!"

Saying this, she rushed from the room, wringing her hands and weeping. The mother turned pale and trembled; a dreadful idea entered her mind—the peach was *poisoned*! She had no sooner entertained this idea than it became a fixed fact to her, and as such she communicated it to the rest.

The consternation that seized them may be imagined.

"Send for the Doctor!"

"Oh, what shall we do?"

"This is dreadful!"

"Find out what kind of poison it was," and so forth

Mike, the gardener, with a small troop of volunteers, was despatched for the Doctor, and a deputation was sent up to Aunt Cynthia's bedroom to ascertain what deadly drug lurked within the jar; but the door was locked, and poor Miss Enderbury, not in the least understanding, and nearly distracted, refused to open to them or give them any satisfaction.

More disturbed than ever, they retreated to turn their attention to remembering or inventing antidotes and emetics for the doomed boy, as he was now plaintively regarded. His mother's remedy was a table-spoonful of milk: Cousin Ellen thought a pickle would do him good; Aunt Jane had always heard of mustard and water; Aunt Mary knew that soapuds were excellent. Some one suggested scraping the ceiling with a fire-shovel; some one else proposed making him tipsy. Bridget came blubbering in with a live spider in one hand and a glass of warm water in the other. "Sure nothin' was ever thought of at home except a live spider put on the tongue, and washed down with a drap of warm water." Here the suffering child, who, frightened half out of his wits, had swallowed whatever was poked into his mouth, rebelled, and in the midst of a grand altercation was rescued by the entrance of the Doctor.

"Hullo! what's the matter here? What has this boy been doing?" going up to Harry, who, pale and scared, looked sick enough to have been poisoned ten times over.

"Oh, Doctor, I am so glad you've come!" was the general greeting, each one adding what she had done to relieve the poor child the mean while.

"Well, I should think you *would* need me by this time; but what did you send for me for in the first place? Mike and the young ones mixed things up so that I couldn't understand."

"He's poisoned!" sobbed the mother; "he has been eating a poisoned peach."

"Poisoned peach!" exclaimed the Doctor, becoming serious at once. "What kind of poison?"

"I don't know," answered the mother. "Cynthia won't tell us. It is a peach that she has kept on her mantel-piece preserved in poison, and we can't get her to tell us. She's locked herself up in her bedroom, and won't speak to us."

"Well, I'll see if I can get her to speak to us," said the Doctor, rising. "I can't do anything until I know the nature of the poison. Miss Ellen, will you show me the way to your aunt's room?"

This Miss Ellen accordingly did. Miss Enderbury was calmer, and quickly opened the door at the Doctor's knock.

"What was the nature of the poison in that peach, Miss Cynthia?—I really must know," he said, rather sternly.

"Poison!" exclaimed Miss Enderbury, indignantly—"poison indeed! A peach that took the prize, and the best white sugar in the village, and that I did up with my own hands! Poison indeed!"

"Oh, Aunt Cynthia, why didn't you tell us before?" cried Ellen.

But Aunt Cynthia had collapsed into tears again, and the Doctor had a chance to get in a word.

"Well, well, then no harm is done, if he hasn't swallowed the pit; that's all you need be afraid of now. We'll go down and find out about that, Miss Ellen."

So down-stairs they went, Miss Enderbury following.

Master Harry, upon being interrogated, replied, "No, me didn't; me frowed it on de floor."

"Oh, then you're all right," said the Doctor.

"It was an inestimable treasure to me," sighed Miss Enderbury; "it can never be replaced—never!"

"Oh, come, come," said the Doctor; "don't be down-hearted. Plant the pit and raise a fresh crop: have twenty inestimable treasures instead of one."

The next morning Miss Enderbury solemnly planted it in a new red flower-pot, which was placed in the sunniest corner of her room. Day by day it was carefully watered and tended, and day by day it grew, until now it stands in the garden, a fine flourishing tree of an entirely new variety, still fondly cherished by the placid old lady, who has so far outlived her sentiment as to regale her nephews and nieces and their many children with the fruit upon its boughs.

MOTHER'S BOY.

TWO little clinging velvety arms;

Two little hands with rose-leaf palms;

Two brown eyes, in whose clear deeps

The brook's own sunshine laughs and leaps;

Two little ears like pink-white shells;

A snowy chin where a dimple dwells;

A dainty nose: two peach-bloom cheeks;

A red-lipped mouth that soft words speaks;

A brow reflecting the soul within,

Untouched by sorrow, unmarked by sin;

A crown of curls whose traceries hold

The chestnut's warmth and the sunbeam's gold;

A rounded body; two rosy limbs;

A voice like notes from cathedral hymns;

Two restless feet and a laugh of joy.

What is the total?—Mother's boy.

EMMA C. DOWD.



A WATER-MELON DUET.

metallurgy, one of the most admired, is made of pieces of iron, pieces of engines, tools, etc. At the end of the galleries we see other crossing things; it is the foreign exhibition. In the garden there is a place fitted up so as to represent a street in Cairo, with native workers in their shops and the well-known little white donkeys. There are also houses of all countries from the most ancient to the most recent ones. A very curious feature is the Colonial exhibition, but I have not yet seen it. I fear my letter will be too long, so I close, begging you to excuse my bad English, and to publish my letter if you think it good enough.

JEANNE DE STE. M.

HASTINGS, CLOSE TO NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND.

I live in New Zealand, in a pretty country house. I have three brothers and two sisters. My father's name is Hastings. We have Christmas, and we both like it very much. I like the stories, "The Household of Glen Holly," and "A New Robinson Crusoe," the best. We have three cows, pigeons, a lot of fowls, and a little dog called Tim. We have a dear little pony called Gypsy, a little park pheasant, also a dogcat. Gypsy nearly always goes in the phaeton, and as I am able to drive as well as ride, I go out a great deal. We live about a mile and a half from the town, and I was not well during the summer, so I went away to the mountains for three months. I went to a place called Kuripapango; it is at the foot of Mount Cameron, but I did not go to the top. The country there is very wild and pretty. I have a lot of pets. I have two cats called Kandy and Nigger, and two canaries called Dick and Jeanie. I have three, but one died. Now I must close. This is my first letter, and I hope to see it in print. Some day I will write an essay on pretty, sunny New Zealand. I will not tell you my age, but will leave you to guess. Bye, A. B.

The Postmistress thinks Belle is about fifteen. Is she nearly right?

LONDON, S. W., ENGLAND.

I am not a regular reader of your interesting paper, but I have been looking at a bound volume which my sister has, and have been much pleased with the contents. If you would permit, I shall be glad to see this letter in print. I am very fond of science, and also of music, and I have a short march for the piano, and (as I see you are very fond of publishing) perhaps I might find room for it. Shall I send it? A short time ago I rode into the country on a bicycle, about fifty-four miles, and staid there some time. I enjoyed it very much, the country is so filling and so new. Bicycle touring is a very healthy as well as enjoyable exercise, and I would recommend any of your readers who may have machines to try it.

H. W.

NEW YORK.

I want to ask you about the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S Cut in St. Mary's Hospital. Could you give me the privilege of using it? I am at the Hospital but only one it likes in it, or does some particular person do it? I take photographs, and I am going to take a picture soon of before our place, and send it to you to show you how lovely our home is. I enclose a naturistum from a bed in front of the house. Our roses are so pretty now, both those on the house and on the low bushes. Oh, I wish you could taste our strawberries—great big beauties, with such a flavor! I just read a letter from A. B., who says they are going to raise \$5 for a church. I am interested in it, as a short time ago we raised enough money to support a Chinese child for seven years; the cost was \$50 a year.

KATIE E.

The Sisters of St. Mary place any child who needs care in our cot when it is vacant. You will soon see a letter from them in the Post-office Box.

MILFORD, CLERMONT COUNTY, OHIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl of seven, and as I cannot write plainly yet, my papa is writing this for me. Until lately I lived in Cincinnati, but now live upon a country place a short distance from the city. I have no brothers nor sisters, but have a great many pets. Two such pretty Scotch collie dogs, one named Kate, and the other Treaser. I play with them all day. I have also a beautiful little Maltese chick, named Tum-Tum, and ever so many little chicks. Then we have lovely lambs, also calves and a cat named Dexter. Some days I am allowed to ride on the back of one of our horses, named Major. I do so much enjoy horseback riding, and hope before long my papa will buy a little pony for my own. The other day we went into Milford to see John Robinson's great show and circus. I went with papa. He said he only went to show me the animals, but I noticed he enjoyed it nearly as much as I, so I think other people like circuses after all. You should have seen the funny clown! He was so full of jokes and so merry that he kept the people all laughing. Then there was a pretty young girl that rode upon a spotted horse; she

rode so well that all the people clapped their hands. Then she jumped through a hoop while riding on the horse, but I thought her dress was hardly long enough for her. Then we saw such wonderful animals, elephants, lions, tigers, zebras, panthers, leopards, monkeys, and a camel, and a whole lot of such lovely ponies, and a drove of donkeys. Some day I hope to go again. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and enjoy it very much indeed, especially "Captain Polly," "The Household of Glen Holly," and "A New Robinson Crusoe," but I always read all of the letters in the Post-office Box.

KATHARINE SILL.

BOUVERIE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

It is a very bad day, so I can't go out. I went out last Saturday, and I was very sick on Saturday night and Sunday. I did not go to school either Monday or Tuesday. In September I am going to the Grammar-School. I go to the Primary School now. I have been taking the examinations.

MILEY F.

CAPE SABLE ISLAND.

I am a little girl eleven years of age. I am not a subscriber to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but our teacher takes it. The story which I am most interested in is "Dorothy's Story." We have it read to us for a composition exercise once a week. We all have our minds made up how it is going to come out. I think that Breeze is going to find his own father and mother in Ireland, but the others in my class have a different idea, and we will all have to wait and see who is right. We have the sea all around us, and have a splendid chance to go in bathing in the warm summer weather. There are two nice sand beaches, and there are picnics on every summer. We planted a flower bed on our play-ground, but it has been rather unfortunate. Just as our sweet peas and morning-glories were about an inch high, some cattle got in and tramped all over them. Our pansies and narcissus escaped the hoofs of the enemy, and are in blossom now. There is a pretty brook which runs through our play-ground. In the woods beside it grow lovely ferns and wild flowers. We bring our baskets to school, and when it is too warm to play at noon or recess we wander in the woods and pick flowers or go down to the shore and play by the sea. Cape Sable Island is the most beautiful of Nova Scotia. We get to the mainland by crossing the ferry in a steamer. Our Grade had a letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, to write as a composition exercise, and the teacher said I might copy mine and send it to you to be printed in the Post-office Box if you think it is good enough to appear. We wish you could come into our school some fine day, but I suppose that cannot be. We all send our love to you.

LORENA J. S.

ARMOR, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have never written to you before, and hope to see my letter in print. I am ten years old, and will be eleven on the 21st of June. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the Christmas of 1885, and enjoy it very much. I am very fond of reading the Post-office Box, and like to hear what other children are doing and what they live.

SALLY HOWELL G.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A RHyme TO BE COMPLETED.

I had an adventure, 'twas rather —
For walking one day with my cousin, Prince
Charming.
He said, "Polly dear, tell me what would you
do —
Should we suddenly meet in the pathway a cow?
I'm afraid you would hurriedly beat a —
And scamper away on your two little —
But I would be loathe to see you very well know.
For a boy must not blanch in the face of the —
Just then came a rustle quite near us, and —
A number of hoofs trod the grasses so damp,
And, with fiery eyes and a bell of —
An angry cow stamped like a bear in a cage,
For something had made her, though gentle,
quite ferce.
And a cry escaped the air like an arrow to —
'Twas the Prince then who scampered and
climbed up a —
With never a thought for the safety of me;
While I stepped aside and had presence of —
And behaved like a woman both brave and re-
fined.

ALICE P.

No. 2.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am a steep rock—behead me, and I am a fish.
2. I am bright—behead me, and I limp. 3. I am a large mass—behead me, and I close the door. 4. I am an estate—behead me, and I wander. 5. I am a fight—behead me, and I make haste. 6. I am a building material—behead me, I am a construction. 7. I am a covering—behead me, I am affection. 8. I am a swift look—behead me, I am a weapon. 9. I am starched—behead me, I am a squabble. 10. I am a flower—behead me, I am a machine. 11. I am a glow—behead me, I am ripe. 12. I am the absence of color—behead me, I am want. 13. I am decay—behead me, I illuminate.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 504.

No. 1—SAFE RODE
ARE A ODES
FEET DEEP
EATS ESPY

No. 2—Hay-stack. Milk-pail.

No. 3—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

No. 4 A shoal of merry codfish
Were sporting one fair day.
There came a daring fisherman
And frightened them away.

But Clare and Austen called them,
And these two caught their fill,
Till a catastrophe came,
And they got wetter still.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Frances Jennie Page, Margaret Simms, David Giening, Larry Wheaton, Dora Allen, Eva Darrell, Willie West, E. L. R. Louis Ashe, John Sinclair, Florence Fayson, E. G. D. Edgar Wallace, Martin Rogers, and William French.



REBUS.



SAVING THE BONNET.

NOW ISN'T IT JUST TOO BAD THAT HANOVER JONES SHOULD THIS RUN OFF WITH MRS. JACKSON'S NEW SPRING BONNET? BUT HOLD ON: LET US INQUIRE INTO THE TRUTH OF THIS MATTER. A SHOWER SUDDENLY COMING UP, MRS. JACKSON, BEING TOO STOUT TO RUN HERSELF, DESPATCHES THE ACCOMMODATING LAD ON AHEAD WITH HER PRECIOUS HEAD-GEAR.

PROOF POSITIVE.

THERE WAS COMPANY for dinner at Dilly's house, and they were enjoying the first course, which consisted of oyster soup. Dilly made away with hers for some time in silence, until she had nearly cleaned the plate, when she suddenly paused, and looking at her mother across the table, said, in a stage-whisper, "Mamma, what you think?—dere's a hair in my soup."

"Hush, Dilly," said mamma, frowning; "it's nothing but a crack in the plate."

Dilly moved the bowl of her spoon back and forth over the supposed crack, and then exclaimed, triumphantly, "Kin a quack move?"

KEW HOW IT WAS.

"PAPA, Fido ate both of your slippers to-day."

"He did, did he. What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything; but I thought that if you wanted to whip Fido, I'd lend you my slippers."



A GAME OF FOX AND GEES; OR, HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST.

HARPER'S

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DORYMATES:

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

OVERBOARD AND INBOARD.

NIMBUS was of a peculiarly nervous temperament, and very apt to do things in moments of excitement that

he regretted exceedingly as soon as he found time for reflection. So, in the present instance, acting impulsively, as he saw Breeze flung overboard in the darkness, he did just the wrong thing, and what half a minute later he would have given anything to undo. He should have tossed overboard a life-preserver or other object that would float, put the helm hard down, and thrown the brig up into the wind, thereby checking her headway, and putting her into a position to sail back over the course she had just come. At the same time he should have called Captain McCloud and Wolfe. Above all, he should have

instantly cut loose dory No. 6, which was towing astern by a short but stout line, so that Breeze might have a chance of seeing and reaching it almost as soon as he came to the surface after his plunge.

Instead of doing any of these things, the impulsive negro, who was still a young and active man, though very fond of calling himself "old," slid down into the dory, cut the line by which she was towing, and seized a pair of oars. He had done all this as silently as Breeze had tumbled overboard, and without making a single outcry to alarm the two sleepers left on board the brig.

The instant he had cut the line and found himself adrift he realized the folly of his act, and began to shout at the top of his voice, in the hope that it was not yet too late to arouse Captain McCloud and Wolfe. At the same time he began to pull wildly after the swiftly moving brig. He quickly realized that this was of no use, for she was moving three feet to his one, nor did his shouts bring any response from those on board. In spite of his excitement, a certain instinct told him that so long as he could not catch the brig, the only thing remaining for him to do was to face about and try to find Breeze.

His movements had been so quick that he was at no great distance from where the boy had struck the water. Breeze was now swimming in the direction of the vanishing brig. He, at least, heard the cries uttered by Nimbus, and answered them. He had retained his presence of mind wonderfully, and now realized that somebody was searching for him. So he swam as easily as possible, but continued to shout at regular intervals, and in about five minutes had the satisfaction of seeing the dory loom out of the darkness close beside him. In another minute he had caught hold of its gunwale and been drawn in, dripping and chilled, but very thankful for this escape from what had seemed a hopeless situation. His first glance was toward the brig, but he could not see even a shadow resembling her. She had disappeared in the darkness as utterly as though she had never existed.

"They must have put her about and headed her this way by this time," he said to Nimbus. "I wonder that we don't see her."

"No, sah; dey don't put um 'bout. Dey sailin' away, an' nobber know nuffin. Ole fool Nim nebber tell 'em good-by. Come off an' keep on sayin' nuffin at all to nobody."

"You don't mean to say, Nimbus, that you left without giving any alarm—without waking my father or Wolfe?"

"Yes, sah," answered the black man in a most crestfallen tone. "Didn't wake nobody. Didn't tink ob nuffin scusin' how to save young cap'n. Jump quick in boat, cut um 'drif', an' come. Bimeby catch um, pull um in. Here he is! Here we is!"

"Yes, that's certain enough, 'here we is,' and how we're going to get out of this scrape it would puzzle a sea lawyer to tell. I suppose you did the best thing you could think of. If you'd only given an alarm, though! Now, with the wheel lashed, the brig may sail on for hours, always getting farther and farther away from us, before either of them wakes up. Well, we're not dead yet, and while there's life there's hope. I'm very grateful to you, at any rate, for coming to me so quickly. Now, perhaps you can do me another good turn by telling me how to keep from freezing to death in these wet clothes."

Yes, indeed, Nimbus could do that, and in a minute more Breeze had stripped off his soaked garments, slipped into his oil-skin jacket and trousers, which had fortunately been left in the dory, and was rapidly getting warm by hard work at the oars. At the same time Nimbus, with powerful hands, was wringing the wet clothing as dry as

though it were in a centrifugal steam-wringer. Of course the things were still damp and cold when Breeze again put them on; but, with his oil-skins drawn over them to keep out the wind, and still keeping up his exercise with the oars, he was soon in a glow.

As he rowed he instinctively kept the dory headed on the same course the brig had taken, by holding her broadside to the wind, which still blew steadily from the southward.

At last the day broke, gray and cheerless, but free from fog. Every time the boat was lifted on a wave its occupants scanned the ever-widening horizon eagerly, in the hope of sighting some vessel. At last the day had fully come, and they knew the full extent of their disappointment. Their frail craft was the only object floating on the whole dreary expanse of tumbling waters.

For a long time they sat in silence. Neither had any words of comfort to offer the other. Finally Nimbus said, mournfully,

"Who you s'pose cookin' on de brig for de cap'n, now ole Nim done gone?"

"I don't know," answered Breeze, rousing up from his sorrowful reflections, and making a brave effort to throw off the gloomy thoughts that were taking possession of him; "but I guess they'll manage to make out somehow. I know I could in their place."

"Dey habin' all de grub, an' no cook in de camboose. We habin' de cook, but no grub an' no camboose," continued Nimbus, following up the train of thoughts suggested by his hunger.

"No grub! Why, yes we have, right on board this very blessed dory," cried Breeze, to whose memory the black man's words recalled the ship-biscuit, a dozen of which still remained in the little stern locker. The stock of provisions which he thereupon produced seemed to restore both strength and hope to Nimbus, and he fairly laughed when he saw it.

"Ole Nim all right," he declared, "so long he teef keep a-grindin' an' a-crunchin'."

As they ate one apiece of the precious biscuit, Breeze thought of Wolfe's praise and disdain of this same food the day before, and wondered if he should ever again see his light-hearted dorymate.

In the fresh-water keg so little of the precious fluid remained that they allowed themselves only a single swallow with which to wash down the dry biscuit. On this account their simple meal was as prolonged as though it had been a substantial feast.

After they had finished this very unsatisfactory breakfast, and had resolutely put away the few biscuit that remained, in spite of their longing to eat them all, Nimbus said, "Well, young cap'n, wot we do now?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Breeze, "unless we try and row to land."

"Wot lan'? Ware he? How far?"

"Father said yesterday that Sable Island bore due west 365 miles from where we were then. We must have come—let me see, seven and a half knots an hour for fourteen hours would be 105 miles. From 365, that leaves 260, and we have rowed perhaps ten. It must be about 250 miles away from us at this minute. Do you think we could possibly row that distance, Nimbus?"

"Don't know. Ole Nim row hard, row long way for grub. But how you fin' um? Got no compass. How you steer um due wes'?"

"That's so. I didn't think of that. I don't suppose the wind will always blow from the southward. Perhaps it has changed, and is blowing from some other direction even now, and we don't know the difference. And to think that I have got a compass here and can't open it! I suppose I might manage to force the ball open with my knife, but that might break the compass."

"Wot you say? You got um compass?" exclaimed

Nimbus, who had listened attentively, while his companion thus thought aloud.

"Yes," replied Breeze, drawing the golden ball from its pocket and unclasping the chain. "There's a compass in this ball, but nobody knows how to open it."

"Let ole Nim see um," said the other, extending his great black hand for the trinket.

He examined it with the closest attention for more than a minute, and then said,

"Nim can open um."

"You can open it?" exclaimed Breeze, in great astonishment.

"I tink so. Seen plenty all de same like um in de Eas' Injes."

"Well, let me see you do it."

After much fumbling in the thick mat of wool that served him for hair, Nimbus drew from it a pin. With this he began to trace out, carefully and very slowly, the lines of the quaint pattern engraved on the surface of the ball. He followed one of them around and around, in and out, for several minutes, often stopping, going back, and beginning all over again. He did not speak, and Breeze, eagerly watching his movements, was also silent.

At last the movement of the pin was stopped, and on the spot that it indicated the pressure of a thumb-nail released a spring. The upper half of the ball swung on its pivot, and once more its interior was displayed to view.

"Well, if that don't beat everything!" exclaimed Breeze. "How on earth did you ever learn that trick, Nimbus?"

"Him a labyrim ball," answered the black man.

"A what?"

"A labyrim. Same like you might get los' in."

"Oh, a labyrinth."

"Yes, sah, a labyrim, an' if you fin' de p'int ob de startin', an' foller to de end, den you open um."

This was indeed the whole secret of the ball, and after it had been explained to Breeze, he too could trace the delicate line from its beginning, which was plainly to be seen, to its end above the hidden spring. There was no distinguishing mark to indicate this point, and it was almost impossible to locate it, even after one had found it many times, without first tracing out the labyrinth. The accident by which Breeze had hit upon it and opened the ball while asleep was so unlikely to occur that, knowing the secret, he now wondered more than ever that it had happened. Nimbus had learned the secret of similar puzzles upon one of his many voyages to East Indian ports, and was made proud and happy by this opportunity of displaying his skill.

"Now," he said, with a smile that exhibited two glistening rows of ivory, "we got a compass, we go fur Saple Island". Ole Nim row like steam-engin'."

And he did row like a steam-driven machine, with long, powerful strokes, hour after hour, all through the day—never faltering, never stopping, and never seeming to tire. To Breeze, who watched him with ever-increasing astonishment, he was a marvel of endurance. Breeze also rowed with the second pair of oars the greater part of the day; but he was several times obliged to stop and rest. With such unflagging energy was the dory urged forward that when night came he did not doubt they had made fifty miles since morning. He really began to hope that they might possibly reach Sable Island, though he still admitted that the chances were largely against their doing so.

They had decided to eat but two biscuit apiece each day, and thus make their scanty store last them three days, after which they looked forward to two days of starving before they could hope to sight the island. Even when they should have covered the required distance,

they knew how little chance there was of their finding the long, low sand-bank, which is all that Sable Island is. The probabilities were that currents or winds might carry them so far either to the north or south that they would miss it entirely. They anticipated great suffering, and nerved themselves to bear it; but happily they were not to be called upon to undergo it.

Night had fallen, and as they could no longer see their compass, and the sky still remained overcast, they had ceased to row. Breeze, tired out with his day's hard work, had fallen into a doze, while Nimbus sat silently gazing into the darkness. Breeze had slept for about an hour, when he was awakened by a touch, and the voice of the black man saying, "Young cap'n, dere's a light!"

The boy sprang up and gazed eagerly in the direction indicated. For a while he could see nothing; then he caught a momentary glimpse of it, the red side-light of some vessel sailing past them far to the southward. Nimbus had already taken to the oars, and was pulling like a madman in that direction. Watching the light closely, Breeze soon saw that it was moving too fast for them either to intercept or overtake it.

"It's no use, Nimbus," he said, finally; "you are only wasting your strength. We can never catch that fellow. Oh, for a match, though! If we could only make some kind of a flare!"

"Match?" cried Nimbus. "Yes, sah; dreckly, sah!"

With this he began to fumble again in his thatch of wool, which seemed almost as well supplied with articles required by shipwrecked sailors as was the famous bag in *The Swiss Family Robinson*, and in a moment he drew a brimstone match from it.

Breeze was too busy cutting the oil-skin biscuit bag into strips to notice from what a curious safe the match was produced; and when it was offered to him he only said, "Light it quick! and I believe we'll start a flare, after all."

In another moment one of the strips of oiled muslin was blazing finely, and standing on a thwart, Breeze held it as high as he could reach above his head.

Before it had burned out, another was lighted, and then another, but still no answering signal was seen. The boy's heart had almost failed him as he lighted the last strip and waved it to and fro. Suddenly a bright flame darted out of the blackness from the direction in which the red light had just disappeared, and with a great blinding rush of joy he knew that their signal had been seen and answered.

They still continued to row with all their might in that direction, their hearts filled with the joyful emotions of unexpected hope. Although they had no breath with which to express it, the thought that it was the brig on her way back to look for them had entered both their minds. Breeze saw visions of his father and Wolfe and home, with the mother who awaited him there, while Nimbus revelled in thoughts of his beloved camboose, and of all the good things he would cook and eat as soon as he once more got into it.

A backward glance soon showed them both the sailing lights of the vessel, and told them that her course had been altered so that she was headed in their direction. Then they began to shout, and at last heard the welcome answering hail. Finally the ghostly outline of sails and spars became visible. It was a schooner.

They could hardly believe it at first, so convinced had they become that it must be the brig, but as she drew near they saw that she was indeed a schooner, and a regular Gloucester Banker at that.

Five minutes later they stood on her deck, and as the light of a lantern shone on his face, Breeze was seized by the hand, and a well-known voice exclaimed, "Bless my soul, if it isn't Breeze McCloud!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

VIII.—MUSIC.

I THINK you understand what is the difference between a noise and a musical note, not only in effect, but also in cause. However pleasing a musical note may be, it is not music, any more than the letters of the alphabet are poems. You have to combine the notes with skill to get music, just as you have to combine the letters to make a poem. In the music, as in the poem, there must be, besides beautiful sounds or words, a thought which is expressed by them.

You remember we found that the pitch of a musical note, whether it were high or low, depended upon how many sound waves were sent out each second, and that we were able to find out by striking a certain note and setting the Siren going, letting it get faster and faster till it reached the sound of the note struck, just how many vibrations a second each note made.*

Now I want you to pay close attention, for this is not an easy subject for grown people, but I think I can make you see the reason for it all in a general way, if not in every particular case.

Let us begin with a single musical note, say the one which you find marked G on your music-book, and which means G on the key-board of the piano. (Fig. 1.) This note gives out one hundred vibrations every second



FIG. 1.

(or about that—it depends upon how the piano has been tuned). Strike this note with your right thumb, and stretch your fingers as far as you can till your little finger strikes G above—the eighth note higher up on the key-board. Strike these two, which make an octave together. The sound is pleasant; it is a harmony. The lower G makes one hundred waves start out into the air, and the upper G sends out two hundred waves in the same time. You can see that these would go very well together, because while the lower note sends out one wave, the upper one sends out two. This is the secret of harmony, when the waves from the lower note go fairly well with the waves from the upper note, or notes. You can see that if while one note gave out twenty waves, the other gave out twenty-one, a great deal of the time the waves would be going different ways, and yet not exactly opposite. If you try to pat with your right hand twice while you pat with your left hand once, how easy and simple it is; but if you try to beat twenty with one hand and twenty-one with the other, it would be impossible. I am going to draw some figures of how these waves—the waves of harmony and the waves of discord—come, and you will see something of the reason for harmony's pleasing the ear and discord's displeasing it.

We have a natural love for order and what is called rhythm, which is order of one kind. When you are reading a piece of poetry, and a word comes in that does not fall into the swing of those that went before it, there is always a little jar, a disagreeable sensation. Anything that is hap hazard—a "joggle" of lights or sounds, or even of other sensations—is

unpleasant. Harmony is orderly sound; discord is disorderly sound. While order is pleasant, when things are too precise, too formal, and have no variety, they get very tiresome. We want an orderly disorder, a variety in a certain regularity, to give the greatest pleasure. I have given in Fig. 2 the best representation I can of these waves, and put a straight bar across the

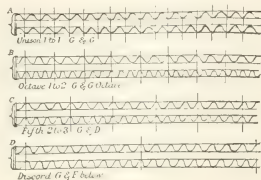


FIG. 2.

points where the two sets of waves come out even, and start fresh together again. These bars come in every wave in the unison, which is the same note struck on two instruments; at the end of each second wave in the octave, which is the most perfect harmony; at the end of the third, which is the next to the octave, etc. On the keyboard you will see the note which correspond with these, G, G, octave, G A, G B, G C. These are gradually going farther and farther from harmony, till at last the ear says, "That is a discord; I do not like it."

Take your grooved board, with the spaces, an inch each, marked off as you had it done for Gravity. Put a screw firmly into one end, and cut two little blocks of wood. Get a fine brass or iron wire about five feet long. Tie one end firmly to the screw head. Set up the bridges (B) at 34 and 2, the straight edge falling on the line marked that number. Let the wire hang over the other end of the board as you see in the figure, and weight it with a flat-iron. The wire must pass over the bridges; they can be glued on, if you choose. Let the weight down gently, and see that the wire is not kinked. No. 23 wire will bear a seven-pound iron or dumb-bell. Make another bridge two or two and a half inches high for future use. Give the wire a slight pluck between the bridges, it will vibrate and give out a musical sound. Slip your higher bridge under the middle of the string at 18. Pluck it half-way between 18 and 2, you get another musical note, but this is an octave higher than the first, which shows that it gives out now twice as many waves as it did before. If you had another wire the same thickness as the first, with a seven-pound iron hanging from it and half the length, you would get twice as many vibrations; so, you see, your bridge has divided the wire in two, and made it act like a wire half the original length. Cut some little slips of

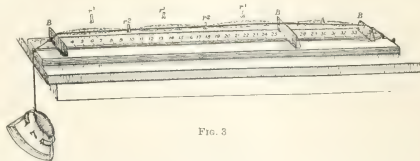


FIG. 3.

paper; put one of these riders, as they are called, over the wire half-way between 18 and 34. Pluck the wire again between 18 and 2, and you will see this rider spring off. The bridge has divided the wire into two parts, and both of these parts vibrate. By putting the bridge at 10, and

* "Little Experiments. VII.—A Musical Note." HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, page 569.

ranging your riders along the wire, you will find that there are places which vibrate and other places which are silent, just as you found was the case on your glass plate in the last experiments ("A Musical Note"); and you will find, too, that the wire is evenly divided. When you put the bridge one-fourth from the end, it will divide itself up into four vibrating parts; and if you put it one-fifth from the end, it will divide itself into five vibrating parts. This shows you the reason why a violin with so few strings can give out all sorts of notes. It is because the player with his left hand presses the strings against the finger-board, and so can divide his strings into various lengths at will, and make them give out different notes, as you have done by moving your bridge under the wire.

In all these experiments you must be careful not to pluck the string hard enough to jar it; you will throw off all the riders in that case; you must only pull it aside, so as to set it into musical vibration. You will find out the difference soon enough if you try these experiments yourself.

You see there is a regular rule about this. If a string of a certain length and weight, and with a certain weight pulling on it, gives out a hundred waves a second, the same string *half* as long will give out twice as many waves. If a quarter as long, it will give out four times as many waves. There is no chance about this; it is the arithmetic of nature, and your ear takes pleasure in nature's arithmetic, even if you hate your lesson called by the same name. You will perhaps feel more respect for this lesson when you remember that it is not something made up to puzzle you and make your head ache, but is at the bottom of all nature's laws; that the world was made, in a certain sense, by the rule of arithmetic, and that we are so made as to enjoy this order wherever we find it, and to hate the disorder without knowing just why.

If you look inside the piano you will see, when the low bass notes are struck, the big long strings vibrate; and when the high treble notes sound, the small fine strings vibrate. A piano would be too long for any room you ever saw in a private house if the strings had to be doubled for every octave lower; the longest strings would be about eighty-four feet long, if made fine and thin like the shortest, only doubled again and again to make the note lower. There are other ways of managing this besides doubling the string, if the wires are made heavier and the stretch is more or less strong that helps to take the place of length.

You have noticed, I am sure, that all stringed instruments have a flat board under the strings, like a piano, or an open box, like a violin and guitar. This is because the strings are so narrow that they would move only a thin little slice of air, and we could scarcely hear the sound. The strings set the sounding-board, or the air in the box, in motion, and that gives out larger waves, and what is called re-enforces the sound. These boxes and boards do not alter, they only increase the sound. Even a jews-harp has an open mouth behind it to strengthen the sound. Take a small narrow bottle and blow across the mouth, it will very soon sound out some musical note. Blow again, and again the same note sounds out; the column of air of a certain size vibrates just so many times a second, as a string does, so it has its own note. Now pour a little water into the bottle and blow again; a higher note sounds out. Your column of air is smaller; the water has shortened it. Pour in more; the note grows higher as the air is smaller, just as was the case with the string; you blow all sorts of flutters into the air across the

mouth of the bottle. This column of air set into musical vibration, the note changing and becoming higher as the column shortens, is a rough representation of wind instruments.

When you blow across the mouth of the little bottle, the note that the column of air answered to was the note it would have itself given out. This is a sort of sympathy in sounds. Sometimes when the instruments are in perfect tune, you can start the strings of a violin into delicate vibrations by sounding a piano near by. Two clocks whose pendulums swing in time with one another can be placed with their backs against the same wall, both wound up, and one set going. After a while it will be found that the second is going too. The vibration of the pendulum has gone through the wall, and gradually set the second pendulum in motion.

Sound waves are carried usually through the air, but they can be better carried through water, wood, and other materials. I once saw a wonderful experiment tried. It was in a large lecture-hall. In the room below there was a piano, and resting on its sounding-board was a very long wooden rod. This rod came up through the floor of the room I was in. Some one played the piano below; not a sound came to our ears. A violin was held against the end of the rod upstairs. It began to give out the loveliest music, almost fairy-like, it was so delicate. The rod had carried all the music upstairs as the motion of its particles. What a wonderful dance must have been going on in that innocent-looking rod, for it was of course nothing but the motion of its particles, till the violin translated them back into the same notes that had been played on the piano down-stairs.

In some such way as this, all the waves of sound that are crossing each other in the air are ravelled out into their separate sounds in our brains, by the most wonderful, perhaps, of all our organs—the ear, the drum of which conveys sounds to the brain as the violin made intelligible the sound waves that passed through the wooden rod.



Three. Of A Kind.
Two little chappies sat under a tree
A goose came along and then there
were three.

A SUMMER EXPERIMENT.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

"THREE prizes, father! and next year, if I do as well, Professor Hardy says I shall certainly be valedictorian of the class!" and Roy Murray held up, with pardonable pride, the handsomely bound volumes that were the reward of a year of close and conscientious study.

"Well done, my boy!" responded Mr. Murray, heartily; but a sigh quickly followed the words, and, with scarce a glance at the pile of books, he turned and left the room, saying to his wife in an undertone as he passed, "You tell him, for I cannot."

"I knew you would be pleased, mother," went on Roy, so much engrossed in examining his Latin prize that he did not observe the strangeness of his father's manner. "I have worked like a Trojan for them too, and am now quite ready for a good long vacation at dear old Beachcliff. When do we start?"

"Not this summer, Roy," replied his mother, quietly; and then, as a look of blank amazement and consternation broke over the lad's face, continued: "Sit down and listen while I tell you something. Your father has rented Beachcliff."

"Rented Beachcliff!" Roy could hardly believe his ears, for every one of his fifteen summers had heretofore been passed at this lovely sea-side home, and he knew his parents as well as himself loved every inch of the land, which had been in the family for many years. "But—but—I thought the horses were sent down last week."

"So they were, for they are let with the place. Your father has met with very heavy losses of late, and says that in order to weather the storm we must retrench every way possible. Your sister and I have decided, therefore, to remain quietly in the city all summer."

"Then I shall not see my pigeons, or the donkey, or dear old Rover and Rex for another twelvemonth!" groaned Roy.

"I fear not, and what I am afraid you will feel more is, that your father thinks he will not be able to send you back to Professor Hardy's another year."

"Oh, mother!" and at this blow the boy actually turned pale; "and I was to graduate next June!"

"Yes, dear, I know," and Mrs. Murray's eyes filled with tears. "We feel it as keenly as you do, but it cannot be helped as things look now. I hope, Royal, you will show yourself a man, and not let your father see your disappointment."

"I will—I will try. But, mother, what am I to do? Go into business?"

"No; we do not wish you to give up study yet, and the public schools are most excellent."

"Yes, but—to leave all the fellows—and the teachers I have been with so long—ah!"—and with a half sob the boy dashed from the room, and upstairs to his chamber.

Dinner was half over before he reappeared, but then Mrs. Murray felt indeed proud of her young son, who, as he seated himself at the table, remarked quite cheerfully: "Well, father, so we are to try a new experiment, and see what the city is like at midsummer! No doubt it will be very comfortable. But there is another idea I would like to carry out as well, so, as the carriage-house is now empty, may I have that for the next three months to try an experiment of my own in?"

"Certainly, Roy; do anything with it you please," and a relieved expression overspread Mr. Murray's face.

"What ever is this wonderful experiment to be?" asked Mabel of her brother. But he only replied, laughingly,

"Oh, I am going to set up in business for myself."

Two days afterward Roy displayed the following circular, printed in his best and clearest type:

A SUMMER HOME FOR ANIMALS

HAS BEEN OPENED AT

150 X AVENUE.

While owners are out of town, their pets will here be well fed and cared for.

AT MODERATE RATES.

For particulars apply to R. MURRAY, Esq., at Stable in Alley.

Mrs. Murray and Mabel laughed until they cried; but the youngest of the family, Alexander, or Toots, as he was more often called, was in ecstasies.

"Oh, it will be daisy fun!" he cried. "Do, brother, let me help." So he was engaged as chief assistant, and the next morning set out and distributed the circulars far and wide with a wild enthusiasm and a lavish hand. As for Roy, he called on a number of his school-mates and told them of his scheme. Some encouraged, others sneered, a few longed to go into partnership with him, while many predicted it would be a dead failure; but in the end he returned home with two pugs, a French poodle, one bull-terrier, a Maltese cat, and a pair of goats.

Miss Pussy seemed happiest in the house, but the dogs' kennels made quite a show in the barn, while the goats took up their quarters in one of the stalls. The other stall, too, was soon after occupied by a beautiful bay horse belonging to a friend of Mr. Murray's, who told Roy that he would be only too delighted if he would take charge of Sibylla, as the previous summer she had been hired out to strangers from the stable where she was left, and he would gladly pay thirty dollars a month board.

"Why don't you ask Miss Smithkins to leave her darling Polly Peanut in your charge?" asked Mabel, teasingly, of Roy, and mentioning a lady who she knew was his particular aversion.

"I believe I will," he answered, soberly, "although the bird is almost as silly and ill-natured as her mistress;" and followed by his sister's laughing eyes, he crossed the street and rang the bell of a sedate regulation brown-stone front.

Very careful was he to wipe his feet on the mat before he was ushered into a dimly lighted drawing-room and the presence of a lean, lank spinster, where he was welcomed by Polly Peanut with: "Great Christopher! a boy! Go! get out!" while not much more encouraging was Miss Smithkins: "Well, boy, what do you want?"

"I only wish, madam," said Roy, politely bowing, cap in hand, "to ask what you intend doing with your parrot while you are in Europe, as I hear you are to sail next Saturday."

"Who told you that, and what is my bird to you?" snapped Miss Smithkins.

"Because I thought perhaps you would like to leave her in my care," and Roy offered a circular.

Donning her nose-nippers and holding the paper off at arm's-length, the lady perused it. "Do you give your parrots fruit?" she asked. "My poor dear pet was left with a woman last year who never gave her even a berry, and she fairly pined for it."

"She shall have plenty of fruit, madam."

"And never lack for fresh water?"

"No, madam."

"Well, after all, I think my darling would be better off at a regular bird store. I don't like boys. Never did."

"Very well, madam; good-morning." And with the air of a young prince Roy withdrew, having, however, impressed the old lady more than he thought, for that night a note was brought to him, on opening which he read these curt lines:

"Mr. R. Murray:

"After much consideration, I have concluded to risk leaving my dearest treasure in your charge, provided that

you will solemnly promise to do your duty by her, that she shall never lack the luxuries which to her are necessities, and that she shall come in contact with no low-bred bird that might corrupt her pure vernacular.

"AMANDA SMITHKINS."

"Hurrah!" shouted Roy. "To think, though, of that spiteful fowl being her dearest treasure! Oh, what geese some people are!"

The following Saturday, then, there was a sad and tearful parting—on one side at least—between Polly Peanut and her mistress, the latter bedewing the green head with salt drops and kisses, to which the "treasure" responded with several sharp peeks and guttural utterances of "Good-by! good-by! good riddance!" until, weak and limp, Miss Smithkins was led off to the carriage by her maid, and Roy conveyed the parrot to her summer home in the large airy carriage-house.

The last arrival at the barn-home was a very brown and mischievous monkey, so full of tricks and wiles that no one could tell what he would do next. He was most amusing, however, and so was the means of attracting Dick Castle, one of Roy's class-mates, for whom he had no particular liking.

"Hello, Murray! So you have set up a puppy shelter!" he shouted one afternoon from the opposite side of the street, as Roy was giving Pedro an airing.

Pedro tugged at his chain and showed his teeth as Dick approached, but the boy won him over with pea-nuts, and then insisted upon going to have a peep at the "menagerie." Little Toots was always charmed to show visitors the various pets, and was highly delighted when Dick proposed teaching the monkey to ride the poodle. Every day after that, then, Castle appeared at the alley door of the stable, and many a circus he and the youngest Murray had on the smooth wooden floor, with Polly Peanut to sing and crack jokes as the clown, Pedro as acrobat and bareback rider, and the pugs and goats forming an appreciative audience. Roy could not help laughing, but he did find fault with Dick for smoking there.

"A spark might fall on the hay or straw," he said, "and then we'd have a pretty how-de-do."

"Pshaw!" replied Dick; "there is no danger. But, Murray, since you don't like it, I'll agree not to smoke here, if you will let me sometimes ride Sibylla in the Park of an afternoon."

"That I can't do, Dick. She is left here in my care, and I will not trust her on the road with any one."

"Nonsense; it is all your stingy meanness," and Dick turned away, kicking angrily at the terrier that was jumping about his feet. "But since you are so careful, you can look after your other beasts as well, for I shall smoke just when and where I like."

July was hot, but August proved hotter, and one close, muggy morning Roy came down to find one of the pigeons missing.

"Toots, have you seen anything of the little Quaker-ess?" he asked.

"No; but p'raps she has flown over into Mr. Greeley's yard. One of his fantails was here the other day."

Mr. Greeley owned a great variety of pigeons, but nowhere among them could be discovered the little dove-colored Quakeress.

"Perhaps she has taken an excursion up to the Park," suggested Mr. Greeley. "Mine sometimes wander as far as that." So Roy proceeded on to examine the public flock, and here, indeed, after a long search, he found the naughty little flyaway.

As he returned by a side street he was astonished to see a crowd assembled at the head of the alley in the rear of his home, and still more startled when a fire-engine and hose-cart came tearing past at tremendous speed.

With a horrified exclamation he bounded forward, and

was met by Mabel, pale and frightened, who sobbed, "Oh, Roy, Roy, the stable is on fire, and just as they got Sibylla out she bolted and ran right back into the flames!"

"Sibylla! Oh, she must be saved at all risks! Here, Mabel, give me your shawl, quick!" and seizing a light woollen wrap, and leaving the pigeon in his sister's hands, Roy hurried on, while on all sides he heard: "It is no use; the horse is doomed. She is mad with terror, and no one can do anything with her."

"It may be I can," thought the boy, "for she knows and loves me;" and without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the dense cloud of smoke, and made his way to where the mare was stamping and neighing in a perfect frenzy of fear and delicious fascination.

"Sibylla, good horsy!" Roy managed to gasp, and at the familiar tones the graceful head was turned for an instant in his direction, while over it, with an adroit movement, he threw the shawl, and at the same time caught her by the halter. For a moment the animal reared and plunged wildly, but then as the maddening red glare was hidden from her sight, she gradually became more tranquil, and soothed by her young keeper's voice, was at length led out in safety.

A great shout arose from the crowd when Roy appeared, singed, begrimed, and gasping for breath, but elate with triumph, while Toots threw himself on the ground, and fairly hugged his brother's boots in his delight at seeing Sibylla, whom all had given up for lost.

"Get up, boy," cried Roy, "and show me where the other creatures are. Are all safe?"

"Yes, yes," said Toots. "All are over yonder, scared out of their little wits, but without even a scorching;" and he led the way to a neighboring yard, where were collected the birds, dogs, and goats, twittering, yelping, and crying in a mad state of excitement.

Roy glanced them hurriedly over. "But where is Polly Peanut?" he asked.

Poor Toots stood transfixed, a sudden dreadful remembrance seeming to paralyze his faculties.

"Oh, Roy, I am so sorry; but—but I'm afraid she has been forgotten. She kept up such a squawking this morning that I hung her in the tool-room, and—and I don't believe that anybody thought of her. But, Roy, where are you going?"

"Ten dollars to whoever will venture in and save a parrot hung in the tool-room!" he shouted to the firemen; but every red shirt hung back. "It would be foolhardy now," they said, "and, besides, the roof will fall in three minutes."

"Then I must just try what I can do myself," murmured Roy, and again the shawl was brought into requisition, dipped in a pail of water, and wound closely about his face and head. For an instant Roy recoiled as a fiery blast struck him, and then with a fierce determination battled his way bravely to the little corner room, from which, in feeble, cracked tones issued, "Fire! fire!—throw on water! Poor Polly Peanut! London's burning. Poor poor Poll!"

It was a herculean task to mount a stool and take down the wire cage from a high nail that was already almost red-hot, but the boy accomplished it, although he never knew exactly how, and then, faint, dizzy, and bewildered, staggered back to the open door just as an ominous cracking sounded overhead, and a cry of horror went up from the throng without as the roof trembled, heaved, and then came down with a crash that could be heard for many blocks away. But just before it fell, Roy, realizing his danger, gathered up all his remaining strength for a final spurt, gave one swift, sudden dash forward, reached the open air, stumbled a few paces beyond the shower of burning brands, and then dropped unconscious.

It was several weeks before fearful little Toots was admitted to the sick-room, and, creeping to his brother's side, told him how the accident occurred.



"MANY A CIRCUS HE AND THE YOUNGEST MURRAY HAD ON THE SMOOTH FLOOR."

"It was partly my fault, I know," he stammered, "for letting Dick Castle smoke there while you were away. Then he tried to make the monkey puff at a cigarette, but Pedro didn't like tobacco, so we made him one of straw, and it was awfully funny, Roy, to see the little chap strike a match and light the straw, just like Dick. Well, that morning, when we went to harness Nip and Tuck to the goat cart, we must have left some matches on the floor, for Pedro got them and scrambled up to the hay-loft to make cigarettes for himself. The first thing we knew the loft was in a blaze. We pitched in and worked like beavers to get the pets out, but, oh! I can never forgive myself for being so careless, and making you spend half your vacation in bed;" and poor little Alexander sobbed aloud.

"Never mind, Tootsy, my man," said Roy, kindly. "The stable is covered by insurance, and I shall soon be all right again. Until I am, however, you and Castle must do your best for the birds and bow-wows."

"We will that," said Toots. And so they did, for Dick, overwhelmed with remorse, could not do too much to make up for the mischief he had occasioned. The smaller animals lived in clover in an upper room of the house, while a neighbor graciously offered a portion of his stable to Sibylla and the goats.

In September many of the owners returned, and all were charmed with their pets' sleek, well-fed appearance, while the horse's master could not say too much in praise of Roy and his cleverness in rescuing Sibylla; but it was not until Miss Smithkins came sailing into port that their appreciation took visible shape.

That lady returned not much fatter than she went, and as she clasped Polly Peanut in her arms, and found her as pert and saucy as ever, in spite of her singed tail, she cried, "To think that but for that brave boy my dar-

ling would have been roasted like a veritable pea-nut indeed, without leaving me even a feather to remember her by! I always hated boys, but this one is an honor to his sex. He deserves a testimonial, and shall have one too."

So Miss Smithkins, whose deeds were always better and more sensible than her words, spent two days in visiting Roy's patrons, and on the third drove up in state to the Murray house.

Roy received her courteously, and plunging at once into her errand, she began: "Master Murray, your friends are not altogether unappreciative of all you have done and suffered to rescue your little dumb charges from that holocaust, and we have made up a purse with which to purchase a medal as a token of our gratitude. But it struck me that maybe you would rather have a dog, or a bicycle, or something of that sort, instead of a useless bit of metal to decorate your coat. If you would, just say so."

And as soon as Roy could recover from his surprise he did speak, modestly and manfully: "Madam, I thank you and the others with all my heart, for really I did nothing more than I ought. I don't care for medals, but since you have been so kind, I would rather have the money itself to add to what I have made by my experiment, for my great wish now is to pay my next year's school-bill myself, without asking my father for a cent."

So when October summoned Professor Hardy's pupils back to their winter work, Roy Murray was among them, a trifle thinner and paler than the rest, but as ambitious as ever; and when, the following June, the young valedictorian won for himself a host of laurels, no more lovely flowers were showered on him by bonny bright-eyed maidens than those that came from the sharp-tongued, warm-hearted mistress of Polly Peanut.



"BEHOLD THE OLD HAG OF THE WINDY CRAG!" EXCLAIMED THE GANDER.—[SEE STORY ON PAGE 658.]

SHE OF THE LAUGHING LOCKS.

BY CLARENCE WALWORTH McILVAINE

FIFTY cartridges for each soldier. Ten thousand soldiers. Fifty times ten thousand makes—makes—

These military estimates were as tiresome as problems in arithmetic. The Prince laid down the parchment containing the figures, and began counting on his fingers. His eyes rested on the long colonnade which flanked the palace.

"One, two, three, four—just fifty columns! Ten thousand times fifty columns makes—makes—"

Leaning over the marble balustrade he looked down into the garden.

"Ten thousand times fifty—oleander blossoms!"

The lithe tree below sparkled in a blaze of bloom, curling and snapping to the breeze, and tossing high its petals in a ruddy shower.

"If one oleander-tree has fifty blossoms, ten thousand oleander-trees would—"

They would line an avenue reaching up to the tall cypress on the hill yonder. A royal path for the Princess of the Laughing Locks! Might she come from far, tripping down the petaled way, enveloped by the falling flowers! She comes. Some of the blossoms have lodged in her hair and encircle her head like a crown.

The parchment slipped down on to the pavement.

"Things are not as they seem," murmured the Prince, with a sigh.

"No, they are not."

Some one had spoken behind him. It was certainly the voice of his father the King. But how could it be, when the King was leagues away? The Prince turned around. His father had taken on a strange shape, if this were he.

"Who are you?" asked the Prince.

"That is a hard question. I have been called a March hare—people thought me mad. Some say that I am a bear; others, a peacock. My son calls me all sorts of names. I think that I am a philosopher. What does your Highness, Mérian, Prince Regent of Mirage, say that I am?"

"A goosy gander, of course," answered the Prince, amused.

"Exactly. To you I seem a gander; to you I am a gander."

Edging one webbed foot beneath the parchment, the gander pushed it aside, and, waddling nearer to the Prince, bowed, saying, "At your service."

"How can you help me, goosy? Don't you know that geese have never done any governing?" said the Prince.

"My study of history compels me to disagree with you."

"You mean the history of my father's reign, I suppose. He is a goosy. Have you heard of his last piece of nonsense? He said that I was an idle, selfish boy, and that unless I had some experience forced upon me, I would not know anything about governing when I came to the throne. So the stupid old fellow—"

"Just what my son calls me!" interrupted the gander.

"The stupid old fellow made me Regent, and went off on a long journey nobody knows where. When I began ruling, I found that he had left the kingdom without a soldier in it; so I ordered out every able bodied man, and now I have the biggest army ever seen in Mirage. But I used up all the money in the treasury before I remembered about buying cartridges. That is what bothers me now," pointing to the parchment. "If you are as wise as you think, tell me what I am to do."

"Disband the army."

The Prince opened his eyes wide.

"No army, no cartridges," remarked the gander.

"But the kingdom would be defenceless."

"Listen. You have neglected your studies for play—"

"Just what my father says," interrupted the Prince.

"You know nothing about past history, or even about the events of the present day. I will tell you. War is a thing of the past. When other kings hear that you have raised a large army, they will laugh in their sleeves, and say, 'A costly plaything.' 'An army in the twentieth century!'"

The gander broke into a cackle over the ludicrous idea. The Prince gazed away at the circle of hills which shut in the palace. In a few moments he picked up the parchment and tore it in pieces.

"There! I give up my army," he cried. "But without any soldiers I shall not be able to storm the castle of the Windy Crag, and capture the Princess of the Laughing Locks."

"Ah! now I understand why you raised an army. There is a better way to gain your end, however. You have only to learn the meaning of the Words Wonderful, 'Things are not as they seem,' and, as if by a magic spell, you will find yourself before the castle of the Princess."

"Yes, so I have heard. But suppose I do find myself before her castle, how can I win her even then?"

"If you are the fortunate Prince that is to wed her, it will be a sign to you that she will descend the long avenue of oleander-trees leading to the gate, and open the portals herself to welcome you."

"How did you hear this? The Princess must have told you? You have seen her?" were the quick questions of the Prince.

"Whoever learns the meaning of the Words Wonderful has the privilege of seeing the Princess."

"Then you know the meaning? Oh, tell me, tell me, so that I may behold her of the Laughing Locks."

"Each one must learn it for himself. No one can teach it."

"Just what that mean old father of mine said," cried the Prince, impatiently.

The gander turned abruptly, and waddled away down the marble pavement.

"Offended? I don't know why. Well, let him go. I'll win the Princess without his help," muttered the Prince. "I'll keep my army too," he added, stamping his foot.

He rested his head upon his arms, watching despondently the nodding of the oleander.

Suddenly he jumped up from his seat, and ran after the gander. "Forgive me," he cried, out of breath. "I am sorry I grieved you. I did not mean that you were anything like my father."

"But I am," said the gander.

"Tell me, please, what I must do to learn that 'Things are not as they seem?'" continued the Prince.

"Leave the palace; leave your pleasures. Forget ease and idleness. Go forth with me into the world, and try to see things as they are."

"Let us go at once," besought the Prince.

They stepped down into the garden. As they passed the oleander-tree, a blossom fell at the Prince's feet. He picked it up, and put it to his lips.

They climbed the path far up the hill-side to the tall cypress standing at the confines of the royal garden. Farther they climbed, until the palace lay beneath them in the hollow of the hills, like the brightest spot in pleasant memories. Many a long day they toiled up and over the distant mountains.

As they went, they spoke of the Princess in her castle, which they found not.

"Why is she called the Princess of the Laughing Locks?" asked the Prince.

"Does not the name become her?" said the gander.

"Her golden hair laughs like the sun-glow. Her voice sounds like the breaking crests of waves at play. Her smile trembles upon the lips like the moonlight's caress upon rippling waters."

The Prince forgot his weariness. Could he be jealous of a gander? If he could but find the Princess! "Surely she cannot dwell in this dreary land," he said.

Desolate rose the mountain-side. Up the height charged the clouds whipped by the wind.

"We must be near her castle now," was the gander's reply. "Nowhere else blow the breezes so gently, or bend the branches of the trees into bowers so fair, or peer the sunbeams through the leaves so eagerly to kiss the flowers beneath."

The Prince could not understand, and was silent. He stumbled over the rough path. The stones hurt his feet, and the cold wind made them numb.

"A pleasant path," murmured the gander. "Throw away your staff; you do not need it. How soft the moss beneath our feet! We seem to tread as if on thistle-down, touching only here and there, and lightly."

The Prince kept his staff. After a few steps further, he cried out, "I cannot go on," and sinking down upon the ground, buried his face in his hands.

"Look into this pool beside you," said the gander, not heeding the sobbing of the Prince. "It is as clear as crystal."

"I see nothing but a mud-puddle," replied the Prince, through his tears.

"Look again," commanded the gander.

The Prince obeyed. He saw reflected upon the surface the figure of a tall man, with slanting eyebrows, pointed ears, and a long narrow beard. The man was clad all in black. His cloak blew in fantastic folds behind him. In his cap were stuck two dark feathers, like horns.

The Prince glanced behind him. He was alone with the gander. "It is not I," he exclaimed.

"This person," said the gander, pointing with the toss of a foot toward the reflection in the water, "must be from his looks an ignorant fellow. You can see in his eyes that he has never sought anything but his own pleasure. He is old before his time. Evil One, away with him!" The gander pushed a pebble into the water, and the figure disappeared in the ripples.

"I cannot look like that. I am so much younger," persisted the Prince.

"It is your very image," affirmed the gander. "At least, so you must appear. Water reflects what it sees."

"But you don't think I am like what you said that fellow was?" asked the Prince, beseechingly.

"No. You are not as you make yourself seem to others. The real Prince Mérian has a loving heart; but it is blind."

The Prince took his companion in his arms and kissed him upon his white wings.

"I think," said the gander, "that you now begin to understand the meaning of the Words Wonderful, and how I, knowing it, see that you are really not like the man we beheld in the pool. But you must stand a test. There is an old hag, a friend of mine, who lives in the neighborhood. If you can tell who she really is, I shall be sure that you understand the meaning of the Words Wonderful, and at the same moment you will find yourself before the Princess."

The gander pointed out the way. The Prince carried him in his arms along the ledge which ran just below the crest of the mountain. Built against the side of the cliff was a long narrow hut. They stopped before the doorway, in which stood a figure barring their entrance. A white cat purred beside her.

"Behold the old hag of the Windy Crag!" exclaimed the gander, flapping his wings and alighting upon the ground.

For an instant the Prince gazed into the eyes of the withered crone, and then cried, exultingly, "Things are not as they seem! It is the Princess of the Laughing Locks."

The mask of years fell from her face. Golden ringlets leaped down from her head. She held out her hands to the Prince, who had knelt before her on the threshold.

"Come!" she said; "you no longer seem the black man you saw in the mountain pool. You appear as you are, the real Prince Mérian."

The sunlight rolled away the darkness behind the door, and revealed a long avenue of oleander-trees stretching in a rosy haze down into the hollow of the hills, where lay the Kingdom of Mirage.

As he rose to follow, Prince Mérian turned to look for the companion of his journey. The gander was gone. The Prince beheld before him his father, the King.

BAIT FISHING.

BY J. HARRINGTON KEENE

I.—THE BAIT.

THE fact that dear old Izaak Walton was essentially a bait fisherman is sufficient warranty for the respectability of this class of angling. Although he lived, during the latter part of his life, and died and is buried by the banks of one of England's noblest fly-fishing rivers, it is doubtful if the patriarch ever made a study of fly-fishing. Indeed, it does not appear from his work that he was a particular admirer of the artificial fly and its manipulation. But in regard to his skill in bait fishing there can be but one opinion. He was *facile princeps*, and there is no reason why every one of my readers may not become so, assuming that they are willing to put as much care and thought into their fishing as the subject requires. In dealing with this subject, two natural divisions are apparent: first, the bait—what it is and its general management; and, second, the fishing, which includes the method of using the bait after its collection and preparation.

The most largely used bait is the common garden worm, which, humble as it is, is probably the best all-round lure we possess. I have always been a great admirer of this despised but useful creature, so much so, that some of my friends in the "old country" were wont to refer to it as "Keene's gardenia," of course in the spirit of fun. Seriously, however, it is not only an attractive lure, but requires quite an amount of nicety in its preparation and after-use. The best time to collect *lumbricus terrestris* is after a warm shower and at nighttime. You can then go forth with your lantern, and treading softly, find no difficulty in picking up as many as you want. There is a way of picking up, also, which requires a moment's explanation. When you perceive the worm lying on the ground, with almost its entire body stretched from its hole, do not grab at it, because if you do you will find it suddenly contract and tear itself asunder. Gently place your finger on the lower end of it (the end which is in the hole), and you will find that it detaches itself and lies in front of you perfectly helpless, having lost its grip, and you can then pick it up without any fear of its fleeing back into the earth.

Having thus caught your worm, it is time to consider what to do with it. My invariable practice is to procure some moss as clean and free from grass as possible, dampen it, and strew the worms over the top of it, of course having placed it in a fitting receptacle. The annelids will crawl into this, and so cleanse themselves from the earth and much of the slime with which they are liberally endowed by nature, and in a few days you will find them semi-transparent, and even possessed of opaline and iridescent tints of great beauty; but chief of all, you will find they are a great deal tougher, and consequently more lasting on the hook. There are several kinds of worms, but the ordinary garden worm is the most useful. The other kinds may be briefly described as the brandling,

which is found in manure heaps, and is distinguished by its bands of yellow and its very fetid smell when wounded; the cockspur, which is a small worm with a golden spot at the tail-end of the body, and is sometimes called the giltspur; the marsh worm, which is found usually by the side of rivers in dark, rich, loamy soil; and the flag-worm, which can be discovered under the roots of the sweet-flag. All these are useful at times, and can be resorted to when the common kind of worm is not to be procured.

There are also several other kinds of baits which are useful, although perhaps not so common or so easily to be obtained. Amongst these may be named the grasshopper, which, during late summer, is perhaps the very best bait one can use for trout or even bass. Of all the varieties of common grasshoppers, the one which is known as the red-legged grasshopper is incomparably the best. This crustacean is distinguished by his band of red running along the thigh, and its length rarely exceeds an inch and a quarter. In order to keep it so that it will not suffer from confinement, it is necessary to use a receptacle which shall be cool and to which air has unlimited access. Then, again, there is the black cricket, found beneath stones and any cool damp place. This is an excellent bait during the hottest days of summer. Last year I took 124 trout from one of the mountain streams in Vermont with this identical bait. The remarks made as to the preservation of the field grasshopper apply equally to the black cricket, and it is well to impress upon the reader the necessity for care in these minor details, both to prevent suffering to the creatures which are ministering to his pleasure, and to enhance his sport when he gets to the stream. Trout especially, and indeed most fish, are fastidious as to their food, and he will be the most successful fisherman who the most carefully attends to the details here suggested.

For bass fishing, the dobson or helgramite, which is the larva of a large and beautiful gauze-winged fly, is looked upon by experts as one of the best of baits. To be sure it is very offensive looking, and has an uncomfortable habit of nipping with considerable force the fingers of those who hold it, but it nevertheless will bring fish to bag when no other bait will do so. It is found in rocky streams, underneath the stones and near the edges of the water, and can be kept alive in a can in which some water has been placed and damp moss added. It will live out of water, but as it has a special arrangement for breathing in the water, it is manifest that its most natural habitation is that element. The best time to use the larvæ of nearly all insects, especially the dragon-fly, is when they are near their change into the imago state. This applies equally to the caddises or stick insects which one finds crawling slowly over the bottom and among the sticks

and sedges of gravelly streams. The caddis is readily found in most waters containing trout, and appears exactly like a piece of moving stick, from the fact that it has housed itself by cementing together tiny pieces of gravel and wood, making a case in which it lives until its time arrives for emergence in the air above. These case worms, or caddises, may be gathered and stored exactly in the same way as one stores the dobson or helgramite; but care must in all cases be taken that coolness and fresh water be provided, otherwise your bait will die, and presently give forth an exceedingly "ancient and fish-like smell."

Before passing over the enumeration of baits, the humble frog must not be omitted. At certain seasons of the year small frogs are the most delicate morsels one can offer to the bass and even trout, and if the user is careful to simply pass the hook through the least piece of skin in the back of the frog the suffering to the bait is reduced to a minimum, and thus the pleasure of its use is not marred by the thought that one is causing unnecessary torture.

One of the most useful of baits is the ordinary maggot or larva of the blue-bottle or blow-fly. In order to breed this successfully take the entrails and head of the fish you may catch, place them in a deep receptacle in the shade, and allow the blow-flies to deposit their eggs. In a few days you will have a wriggling mass of live maggots, which should be fed on offal until they attain their full growth. At this time they will probably be from a half-inch to three-quarters in length, according to the species of fly producing them, and they should be then taken carefully out and placed in bran or fine sand, where they will soon cleanse themselves and become of pearly whiteness. As a bait for the smaller pan fish these cannot be excelled, and trout will often refuse every inducement but these to bite. Of course these also must be kept in a cool and rather damp atmosphere, otherwise they will change very rapidly into the chrysalis stage, and finally become the blow-fly. Another good bait also is the meal-worm, which is found in old grist-mills, and is similar to the larva of a beetle. These may be bred without much difficulty in the following way: Procure, say, one-half dozen good large ones and place them amongst musty meal, the more it seems to be decayed the better; mingle with this some fine chips of old leather and torn rags; and if you place the whole in a damp cellar it will speedily become fully tenanted with these curious worms. The meal-worm also is remarkably good food for song birds, and in Europe is largely used to feed those birds which are valued for their singing.

In my next paper I purpose giving full directions for the use of these baits.



A GAME OF LEAP-FROG.




SEAWEED

By

JOHN H. JEWETT


GATHERED WITH CHILDREN.



To have a summer's holiday.
We sought the sea-shore, far away,
And found the Ocean waiting there,
Beside the cliffs, tall, gray and bare.

The surf rolled up its snowy crest
And flung itself on the shining breast
Of the long, wide beach, and seemed to say

"I am an Ocean-child at play."




Far off the ships went sailing by
To hide behind the rim of the sky.
For the sky comes down to kiss the sea,
Or the sea reaches up, - which ever it be.


They love each other, the sky and sea;
In storm or calm they always agree.
The sea to the sky, is always true,
For when the sky smiles the sea smiles too.

When frowns the sky, the sea will frown.
And waves roll up, and clouds roll down.
They talk together, - that makes the roar, -
When the breakers crash and lash the shore.


The shore doesn't mind, it's used to the noise
Of overgrown, boisterous, Ocean boys.
(The gentle waves, with flowing curls
Of snow-white foam, are the sea's little girls.)



The tall, gray cliffs stand bravely there
To hold the light-house high in the air,
To tell the sailors which way to go
When the sea and sky are acting so.



We love the sea when the sky is blue,
And the sea smiles back the sky's own hue,
When the Ocean-children are at play
Along the shore on a summer's day.



And some one says, who loves the sea,
And children just like you and me,
That gentleness is best of all
In everybody, great and small.



the entire length of it fairly groaned beneath its weight of salads, fruits, flowers, and confections, all most artistically arranged, with a huge wedding cake placed conspicuously upon it, weighing not less than forty pounds. The last ceremony was the drinking of the health of the pair by the old man, who, with pale and trembling hands, leaned upon his staff, and announced to the company that the bride possessed the best qualities of character he had ever known, not even excepting his own wife, who was present, and gave assent to what he said. The groom speaks two languages, Swedish and English, or, as he calls it, "United States," and the bride and he, and there were many others, were with like accomplishments, to satisfied plodding United-States like ourselves. It seemed a very bad joke to the groom, who was a Swede, who were profuse in thanks for our presence, who left adieu for the bride, who had now with waiting preparatory to her departure, and we ventured *don voyage* to the groom, for the next day they were to sail from New York for Stockholm, the home of the groom's mother.

"We reached home in the 'even sma' hours,'" and found our little Mab fast asleep with tear-stained face. When she awoke in the morning, she accosted the maid with the inquiry if mamma had not had a very good night's sleep.

"Why, yes, child; she came just after you dropped off last night."

Well, what kind of a thing was it, Ellen, that she said so long ago?

"Oh, one dreamy thing that we Americans air always makin' fools of ourselves over. Dey come 'way from Africa or Firginy—no, I done forgot which."

M. V. S.

ALLEGHENY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live in a part of Allegheny called Manchester. Around our home it is very pretty, as all the neighboring houses have attractive grounds. I have a beautiful maple-tree in front of our house, which overshadows the roof of our porch, and by stepping out of my window I can get out on the porch roof and read with the sun on my face and get a very good view of the river.

Why, very cool and pleasant. I have a friend who lives near me, and there are beautiful grounds around her house. In a corner of the garden is the coal-shed, which is not used now, as we use natural gas for heating purposes. We wanted some place to play in last summer, when it was so sunny to play in the garden, so we swept out the coal-shed and got a few boards, and we put on the floor, and short lace curtains, which we put up to the windows. We then got some old tin cans and dressed them up to the wall; then two large wooden boxes, which we made into little cupboards, and in them we kept our games, books, and such things. We have a large wooden box, which we use as a table. The boys made a stove out of bricks and an old tin pipe, and on this we cook. Sometimes we play 'dress up.' Agnes's mamma has a lot of old-fashioned dresses and hats, and we things. We often dress up in these and have a ball. The last time I was over there I dressed as a queen, and gave my yards and yards of ribbon round the skirt. The highest was the one that when we sit down they take up nearly a whole sofa.

BERTHA D. F. (aged 11 years).

That coal-shed has undergone a transformation, has it not? I think you are quite ingenious. But did it not need scrubbing as well as sweeping?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

May Ayers of the Hamilton Grammar-School of this city has won the great prize. Out of twenty-one bright pupils who contested in the competitive examination for the trip to the Paris Exposition, she was the highest scorer. In an exciting contest, and one which called for a thorough mastery of the subjects treated. The girls had been given all sorts of questions, and those were selected for the examination, and the work of each one was watched by a most ardent constituency, composed of the principal, teacher, and parents of the child. The examination commenced on Wednesday morning at the John Swett Grammar-School. May Ayers said she never hoped to win the great *Examiner* Prize, but she had decided to represent her school with credit. "I love my teacher and principal," she said, "and I desire to please them." She had no concern in the contest, but she was anxious to see how she fared in the examination. Inspector Kennedy, one of the Board of Examiners of San Francisco, said: "You cannot but be astonished to find that the highest was a bright one, and without having seen her handwriting. I predict that she will stand high." His words proved correct and prophetic. It has been gathered from the contest that she was one of those who entered the examination, that it was a fair one, the questions being perfect, taken from the text-books which they have been studying for the past year. The contest was very close, and Miss Frankie Willis of the Mission Grammar-School came within twenty-four credits of being first. May Ayers had 65½ credits, and Frankie Willis had 62½ out of 700. The winner of the Paris prize was

born in this city a little over fifteen years ago, her last birthday being in March, 1889, and for the past four and a half years she has been a pupil of the Hamilton Grammar-School, and her classmates and friends all express themselves as having been confident through the examination that she would be the victor. She then told the result of the contest, the Principal of the Hamilton Grammar-School, W. A. Robertson, said that during all the years of May Ayers's attendance she never received a single letter from her, and was almost correct in all her studies. —DOR FRON.

May and her friends are to be congratulated, and Frankie, who was next best, deserves praise.

CONNELLSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

My mamma is an artist, and we live with my grandpa. I have taken your lovely paper for two years. I go to High School, and I am in the Ninth Grade. There are twelve grades. I like grammar best. Well, I think I like arithmetic about as well. I would like to be out-of-doors all the time. I take *St. Nicholas*, *Awake*, *Youth's Companion*, and your lovely paper, and I have a private teacher for German. I like "The Boy's Own Paper" very much. Now I like "A New Robinson Crusoe" much better. I have for pets two cats, named Tabby and Frisky. Well, I must stop. I send you a specimen of the orchard plant. With love,

ETHEL C.

NEW HAVEN, NEW JERSEY.

My mamma and I have been visiting here for a week. It is a small place, but it has a pretty little river called the Nutmeg, and a mill, and a great old mill, with a big mill-dam, over which the water pours, falling about ten feet. I will tell you a story about this dam. Mr. R. had a pig that was a family of little pigs. He wished to separate them, so he put the mamma in a little field above the dam, but bordering on it, leaving the little ones to go some distance below. This made the mamma very unhappy, and she was thinking over it a little while, she plunged into the stream, swam down to the falls, went over, and after struggling in the eddy for a while swam ashore to her babies. Mr. R. took her back again, when she repeated her attempt and came over the falls again, when Mr. R. called the bull-dog, who took her to her cage. Now I know this is a true story; my mamma and I saw it. Mamma says it is a beautiful illustration of mother-love.

LOUIS C. F. (12 years old).

BOISE CITY, IDAHO.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I have not taken your nice paper long. I like "The Princess Lilwin-kie" and "The Snow-White" and "The Little Prince," and several other things. We had a fawn named Betty; she was very mischievous, and she used to play with the plants. We had to send her to the hills. Then I had a bird named Ross. Next, my father had a dog named Ross; he was very smart as well as cunning. Somebody told me that my brother Jack's pet was a cat. I have lived here nearly four years, and am going to see my grandmother with you. I will be very glad to see the ocean and pleasant woods after desert and sage-brush. Good-by.

ROSAMOND D. W.

DELI, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I thought I would write and tell you that I had never written to you, although I have written to you many times. I have ever since the first number. We have a little Jersey calf; its name is Carrie Harrison, and it is a beauty. I have a little garden of my own, with corn, one potato, squash, radishes, and lettuce in it. My father is an editor, so we have a great many books and papers. I hope you can find a little corner in the Post-office box for this letter. Your little reader, FRANK McI.

MY DEAR POSTMASTER.—I have just seen my letter in print, and I must write and tell you how pleased my friend Tessie and I were. I want to tell you about my friend Frankie's question. He is so clever for anything. He is so fond of his dog, he knows his step when he comes into the stable, and neighs for joy. He can also shake hands when you ask him to. Do you not think he is clever for a pony? I told you about my friend Tessie in my last letter. I will now tell you about another friend, Katie T. she and Frankie and I have very fine times together. Tessie and I have a great many times together. Katie is a mischievous girl, and leads us into all kinds of pranks, so mamma says. Now, dear Postmaster, I have a question for you. One other day we all dressed up as white sheets, and hid in a dark corner of the cellar, and when the cook came down we jumped out and frightened her so that she ran away. Frankie had cream she had in her hand, and of course the pitcher broke and the cream went all over the floor. We were all well punished, as our mamma thought it was a very bad thing. I am now and now I want your opinion about it very much,



TWO LITTLE PIGS.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

"A NICE, re-freshing breeze." The boyish voice rang cheerily through the crowded car, filled with weary passengers, languid with the July heat. Then the enterprising little fellow came forward, offering his palm-leaf fans right and left. Everybody had a grateful look for him, and many a hand sought in pocket and bag for the nickel to pay the lad for his "nice, re-freshing breeze." "I had to buy one," said a lady; "the boy's face was so cheery."

BATON-ROUGE, MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—Perhaps some of your little letter writers would like to hear about a Swedish wedding which took place in the capital of our country a short time ago.

The groom, a young Swede, and a decided blond, which is characteristic of his nation, I believe, is a druggist, and being very popular with his customers, quite a number of them were invited guests. The bride, though of the same nationality, is a semi-brunette, rather fair to look upon, with a very nice figure. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's uncle, a commodious and substantial old building. We had a long way to go, so the most of the guests had assembled when we arrived. We were met at the door by an usher, a young Swede, who received our wraps, and announced the names to the host, a patriarchal-looking gentleman, who, by reason of infirmity, was seated just inside the drawing room door. He in turn, after bidding us welcome, introduced us to the assembled guests. He has been a resident of Washington for a number of years, and has until recently acted in the capacity of general superintendent to the Swedish Mission and suite, making their purchases, providing for their entertainments, etc. Soon after our arrival the Swedish Minister of Affairs was announced, and in honor of his rank the company arose. He is a more decided blond than the groom, very handsome, young, and of towering height, with a deep bass voice, and speaks English moderately well. He presented the bride with a large bouquet of Russian roses. These she did not carry, but they were placed on a stand in front of the officiating priest, and she carried a careless bunch of roses with long flexible stems. Although the host and his wife are Protestants, and also the groom, the bride is a Catholic, and a priest performed the ceremony. There were two Protestant ministers present, one the family pastor, but he took no part in the service. The ceremony concluded, and congratulations were given, when large trays filled with glasses of champagne were passed to the company by the young men in attendance. The priest and minister "clinked" glasses with the bride, and the young men generally refused to leave, but the venerable host, who still occupied his seat at the door, raised his cane to stay us, saying, "No, friends, not until you have participated in supper. I have written you an even essay to do more in that line. We were then conducted to an upper room, where a table

as I do not agree with mamma in thinking we did wrong. Please forgive this long letter from your affectionate little reader,
ANNIE S.

I quite agree with your mothers in thinking you all very naughty girls to find amusement in frightening any one by a stupid practical joke. A dear little girl, the daughter of one of my friends, was frightened in a similar way some years ago by a silly maid, who dressed herself in a sheet and stepped out from behind a tree in the falling dusk, and the fright resulted in the child's death. Please never, so long as you live, play so foolish a trick again. Thank you for your pen and ink drawings.

PATERBORO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—One of my friends and myself sorted out some old but good illustrated papers. There are fifteen continued stories for the years 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, and one for 1892, and another for 1884. We would like to know where to send them that they would be of use. There are some of the chapters missing in some of the stories, could they be supplied? I passed my examinations, and will go to the High-School next year. I read about the Johnstown flood, and feel sorry for the people. My grandfather lives on the Juniata River, and his farm was swept by the flood. The farm was damaged to the amount of \$4000. There were some living near my grandfather's who had their houses and all they owned swept away. I wrote to you some time ago, and told you about my one cent. I made \$4.04, and altogether we had \$27. We have been having a great deal of rain lately, so much that the river has overflowed its banks. Last Saturday night we had a terrible rain and hail storm. I would love to see you, dear Postmistress, very much indeed.

BERTHA B.

Send your illustrated papers to the City Missionary Society in your town, if there is such an organization, and if not, find out where, near you, there is a hospital, an orphan asylum, or an industrial school, and send the package there. Do not send any soiled or mutilated papers. Your people who do not save their papers for binding, should seek out some poor family, and send their reading matter to it while it is fresh.

TAVENUE, MASSACHUSETTS.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—This is the first year I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. I enjoy reading the letters in the Post-office Box very much. The 4th and 5th of June were grand days here, as the city celebrated the 250th anniversary of its founding. We had a trade procession that was between three and four miles long. I should like to see this in print, as it is the first letter I have ever written to you. If you would like to have me, after the celebration is over, write and tell you all about it. I have just turned thirteen years of age, and I am fifteen, but she is a little larger than I am.

FANNIE H.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

I saw your invitation to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to send their puzzles, so I enclose two in this. I like flowers very much, but as I live in the city we have a very small yard. In the afternoon I usually go up to the city to play croquet. It is lovely up there in the summer-time. Back of the park is a lake, which looks very pretty when the boats and ducks are on it. I used to like to ride around on the boats, but I think I am too old for that now. I am very fond of reading, especially Dickens's books, and I was named after Florence Dombey. Believe me your ever-faithful reader,
FLORENCE S. T.

BALTIMORE, NEW JERSEY.

I am ten years old, and go to the High-School. I suppose you have a great many subscribers. My teacher, Miss H., is very kind to me. We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE at our school, and like the story "Captain Polly" very much.

ANNIE L.

NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK.

I have never written you a letter before, but thought I would to-night. It is my sister who takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me at the store. We have for pets a canary-bird that is too old to sing, and a good old dog Jack. He is a Laverack setter, and just as good and obedient as any dog I have seen. I have an example to the children. When you come to Niagara Falls, won't you come and see me? Our house is on the corner of Third and Third streets, and if you come we shall be very glad to see you. I was nine years old on the 8th of June. I have a brother and sister older and one brother younger than I. I have a grandmother, a grandfather, father, two aunts and an uncle, one little boy cousin, and the other a baby girl, and we all live

close together. Some time I will write you again, and tell all about my school, but my mother says good-night.

MARION W.

HARRISON, IOWA.

I received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as a Christmas gift from my mother living in Los Angeles, California. I enjoy it so much. I can scarcely wait from one week to the next. I liked "Captain Polly" and am much interested in "Dorothy." I also enjoy the Post-office Box, and would like very much to see this in print, as it is my first attempt. I am a little girl ten years old. I have a little sister; her name is Bessie. We have for pets five little kittens. I would love to correspond with some of the little girls of the Post-office Box.

MAUD MITCHELL.

BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. We live in England, and think it is the very best country in the world; but, of course, that is because we are English, and ev-just outside the town of Bristol, on the Downs. We have a lovely view of the Severn, and often watch the boats coming up the river Avon, as we live close by. We have a Persian cat and five kittens for our pets. We would like to see your letter and poetry in print.

"Oh, robin with the red, red breast,
Where hast thou built thy little nest?
Is it in the far, far west,
Or is it nearer me?"

"Oh, come and tell me, robin dear,
Why stayst thou shy and silent there?
I'll hurt you, robin, if you do,
But love and comfort you."

"My home it is in yonder bush,
Not very far from here,
And I'd three little young ones there
To feed and love and cheer."

"But, oh, how sad 'tis to relate,
Some boys—a cruel three—
Came and stole my little ones
Out of that chestnut-tree."

"And, oh, my mate is so downcast,
And I'm as mad as I can be,
Determined that I'll be revenged
Upon that cruel three."

"Oh, robin dear, you're quite wrong,
As wrong as you can be;
I'll tell you what you ought to do
Upon that cruel three."

"Upon their heads heap coals of fire,
Or if you wish, a goodly pile,
That is the right and proper way
To melt that cruel three." P. T. O.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I go to school, and I am in the Fifth Grade. We are going to have a reception on the 25th of June, and some of the little girls in the Eighth Grade are going to play the Lilliputts, and a few girls of the higher grades are going to sing a German song. It is getting very warm here, and so I think we are going to the Catskills. I hear it is a very nice place to reside for the summer. I have been to Europe and saw Bremen, Hamburg, and the capital of Germany, Berlin. I saw the Emperor's palace, and King William I., his son, and grandchildren. I have taken music-lessons nearly five months, and I like it very much, and an older sister, who also takes music-lessons.

OLGA L. (aged 11 years).

BATH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two or three years. I think the Post-office Box is very nice. I go to a private school. I study reading, writing, spelling, history, and arithmetic. I have for pets a kitten, three lovely monkeys, and a cow. I have two pretty dolls. I think very much of them. I am ten years old. I should like to see my first letter in print.

WINIFRED C.

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for other four years, but have never written to you. I am an invalid, and have been so for five months. I am half-way along in my teens, and I would like to correspond with some invalid boy or girl about my own age, and exchange ideas as to how we employ our time. I have quite a large library of my own, and in it is a book that you wrote, dear Postmistress. I like it very much. We live in a place where they raise the oranges that took the gold medal and all the other medals at the World's Fair, at New Orleans. We have lived here for six years, but I was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. We have a cottage at Del Mar, which is a very pretty place about one hundred miles from here, on the coast. We expect to be there soon for the summer. I take several magazines, and I like the receiving and reading of them

very much. I always read the letters in the Post-office Box, and especially enjoy your answers to them. I am very fond of reading, and have read all of Dickens's and Miss Alcott's works, and some of "Pansy's," "E. P. Roe's," Oliver Optic's, J. T. Frothingham's, and others.

SALLIE WOODHILL.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl twelve years old. This is the first year I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My aunt Kate writes to me for a Christmas present, and I think it was the best Christmas present she could give me. I hope she will give it to me next year, as I would not like to go without it now that I have read it. I think the fairy tale was lovely. I could hardly wait for Tuesday to come, and I am sorry it has ended. The story about the parsnip stew was too funny. I read it to my sister, and had a good laugh. Please publish my little letter, for maybe some other little girl's aunt would give her a Christmas present of HARPER'S for a year, as my aunt did me.

JEAN G.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I have just been reading your delightful paper. I think "Captain Polly" was lovely, and I am very much interested in my brother's story. I live out here in the summer, and in Albany in the winter. From your loving reader, FLORENCE.

MARGARET L.

Do write and tell us about your visit at Nantucket.

LOUGHBOROUGH, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, but have never written to you before. I like it very much. I have two brothers; one is eleven and the other three. I am nine. I have a dog named Don, and my brother has a bird. I live out here in the summer, and in Albany in the winter. From your loving reader, FLORENCE.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ZIG-ZAG PUZZLE.

1. Part of a verb. 2. A girl's name. 3. An animal. 4. An article. 5. A place of resort. 6. A fluid. 7. To urge. 8. A shelter for animals. 9. A tree. 10. A conjunction.

Zig-zags spell the pride of America. A. C. R.

No. 2.

REMEMBRANCES.

1. Behead earth, and leave a conjunction. 2. Behead a great entertainment, and leave not at home. 3. Behead descent, and leave total. 4. Behead a fire-basket, and leave the price per ton. 5. Behead the tender of horses, and leave part of a house. 6. Behead husband, and leave rectitude. 7. Behead to discontinue, and leave comfort. 8. Behead tidy, and leave to devour. 9. Behead a reverby, and leave a package of paper. 10. Behead musical instrument, and leave another. 11. Behead the staff of life, and leave the past participle to peruse. 12. Behead a spiral instrument, and leave those who serve on ship-board.

SALLIE P. SMITH.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 505.

No. 1—Town-clock.

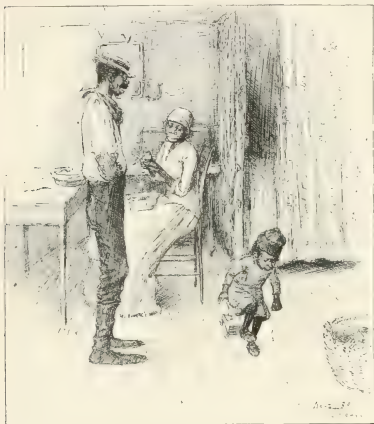
No. 2—Heath.

No. 3.—Aberdeen. Bristol. Calais. Dundee. Edinburgh. Frankfort. Genoa. Ham-merfest. Ipswich. Jerusalem. Ken- wick. Londonderry. Madrid. Natal. Ottawa. Perth. Quebec. Rome. Stock- hold. Tallahassee. Utrecht. Vienna. Waterford. Xeres. York. Zurich.

No. 4—

This is the month when we make the hay.
And can live out-doors the whole dear day.
And the hedges are sweet with the browning
May.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Charlie Campbell, Alice E. Strong, Viola, Sallie H. Gerhardt, A. J. Maca, Sallie Shaw, Nellie Spence, E. M. Allison, Dane, Rose Birch, Maria Turber, Delia M. Williams, William Hugh Trent, John Foster, Warren Dilk, and Edward Rowland.



THEY DOUBLED HIM UP.

"EAT, SOK, WOT'S DE MATEE WID DE BOY?—GOT DE ST VICE'S DANCE?"

"No; I GOT 'IM SOME NEW SP'ENDERS TO HOL' HIS STOCKIN'S UP, AN' DE RUBBER IS 'IM'S TOO STOUT FER 'IM."

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

A RICH Chinese lady had a foolish son, for whom she had taken a wife from a cultured family. When he was about to pay the first visit to his bride's parents, his mother instructed him how to behave and what to say, for she was very anxious that his mental deficiency should not be discovered. She tried to forecast the questions that would be put to him, and to provide him with answers that would satisfy the questioner, and at the same time forestall further questioning. As he carried a costly fan on which a landscape was painted, she thought that guests, disposed to be affable, would ask what scene was thereon represented, and so she taught him to respond to that question by say-



A NATURAL MISTAKE.

"OH, SEE, MAMMA THE MONKEY TOOK THE PENNY I THREW HIM, AND WENT AND GAVE IT RIGHT TO HIS FATHER."

ing, "Oh, that is only a fancy sketch." Then, as he was to ride a fine mule, she thought the gentlemen would be sure to comment upon its excellent condition, and to inquire its price; so she drilled her son in replying, with courteous humility, "The animal is nothing more than a good beast of burden, reared on our farm, and not worthy your attention."

When the young man arrived at the door of his host, the first to greet him was his prospective mother-in-law; who politely inquired after the health of his mother. He promptly responded, saying, "The animal is nothing more than a good beast of burden, reared on our farm, and not worthy of your attention." The horrified mother-in-law drew back, half unconsciously exclaiming, "I was told that yours was a very well-ordered family!" The fool, having bethought himself that he ought to have first used the answer which his mother first taught him, hastened to reply, "Oh, that is only a fancy sketch."

ADELE M. FIELDS.

THE MALISON.

THERE were not in our English tongue
Words quite half bad enough to say
What feelings swelled in Hugo's heart
Toward Mabel on that dreadful day.

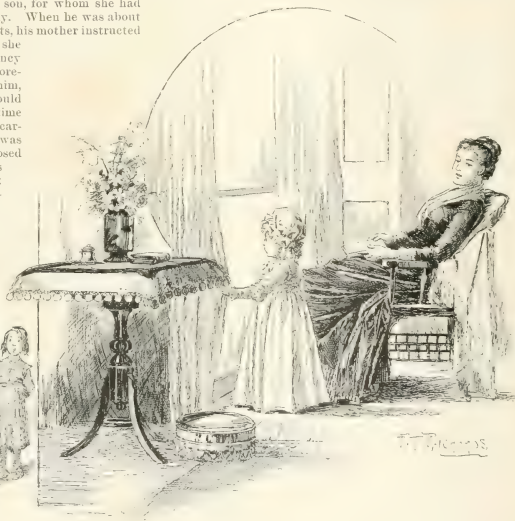
The books of that scholastic house
Fluttered their pages, all awake;
The black tide in the inkstands stood
Trembling before the storm should break.

To see the angry cherub then,
With fallen pen the father turned,
Murmuring the old surprise that such
Wrath in celestial bosoms burned.

All the air listened; dark the room
As if before some gypsy's curse;
While Hugo wildly, swiftly sought
Which malediction was the worse.

The dimples deepening into frowns,
Fire flashing from those eyes of blue,
Clutching both little fists, he cried,
"Oh, you, you, you, you, you, you!"

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.





VISITING-DAY AT THE HOSPITAL. AFTER THE PAINTING BY GEORGE FREDERIC WATTS.



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TRESPASSERS. — DRAWS BY ALICE BARBER, AFTER A SKETCH BY P. NEWELL.

MY FRIEND THE ADMIRAL.

A Sketch from Life.

BY S. BAYARD DOB.

IF you will go to the India Wharf in Boston, and take the boat to Portland and the train to Farmington, you will there be transferred to the cutest little cars in the world, just one step high from the ground, with seats holding but one person (unless it be two very small persons very fond of each other), with a cunning little engine and tiny baggage-cars. The only fault to be found with this charming road is that the engineer and brakemen are grown-up men. If a chubby, rosy-cheeked boy were in the cab of the snorting little engine, with conductor and brakemen to match, they would surely land us in fairy-land or close to the borders of it. But they will land you in a village on the brawling Sandy River, and if you go to the Elmwood Inn, you will be pleasantly lodged near the country-seat of my friend the Admiral.

The family mansion is on the Sandy River, where the running stream has been halted by a weir just below the house, making a stretch of still water, down to the margin of which the greensward droops lazily. In the centre of this pool is a tiny island, past which the river glides on either side with a gentle motion, so that the placid surface reflects the waving grass and dark brown tree trunks as in a looking-glass. On this happy island you can lie in the long grass, shaded by the interlacing branches above you, and hear, as in a dream, the murmur of the water-fall below, forgetting that the world is so large and full of restless men, for here it is so still and cool. It is a favorite retreat of my friend the Admiral when the world has gone wrong with him. At the foot of this island a rustic bridge spans the stream, and in its shadow the troutlets lie when the sun is hot, and they interest the Admiral greatly.

The family name was originally Mergus-Merganser, but when they emigrated to this country they took the English name of Quackinbush. There is a strong family likeness, for they are all white, with bright yellow bills and orange-colored feet and legs. The large ones are white as swans, the younger ones of a dingy shade, and of an odd, hump-backed appearance, as though lacking backbone. There are over one hundred in the family, and a voracious pack they are, holding to the maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

The patriarch of the family was my friend old Admiral Drake, mighty proud of his feathers, with an ambition to have a family of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, etc., so large that he could reckon one for every feather on his body. He was a foolish old fellow, for he had never counted his feathers, and had no idea of what he was driving at. He was always bothering the Duchess (as the oldest female of this family is called) to be sitting, and would have worn the feathers off her breast hatching ducklings to puff up his pride.

Like a sensible old Duchess, she refused to make a martyr of herself, and thereby showed true kindness of heart; for if she had done as the Admiral wished, and had died on the nest, he might have taken a half-dozen wives, and all of them would not have replaced the Duchess, who knew the Admiral so well that she could manage him without ruffling a feather, and put him to some good use. This was more than any one else could do, unless it were the cook's boy, and he had never tried his hand on the Admiral.

He was a gorging old sailor, born and bred in the State of Maine, and yet knowing not even the word temperance; but he was interfering with his own pleasure by his over-indulgence. He had been a famous forager in his day; could swim up the strongest rifts of the Sandy, or stay with his head under water and his tail in the air longer than any of the flock, and had such a grip of bill that cad-

dis, troutlet, or the bit of sweet-root on the bottom were his at a snap. But he was growing unwholly now, and the smooth morsels gave him the slip. He was so fearfully fat as to attract the notice of the cook's boy, who said, with ghoulisish glee, "How fat the Admiral is!" and this made the feathers of his neck ruffle and a cold chill strike to his vertebrae, and he wished that he had not gorged so heavily.

He paid court to the Duchess with an old-fashioned punctilio, waddling up to the nest, pompously bobbing his head every three or four steps with true Merganser courtesy, quacking his compliments and wagging his drake's tail the while. But it was not that heart-felt politeness which springs from a sense of chivalry toward women. He was polite to the Duchess because she was *his* wife, and because she was sitting on eggs which were to exalt his family pride; but that was the Admiral all over.

One day the Duchess made up her mind to give him the chance to show his politeness by something more to the point than empty quacks and bows, so she gave him a seat on the nest while she went down to the pond for a swim, which was important for her health, and necessary to soften the shells of the eggs. With a great deal of fuss and feathers, the Admiral got on the nest. As the warm sun shone down in the sheltered corner he nodded and dozed over the eggs, and did not mind it in the least, and wondered why the hens made such a fuss over it, for really nothing in life was easier than sitting on eggs.

As the afternoon wore on, and the Duchess became interested, first in her swim, then in chasing a small frog, and, later on, in hearing some of the gossip of the flock, from which she had been shut out for nearly three weeks, the Admiral began to grow weary. The eggs had worked through his feathers and bore on his breast-bone; his legs became cramped and stiff, and he grew angry as he grew tired.

This seems to be the way with bipeds; four-footed creatures are differently made, for a tired dog is seldom cross, but rather gentle; with bipeds "tired" often means cross. The Admiral was as cross—well, as cross as two sticks: there is the biped again.

By craning his neck he could see a part of the pond, and from time to time catch a glimpse of the Duchess sailing out from under the bank, very free and easy with the other ducks; "flirting," he would have said, but fortunately he did not know the word.

He quacked viciously; the Duchess paid no attention. The wind being contrary, perhaps she did not hear; perhaps she did, and while she seemed so busy diving, she was smiling under the water to think of the Admiral on the eggs. No, she would never dare do that.

The Admiral would have left the nest; but what kind of example would that be setting to the flock? How could he rate the young mothers for not hatching him fine broods if he refused to sit one afternoon, when they had to sit twenty-eight days and nights? The eggs were nearly hatched, and the chill April wind would kill every duckling.

Turning-time came, and he knew that the Duchess was very particular to turn every egg the last thing before bedtime. The Admiral wished that some one would turn him, and knew now why this was so important. He tried to turn the eggs, and got into no end of trouble; cranked his neck, and, his legs having lost all feeling, got his bill under one of them, began to lift, and thinking, "What a heavy egg!" got mad, and with a great leave nearly tumbled himself off the nest. Then he quit the attempt; it was hen's work, and he felt proud that he could not do it. Wouldn't he give it to the Duchess when she came back! But what if she left him there all night, and came smiling up to the nest in the morning, telling him what a lovely time she had had, and that she supposed he was willing to stand it one night, as she had to sit fifty-

six times as long? He would die, he thought, if she left him there all night.

But just before roosting-time along she came with a broad smile, her feathers dressed and looking whiter than snow, her bill shining like a lady's well-polished nails; for the Duchess was very particular about the polish of her bill. She came ducking up to the Admiral, and you could see that she had enjoyed her outing, and that the Admiral had not enjoyed his inning. He gave a surly quack, expressing his contempt of hatching as a drake's work; but he could do no more than this without furnishing an argument against his own theories; and this an admiral shuns as the worst kind of treason.

Cramped and stiff, his feathers and temper ruffled, his breast sore to the bone, he got up and waddled off to bed, glad that he was not to lie all night on eggs. It was well, he thought, that the Duchess did not need the same quiet in order to sleep, or she could never stand this business of sitting; but then she was not a drake.

The next morning he woke in a very bad humor, and determined to make up for yesterday by having a day of it; that meant gorging until he could not stand. He did not go near the Duchess, but quacked her a good-morning from the safe side of the fence, and started for the feeding-ground. The cook's boy was late, and the Admiral was furious. As he was fuming about the premises he met one of his grandchildren, whom he accosted with a violent quack. This young Wobble Merganser Quackin-bush had been watching by the pond since dawn, and having caught a sweet young frog who was having a run in the grass at the hour when ducks are supposed to be asleep, he was retiring to a safe distance from the water to feast on it, when the terrible quack of the Admiral nearly scared the game out of his mouth. For peace' sake, and to avoid an unseemly quarrel with his grandfather, Wobble promptly swallowed the frog, which so enraged the Admiral that he seized the unfortunate duckling by the leg and snapped it out of joint.

But he has other and purer joys. If you doubt it, watch him perform his ablutions in a shower of rain. This he prefers even to a dip in the pond; for the gradual wetting gives him a chance to plume his feathers and to test whether his back sheds water nicely, and to oil up any leaky spots, and, above all, because no other duck has been near the pure water that falls on his sacred person. The only drawback is the thunder, every peal of which he answers with a loud, defiant quack; and dodges, not from fear—an admiral knows no fear—but the thunder gets the better of him, and therefore it annoys him.

There is an ancient feud between the Admiral and an upstart neighbor called Gallus Domesticus; the Admiral knows him as Rooster. The offence of this high-sounding name is aggravated by the lordly strut and noisy crow with which the chief of this clan parades about the premises. The Admiral does not crow, and has no use for any one who does. When his rations are all gone, it is the Admiral's custom to follow the cook's boy over to the other house, and do them the honor of taking a snack at their mess, which, somehow, tastes better than his own. With his broad bill he can gobble about twice as much in a given time as General Gallus can peck. The thankless upstart resented the honor done him by giving the Admiral a peck in the back—a most detestable trick. The Admiral said nothing, but working his way to the rear of the enemy, gave him a solid peck, and when Gallus turned about, the Admiral was looking off into space; then Gallus turned to feed. Again the Admiral dealt him a resounding thwack, and foiled his enraged enemy with that same far-away look. But the third time, Gallus, grown wary, catches the Admiral in the very act, and rushes furiously at him. Down flops the Admiral flat on the ground, and over him goes Gallus. After running over him once or twice and jumping on him, Gallus, sure

that he is dead, struts off proudly on the tips of his toes. Presently the wary old Admiral opens first one eye, then the other, and slowly rising, strikes Gallus in the back. The same manoeuvres are repeated, until the Admiral's Fabian policy wins the day, and his adversary is driven fairly off the field. His fine strategy has proved superior to the ruder and more violent methods of Gallus.

Such was my friend the Admiral, with his old-time manners and fine address. His end will be like that of some brave sailors, pioneers in the South Sea Islands—he will be eaten. But I am sure that, with his usual good sense, he will regard this as promotion to a higher grade. Whoever gets a slice of him is sure to know it by his fine flavor and his power to adapt himself to circumstances, even to that of being eaten.

A SERMONETTE ON ETIQUETTE.

BY MARY S. MCCOBB.

ONE hardly likes to say the word "etiquette" when the question is that of being kind and lovely in one's own family. Yet if members of the same household used a little more ceremony toward each other, no harm would be done.

What true gentleman would treat his mother or his sister with less courtesy than he would a chance acquaintance?

No one would greatly respect a boy whose custom it was to let his sister trot about on his errands—run upstairs for his handkerchief, fly hither and thither to bring his bat or his racket.

I well remember the surprise of a young lady when, in a certain family, the brother sprang up to light the gas for his sister, and when the latter attempted to put some coal on the open fire, quickly took the hod from her hand, and did the work himself.

"You wouldn't catch *my* brother being so polite to me!" she said.

"So much the more shame to your brother!" I thought.

Every boy ought surely to feel a certain care over his sister, even if she be older than he. As a rule, he is physically stronger, and consequently better able to bear the burdens of life than she.

There is nothing more charming than the chivalrous protection which some boys (bless them!) lavish on their fortunate "women folk." And nothing is so attractive to other girls as to see a boy gentle and tender to his sister.

As for you, dear girls, you would never be so rude as to fail to acknowledge any courtesy which your brother paid you? If you would deem it extremely unladylike not to thank any person who gave up his seat in the horse-car to you, or who helped you across an icy spot on the sidewalk, you would blush to be less grateful for a similar kindness on the part of your brother.

If he is ready to place a chair or to open a door for you, to make sure that you have an escort after dark, to take off his hat to you on the street, to ask you to dance with him at a party, surely you are eager to please him. To sew on a stray button, or mend a rip in his gloves; to thank him for taking pains to call for you and bring you home from a friend's house; to bow as politely to him, and to accept him for a partner with the same pleasant smile which you would have for some one else's brother.

A boy should learn the habit of easy politeness in all circumstances, but if there be one place on earth where one should use freely his very best manners, it is in his own home.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "INTREPID"

THE FATE OF THE "INTREPID."

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

READERS of American history may recall the expedition of Captain Preble for the suppression of piracy in the Mediterranean, in the conduct of which rascally business the Tripolitans were the most daring and arrogant of North African states. After a series of operations, which had met with only indifferent success, Captain Preble decided to send a fire-ship into Tripoli to burn the Tripolitan fleet, and the *Intrepid*, a ketch which had been captured from the enemy, was selected for this most hazardous enterprise.

A small room or magazine was enclosed just forward of the mainmast. In this room one hundred barrels of gunpowder were placed together. On the deck directly above were placed one hundred and fifty shells, with a large quantity of shot and scraps of iron. The ship was thus turned into a floating mine of destruction.

The powder-magazine was connected by a train or fusee with another room aft filled with splintered wood and

other combustibles, which would be lighted first, and besides communicating with the powder, would keep the enemy from boarding and putting out the lighted fusee.

The enterprise was of the most desperate character, and required the utmost prudence and skill as well as courage. Captain Somers volunteered to take charge of the expedition. He was accompanied by Lieutenant Wadsworth and a handful of picked men. It was the 4th of September, 1804, at eight o'clock in the evening, when the fire-ship set sail. The *Nautilus* accompanied her to the entrance of the port, and took a station outside of the rocks to await the return of the crew of the *Intrepid* after firing her.

Several of the enemy's gun-boats were seen lying near the entrance as night set, which added greatly to the hazard of the undertaking, as it was to the last degree important that the ketch should not be attacked until well within the harbor and in the midst of the Tripolitan fleet. But the night was favorable. It was calm, and a gloom of unusual density brooded over the sea. Slowly the *Intrepid* moved out of sight, her sails and spars gradually merging into the darkness and mystery of night. She was last seen very faintly approaching the mole, her movements being perfect-

ly controlled by the use of muffled sweeps that imperceptibly bore her toward her destination.

On board of the *Nautilus* the suspense was terrible. The minutes seemed hours; the possible terrors of the situation grew on the imagination as they waited breathlessly for the first tidings of the arrival of the *Intrepid* on the scene of action. No braver man lived than Captain Somers, nor one better fitted to carry out such an enterprise. But it was known that if he failed of his purpose he would never be again seen alive, as he had expressed the fixed determination to blow up the *Intrepid* rather than fall into the hands of the enemy.

After an interval of intense suspense flashes were seen, and the roar of the enemy's guns came rolling over the sea. It was evident that the *Intrepid* had been discovered; whether she succeeded in reaching into the harbor is unknown. The firing continued for some moments, followed by intervals of darkness and silence. The question in the minds of those looking on was whether she had yet tackled the enemy and the train been fired, in which case her crew had escaped in the boat and were in

comparative safety, or whether the firing had begun before the crew took to the boat. If the latter were the case, then was the position of the *Intrepid's* crew indeed desperate.

While these points were being eagerly and anxiously discussed on the *Nautilus* and the other cruisers in the neighborhood that were watching this tremendous drama, a fierce light suddenly illumined the heavens, a column of flame leaped to the zenith like the sudden bursting of a volcano, immediately followed by an explosion that shook every timber of the cruisers as if they had struck on a reef. With the up-rushing flame rose the mast perpendicularly to an enormous height, with rigging blazing, accompanied by a shower of exploding shells. This appalling spectacle was followed by a terrible darkness and a silence that might literally be felt. The batteries became mute, and Nature herself seemed for a moment struck dumb.

One fact was alone clearly ascertained from this tremendous explosion. In the instant of fleeting glare it was evident to all that the *Intrepid* had not yet penetrated to the point first intended. Had the explosion been caused by a shot from the enemy's cannon, or, in fear of capture, had Captain Somers ordered the mine to be fired, and given himself and his devoted crew to a voluntary and glorious doom?

For hours the cruisers lingered in suspense. They listened for the sound of oars; men hung over the sides of their ship to catch the faint roll of oars coming over the water. But no tidings came. Day broke, and lookouts at the mast-head eagerly scanned the horizon, but saw nothing to give hope that any had survived this extraordinary catastrophe. Thirteen bodies were afterward found

—exactly the number which composed the crew of the *Intrepid*. These bodies were dreadfully mutilated, clothes torn, and heads, legs, and arms rent asunder. The fact that only that number of bodies was found seems to prove that no Tripolitan vessel was blown up at the time, or far more corpses would have come ashore.

A mystery must always hang over the fate of the *Intrepid* and her devoted crew, although conjecture seems to point to the explosion being caused by a shot from one of the enemy's batteries penetrating to the vast magazine of powder. The name of Captain Somers was long remembered in our navy with honor. One of our war ships, the famous and ill-fated brig *Somers*, was named after him. But there seems to have been an ill fate connected with the name, as the *Somers* was one of the most unfortunate ships in our naval history. When commanded by Captain Mackenzie a mutiny or conspiracy was supposed to have been discovered among the sub-officers, of which the ringleader was young Spencer, son of the Secretary of the Navy. A court-martial was called, and Spencer, with two of his comrades, was sentenced to death and hanged from the yard-arm. This dreadful affair produced a profound impression, and it is doubtful if the matter will ever be satisfactorily explained, although Captain Mackenzie was cleared when tried.

During the Mexican war the *Somers* was beating into the port of Vera Cruz, where our fleet was stationed. She was struck by a sudden squall, capsized, and went down. Notwithstanding that numerous boats were immediately sent out to pick up her crew, most of them were drowned or eaten by sharks. It is not likely that we shall name another ship the *Somers*, notwithstanding the gallant record of him who carried the *Intrepid* to her doom.



A SUMMER DAY IN THE PARK.

A LESSON.

BY KATE WHITING.

A DYING buttercup cried to the sun:
 "What am I good for? What have I done
 To make life worth the living?
 You hang aloft in the great blue sky,
 Lighting the world with your one big eye,
 And you—you are always giving.
 But I bloom here in the meadow grass;
 The babies smile on me as they pass.
 But my life will soon be done, alas!
 And what was the use of living?"

The sun looked down on the little sun
 That shone in the grass; it was only one
 Among a great many others.
 Said he: "It is wrong to thus despair.
 The great All-Father placed you there,
 You and your little brothers;
 He meant you should blossom here in the grass
 For the babies to smile on as they pass.
 Or to be in the bunches that each small lass
 Carries to tired mothers.

"God hung me here in the great blue sky
 To light the world with my one big eye,
 And show men how they're living,
 But He put you down in the meadow lot.
 The earth is fairer than if you were not;
 Beauty and joy you're giving.
 I must see to the work He has given me;
 You do what the dear Lord asks of thee;
 Then all will be as it ought to be,
 And life will be worth the living."

DORMY MATES.*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEWS FROM HOME.

THE voice that greeted Breeze so heartily was that of Captain Ezra Coffin, and the schooner he had just boarded was the *Fish-Hawk*. The boy could hardly believe his senses. Could it be that he had again fallen in with friends on the high seas? Was this really the schooner he had left in Gloucester more than a month before? It did not seem possible, and yet here was Captain Coffin shaking his hand, old Mateo dancing about and trying for a chance to embrace him, and other familiar faces, seen dimly by the lantern light, crowding forward to greet him.

Mateo, the cook, could not contain his joy, but danced and shouted extravagantly, "We found 'em! we found 'em! Me tella you fader we finda you, Breeza. Where zat rasca, Nimba, zat Guinea boy? You bringa him, eh, Breeza?"

"Here I," cried Nimbus, who had stood back unnoticed as the crew crowded around Breeze. "Who callin' me rasca? Wot he mean? Ware he?"

At the sound of this voice, old Mateo, who had just succeeded in embracing Breeze, left him, made one bound to where the black man stood, and seizing him by his wonderful ears, began to shake his head violently, exclaiming, "You no a rasca, eh? you black pickaninny! Ole Mateo teacha you! He pulla you ear many time! you forgetta him, eh?"

Nimbus was at first bewildered and thrown off his guard by this sudden attack, but recovering himself quickly, he seized the little cook with his powerful hands, and raising him clear of the deck, held him, kicking and screaming,

at arm's-length above his head, while he executed a waddling, uncouth sort of a war-dance. As he did so he shouted, or rather chanted:

"Ah, you ole Mateo! Now I know um well! You ole Portugee man! You pull Nimba's ears when he pickaninny! You show um de cookin' ob de duff an' de scouse! Now you gwine a fishin'! You t'ink you catch um one time mo', but you is mistookin! He grown to be a whale! He catch you, an' he eat you! You ole rasca yo'se'f!"

All this was shouted out in a singsong tone, to which the grotesque dancing steps of the black man kept time. The whole affair was so ludicrous that the members of the crew screamed with laughter, and rolled on the deck in the excess of their merriment. Even Captain Coffin and Breeze were compelled to join in the general mirth, and the latter laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. It was a great relief and pleasure to enjoy a hearty laugh once more after the sadness and anxiety of the days just past, and it did the boy more good than anything that could have happened just then.

The comical actions of Mateo and Nimbus were their peculiar modes of expressing great joy at again meeting with each other. Years before, Mateo, while cooking on board a vessel engaged in the African trade, had picked up Nimbus, then a boy, and taken him as an assistant. They had sailed together for several years, and had then lost sight of each other. This curious encounter in mid-ocean was their first meeting since that time.

When Nimbus set Mateo down, the old cook shook his fist in the face of his former pupil. He said nothing to him then, for he had just bethought himself of a neglected duty, and stepping over to where Breeze and the Captain were standing, he uttered the famous expression that had so often proved a welcome one to the boy:

"Vell, Breeza, you hongry, eh?"

"I should say I was hungry. I guess anybody would be if he'd had only a couple of dry ship's biscuit to eat in more than twenty-four hours."

"Great feesh!" exclaimed Mateo; "you got ze ship's cook an' nottin' do for eat? Zat lazy Nimba! heem no good!"

The two castaways certainly tried their best to lay in a liberal supply of food for future use that evening, and it was hard to tell which was the happier, old Mateo in seeing them eat, or they in eating. Of course Nimbus found fault with each dish, and would not acknowledge that anything was as good as he could have prepared it, had he been lord of the galley, and of course Mateo treated with scorn his claims to be considered a cook. This was begun the professional rivalry between these two curious specimens of sea-cooks, that afforded infinite amusement to the crew of the *Fish-Hawk*, and made this voyage one long to be remembered and laughed over.

When he had reached the stage at which he began to think of ship-biscuit much as Wolfe had done after their first meal on the brig, Breeze left the cooks to settle their differences as best they might, and went on deck for a talk with the skipper. From him he learned that the *Fish-Hawk* was only four days out from Gloucester, and that when he last saw Mrs. McCloud she was well, though worrying sadly over the unexplained disappearance of her boy.

"How did it all happen, Breeza?" asked the Captain. "Wolfe Brady tried to tell me something about it, but I hadn't time to hear much."

"Wolfe Brady!" exclaimed Breeze. "What do you mean? Where have you seen Wolfe Brady?"

"Why, yesterday! Didn't I tell you? How careless! I thought I told you first thing after you came aboard that we fell in with the *Esmeralda* yesterday—no, I mean to-day, for it isn't midnight yet—about noon, and seeing her signal of distress, I went aboard of her.

"I was never more surprised in my life than when I found your father and Wolfe Brady on the vessel, and all alone. You could have knocked me down with a rope yarn. They were in terrible low spirits over losing you, and didn't know how to account for it. They had not waked until daylight, and had no idea of how long you had been gone or what had happened. Their only hope was that so long as the black man and the dory had gone too, you were both drifting round somewhere in it. They would have put their brig about and started back to look for you, but they hadn't the strength to swing the yards. Altogether they formed a melancholy ship's company."

"That accounts for Mateo's asking if I had brought Nimbus with me," said Breeze. "I wondered how he knew anything about it. Poor father and poor Wolfe! Could you do anything to help them, Captain?"

"Oh yes; I put two men aboard to take the brig into Gloucester, and promised to sail over the course they had just come, and keep the sharpest kind of a lookout for you. Wolfe Brady wanted to come with us, but felt that his duty lay with your father. He said, though, he would never go dorymates with anybody else if you shouldn't turn up again. Captain McCloud was very much broken down over losing you under such circumstances, so soon after your wonderful meeting with each other, and I was afraid he was going to have a relapse of his fever. For that reason I made him promise, before I left him, that he would take the brig at once into port, and not attempt to find you. I, of course, had no idea that you could be found, and had not the slightest hope of ever seeing you again. How did you manage to follow the brig's course so well without any compass and under a clouded sky?"

"We had a compass," replied Breeze, smiling.

"Did you? They said on board the brig that there was none in the dory, and that, provided you were in it, you would probably be lying to a drag about where they left you."

Then Breeze told Captain Coffin the whole story of the golden ball, and the important part it had played in directing their movements.

When he had finished, the Captain said, "Well, it has certainly saved you this time by bringing you to this point; for if I had kept the course I was steering all night, and you had simply drifted before the wind, we might have been anywhere from thirty to fifty miles apart by morning. I don't see now why you didn't drift farther to the northward with this southerly wind."

"I guess it was because I made a pretty big allowance for leeway," replied Breeze.

"Oh yes; if you thought of that, I've no doubt it was."

"By-the-way, Captain, how does it happen that you are only just now on your way to the Banks?" asked Breeze. "I thought you were to start within a week after the *Vixen* left Gloucester."

"So we did," replied the skipper, "and got as far as Banquereau. There we lost our foremast in a gale, and ran back after a new stick. While we were refitting I heard such bad reports from the Banks that I determined to try a ground new to me, and make a trip to the Iceland coast after a load of fletched* halibut."

"To Iceland!" cried Breeze, in dismay.

"Yes, lad, to Iceland. Sixteen hundred miles farther away from Gloucester than we are now. Twenty-four hundred miles to go, and the same distance to return, is a pretty long fishing trip, isn't it? But it will soon be over, and early next autumn we'll land you safe and sound in Gloucester again, in plenty of time to get ready for a winter's trip to George's, if you want to take one."

The idea of going on such a long voyage, and having his return home deferred for several months, was so startling to Breeze, that for a few moments he remained silent, not knowing what to answer.

"Why, lad," said the Captain, "what else is there for you to do? You know I can't afford to put back to Gloucester again simply to carry you there. It would cost a thousand dollars to do that. Even if we should put about now and try to find the brig again, it isn't at all likely we could do so. I am short-handed from having let two men go back with her, and you and your black friend will just give me a full crew again. Besides, your dunnage is already aboard and waiting for you. I meant to have sent it up to your house before sailing, but I forgot it. But, I say, Breeze, you haven't told me yet how you happened to take French leave and come off to the Banks the way you did. Your poor mother was almost distracted when you didn't come home that night, nor yet the next day. She sat up all night long waiting for you, and was at my house by daylight to get me to go and look for you."

"Poor mother!" said Breeze, pityingly. "The worst of being carried off so was the thought of her distress, and now she'll have a new cause for trouble when father and Wolfe get home and can't tell her whether I'm dead or alive."

"You were carried off, then?"

"Of course we were. You don't suppose I would have gone off in that way of my own accord, do you?"

"No, not exactly; but there were ugly stories around town about your having been seen at Grimes's, and been chased by the police for creating a disturbance on the streets. Of course your mother wouldn't believe a word of them, and I didn't wholly either, for I know how such things get exaggerated; but I was afraid you might have got into some sort of a scrape."

When Breeze had told Captain Coffin the whole story of that night, the latter said, cordially:

"I believe every word you tell me, Breeze, and I think you acted just right under the circumstances; in fact, I do not see how you could have done anything else. Still, I think your long absence on this voyage will prove a good thing for you. It will give Wolfe Brady plenty of time to deny all the false stories, and will also give people time to believe him. You know it always takes folks longer to believe good than bad stories about a person."

"Well, sir," said Breeze, "under the circumstances, and as the only other thing to do would be to get into dory No. 6, and drift away again, I believe I'll ship with you for this inland trip."

"Yes, I think you had better," replied the skipper, gravely.

Breeze was much pleased to find again the outfit of clothing that he had transferred to the *Fish-Hawk* from the *Albatross*. After weeks of wearing old garments, picked up here and there among his recent shipmates on the *Vixen*, it was indeed a comfort to be able to dress himself once more in a full suit of his own clothes.

The *Fish-Hawk* was a much larger and more comfortable schooner than any he had sailed in before; and only the thought that there were sorrow and anxiety in the little home cottage on his account prevented him from thoroughly enjoying the prospect of a trip in her to far distant seas. Even this cause of trouble was partially removed two days later, when they sighted several fishing schooners, and the skipper offered to run down to them, and ask the first one that should be homeward bound to take letters, and also to report Breeze McCloud as safe and well.

As they drew near, one of these anchored vessels seemed strangely familiar to Breeze, who, after looking at her through a glass, said, "I do believe it's the old *Vixen*." He was right, and no men could have been more surprised

* Fletch, a corruption of *flesh*, or *fence*, meaning to strip off in layers. A fletched halibut is one from which the meat is cut off in strips and salted, to be afterward smoked.



"NIMBUS, RAISING HIM CLEAR OF THE DECK, HELD HIM AT ARM'S-LENGTH ABOVE HIS HEAD."

than was her crew, when, soon afterward, he and Captain Coffin rowed to her in dory No. 6. They welcomed Breeze as one from the dead, and there was not a man on board but shook him heartily by the hand and gave him a cordial greeting. Of them all, none appeared so glad to see him as poor Hank Hoffer, who, still suffering greatly from the effects of his exposure in the ice, had never ceased to mourn the loss of his brave young rescuers.

They were intensely interested in the story he had to tell them of his experiences since drifting away in the fog, and all declared that they had never before heard of any one person having such peculiar adventures during a single trip to the Banks. The *Vixen* was to return to Gloucester in two or three weeks more, and her skipper promised to contradict any unpleasant rumors he might hear concerning Breeze, and to tell the true story of his mysterious departure. He also promised to deliver, immediately upon his arrival, the letter Breeze had written to his mother, telling of his safety and where he had gone.

Before they left the *Vixen* her skipper told Captain Coffin that his anchor was caught on an ocean telegraph cable, and asked him whether he thought he ought to try and haul it up, thus running the risk of breaking the telegraph, or cut his own cable when he got ready to leave.

"Buoy your own cable and cut it, by all means," replied Captain Coffin, promptly. "The telegraph company will pay you the full value of all that you lose as soon as you send in a statement of the case to them."

After getting the suit of shore clothes he had left on the *Vixen*, Breeze bade his old shipmates good-by, and he and Captain Coffin returned to the *Fish-Hawk*, one of the *Vixen* men going with them to carry back dory No. 6. Breeze could not help watching the departure of the old dory with regret, as he thought of all he had gone through in it, and how often it had served him in times of danger.

As they sailed away from the *Vixen*, the thought of her being fast to a telegraph cable caused Breeze to ask the skipper how many cables there were crossing the Atlantic.

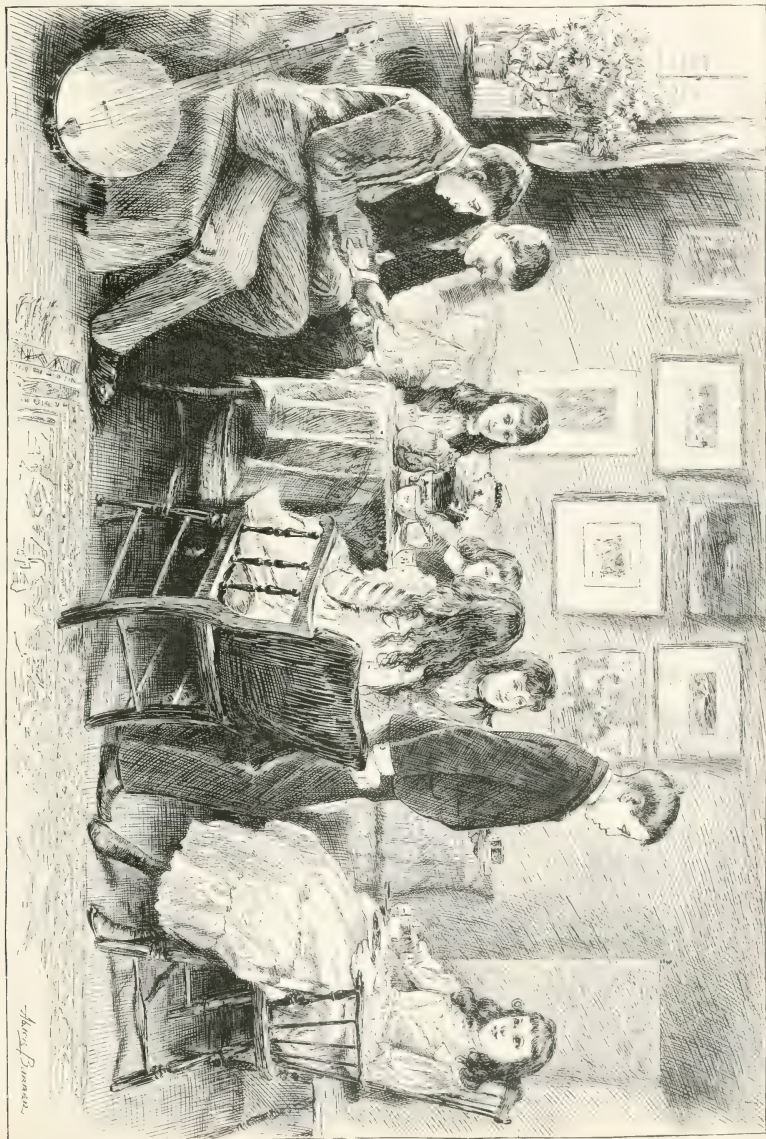
"I believe there are ten in all," was the answer. "Two of them run to Newfoundland, and eight cross the fishing banks, and land either on the Nova Scotia or New England coast."

"Is the very first one still working?" asked Breeze.

"No; the first one, which was laid in 1858, was only able to transmit, very feebly, one or two messages, and then it became silent, never to speak again. The first that was of any real service was laid in 1864, as I well remember, for I saw the *Great Eastern* while she was laying it; but I believe that also has been long since abandoned."

While they were thus talking they lost sight of the *Vixen*, and were once more alone on the broad ocean. Then Breeze for the first time fully realized that he was really bound on a long voyage across the stormy Atlantic to the distant coast of Iceland.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



RUTH PROCTOR'S "TEA."—DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER.—[SEE STORY ON PAGE 674.]

MISS BARFORD'S BONNET.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

OF course it was all Farley Jones's fault in the beginning, but we don't care to say much about that, for at last he did own up like a man, and he says he has given up playing pranks altogether, and I am sure I hope he has, for he has got a great many people into trouble by them. He has always said—just think of it!—that he meant to be the end man at a minstrel show, but now, since that dreadful day, last Wednesday, he says he is going to be a professor of mathematics. Poor Farley! he can do addition, if you give him time, like the queen whom Alice met in the looking-glass; he detests mathematics. But he feels very low-spirited, and seems to think that will be a sort of penance, or perhaps he thinks the prospect of it will keep him so melancholy, that he won't be inclined to get into mischief. We were really all to blame, except Sam Winthrop, because if we had attended to our lessons and kept very serious, instead of laughing at Farley, he wouldn't have gone on. But I don't mean to tell the story myself, but only to repeat it as Thody Ware told it at Ruth Proctor's tea.

Ruth gave that tea in honor of her cousin Betty Carlisle, of New York, who was visiting her, but it was more especially to revive our drooping spirits and to comfort Thody Ware. Some boys don't care for afternoon teas; in fact, there are scarcely a dozen boys in our set who can be induced to go to them, but it's a striking fact that those who do go are the very nicest ones, and not at all "girly boys." I think Farley Jones goes because he is always asked to bring his banjo and sing songs, and he likes that, and he is always on his good behavior. He told me quite seriously the other day that he always means to behave well. I think it is really quite wonderful that so much mischief is done in the world by people who don't mean to. But perhaps we have been too hard on Farley. Thody thinks so; he doesn't want us to blame him at all, although, poor Thody! the worst of the punishment has come upon him. We tried to treat Farley as if nothing had happened, and Ruth gave pleasant reassuring looks from behind the tea-kettle, for we knew the poor fellow felt as if he would like to crawl into his banjo and never be seen any more. Of course there is such a thing as being too hard even upon Farley Jones. In fact, I think Mr. Fuller, the master of the high-school where we go, was too hard when Farley translated *magnum deum genitrix* ("great-grandmother of the gods"). Mr. Fuller wouldn't believe that he didn't know better. I can sympathize with Farley, because Latin isn't my strong point; if it had been, I shouldn't have got into the "peck of trouble," as Thody calls it. I think it is a great misfortune to be known as a joker, because people will never believe that you are in earnest.

Ruth depends a great deal upon Farley's singing to make her teas "go off," and she does like so much to give teas; she likes everything that seems "grown-up," and she always puts on a very prim little "receiving" air, though she generally forgets it after a while.

Except her cousin Betty Carlisle, there was no one at this tea except those who had got into the "peck of trouble," unless one counts Ruth's little brother Van, who sat between Ruth and me on the sofa, and watched my sister Sallie eating macaroons as if he were fascinated; when Sallie goes to one of Ruth's teas all she will do is to sit up at the table and eat macaroons till I am dreadfully ashamed of her. But she is two years younger than the rest of us, and she is in all our classes. I will say one thing for Sallie—she digs at her lessons with all her might, just as she eats macaroons. We all wanted to cheer Thody up. At first he was very sad and silent, but after he got to talking to Betty Carlisle he began to seem quite like himself. She is a girl who knows how to get on with

boys, and Thody likes girls, and knows how to behave to them. If you think, as some boys may, that that means he is "a silly," you are greatly mistaken. Thody is the brightest as well as the nicest boy in our school.

Perhaps I may as well explain what I mean by knowing just how to behave to girls: Thody doesn't treat them just as if they were boys, and push and jostle them, and whoop after them, and call them "fellows," as Tom Barnes does; and he doesn't put on superior, scornful airs, and say everything they do is "just like a girl," as Phouse Draper does; and he isn't so frightened that he blushes furiously if a girl speaks to him, and walks around through the back streets for fear of meeting one, like Bert Crawford. Thody is just as friendly and companionable with them as if they were boys, but he is more gentle and polite; he takes off his hat to them, and he jumps up and opens the door for them, and if he walks with one he offers to carry anything she may have in her hand; and if boys only know how much more manly such ways as that make them seem they would be sure to remember them. And it is not only I, Kitty Fisher, who think so, but all the girls.

Thody seems like a boy who has nice sisters, but he hasn't one, nor a brother either. His father, who was a country minister, is dead, and his mother is poor, and his uncle, Mr. Burroughs, has taken him to bring up and educate. His uncle is very good to him, although he is strict; but he isn't sure that it is best for him to go to college, and that is what Thody wants more than anything in the world. He is one of the best scholars in school, and especially in Latin; we're all sure that he'll have the salutatory when he comes to graduate, and how he happened to fail in Latin that day I don't understand. We all came to grief in the same place; it was a *dreadful* construction; as Sallie said, "the head of the sentence was in the middle, and it hadn't any tail." I thought, of course, Thody could straighten it all out, but when it came to him he didn't even try; he said "it seemed to him as if the fellow who wrote it had tried to string a nonsense verse together"; and Miss Bailey was angry, and said it only required a little study, and we who had failed could remain after school and recite the whole lesson over. We had agreed not to say much about it at Ruth's tea, but Betty Carlisle had such a sympathetic way of asking Thody, that he seemed to like to tell her all about it.

"It was one of those days when everything goes wrong—perhaps you don't have them in New York?" said Thody. "I was late to breakfast and late to school, and broke my four-bladed knife, and got two marks for another fellow's whistling in the hall, and then in the Latin translation—well, of course it won't do for me to say that old Mr. Virgil didn't know how to write, but there was a verse that bowled us all over like a lot of tenpins, and we had to stay after school. And it happened that Mr. Fuller was going to keep his whole geometry class after school, and he had to have our room, because Ann Jupiter—that's the janitor's wife—had begun to clean in his room; there was going to be some kind of a meeting there; so we had to go away up to the third story to Miss Barford's room. Miss Barford teaches natural history and chemistry, and"—(I knew Thody was struggling with his feelings)—"we don't like her so very much. I think, perhaps, she isn't well. She is somewhat inclined to be suspicious." (It was so like Thody to say it nicely like that. Sallie says Miss Barford always makes her remember "fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman.") "There are some teachers," continued Thody, "who always seem to be expecting the very worst of a fellow. And don't you find it unpleasant to have a teacher say she is astonished at you? and especially if she shows that she is always expecting something pretty bad of you? If you've astonished her, you feel as if you must really be the most awful fellow that ever lived. But then she is getting old,

poor Miss Barford, and some things naturally don't keep well, while some things grow better with age. I think Miss Barford hasn't kept very well. Of course it really isn't any excuse for what we did that we don't like Miss Barford, but things might not have turned out so badly if we had been sent into any other teacher's room.

"It happened that some one came to see Miss Bailey, and she told us to go upstairs, and she would come up in about five minutes. I expected Miss Barford would open the door and say she was astonished at us, but there was no one in her room. 'Five minutes! we can have five minutes' fun,' some one said. I think it was Kitty Fisher," Thody said it rather sadly, but he didn't look reproachfully at me, as he might have done. "Some one else said—I think it probable that it was Sallie Fisher, although I don't quite remember—"We may as well begin to collect the ice-cream fund." We have a festival at the end of the term, and the committee voted not to give us any refreshments, so we decided to provide ice-cream ourselves, letting all give as they chose. Farley Jones is collector and treasurer. Farley looked about for a cap to take up the collection in; there wasn't any, but the door of Miss Barford's dressing-room was half-way open, and through the crack Farley saw Miss Barford's bonnet lying on the table. He went in and got it, and took up the collection in it. It was a very nice bonnet, I think. Miss Barford is great on bonnets; it was all black lace, and it had long black lace strings, and one of the girls, I think it was Ruth Proctor, said it was too bad. I suppose you wouldn't do such a thing in New York?"

"Well, we never did. I can't say I think it was quite nice," said Betty Carlisle. And Farley Jones looked awfully ashamed of himself.

"After he had taken up the collection Farley put the bonnet on his head—you don't mind my telling, Farley?—and Miss Barford's wrap, all trimmed with beads and fringe, over his shoulder, and walked around the room. He put on a look just like her—Farley can do those things—and we all laughed; some of us said that it was 'horrid,' or that if he wasn't careful he would get caught; but we all laughed—all except Sam Winthrop, that is—I forgot to say that Sam had sat down with his face to the wall, and put his fingers in his ears, and gone to studying as soon as we got up there, for he hadn't quite got the hang of that sentence.

"There was a large plate on the desk; it looked as if the chemistry class had been using it in experiments, and I took a Pharaoh's-serpent out of my pocket and lighted it on the plate. Perhaps you don't have Pharaoh's-serpents in New York? They look like innocent little wads of paper, but when you light one, a great long-tailed fiery serpent bursts out of it. Horace Flint, whose father had sold out his drug-store, had just given me a whole pocketful of them. That one went off splendidly. Farley leaned over the desk to look at it, and one of the long lace bonnet strings got into the plate and caught fire. I snatched the bonnet off Farley's head; it was all in a blaze. I saw there was no such thing as putting it out without getting badly burned, and I flung it out of the window on to the grass. Farley ran down as fast as he could go, and tramped on the blazing thing. There was not a great deal of it left by that time, as you may imagine, but we were afraid it might set something on fire. We talked the affair over when Farley came back. Of course we knew we ought to own up at once; but when we thought how angry Miss Barford would be, we couldn't get up the courage. And Mr. Fuller cuts up very rough about some things. So we agreed that we would say nothing about it, if we could help it, but that Farley and I would take all the money we'd been saving up for the Fourth of July, and buy a handsomer bonnet than that, and send it to Miss Barford anonymously.

"I'm sure I don't know how we got through that les-

son; it was fortunate for us that Miss Bailey had a friend waiting for her, and was in a hurry, and not very particular. We were none of us disposed to linger about that school-house, but we had to go to our own room to get our caps and things, and before we were out of the door we heard a great noise upstairs, and Mr. Fuller called down to us: 'Here! stop a minute! Did you see Miss Barford's bonnet?'

"It happened that Sam Winthrop was behind.

"No, sir, I didn't," said Sam.

"It was literally true, you know. Sam, with his fingers in his ears, had not once turned round from the wall until Farley dashed out of the room. But Sam is as truthful as daylight, and it hurt him awfully to tell 'a falsehood of intention'; that's what Mr. Fuller calls such things. He wouldn't have done it for himself. It's no good blushing and denying, Sam; you know you wouldn't have. Mr. Fuller believed him, of course, and didn't ask us at all.

"Miss Barford was crying and carrying on dreadfully upstairs. 'Then it was Ann Jupiter!' she screamed. 'Send for a policeman at once to arrest Ann Jupiter! I'm sure they know something about it, those Jupiters, for I questioned little Pete, and he told a story about seeing a ball of fire shooting out of my window. Ann Jupiter has stolen my money! Perhaps it was careless to leave money in that way, but when the pay clerk brought me my month's salary, I found I had left my purse at home, and I put the money into my glove; then I rolled the gloves together, and slipped them under the lining of my bonnet. It was ripped so there was just enough space, and I thought the money would be perfectly safe. And Ann Jupiter has stolen bonnet and all! Mr. Fuller, will you send for a policeman?'

"Of course we couldn't hesitate then. Farley looked at me, and I looked at Farley, and we walked up together and 'faced the music.' We told the whole story, both talking at once, and Miss Barford threatened to faint, and sent people this way and that for fans and smelling-salts. I think she really was astonished that time, although she forgot to say so. And Mr. Fuller kept saying, 'This is a very serious matter—very serious!' We said that Farley's father and my uncle would pay the money, and that we would buy Miss Barford a new bonnet, and she calmed down a little, though she still gave us awful looks.

"I must say Mr. Fuller was pretty good to us. I suppose he saw that we were feeling badly enough, and he always knows *when not to talk*. It makes us like him."

"Well, it seems to me that you got out of it very well," said Betty Carlisle, as Thody paused.

"The worst of it is we're not out of it," said Thody, with a groan. "Farley has got to work hard all the summer vacation to pay the money, instead of going yachting, as he expected, and I—my uncle says I have got to leave school right away, and go into Scratchett & Fling's office—they're brokers. I shall perfectly detest it. I wanted to go to college. I meant to be—" Poor Thody choked.

Betty Carlisle tried to console him by telling him that she thought a boy could make the wrong place into the right one by doing his best, and Sallie urged him to have a macaroon, and Ruth wanted to put more sugar in his tea, and I asked Farley to sing some of the *Mikado* songs, which Thody likes best; but just at that moment there came a great knocking at the door, and Joe Pray rushed in. Joe is Thody's particular friend, and a very nice boy, although he won't go to afternoon teas.

"Such a jolly thing has happened!" cried Joe, almost out of breath. "Mr. Fuller sent me to tell you. Miss Barford has found her gloves and her money in one of the drawers of her desk. She said to write letters after school this afternoon, and found them. She remembers now that she took them out of the bonnet, thinking it

wasn't a safe place, and hid them away in the drawer. Mr. Fuller went to your house to find you, and he had a talk with your uncle; and Mr. Fuller told me I might tell you that he had decided not to take you out of school, and that whether you went to college or not would probably depend upon yourself."

"If it depends upon myself!" said Thody, holding his head very erect, and setting his teeth together tightly.

Such a time of rejoicing as we had! Farley came radiantly out of his gloom, but he interspersed his funny songs with good resolutions in a very remarkable way; he couldn't forget for a moment what he had been through. And Ruth and I have still quite a weight on our minds, for the boys have commissioned us to buy Miss Barford's new bonnet.

BAIT FISHING.

BY J. HARRINGTON KEENE

II.—THE FISHING.

THE hook tackle required for bait fishing is neither difficult to make, nor, when made, complicated. Assuming that the worm is the bait chiefly to be used, there are one or two arrangements of hooks which are found to be

extremely effectual. Fig. 1 shows that which I prefer for trout fishing, and it is my own arrangement. The reader will observe that at A there is a slight projection, which may be of bristle or wire—I prefer bristle—attached to the hook, and its use is to retain the worm, when it has been impaled, in its position on the shank, so that it shall not slip down and reveal the hook. In order to more effectually render the bait secure in its position, a small hook is attached, as shown at B, and this is inserted either into the head of the worm or into the head of another one, which the stream naturally draws down close to the bait on the first hook.



FIG. 1.

In Fig. 2 we have a representation of a complete tackle for trout or bass. The distance between the final hook and the end of the snell should be about two feet. A sinker is attached, as shown at B, and this should hang from the line, as indicated in the cut. A swivel is attached about six inches above the hooks, so that if the current in setting against the bait causes it to



FIG. 2.

revolve, it will do so without let or hindrance. The hooks, as will be observed, are tied to the snell so that a part of the shank is left free, and when the worm is baited upon them, this free end of the shank retains it in its place.

In Fig. 3 we have a representation of the bait as it appears when properly arranged on these hooks. There are three distinct worms on the two hooks—A, B, C—which are placed there in the order of this alphabetical arrangement. The end hook is taken between the thumb and forefinger; and the worm, having been rolled in fine sand in order to insure a firm hold, is threaded from head to tail. The second one is then taken and pierced through the middle and drawn up to B, and the third one is placed on the same hook, as it appears in the figure. The result is a bait which never fails to attract either trout, bass, or salmon, and it is effective for many other pan fish which otherwise resist the lures of the angler.

In my first article I referred to the attractive qualities of the grasshopper. For this bait a single hook is alone necessary, and the creature should be impaled directly through the body, crosswise. In regard to the Dobson or helgramite, the same method of baiting is resorted to; and I have already given directions in reference to the use of young frogs. The single hook is alone necessary for these three latter baits; but when worm fishing, although one hook is the usual style, I prefer the double-hook arrangement precisely as described. Of course I need not say that all hooks intended for bait fishing where trout or bass are the quarry, the finer the snell is, the greater your chance of deceiving the fish you are seeking. Your motto should always be "fine and far off." Indeed, the late Seth Green put it on record as his opinion that fish should not realize that the angler is in the same county as his bait; and Seth Green was the most practical and successful fisherman of his day.



FIG. 3.

The tackling for the use of small live fish in bass or pickerel fishing is for the most part to be avoided, because it entails suffering to a large extent on the live bait used. Still, the use of small fish to entice cannot be condemned, inasmuch as sometimes it is the only bait by which pickerel, bass, and large trout can be caught. We are warranted in using these small fish for the purpose; but fishing being a "gentle craft," it behooves all anglers to seek humane means as far as may be in their power. There are various methods of attaching the live bait fish to the hooks which are unnecessarily cruel, and these I condemn on principle. There is sufficient suffering in the world without boys or men adding to it wantonly. This thought led me to devise a tackle for live-bait fishing, which is shown in Fig. 4. As will be seen, two triplet hooks are secured to the snell in the position shown; they may be tied on gimp or gut. Also to the snell are attached, by two pieces of braided silk line, two India-rubber bands of moderate strength. When a live fish is required in order to lure a large or small pickerel, the rubber bands are placed as shown in the illustration, and if they are of sufficient strength, there will be no difficulty in using the bait precisely as it appears in Fig. 4, and there will be little danger of the fish which seizes this bait being missed when you strike with the rod. Of course a float or bob is extremely useful in sustaining such a bait at the proper distance from the bottom of the water, and the shape of this float or bob is immaterial. I usually make my own in a rough-and-ready way, by thrusting a turkey quill through a wine cork and trimming the latter around with a sharp knife into symmetrical proportions, and it answers perfectly well all purposes.



FIG. 4.

the purposes of bait fishing. The guides should be solid, and stand well away from the rod. The reel should be below your hand. It is entirely against all

requires a little explanation: a fly rod usually droops, but a bait rod should not do so, though it taper from butt to tip. A bamboo cane rod in two or more joints, costing not more than a few dollars at the outside, will answer admirably for all

mechanical laws to allow the reel to be used above the hand, and, moreover, is unfair to yourself, owing to the weariness it will unnecessarily cause, and unfair to the rod, because of the tendency to strain this weapon. Your rod need not be more than twelve feet at the most in length, and the lighter it is consistently with strength, the better you will be satisfied with it and its performance.

The reel may be of any good make; but do not forget that cheapness is often synonymous with inferiority. A good reel will last a lifetime, but a poor cheap one will soon wear out and cause continual annoyance, and sometimes the loss of a good-sized fish through its failure to act at the right moment. Your line should be of braided silk, and you need not go to the expense of buying an enamelled one, for you can dress it satisfactorily at home, providing that you have a shed or barn where it can be allowed to dry uninterruptedly.

This is how to do it: first buy your line, and be sure that it is free from flaws and of good silk; then procure some boiled linseed-oil. Do not use the raw material, for it contains water, which the boiling eliminates; warm this oil moderately, and place your line in it, carefully coiled, so that it does not entangle, until you think it is thoroughly saturated, which will be in about twelve hours; take it out and stretch it in a dry place, where there is little chance of its getting dusty—the barn is good enough for this purpose—strip off the superfluous oil by rubbing the thumb and forefinger, clad in an old kid glove, along the length of the line, and allow it to dry until it does not appear greasy. This will be, according to the weather, from one to four weeks. But it is well worth while doing it, there being no better dressing for ordinary purposes on even the most expensive lines in the tackle stores. It will enable the line to resist decay, and render it always flexible and smooth.

The art of fishing with bait is one which can hardly be entirely communicated in an article of necessarily limited length. The first essential in fishing is a knowledge of the habits of the fish you are seeking. Nothing will replace this knowledge, and hence there is no royal road to complete expertness in fishing. There are certain general principles, however, which must be observed in order to be successful. In the first place, do not forget that anglers are quiet people, and that angling is a contemplative pastime. The application of this is, do not stamp round and show yourself unnecessarily on the bank of stream or lake. Hide yourself in fishing as much as possible, and the sense of hearing in fish, although it is different in degree from that of warm-blooded animals, is nevertheless intensely sensitive in regard to vibration. Therefore it is unwise to step heavily or carelessly on the bank near the place where you are fishing. Rather assume a sitting position than a standing one, and do not leave your stock of patience at home, but carry it with you.

In dropping the bait into the water always be as quiet as you possibly can. Do not flog it in as if you were flogging an unruly horse, but drop it gently and without splash. Splashing does not attract the fish, and may scare them. Every corner and nook, each eddy and recess, can be explored carefully by means of the tackle shown in Fig. 2. The sinker will carry the bait to the bottom at once, and the distance between the sinker and hooks is sufficient to avoid exciting the suspicion of the fish. It should be added that this sinker can be easily made from the lead-foil which is wrapped around tea. It is better to attach it by each end of the line, as shown, than to wrap it around the line. Be careful that the sinker is not bright or polished. You can render it dull-looking by rubbing a little dirt over it. This precaution is necessary, because some fish of prey will occasionally go for the sinker in place of the bait, apparently from sheer wantonness.



THE BABY'S LAMENT.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"I'M such a funny little thing
That everybody laughs at me.
I can't do much but bite a ring,
And cry with pain and laugh with glee.
But none the less it's mean, I think;
These visitors will never stop,
When gazing on my cheeks of pink,
Remarking, 'My! how like his pop!'"

"Why, popsy-wop has whiskers red,
And ears as big as dollars.
He has some hair upon his head,
And wears big linen collars.
He's wrinkles on his forehead high;
He feeds on mutton-chop;
It's most absurd to say that I
Am just like popsy-wop."

[A wail of determination.]

"I won't be like him neither, now;
I'll be like Uncle Jim.
Jim's not so pretty, I'll allow,
But I'll grow up like him.
I'll do it just to spite my ma.
Boo-hoo! it isn't fair
To say—boo-hoo!—I'm just like pa—
Ahah!—boo-hoo!—ah-yair!"





GETTING READY FOR A WALK.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NEW FARM, BERKSHIRE, VERMONT.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I am a little girl nearly eight years old. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, French, poetry, geography, arithmetic, grammar, and sewing. I have six brothers and two sisters. My little baby brother will be one year old next month. His name is Eric; is not that pretty? When our nurse is busy, I nurse him and play with him, for he is a dead little fellow. It is very warm here in the summer, and sometimes the horses fall down dead from sunstroke, but sometimes kind men put little hats of white cloth on them to keep the sun off their heads. One day we saw a tram horse lying in the street, very badly off, and some men went to the ice-works and brought big blocks of ice to put on his head, to try and make him better, but my brother Frank heard that the poor thing died.

Do you like pine-apples, and bananas, and guavas, and mangoes? We get so many. I wish I could send you some. We get bucketsful of passion-fruit out of our garden; it is very nice. We have near a pretty river. Sometimes we go in the boat down the river, and land at a nice place and have a picnic and play games. Then we come home by moonlight. My two brothers, Frank and Will, and Archie, Maricle pull the boat. Pearl and Oscar sit beside mamma and sis (that is my big sister).

In the summer-time we all go to the sea-side, to a place called Humphy-Bong; that is the name the black men call a deserted place. We do enjoy ourselves very much. Mamma lets us play on the beach all day, and paddle, and bathe, and pick up shells. The boys like catching fish. We stay there for a month.

Papa and mamma and Willie and Pearl went for a week to another place near the ocean, called Southport, and there was such a beautiful beach there. They drove in a carriage for ten miles along the beach, and Pearl said it was great fun to see the big waves splashing over the horses' feet. Papa and mamma one day were sitting far up on the beach, and not seeing a big wave coming, it broke right over them and wet them, and papa's hat floated away, but he got it back again.

I will tell you of some of the trees growing in our garden. The plantations, weeping-figs, beech-trees, palm-trees, silky oak, guava, peach, English fig, India-rubber-tree, Moreton-Bay fig (these two are very much alike, and are large shady trees, with bright shiny green leaves), the loquat-tree, wattle (which has nice sweet-smelling yellow flowers), the *Possinia regia* (it has beautiful leaves, like ferns, and bright red flowers), and we have two bunyas and a great many more trees and flowers. Our roses are lovely, and the honey-suckle and verbenas-trees smell so sweet. I forgot to tell you we have the big laurel tree.

We have pictures of the Niagara Falls, and mamma and papa and I would like to go and see them. I hope we shall some day. I like all the fairy stories in *Harper's Young People* very much. "How the Princess's Pride was Broken" is very pretty. Pearl and Oscar like the funny pictures about monkeys, and a little black buck deer. There is no snow in Berkshire, so mamma says she hopes, when we are bigger children, to take us to see the snow where our little cousins live in England, Russia, and Norway.

We go to the Gardens sometimes, to see the pretty flowers, and the kangaroos, the parrots, and the cockatoos. It is so funny to see the little kangaroos jump into their mother's pouch. We often hear the laughing-jacks in the trees

near our house; it is a bird that makes a funny noise, just like somebody laughing. The black fellows can throw the boomerang so far. The black "clips" carry their babies tied on their backs. When they call to each other, they shout "coo-ee," and when we play hide-and-seek, we call out "coo-ee." Mamma says in other countries children call "whoop" when they play that game.

We often go to the New Farm Rink to skate in the winter. I have been today, and my hand is shing and I cannot write well. We live in a suburb called New Farm, about two miles from town; it is called New Farm, because a long time ago there was a farm here. We often drive into town in the morning with papa, in our wagonette, when papa goes to his office, and mamma goes to her

mamma takes us sometimes to drive with her in the afternoon, when we come home from school. Papa took us one day to have a ride on the switchback railway. Pearl and I liked going up there very much. When papa and mamma went to Melbourne, they saw at the Exhibition there a large switchback railway.

I must tell you that the native trees never lose their leaves, but shed them like the birds have beautiful feathers, but they do not sing much. Mamma heard in Victoria a bird sing like the sound of a whip, and it is called the whip-bird. Another is called the bell-bird, because its notes sound like a bell.

We went to see the procession when the new Governor, Sir Henry Norman, arrived. Pearl waved her handkerchief, and she said the Governor took off his hat to her. The soldiers looked so pretty in their red coats, and the Fire Brigade engine was all covered with beautiful flowers and tree-ferns.

I have five dolls and Pearl four, and we often play ladies and take our dolls to the perambulator. Willie and Oscar have tricycles. I must close my letter. Good-by, dear Postmistress. I am your affectionate little friend,

LUCY G. HUTCHINS.

This little girl has shown that she observes nature, and can describe it very well.

ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I live in Roxbury, which is part of Boston. Back of our house is a cornfield, and a wood with trees and bushes, which is called "The Woods," although it is quite different from a real wood. Here there are a great many gray squirrels, and they are very cunning and sly. I like to watch them chasing each other, running up and down the limbs or jumping from tree to tree. Once some boys were throwing stones at one of the little creatures, and to hide itself it lay down on the bough of a tree, and kept perfectly still until they went away. It was so near the color of the bark, that I could not tell. I really could not tell whether it was part of the branch or not. The trees in our yard are mostly oaks, and the squirrels get the acorns which have fallen to the ground. Sometimes they sit sitting on their hind legs and cracking them with their teeth; at other times, they dig holes and bury the acorns.

In a hole in one of our trees some sparrows have a nest, and I often see the old birds carrying worms to their little ones. They pop into the hole and entirely disappear, so it seems as if the nest must be quite far inside. The tree is so large, and the hole so far up, that we cannot see all that the birds do. I wish we could get a ladder long enough, so that I might go up and see quite a good many birds besides the sparrows, robins, blue jays, pigeons, woodpeckers, orioles, and some little birds the name of which I do not know; some are gray, and some are dull yellow, or yellow mixed with brown.

I have belonged to a sort of anti-slang club this spring, and it was great to see, for an hour, or two, not to use slang, but to exaggerate, whisper in school, use "awful," "dreadful," etc., unless something really was awful or dreadful; or be rude in any way. Every day we were told the rules she would put down a mark, and when the number of thirty-five marks was reached the class was a penalty; one was to go to bed half an hour earlier, one not to sleep for an hour, etc.

I am very fond of reading, and my favorite books are *Rob Roy*, *Tom Murrain*, and *Jessie*; and *Rob Roy*, *Tom Murrain*, and *Jessie*; and *Rob Roy*, *Tom Murrain*, and *Jessie*; and *Rob Roy*, *Tom Murrain*, and *Jessie*.

thing, by Mrs. J. H. Loring: *Four Weeks' Farm and Her Boys*, by Mrs. Milesworth; *A Box of Orange Ribbon*, by Amelia E. Barr; and *Darid Copperfield*. Just now I am reading *Westward Ho!* and *Tom Murrain*.

I think tennis is the nicest game I know of. I play it whenever I can, but it makes one very warm, so a quieter game is better on some days, and a few of us made up one which is very good fun. Each one writes a verse of four lines on a given subject, and then we vote as to which is best. We make little paper books and sell our verses in them. Of course, if pencils and paper are not handy, you can do it in your head.

ALICE W. T.

LACON, ILLINOIS.

I wrote to you several years ago, but as my letter was not published I thought I would try again. I have a friend, who is also writing. I am now reading some of Dickens' works, and enjoy them so much. I like to sketch and paint, and I take painting lessons every week. I intend to sketch a great deal this vacation, as the scenery about Lacon is beautiful. I would like very much to exchange stamps, pressed flowers, or seeds, with some girl of my age or a little younger, who lives out of the United States. I will answer all letters, and tell you of anything that would be of interest, as I think it will be both pleasant and instructive.

LUCY G. HUTCHINS (aged 15 years).

ROCHESTER, VERMONT.

I have often thought I would write to you, and will do so now. I was very glad to see your picture, and should be delighted to see you. I am fourteen years old, have brown hair and eyes, and am called tall for my age. I thought I would write you about my ride to Hartland, Quebec; it is about forty miles from here. We went through six villages, viz. Bethel, Barnard, South Pomfret, Woodstock, Taftsville, and Quechee. Bethel is a pretty village, and is on the railroad. There is a fair ground, and I went to the fair last fall. Barnard contains a pretty pond, which is called the pond of the fair. Quechee is as pretty as some. South Pomfret is a very small village. Woodstock is a large village, and the county-seat of Windsor County. I saw the County Jail and the Norman Williams in the country, and it is built of a pinkish stone, which is very pretty. Most of the residences are pretty also, and are built of a small village, where they make a kind of sylvan. The village of Taftsville is a good-sized village, which contains two or three pretty churches. In Woodstock there is a large farm, which is called the Harpers Farm. The owner is rich, and has well-landed grounds and many summer-houses. I live on a farm. I have a brother and sister named George and Anna, and a cousin named Willie. I have a cousin of mine and I change names. I send her *the Youth's Companion* and she sends me *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*.

ALICE N.

CHATEAUX, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have never written before, so I thought I would try now. George the horse is thirteen years old, but I have no sister. For pets, I have a canary and thirteen chickens, and a rooster, and George has a horse called Pat and a squirrel, and we have a pig together. It is vacation now, and we have been down to grandpa's, and have had a very nice time. Grandma lives in the country, and we have lots of aunts and uncles down there too. We had to come home on account of the mumps. Have you all had the mumps? I got stung by a bee this morning, and it hurt very bad. I have milk I can, and so does George when we are at grandpa's, hoping to grow fat.

LENA T.

LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little fellow four years old. I can dress myself, and help mamma. I can't write yet. I put wood in the fire every day. I have a dear little dog and a pussy. A dearcune in New Jersey sends *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* to my brother Edgar and me.

WILLIE J.

BRANFORD, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little boy six and a half years old. This is my third letter to you; my others were not printed. I don't think I addressed them quite right, but I hope you will print this one, for I love you and the dear little club very much. I am just learning to write; my mamma is helping me. I went to school four months, and can read this morning, and I hurry day. I like arithmetic, and writing. If this letter is long, I will write a longer one and tell you of my Sunday-school and pets.

EDGAR J.

SHEPHERD, NEW YORK.

I did not take the paper last year, and as I missed so very much, I subscribed for this year. A few days ago a few of my schoolmates and myself had a parlor concert. An aunt of mine kindly lent her parlor, and a young lady offered to play for us. We practised as often as

possible, and the last two nights as if for the concert. We had a stage made, and had a curtain, and of course a stage-manager and a door-keeper. We had choruses, solos, recitations, dialogues, and piano duets. The next night we had a large attendance, and as every one was pleased, we repeated our concert. We charged ten cents, and made \$14.00; this is to buy new books to read for Sunday school, the next night we sang. I recited and took part in the dialogues. I liked "Goshen Dorothy's" class very much. My favorite authors are Dickens and Miss Alice. I was so sorry when Mr. Alec died, and I am reading *Humie's History of England*. My favorite occupation is reading, and I like music. My favorite story is English history and other histories.

MARY E. C.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I live in Newark, but go to boarding-school in New York. I am in the Junior Class, and we use *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* as a reader. All the girls like it very much. I have vacation now, as school closed the 29th of May. We had an art exhibition in the evening, and also some recitations and music. The pictures were painted by some of the pupils of the school. There were over one hundred in number, some copies and others from still life. My favorite story is *Lord Rutherford*, and *King*. We were very glad to see her. I would like to see it with some of the boarding pupils. We were glad that Elsie Leslie took the part of the little lord, as we preferred to see her. I like to see Katharine. King was very good. I have one pet, a large Irish and Gordon setter; he is very handsome, and I think a great deal of him. It is lovely in the country now, and I go out every day and gather large bunches of daisies and other wild flowers. I am sorry that violet-time is passed, for I do love them so much.

HATTIE F.

SHARON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am seven years old, and my brother is seven years old too. My brother and I are twins. My sister is taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I read it too, and I think the stories are very good. "Becky's Graduating Dress" is the best I have read yet. My brother and I are in No. 2 class at school. A drugist offered a prize to the girl or boy, under four years old, who could make the most words out of "Becky's Drug Store," and my sister got the first prize; it was a German canary bird and cage. There were four prizes given.

GERTRUDE M.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I am twelve years old, but mother tells me how to spell. I am six years old. I have one little sister three years old. I live in Washington Street. I had a Maltese cat. It was stolen, then I had another cat, and I ran away. I write letters to grandmother. I have been to New York three times. Good-by.

DUYAL M.

ATGLEN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a French-American, and my age is fourteen. I have black eyes and curly brown hair, and my height is five feet. I have been in America for a year, and like it very much. At first I was afraid of the natural gas, but now I am used to it, and like it very much. I do not go to school, but have a governess. My favorite stories are "Nannie's Roof House," "The Colonel's Money," "The Household of Glory," "The House of the Future," and "Captain Polly." My favorite books are *Little Women*, *Star Wars*, *Blue Bird*, and *Little Lord Rutherford*. When I lived in France my aunt used to send me my paper. Won't you please print my letter?

FILLELLE LEOLE D.

YORKVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I am a little girl ten years old, and have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* two years, and like it very much. I am very much interested in "Dorothy's" and "Captain Polly," very much. I have a little sister, five years old, who cannot pronounce an "r," but says "squing" for string, and "squeet" for street, etc. I have a little brother three years old, who was badly burned, but he is better now. My mother and father got their hands badly blistered by putting the fire out. My father is a merchant, and has a large store. He raises lots of water-melons and other fruits and vegetables. If you will come and pay us a visit, we will treat you to the water-melons, cantaloupes, and other fruits and peaches that you ever ate. Besides we have lovely wild flowers, which I fancy will please you better than the melons. We have beautiful flowers and blue lilies, and blue lilies, and peonies, and a great many others that I could not begin to tell you. My mother has a great many beautiful flowers, and she has built a large arbor in the back yard, and has planted vines all around it, so when the melons ripen we can eat our breakfast out there. Maybe this letter will not be interesting enough to you to print. I am only a little village maid, and all my pleasures are homely ones. I have three brothers

and one sister, and lots of uncles, cousins, and aunts. We have a good time running about in the woods and on the farms.

A. A. A.

BASSMAN, MICHIGAN.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is one of my favorite magazines—indeed, it is the very choicest plume I have. The girls who have it for their own use are few. We—that is, the family—take the *Cadbury*, *Apples*, *Harper's Monthly*, *St. Nicholas*, and *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, besides eight or nine newspapers. The latter, which I use, have had it for many years, one, which is chiefly noted for its large iron mines. The Colby, of which my father is superintendent, at one time employed 3000 men, and now employs 1000. I was a day-laborer when fifteen years of age, and have lived all that time, with the exception of eighteen months, in a mining country, so I think I know a good deal about mining. I went to the Female College in Milwaukee ten months last year, and was much pleased with it and with the nice young ladies. There is a very large family of us, but some are not at home. If all were here, there would be eleven; as it is, only five of us are here—three boys and two girls: Ned, twelve, Harry, ten, Frank, eight, Louis, five, and myself, four. We have read of the abduction of Willie Dickinson, in 1881. He was my brother, being but one year younger than I. My mother has been ill ever since he was stolen. I have a little sister, who is one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. She is beautiful in mind as well as in face and heart. The latter, which I use, have had it for many years, one, which is chiefly noted for its large iron mines. The Colby, of which my father is superintendent, at one time employed 3000 men, and now employs 1000. I was a day-laborer when fifteen years of age, and have lived all that time, with the exception of eighteen months, in a mining country, so I think I know a good deal about mining. I went to the Female College in Milwaukee ten months last year, and was much pleased with it and with the nice young ladies. There is a very large family of us, but some are not at home. If all were here, there would be eleven; as it is, only five of us are here—three boys and two girls: Ned, twelve, Harry, ten, Frank, eight, Louis, five, and myself, four. We have read of the abduction of Willie Dickinson, in 1881. He was my brother, being but one year younger than I. My mother has been ill ever since he was stolen. I have a little sister, who is one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. She is beautiful in mind as well as in face and heart.

CUNTISSIE DICKINSON.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* two years, and like it very much. I wrote you a letter last year, but have more to tell you this time. We have a pug-dog and a fox-terrier; they play together all the time. I am very pleased to see Brooklyn, and I like it very much, but we will soon go to my grandma's in the country, where I always have a nice time. Grandma and grandpa live on a farm, and have lots of chickens, ducks, cows, and horses, and many other things that we do not see in the city. We expect to stay all summer. My brother and I have a dog, and I have to stay with him and keep him company. My papa is a doctor, and of course we can be ill without our having to go to a doctor. I like all the letters, and hope you will like mine. I am also fond of looking at the pictures and reading the stories in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. My aunt Margie takes it too, and she likes it very much. I have just given the dogs something to eat. We have two birds and some fish; the fish look very pretty in the globe. I have lots of story books, dolls, and all kinds of play things. I have one brother, but no sister. My brother and I always play together. I have one little sister, but she is very young. We have a large room to play in. I take drawing lessons, and hope soon to learn painting. I like to draw very much. I go to school, and do my lessons, and I have lots of playmates in school. Do you like the country? We have some flowers in our garden. I like to go to the beach in the summer, and go to the bath-house with the girls. The sea has good flowers very much, and I press leaves in books. My grandpa has a large dog, which draws a cart all around with my brother in it. There is also a large bird, which he rides down.

EVA P.

CHILMARK, MASSACHUSETTS.

Will you admit a little Tennessee into your circle of girls and boys? I am a little girl thirteen years old, and have lived in Collierville all my life. I have only one taken, and I like it very much. I am reading "Dorothy's," and think it very nice. I have three sisters and three brothers. My sister Maud and I are learning to ride on horseback.

WILLIE M. M.

LEWISBURG, KENTUCKY.

I have not written to you since I have been taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. It is only half a year since I began taking it. My sister gave me at Christmas, and I think it is lovely. My sister is going away to-day on the train to New York, and I know she will have a good time at the seashore. The rest of the summer I will go to the country to spend the summer with my grandma. We think it is the nicest country place we know of. The name of grandma's place is Kanawha. It is a very nice place, and I am very glad to go there to spend the summer at Kanawha. There is a large maple-tree out there, which my cousins and I have for a play-house. I want to tell you that I had a very nice time at Kanawha. Sewanee, Tennessee, where both of my brothers are at school. The University boys at Sewanee

wear caps and gowns like the students at Oxford, in England. Sewanee is not a town, it is two streets but round roads, but still it is a beautiful place. It is situated right on the mountains, so you may know that it has great many views. Some of the names of them are Green's View, Morgan's Stamp, Frodoor's Hill, Point Disappointment, Winston's Cascade, Natural Bridge, and a great many others, but I cannot tell you of them all. Prospect's Hill is a large cliff of rock that comes out beyond. Natural Bridge is another pretty place. It is very much like the Natural Bridge in Virginia, but on a smaller scale. Just beyond the bridge are three beautiful springs, under the mountains. Good-by.

ELSIE M.

WETHERSFIELD, CONNECTICUT.

I thought I would write, as I have seen but one letter from Wethersfield. I go to school, but it is vacation now. My papa is the committee in our district. I take music lessons. We are getting ready to go to the seashore; we are going next month. I wish the time were here.

MAY S. C.

BETH VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA.

This is the first time I have written to you. I took a walk to the Hanging Rocks one day. The rocks are very high, and the water is very way up a little cumbline. We climbed around to the top, where we could see away up the Neshaminy Creek. Then we looked down at another little creek below it. One day I found a bird box on the side of the house. Along came two wrens house-hunting. They settled in it, and later we saw several little ones. This morning one of the little ones was heard singing. For pets, I have a canary and a dog called Sheep. I am twelve years old.

WARREN W.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADES.

- 1.—My first is my second brought,
And there to better use is wrought.
My whole is often seen
By water-side, or is deserted
From yonder village-green.
- 2.—My first is the only ingredient which can sweeten the bitter cup. My second is always disgraceful. My third is often seen on the warrior's form after the fierce battle. My whole is in grandmother's garden.

No. 2.

ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in chest, but not in box.
My second in hollow, but not in round.
My third is in apple, but not in plum.
My fourth is in teacher, but not in seer.
My fifth is in elater, but not in bang.
My sixth is in evening, but not in day.
My seventh is in rose-bud, but not in pink.
My eighth is in pot, but not in cup.
My ninth is in roll, but not in rish.
My tenth is in Xerxes, but not in Plato.

J. C. D.

- 2.—My first is in lily, but not in white.
My second in peach, but not in plum.
My third in ring, but not in ring.
My fourth in kiss, but not in pet.
My fifth in swing, but not in rope.
My sixth is in pot, but not in cup.
My seventh in purr, but not in cry.
My eighth in ribbon, but not in tie.

JENNY WREN.

No. 3.

HIDDEN NAMES.

1. Her berth and a nice camp-chair were destroyed.
2. A day of delight.
3. She embowered it handsomely.
4. A myrtle is a beautiful vine.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 506.

- No. 1.—1. Egg-beater. 2. Daisy. 3. Midsummer Day.

No. 2.

A R E A

P R E S E N T

E N E M Y

A Y

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from GEORGE STARR HORTON, NEW BRUNSWICK; A. J. MACA, SALLY H. GERHARDT, VIOLA, ALICE E. STRONG, CHARLIE CAMPBELL, MARGARET SEAGER, LOUISE H. B. JOHNSON, FRANKLIN T. HARRISON, ELIZABETH W. KOLR, T. L. C. JOHN ELLIS, JACOB VORHEES WANDA, and LOUISE M.



A MODERN FISH STORY.

SHOWING how a youthful follower of Isaac Walton had a plucky but unsuccessful struggle with a salmon—how he lured the wily fish with simple home-made tackle; accomplished by main strength that which would have defeated mere science; brought his fish to land literally by force of arms; became in turn himself the victim of the fish's craving for cold water; and was finally obliged to abandon his prize in order to save his own life.

[This story is about as probable as fish stories ever are.]

WITH FOUR-PAGE

SUPPLEMENT

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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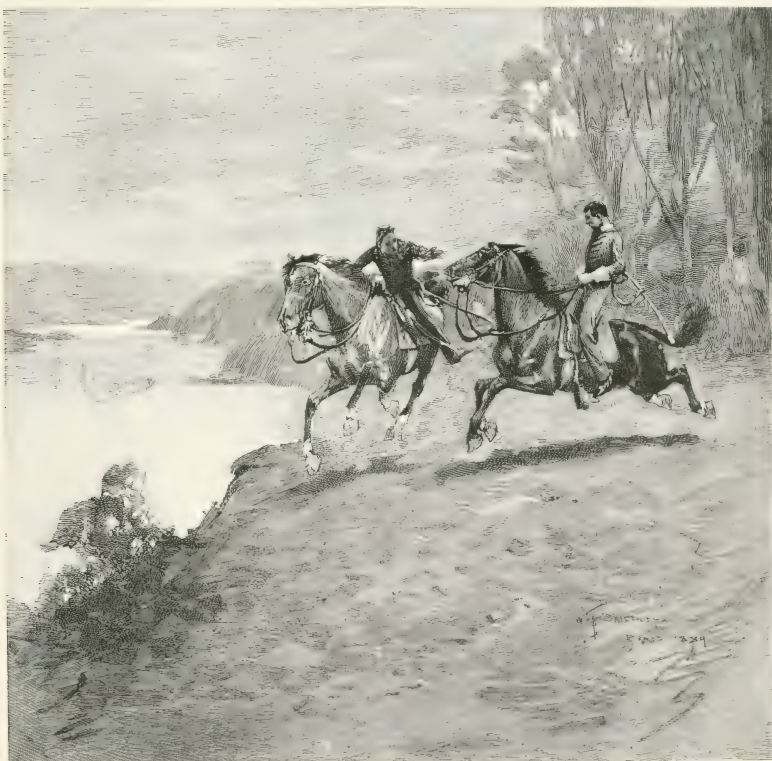
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"THE STEEDS WERE NEARLY BREAST TO BREAST."—[SEE STORY ON PAGE 683.]

FOR HIS FRIEND.

BY EDWARD BRAYTON CLARK.



P to the time that the West Point Class of 187— went into its last encampment there had been no firmer friends than Jack Edwards and Ned Banks. Their friendship dated from their entrance into the Academy, and had stood the test of a three years' struggle for class leadership. Varying from time to time but a few marks in scholarship

and discipline, they had held alternately the coveted position of number one in a class since famous in Academy annals for the industry and steadiness of its members. Both were prime favorites with their fellow-cadets, and it was with sincere sorrow that their young soldier classmates saw that a coolness existed between their leaders, Ned and Jack. They were soon completely estranged, and the separation was in one sense a shock to the entire corps. The Academy boys live together as one great family; their friendship for one another is fostered by four years of daily intercourse, broken but once by a short furlough, and by the fact that in after-life they are to be bound by the ties of a common profession. The stern discipline to which they are subjected knits more closely the entire corps, and especially is this true of the individual classes.

The result of the examination at the close of the third cadet year had been announced, and Ned Banks ranked first, with Jack Edwards a close second. Jack would have accepted this without a murmur, but he had lost standing, through demerit marks received in common with a number of fellow-cadets, for a breach of discipline that was reported by Ned acting as a cadet officer. Jack was angry and resentful, and charged Ned with lodging the report to better his own class standing at the expense of his fellows. Ned quietly told him that when the report was given in he was officer of the day, and was bound in honor to report all violations of the rules that came under his notice during the day's tour of duty. This was true, and Ned was upheld in his position by every thoughtful member of the cadet corps. Edwards would not forgive him, and brooded over his fancied wrong until he had hardened himself against all attempts at a reconciliation.

The last year passed slowly, and an uncomfortable feeling pervaded the whole class that was so soon to drop the cadet gray for the army blue. Jack Edwards lost steadily in class standing, and at each slip he grew more bitter in his feelings toward his former friend.

Graduation Day came; the chapel exercises were over, the last words of kindly advice and warning had been spoken by the old gray-haired general to the outgoing class. There remained nothing but the last cavalry drill, ending in its wild charge, to round out the last day of cadetship.

Drawn up side by side on the verge of the cavalry plain was a long line of horses, showing by their restlessness as great an eagerness for the drill to commence as that of the cadet soldiers who restrained them by their bridles.

"Prepare to mount; mount!" rang from the lips of the captain commanding. Fifty gray-coated figures sprang lightly into the saddle.

"Count fours; platoons right forward; fours right!" shouted the officer. And so the drill began, and was continued with the perfect precision that the cadets acquire from long practice.

The captain brought the command into company front near the upper end of the plain. There it halted and rested a moment prior to the final charge. During this charge the discipline of drill is not maintained. The boys, filled with thoughts of the freedom that is soon to be theirs, and flushed with the consciousness of a well-earned victory through four years of hard duty, sweep down the plain swinging their sabres and drowning the sound of the ringing hoofs with their cheers. Spurs are not used sparingly, and the horses, stung with pain, are so thoroughly aroused that not infrequently it is difficult to check them before riding into the crowd of civilians that gather in the open space between plain and chapel.

"Forward march; guide right!" The bearer of the fluttering guidon spurred to the extreme right of the squadron; the line moved forward at a walk. "Trot, gallop, charge!" came ringing in quick succession from the bugle. Onward swept the line, the cadets urging their horses by hand and heel to the utmost. The dust rose from the plain and covered riders and steeds. From the enveloping cloud came the sound of ringing steel and cheering voices. The line rapidly neared the chapel's front. "Trot!" sounded the bugle; gradually the speed slackened, the animals, though now thoroughly aroused, are reined by the strong bridle arms of the cadets into a trot, and finally to a walk. All save one. From the right of the line a steed that had "taken the bit in his teeth" dashed forward straight at the throng of sight-seers. "Black Ben has bolted!" are the words that pass from mouth to mouth of the horsemen.

The crowd sees its danger, and breaks to the right and left just as the master-hand of the rider has succeeded in so far changing the animal's course as to clear the outskirts of the throng. The rider was Jack Edwards, counted one of the best horsemen in the corps, but his skill served him now for little more than a firm seat in the saddle. His mount was Black Ben, a recent addition to the squadron, a mettlesome steed at all times, and now, maddened by the uproar and the pain from the spurs, he had lowered his head and bolted. Jack strove to rein him in, but hand and voice were useless. The roadway between the cavalry and infantry plains was cleared at a bound. Veering to the right, Ben headed for Trophy Point, a plot of ground covered with old captured Mexican cannon lying in the shade of low-limbed trees. Hoping to check the animal before in the blindness of fear he should strike any obstacle in the path, Jack thought it better to keep his seat than to run the risk of a jump. In a moment they were on the Point, and racing along a path that ran just clear of the cannon. The hanging branches of the trees threatened to sweep the rider from the saddle, but his thorough training in the riding-school stood to his aid. Twisting his left hand into the thick of Black Ben's mane, Jack dug his left heel into the heaving side, and with his right hand under the animal's neck he slid to its right side, and there clung until the danger from the trees had passed.

The attention of the people on the plain had been diverted from the drill the instant that the black charger had bolted from the ranks. There was a moment of intense suspense as the runaway passed under the trees at Trophy Point, to be followed by an exclamation of relief as rider and horse came forth safely from the further end of the path. But the greatest danger yet remained. The frenzied animal was heading straight for the bluff that rose sheer from the river. The ground between was rough and rocky, and a jump from the saddle was dangerous in the extreme.

Hardly had the cadets realized their comrade's peril, when from the left of the right platoon a roan horse shot out upon the plain, and was headed by its rider for a point at some distance from the bluff, and in the direct path of the runaway. It was Victor, the fleetest steed in

the squadron, mounted by Ned Banks. With a word of encouragement and just a touch of the spur Ned urged Victor forward. He responded gallantly, seeming to feel the purpose of his master. The cavalry plain was passed like a shot. Glancing ahead, Ned saw between him and his objective point the posts and cross-beam erected to support the guy ropes of the commandant's tent. The beam was twenty feet in length, and to pass around it meant a slackening of speed and the loss of precious time. Straight at it he sped. It was a clear jump of four feet, and rendered doubly dangerous by the high rate of speed. Ned did not hesitate; a word and a slight uplifting of the rein and Victor rose in the air, cleared the obstruction, and dashed on unshaken. A moment more and they entered the general parade of the deserted campground just as Black Ben, from a point at right angles to Ned's course, broke into the same avenue.

The bluff was but a few rods distant. Victor's nose was pressing the leader's flank; foot by foot he was gaining. Ned saw Jack's left hand seeking the pommel of the saddle and his left foot disengaging the stirrup. He was preparing to leap.

"Don't jump, Jack!" he shouted. The steeds were nearly breast to breast. The river was below them as Ned, leaning forward, grasped Ben's bridle at the bit, and turning Victor's head, with a strong effort forced both animals to the left on the very brink of the cliff, and guided them along its edge. Black Ben was soon subdued, and a ringing cheer came from the plain as the boys dismounted and clasped hands. A few broken words from Jack, and Ned knew he had won back his friend, and that for his class there was to be no cloud on that Graduation Day.

WRINKLES TO YOUNG CRICKETERS.

BY CHARLES E. CLAY.

PART I.—THE CAPTAIN AND THE BOWLER.

IN speaking of the signal successes of his brilliant career, the great Duke of Wellington is given the credit of saying that his grandest victories were gained on the cricket fields of Eton. By this he meant to imply that the self-reliance, pluck, and hardihood acquired by his officers while playing the old English game of cricket had stood him and his country in good stead in the most trying and critical times.

In every game where muscle and brawn are guided and controlled by the judgment and activity of the brain, there is much good. But that game is surely the most beneficial in which brain and body contribute equally to bring about success. Cricket is eminently calculated to effect this double yet harmonious working of body and mind. The various exercises of batting, bowling, and fielding amply exercise every muscle in the body, and yet not too violently or excessively. Cricket does not develop any particular member of the body to the neglect of the others, as in some games. The rest between the innings, as well as the shorter respite between the fall of one wicket and the arrival of the next batsman, gives a chance of recuperation from any excessive exertion not to be found to the same beneficial extent in other games. And while the body may be taking its needed rest, the mind finds pleasant excitement in watching the ever-varying fortunes of the game.

Neither do I know any game that brings out in such a marked degree the finer qualities inherent in man's nature. To be a successful cricketer one must have perfect command of one's temper, obey the directions of the captain, and be conscientious in the strict performance of every duty that is assigned to him. He must be ready to sacrifice the interests of self to the good of his side, cheerful and hopeful under reverses, dignified and serene

when fickle fortune smiles kindly on him; these and a dozen other qualities are taught at cricket.

Four distinct elements working together in the most cordial good-fellowship and harmony go to make up good cricket and a successful eleven. These are the captain, the bowlers, the batsmen, and the fielders. In this paper I will discuss the duties of the first two.

THE CAPTAIN, HIS DUTIES AND QUALIFICATIONS.

Too much care and judgment cannot be used in the selection of the individual to fill this most important position. A club or school may be rich in brilliant players and "deadly" bowlers, but if they are not wise and happy in the choice of their captain they will not enjoy their cricket or succeed in gaining many laurels as an eleven. The man to fill the position to the satisfaction of players and members must be a paragon of many virtues. He must have the wisdom of Ulysses, the silver tongue of Nestor, the prowess of Achilles, and the capacity for government as Menelaus. He should be chosen for his popularity, firmness, and thorough knowledge of the game, rather than for his superiority as a player.

The great exemplar of this in England at the present day is undoubtedly the mighty, W. G. Grace, whose reputation as a captain is not excelled by his marvellous dexterity as an all-round cricketer.

It is the privilege of the captain to select the elevens for all matches. In this he should be guided by his knowledge of the *personnel* and strength of the opposing team. He should allow no favoritism to sway his selection. Merit alone should be his guide. Three qualifications are to be looked for in the choice of his men—batting powers, bowling powers, fielding powers. He should have at least four good bowlers, two comprising his opening battery, and two fairly good changes. If he has more than four to select from, let him be guided by their difference in pace and style, and if he has a left-handed bowler, let him use him in preference to an entire battery of right-handed trundlers.

The batting strength of an eleven should comprise at least seven of the team. Three or perhaps four inferior batsmen may be played if they are especially brilliant in the field.

The captain should assign the men to their positions in the field, but it is the bowler's privilege and right to have the field arranged in such a manner as his experience dictates will best cover the ground.

In opening the bowling let the bowlers choose their own ends, especially if they are playing away from home. If after the delivery of a few overs a change of ends is desirable, it can easily be accomplished.

In placing "the field," the captain should always be guided by the capabilities of his men. A good sure catch and quick sharp fielder should be placed at "point" or in the "slips." A man that can cover a great deal of ground and is a good thrower should be sent to "cover-point," "long-leg," or into the out-field. Left-handed men should be placed as much as possible on the "off" side of the field, for the reason that the ball, when hit by the batsman to the off, is apt to break to the *left* hand, while balls hit to the "on" or to leg break toward the *right* hand. The captain is the sole judge of when to take off one bowler and put on another. He should not hesitate to change the bowling often when two batsmen are well set; but at the same time he should be chary of taking off a bowler because he is getting wickets slowly, if runs are not being made off him. If possible, Mr. Captain, let "slows" take the place of fast; and it is often very efficacious to put on underhand "lobs" when batsmen are making havoc with your medium and fast overhand bowlers. Don't place your bowlers in positions in the field where they will have a lot of work to do; keep them as fresh and as much in reserve as possible. If they are not smart enough to

take the "slips," put them at short-leg or between the wickets, but don't send them to cover-point or out-field, where they will have to throw hard in from long distances, and thus strain their arms.

In sending your men to the wickets to bat, pick out two who are more apt to "stick" and play cautiously than to go in for hitting and quick run-getting. Nothing so surely breaks the heart of a bowler (especially if he is a trifle impatient) than to be played and stopped and poked away without giving a chance or getting a run. Your fast run-getters should follow first, second, and third wickets down, and then it is well to let your hard-hitting men go in. If you find the bowling of your opponents getting off the spot and loose, always send in your hardest hitter. If he "comes off" at all, he will do so in grand style, and please "the gallery." If your bowlers are fairly good batsmen as well, let them go in early in the innings; if they score, they will have time to rest and recover before they are wanted to bowl.

If you have the choice, it is generally best to elect to bat, because you get the best of the wicket, and moreover it's an old adage, but a true one, that says, "It's easier to save a run than to make one." In conclusion, Mr. Captain, speak kindly and courteously to your men; don't squabble. See that your men play the game for all it is worth. Allow no loafing, no lounging, no talking, during the play.

THE BOWLER.

Every boy that aspires to the honor of being a good all-round cricketer should be able to "trundle the leather" a bit. In adopting an "action," let it be one that does not tear you to pieces and completely fag you out in a few overs. I would advise the beginner to cultivate a bit of a run in coming to deliver the ball, and if possible let him follow the delivery a couple of steps, of course keeping himself thoroughly in hand.

The first things to master are "pitch" and "direction." Pace and "spin" or "break" are accomplishments to be added afterward. Make use of every inch of your height both in bowling and batting (more on this head anon), and cultivate a delivery as high over the shoulder as possible; it is much more deceptive, and gives you a far better command of the ball. To become a skilful bowler requires more practice than is generally given to it. A very good way is, where practicable, to put up two nets, and taking out five balls, trundle them deliberately at the opposite wicket one after the other; then go over to the other wicket and do likewise. I found it a good plan to measure a good length pitch, and to place a conspicuous little piece of white paper, or thin cake of pipe-clay, or anything that will readily catch the eye, directly in front of the middle stump of the wicket I bowled at. The next over, place it for the "off" stump, the next for the "leg" stump, and so on. The same plan will enable you to practise bowling "Yorkers" (balls pitched up to the batsman's "block"), only of course you must remember to put your white mark away up where the batsman's "block" hole would be. When you can come within a couple of inches of your mark every time you bowl, you have acquired the knack of pitching a good length ball, and you can discard your target.

When you have secured direction and length, you can learn to master the mysteries of "twists," "spins," and "breaks." And don't for a moment run away with the idea that it is an easy thing to learn. Some bowlers, good and straight as a die, can never get any twist on. They never trouble a decent batsman, and can be played all day on good wickets. To some, more particularly to left-handed bowlers, a "break" or "spin" comes naturally as the result of their style of delivery; but this is given only to few. To twist a ball in from leg, a right-handed bowler takes the ball *across the seams*, and just at the moment he delivers it, turns his wrist and hand sharply from right

to left. This action gives the ball a rotary motion in the air, so that when it strikes the ground it will dart quickly in the direction that it is spinning. The contrary twist of the ball after touching the ground is known as a "break from off," and is the more deadly in its results. Holding the ball across the seams as before, turn wrist and hand sharply from left to right at the moment the ball is about leaving your hand. This will make the ball spin in the air from left to right, and, consequently, directly it touches the ground it darts toward the right. In using the terms right and left hand, I have reference to the bowler's left and right.

Be sure of one thing: that a ball is more likely to get a wicket if over pitched than if it be short pitched. Over-pitched balls, even if they are "half-volleys," are likely to be skied when hit; but "long hops" are plain to be seen, and if straight, can be played all day, and if off the wicket, no ball is so easy to punish without giving a chance. Don't be too attentive to keep every ball dead on the sticks. Give the batsman a ball a little off the stumps quite frequently; entice him to take liberties; let him think you are easy to hit. Whenever you find a batsman makes a particularly awkward play at a special pitch of ball, give him another of the same kind. As a rule, keep your bowling more on the "off" side than the "on" side of the wicket. Bowl with the head as much as with the hand, and, if anything, more. Keep your eyes constantly on the positions of your field; if each is not exactly where you want him, catch his eye and beckon him to his proper place, but without attracting the batsman's attention. If you find you are not in your best form (and there is no bowler who does not have his off days), don't hesitate to tell the captain. It is victory you play for, not for your private bowling analysis.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A WAY-SIDE SHELTER (SUGGESTION FOR A PEAKED HAT).



W. T. D. M. 1889.
 Penn. - 1889.

"MATEO, WITH A HOWL OF DISMAY, HAD DARTED FORWARD AND VANISHED IN THE FORECASTLE, WHILE NIMBUS, WITH A YELL OF AFFRIGHT, HAD ROLLED AFT."

DORYMATES:*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DEKRIK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEVIL-FISH OF FLEMISH CAP.

CAPTAIN COFFIN was an unusually well-informed man, and as Breeze was always on the lookout for stray bits of information, he took advantage of the opportunity afforded by this long voyage to ask the skipper a great many questions. One day, soon after leaving the *Vixen*, the lead, running out to a great depth, showed them to have crossed the Grand Bank, and to be on the deep waters of the North Atlantic. While they were talking of this, Breeze asked the Captain how he supposed the Banks had been formed.

"My theory is," answered the skipper, "that they were formed, and are constantly being added to, by icebergs. You see, every spring thousands of these big fellows come sailing down through Davis Strait for their summer outing. They bring with them tons and tons of gravel and sand, collected while they formed part of slow-moving arctic glaciers, or picked up off the bottom as they drifted along the Greenland and Labrador coasts. Now, no matter how large an iceberg is above water, it is more than twice as big below the surface—that is, we see less than one-third of its whole bulk, while the rest is under water. I saw one once aground in forty fathoms. Well, by-and-by the part that is under water begins to feel the influence of the Gulf-Stream, and to melt much more rapidly than that which is above. As the bergs drift about in this melting condition, they lose here and there quantities of the sand they have brought with them. After a while they have melted away so much under water that they become top-heavy, and capsize with a tremendous flurry, pitching overboard a great deal more of their cargo. Finally they melt away entirely, and all the material they have brought down from the north is swept up by

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492.

the Gulf-Stream and deposited along its northern edge on what we call the Banks. To form them has been the slow but unceasing work of unnumbered centuries."

"But why doesn't this great quantity of sand and gravel pile itself up until it finally reaches the surface and becomes an island or a lot of small islands?"

"Because of the fierce currents that are continually sweeping over the Banks and scattering the material far and wide. They are caused by the mighty flow of the St. Lawrence River, by tides and winds, and very largely by the Gulf-Stream; for with such a volume of warm water flowing north and east all the time, there must be an equal quantity of cold water flowing south and west to take its place."

"That's so," said Breeze; "I might have thought of that."

"Many persons," continued Captain Coffin, "imagine the Banks to be islands of mud rising to within a few feet of the surface, and even showing above it in places; and I have been asked if navigation on them was not very dangerous on account of the shoal water. I actually had a man ask me once if we often went ashore on the Banks."

"Of course I have always known better than that," said Breeze; "but I don't know how near they do come to the surface."

"The shoalest waters of the Grand Bank," answered the skipper, "are three fathoms, on the Virgin Rocks, ninety miles to the southward of Cape Race, and from that the depth increases to two hundred fathoms, while to the southeast of the Bank soundings of three miles have failed to reach bottom."

"Well, there isn't much danger of running aground in such waters," laughed Breeze; "and I'm very much obliged to you for this information. But who do you suppose first found out that there were fish on the Banks?"

"I don't know; perhaps it was that old Iceland fellow, Lief Erikson, who they say first discovered America. I have been told by the French fishermen who come over here every summer that their countrymen knew of these grounds as early as 1504, and that less than twenty-five years from the time that Columbus made his first voyage a fleet of more than a hundred French, Spanish, and Portuguese fishing vessels were visiting them regularly every summer."

"I should think with such constant fishing the supply would give out," said Breeze.

"It would seem so, but it doesn't; and I believe there are just as many fish on the Banks now as there ever were. Of course there are more in some seasons than in others. This, for instance, appears to be an off year, and that is the reason I am going to see if they haven't gone to the other side of the ocean for the summer."

Soon after this the *Fish-Hawk* reached the small bank known as Flemish Cap, about three hundred miles east of Grand Bank, and the most distant of all the American fishing-grounds. This was just twelve hundred miles from Gloucester, or half-way to Iceland, and Captain Coffin determined to set a few trawls, and see if they could not pick up some halibut here. As, under reduced sail, the schooner moved slowly across the Bank, several of the crew got out hand-lines and dropped them over the side. Among these was Nimbus, who, never having been on a fishing vessel before, was delighted to have a chance to try his luck at the new business, and very anxious to catch a halibut.

Now, Breeze was possessed of the peculiar power of ventriloquism, or the ability to so use his voice as to make it seem to come from other places than that in which he stood. He had only recently discovered this power, but had practised continually while on board the *Vixen*, and had become fairly skillful in performing the trick. In the excitement of the past week he had not thought of it; but now, as he saw Nimbus baiting a hook, and, under

Mateo's direction, preparing to make his first attempt at fishing, it flashed into his mind that there was a chance for some fun. He stationed himself close beside the two cooks, and waited patiently.

After a while there came a tug at the line, and Nimbus began excitedly to haul in. As the fish approached the surface, old Mateo went in search of a gaff, with which to get it on deck. Just as its nose showed out of the water, and the black man was about to give a great shout of joy over his success, a voice, coming apparently from the halibut's mouth, cried out, "Let go, Nimbus; you hurt!"

For a moment the negro stood petrified with amazement, his mouth wide open in readiness for his shout of triumph, and his eyeballs rolling wildly.

Once more the fish spoke. "Let go, I say!"

This was too much. With a yell of terror the negro dropped his line, which went whizzing out over the rail, and sprang backward. As he did so he encountered old Mateo just coming to his aid with the gaff. The force of the collision sent the two cooks rolling on deck together, Nimbus shouting, "Ow! ow! luff ole Nim alone; he neber catch um no mo'!" and Mateo clutching at the black man's ears, and spluttering out his wrath in Portuguese.

He was the first to scramble to his feet, and picking up the gaff, began to belabor Nimbus over the head with its handle. Just then Breeze, who, though choking with laughter, had caught the line and pulled the halibut once more to the surface, called to him for help in getting it aboard.

As the little man, responding to this summons, reached over the schooner's side with the gaff, and prepared to hook it into the great white fish, he nearly tumbled overboard with the fright of hearing a voice directly beneath him say, "What do you want with me, old Mateo? I ain't your fish."

Mateo bounded from the deck as though he had received an electric shock, and had not one of the crew who stood near seized the gaff, it would have dropped into the water as it fell from his hand.

The crew had by this time discovered the trick that Breeze was playing; but they were trying to suppress their laughter in order that the two victims of the joke might not suspect it.

As the halibut was lifted from the water and laid flapping on deck, it seemed to say: "Well, this is what I call a mean trick! We heard you fellows were bound for Iceland, and—" There was no need to finish the remark, for before this point was reached, old Mateo, with a howl of dismay, had darted forward and vanished in the fore-castle, while Nimbus, with a yell of affright, had rolled aft, and sought the safety of the cabin.

Then how those fishermen did roar with laughter, and stamp on the deck with their heavy boots, and slap Breeze on the back in token of their appreciation of his talent and its successful application! From that time forward he was obliged to exercise it frequently for the benefit of his shipmates; but it was long before Nimbus thoroughly understood it, or could be persuaded that the mysterious voices that seemed to come from all parts of the schooner were not produced by some invisible being.

The readiness with which this first halibut had taken the hook determined Captain Coffin to make at least one set of the trawls at that point. It was to be a "set under sail"; that is, instead of coming to an anchor, the schooner, under easy sail, would drop one dory with its trawl, then another, and so on until all were out, when it would turn back, pick them up in the same order, and stand off and on near the buoys until it was time to haul. As each trawl was set at right angles to the course of the schooner, and there were six of them placed at intervals of half a mile, very nearly three square miles of bottom were thus covered.

The rest of the crew had been paired off, and had chosen

their dories before Breeze and Nimbus came aboard; so these two naturally became dorymates. This time Nimbus was the green hand, and Breeze his instructor, in the art of trawl-setting. Everything went smoothly with them until they had partially hauled their trawl, when such a fearful thing happened to them that to this day Breeze cannot think of it without a shudder.

Nimbus was in the forward part of the dory hauling in the line, while Breeze stood just behind him, coiling it away. As they were thus engaged, the trawl seemed to catch in some heavy body, and, in spite of his strength, Nimbus was obliged to call upon Breeze for aid to move it.

"Mus' hab um whale on de hook," he panted, as he tugged at the straining line.

Directly the strain was slackened, so suddenly that they nearly tumbled over backward. The water surrounding the boat became black as ink, and from it darted something like a huge snake, that twined itself about the black man's body. He gave a cry of horror, and tried to tear it loose; but at his first movement two more of the snake-like arms shot out from the inky water, and also seized upon him. These twined about his legs and tripped him, so that he fell in the bottom of the boat, very nearly upsetting it. As it was, it was drawn so far over to one side by the weight of the creature attacking them, that there was imminent danger of its filling, and leaving them to struggle powerlessly in the water.

All this had happened so suddenly that Nimbus was flat on his back before Breeze at all realized what was taking place. A glance over the side showed him two of the cruellest-looking eyes he had ever seen. They were quite round and very large, and projected from the base of the long writhing arms, or tentacles, that had seized upon Nimbus. Snatching up an oar, and using it as a sort of harpoon, Breeze aimed a furious blow at one of the protruding eyes. Whether he struck it or not he could not tell, for before he could recover the oar it was torn from his grasp, and drawn under the water. At the same instant another of the monster's tentacles was thrust upward and fastened upon him, pinning his left arm to his body.

In the first shock of his terror, Nimbus rolled, screaming and helpless, among the slippery fish in the bottom of the dory. Suddenly a cry from Breeze of "Help, Nimbus! Help me! I'm being dragged overboard!" seemed to restore his courage. He struggled to his knees, seized upon one of the snake-like things that held him, and with a mighty wrench, literally tore it in two. This gave him some freedom of motion, and he managed to reach over to where Breeze was clinging to a gunwale, and drew the boy's sheath-knife from his belt.

Now the black man became the attacking party, and with the keen-edged knife began to slash right and left at the clinging tentacles, several more of which had by this time risen from the water, and were endeavoring to seize him. He fought so savagely, and with such effect, that finally the monster, having lost five of his arms, sank sullenly from their sight beneath the discolored waters.

For several minutes after their enemy had disappeared they watched apprehensively for his return, dreading a renewal of the attack. Much of their trawl had run out during the struggle, and now, making a tub fast to it, they tossed it overboard, and while Breeze held up an oar as a signal for the schooner to come to them, Nimbus began to row toward her.

"What do you think it was, Nimbus?" Breeze asked at length.

"Don' know. Nebber seed notting like um in all my sailin'. Mus' be um debbil-fish."

Although Nimbus had never heard of Victor Hugo, he had applied to his late enemy the same name given it by the great French writer, the "devil-fish," which is so wonderfully described in the *Toilers of the Sea*.

"Well, I think it was a sea-serpent," said Breeze. "and I'm not sure but what there were half a dozen of them, too."

When Captain Coffin heard their story, and saw the portions of the monster that still remained in the dory, he fully realized the peril they had been in, and congratulated them upon their escape from the embrace of a giant cuttle-fish. He measured the largest of the arms that Nimbus had cut from the creature's body. It was bloodless, and composed entirely of gristle, and from its length the skipper concluded the creature must have measured twenty feet from tip to tip of two of its arms.

"But what kind of a beast was it?" asked Breeze. "It had big eyes, and seemed to be swimming in ink, but I could not see any tail or fins."

"No, it did not have any. Its body was simply a round, leathery sack, about as big as a medium-sized squash. It had a horny beak like a parrot's, and could have given you an ugly bite if it had got hold of you. The ink that it threw out was the sepia of commerce, from which India-ink is made. The creature was the giant squid, or octopus. He had eight arms, and but for your knife would undoubtedly have dragged you both to the bottom of the ocean."

"Do they often attack people?" asked Breeze.

"No; they rarely appear on the surface of the water, and this fellow would not have done so if one of your trawl-hooks had not caught him. He belongs to the same family as the little squid we catch in such quantities on the Banks for cod bait."

"I'd hate to have to catch such a fellow as he was for bait," said Breeze, with a shudder.

"He'd make good whale bait," replied the skipper. "There's nothing the sperm-whale likes better. I once saw a piece of the arm of a cuttle-fish, thirty feet long, taken from a dead whale's mouth, and we calculated that the creature to which it had belonged must have measured one hundred and twenty feet from tip to tip."

"I thought a whale's throat was too small to swallow a thing like that," said Breeze.

"Not the throat of a sperm-whale. That is large enough to swallow 'most anything. You are thinking of the right-whale. He couldn't swallow a mackerel, his throat is so small."

One afternoon, ten days after this incident, by which time the crew of the *Fish-Hawk* were heartily tired of the cold, stormy weather of the North Atlantic, the cry of "Land, ho!" rang through the schooner. The western sun, breaking through a bank of clouds, shone clear and full upon a distant snow-covered mountain-top. The ocean had been crossed, and Iceland was in sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DRUMMER.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THIS morning, when I went to play
I heard the shady orchard way,
I longed a merry rat-tat-too
In branches where the breezes blow:
But long in vain I tried to see
That tiny drummer in the tree.

At last I saw his speckled coat,
The sleek black velvet round his throat,
And perched upon his cunning head
A tufted little cap of red.
I cried to him: "Where come you from?
And why do you so loudly drum?"

He perked his head and looked at me,
But not an answering word said he
Then in a moment from my sight
He darted like a ray of light.
Were I a drummer, I'd not run
Unless I saw a big, big gun.



FRENCH GIRLS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY CARMOSINE.

OUR illustrations represent two French girls, one a worldling with a hawk on her fist, the other already cloistered and wearing the sombre garb of some religious order. These are portraits painted by Philippe de Champagne (born 1602, died 1674), who, although a native of Brussels, is yet claimed by the French school. Philippe de Champagne came to Paris at the age of nineteen, became a friend of the great French historical painter Poussin, with whom he was employed by the Queen Marie de Medicis to paint the Luxembourg Palace, and finally settled in Paris, where he painted great quantities of pictures for various churches and convents.

The two portraits of children which we have reproduced are full of life and reality, and interesting also as documents on the costume and manners of the time. As for the girl with her hands joined in the attitude and discipline of prayer, we need only remind

our young readers that three hundred years ago it was the usage for all noble and wealthy families to have some of their children brought up with a view to becoming abbots, monks, nuns, and superiors of convents. The girl whose portrait we have here was doubtless some noble child who was destined to become lady superior of some aristocratic convent, or who was at any rate being educated in some conventual school.

The other little girl, with the hawk on her hand, interests not only for her pretty face, but also for her costume, which is a model of the dress-maker's art of the time and style of Louis XIII. Notice the coquetish cap with the richly embroidered border set with pearls, and forming as it were a tiara binding the soft hair that hangs over the forehead. Notice, too, the broad lace collar covering the shoulders, the slashed sleeves, the dainty cuffs, and the lace-bordered apron over the flowered silk frock. This is certainly a high-born maiden, the daughter of some great lord or mighty warrior who lived in great state and loved hunting. But what is that hawk doing on her fist? Surely a bird of prey is a strange pet for a girl to have. Not at all. During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance

hawking, or falconry, was the delight of the grand seigneurs, and at certain epochs it was held in such high honor that a gentleman, and even a noble lady, could not be seen in public without their hawks on their fists, as a sort of living emblem of their nobility. We read even of prelates, bishops, or abbots who took their birds to church with them, and set them on the altar steps during the service.

The falcon, or hawk, like the sword, was the distinctive mark of gentlemen as distinguished from bourgeois, trades-people, and common men. The seigneurs often went to war with their hawks on their fists, and while the battle was going on they gave them to their squires to take care of. By the laws of old chivalry it was forbidden to sell a hawk, even were it for the sake of paying a prisoner's ransom. The gentleman who had the misfortune to be made a prisoner by the enemy was bound to set his hawk free, so that the noble bird might not be obliged to share his luckless master's captivity.

Hawks of various kinds were trained to hunt wild-fowl, particularly water-fowl and herons, and the science of falconry became a very complex and curious pursuit, accom-

panied by all kinds of refinements in its practice. Thus the glove for the left hand, on which the falcon sat, was often finely embroidered with gold, and served only for one bird. In princely houses, the hood, which was drawn over the hawk's head, so that he might not see until his master flew him at a bird, was embroidered with gold, pearls, and feathers. The birds, too, carried bells on their feet, each bell of a different sound, and engraved with the owner's coat of arms. These little bells of silver were made particularly at Milan, in Italy. To carry a hawk on

Renaud de Trie had been a great man of war, and for many years Admiral of the French fleet, but then he had retired, and was living in his château in the midst of all kinds of comforts and luxuries. His house was splendidly furnished, and surrounded with woods and water abounding in game and fish; he had minstrels and trumpeters "who sounded marvellously"; he kept forty or fifty dogs for hunting, and twenty horses for his personal use; he had, too, hawks and hennshaws, and a wife who was the finest and noblest lady in France.



one's fist was quite an art, for the bird must sit well on the fist, and not on the side of the hand or between the fingers. He who carries a hawk properly, says an old treatise, will not make his bells tinkle as he rides.

In order to give our young readers an idea of the life of the seigneurs and ladies of the Middle Ages, we will translate a passage from the *Cronica del Conde Don Pero Niño*, a Spanish gentleman who at the end of the fourteenth century paid a visit to the château of Renaud de Trie, near Rouen in France, and wrote an account of what he saw.

This lady had her own house, separate from that of the Admiral, but connected with it by a drawbridge. There in the midst of beautiful furniture and rich stuffs she lived with ten tire-women, whose only duties were to dress themselves and take care of their mistress. There were also many chamber-maids. "Now," writes Pero Niño, "I will relate the order and rule of life that madame observed. She rose in the morning with her maidens, and went into a wood near by, each one with her prayer-book and her rosary, and they sat down and said

their prayers without speaking a word to each other while they were praying; afterward they gathered violets and other flowers, and so returned to the château and heard mass in the chapel. When they came out of the chapel there was brought to them a basin of silver in which were fowls and larks and other roasted birds, which they ate or not, as they pleased, and then there was given them wine. Madame herself ate rarely in the morning, or only a very little for the sake of those who were with her. Immediately after this madame and her maids went out riding on hacks or *haquenées*, the finest and the best appointed that were ever seen, and with them rode the knights and gentlemen who were there, and all went into the meadows to play and make garlands of flowers. There also they listened to lays, virelays, roundelays, ballads, and songs such as the *trouvères* of France sing in different and well-accommodated voices. There, too, came Pero Niño with his gentlemen, for whom all these fêtes were being given; and so all returned to the château for dinner, dismounted, and entered the dining-hall, where the tables were laid. The old knight, being no longer able to ride, was awaiting them, and received them graciously. . . . At table sat the Admiral, madame, and Pero Niño, and the major-domo gave order at the table and placed the guests, each knight beside a lady. The viands were very various and abundant, with good ragouts of flesh and of fruits, according to the day of the week. While the dinner lasted, those who could talk politely and modestly of arms and of love were sure to find an ear to listen to them and tongues to reply and make them satisfied.

"Neither were there wanting jugglers. When grace had been said and the cloth removed came the minstrel, and madame danced with Pero Niño, and each of his knights with a damsel, and the dance lasted about an hour. After the dance madame gave peace [*i. e.*, kissed] to the captain, and each one did likewise to the lady with whom he had danced. Then were brought spices and wine, and the company retired to sleep the siesta [the dinner was served at noon]. After their sleep the company mounted their horses and the pages brought the hawks. Madame took a gentile hawk on her fist, the pages beat up a heron, and she flew her bird as adroitly as could be. Then began a fine chase and great fun—dogs swimming, drums beating, ladies and gentlemen amusing themselves joyously along the river-bank.

"At night supper was served in winter; but in summer the meal was served earlier, and madame would go out into the fields on foot to play at ball until it was quite dark. Finally," says Pero Niño, "the great hall was lighted with torches, and while the minstrels played the guests danced until far into the night, then took some fruit and wine, and so went to bed. And this went on every day, according to the merit of the guests that were to be honored, everything being arranged and directed by madame, who had charge not only of the Admiral's house, but of all his lands, farms, servants and retainers, and veritably kept his house."

The position occupied by madame, according to Pero Niño's narrative, is very interesting, because it shows how important the wife was in the feudal châteaux of the fourteenth century. For that matter, Froissart and other writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries confirm Niño's observations, and speak frequently of *châtelaines* who have the direction of the affairs of their lords, and who are as independent, as cultivated, and as much honored and respected as any modern lady could be. These points are worth remembering, because there are still many writers who erroneously speak of the Middle Ages, and of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as ages of barbarism, even as the Dark Ages; whereas if we study the art, the literature, and the customs of those times, we shall find evidences of exquisite politeness, refined habits, a love of luxury and comfort, which are the very contrary of barbarism.

MISS ELLISTON'S PARTY, ABOVE AND BELOW STAIRS.

BY FRANK W. SAGE.

"I KNOW well enough why I wasn't invited," said little Katie Wiston, who was swinging on the carriage gate with Bert Anthony. The children were watching the assembling of the guests at Miss Elliston's, just across the way. Miss Elliston, a maiden lady living alone, had issued invitations to a juvenile party to meet her little nieces and a nephew visiting her from Boston.

"Well, the reason I wasn't invited was 'cause I usedn't to let her cat come into our wood-house," Bert interrupted. "And once I went into her yard to look at some crab-apples, and a cow got in and ate up all her hollyhocks, 'cause I'd left the gate open all night. 'Twasn't *my* fault, 'cause I didn't know cows liked hollyhocks."

"The reason I wasn't invited," Katie persisted, "was 'cause once when I was little I went over to Miss Elliston's and caught the measles from one of those very same little girls that's visiting her now. My ma was vexed about it, and so was Miss Elliston vexed, 'cause she'd said I must keep away from her house till the measles was cured. I guess she never liked me very well after that," and Katie thrust her little slippered feet between the slats of the gate and swung back at arm's-length. "Anyhow, she never speaks to me, 'cause I always keep on the other side of the street and hide when I see her coming. Well, I don't care; I wouldn't have gone anyway." Katie had returned only the day before from a visit to the country. It did not occur to her that her own absence might have had something to do with her lack of an invitation.

"I think it was *real* mean of her not to invite me," she burst out petulantly, after a moment. "Only this morning one of those little girls asked me where she could buy some candy, and I told her. Wouldn't it be fun, though, to creep up and peep in through the window, just to see what they're doing!" she cried, gleefully. "Let's do it!"

Bert fell in with the suggestion at once. In another moment they had crept stealthily up the gravel-walk and were peering in through the slats of the blind upon the company of children in Miss Elliston's parlor.

"Oh, Bert, I'm afraid somebody 'll come around the house and catch us peeping," Katie whispered, becoming more and more alarmed in view of that possibility.

"They can't see through all these bushes," Bert whispered, reassuringly. "Besides, it's almost dark. Don't I wish we were in there, though! They're beginning to pass round striped ice-cream—red and green and all kinds of colors mixed. Stand up here on this box, where you can see better."

Katie gave one step forward, when suddenly the potted plants in the window, the lace curtains, and everything else in sight seemed to flash upward; the ground opened beneath their feet, something clashed above their heads, and, half stunned, the two children found themselves sprawling on a sawdust heap in Miss Elliston's cellar. When Bert had somewhat recovered from his bewilderment, he found that they had fallen through a ventilator trap-door, which, turning on pivots, had closed itself and shut them in, snug as any prisoners in jail. The sounds of mirth in the parlor above suddenly ceased; a door was heard to open, and presently a light twinkled feebly in the side yard.

"What in the world *could* it have been?" "Oh, I'm frightened nearly to death!" and "Do be careful, Miss Elliston!" came from one and another as the hostess ventured boldly ahead of the others and beat the shrubbery with a cane. Involuntarily Katie and Bert shrank back out of sight as she approached and peered down into the cellar.

"It must have been some of those scampish town boys playing their pranks," she announced, finally. "I'll

warrant they're hiding in the orchard this minute," and followed by several of the bolder spirits, she led the way around the house. Bert instantly sprang up and tried the trap-door, tugging and straining vainly to force it open. Unfortunately he could not reach the hasp. On the sudden reappearance of a light on the path above, he gave up the effort, and hastily concealed himself once more. Immediately a fair-faced boy with long flaxen curls set down a lantern, and gazed intently through a grating looking into the cellar. He was kneeling on the trap-door as he did this. Bert was beginning to think what a dreadful fix they would be in if the boy should happen to fall in too and discover them there, when snap went the hasp, and down he came, sure enough! Katie gave a little scream, for she saw that he had struck his head against a jutting timber in the wall. Then when they both saw him lying motionless, Katie gave way to lamentations that might have betrayed them but for Bert's warning protest. Like the tender-hearted little girl she was, Katie took the senseless boy's head into her lap, and sat smoothing his tangled hair, not knowing what better to do for him. "Oh, dear, dear me!" she lamented, "why didn't we call out in the first place, and let them know we had come down here; then this wouldn't have happened! Now they'll think we're burglars, and no telling what they'll do to us. I wish my mamma would only come, quick!"

"I wish I had that lantern, and I'd soon see if there wasn't some other way out of this," was Bert's more practical reply. Already he had felt his way in desperate haste round and round the stone walls, back and forth again and again—all to no purpose. It seemed most singular that he could not find even the stairs. Meanwhile the injured boy had gasped faintly twice or thrice; then he threw out an arm, and made an effort to sit up.

"Don't try to move yet," Katie whispered, soothingly, not with a flutter of apprehension, in view of a new dilemma presenting itself. What explanation should they offer this boy of their presence in Miss Elliston's cellar? How could they hope to restrain him from raising an alarm when he should discover himself in strange hands? Fortunately, the boy, although now rapidly recovering the power of motion and speech, appeared to feel neither surprise nor fear at finding himself in strange company. Bert had seen him once or twice before, and knew he must be Miss Elliston's nephew. Katie whispered something confirming that opinion, and then they both understood why he betrayed no curiosity to know who they were. He probably thought they were two of the company who had come down the cellar stairs to pick him up. He was just beginning to understand where he was, and what had befallen him.

"Why—don't you—help me up—stairs?" he whimpered, dolorously.

"Why, we—only just came to the party ourselves a little—little bit ago; and so, you see—you see, we're waiting a little—I mean we're resting—" The boy broke into a dismal wail: "I want to go to my aunt."

"Oh, say now, hush!" Bert interposed, greatly alarmed. "Now just listen till I tell you what we'd all of us better do." But the boy, in turn, had taken the alarm, as his wits had become fairly well re-established. Bert clapped his hand over his mouth barely in time to repress an outcry that would probably have roused the neighbors. The boy resisted vigorously, until Bert, rendered desperate by fear, rolled him over with his face in the sawdust, and almost smothered him in his agitation. At this sight Katie burst into a smothered wail, and sobbed out piteously: "Oh, do, little boy, be good; please do." It may have been this appeal of Katie's, or a sudden realization of his powerless condition, that brought the boy to a calmer state of mind. After clearing his mouth of saw-

dust he spoke: "If you'll let me up and promise not to hurt me, I'll give you the kitten anyhow. I can buy her another one."

"Give me the kitten!" Bert repeated, quite out loud in his surprise.

"Yes, you can have it, only you must promise to get it cured, well and good."

Bert was sure the boy was out of his head again; but he repeated the words again: "Give me the kitten? Why, what kitten?"

"Why, the kitten. Pity you don't know *what* kitten."

"Well, what about the kitten?" Bert asked, curiously.

"Just as if you didn't know!" the boy replied.

"I don't know," Katie whispered. "Won't you tell me? Was it Miss Elliston's little white kitten?"

"Yes, it was my aunt's kitten. You see, me and another little boy painted some green and red spots on it, so as to make it look pretty for the party, and surprise aunt, and it didn't like it very well, and it got away and crept under the barn before we'd got it finished, and then it licked off some of the spots, and it's been sick ever since out on some hay in the barn. And you know you came in and found me feeding it some milk, and you said I'd better give it to you, because Miss Elliston wouldn't have any use for a kitten with a green tail and red stars on its side," the boy concluded, trying to turn himself so as to see Bert's face. He had become suddenly suspicious.

"First I've heard of it," said Bert, and again the boy began to struggle in his grasp.

"I suppose you two people are burglars, then," said he, beginning to cry in new fright.

"No, sir, we're *not*! We came over here to the—theat is, to see the party, and then we were just—"

"We were peeping in the window to see who was there, when all of a sudden we fell into the cellar, just as you yourself did," Katie whispered between her sobs.

"Then why don't you go right up the stairs and tell them all how it happened? Here, I'll show you where the stairs are; I can find them in the dark."

"Oh no," Bert interposed, hastily, "we don't want to go up the stairs; we want to get out some other way, if we can, 'cause you see—er—these clothes ain't fit to go to a party in, anyhow. We don't want anybody to know, and, besides, we'd better not try to go to the party at all now; it's getting so late. You might go, but Katie and I won't try it." Being persuaded that the better way for them all was to get out by some means without attracting attention, in preference to rousing the house by rapping on the cellar door, which was known to be locked, the strange boy joined them in a renewal of their search. Through sifting dust and depending cobwebs they felt their way round and about. Bert fell over a nest of tubs, and Katie stepped through the paper cover of a crock, diffusing a pleasant odor of quinces throughout the cellar. By way of repairing the damage, she stripped off the cover of her atlas, which she had held under her arm when she fell into the cellar, having just returned from school when our story opened.

At last in their search her foot struck something which proved to be a heap of cabbages. Bert stumbled over them almost at the same time. He rolled two or three of them aside with no definite purpose, and a faint glimmering of light glistened upon Katie's slipper. Stooping down in search of the opening through which this light might be supposed to come, he saw the full-moon rising above the shrubbery in Miss Elliston's side yard. He then perceived that the cabbages blocked the lower end of an open chute leading upward at a steep incline. The chute was like a covered trough of boards. Bert was overjoyed at the discovery. It offered them an easy way of escape. He quickly pushed aside the cabbages, and allowed the other boy to crawl up first, so as to be in a position to help Katie, who immediately followed. Bert was in

the act of heaping up cabbages under her feet to assist her in climbing up, when suddenly a voice called, "Freddie! Freddie!" and Miss Elliston's step sounded on the gravel-walk.

"Oh, *please* don't answer her, *please* don't!" Katie whispered, imploringly, instantly surmising who Freddie might be. Bert dodged behind a large box as a hand was extended to grasp Freddie's lantern, and Miss Elliston repeated several times, "Strange where the child can have got to, very strange!" Then the lantern was taken away, and they were left in total darkness.

"Oh, I'm so glad you didn't answer her. Now you can run in in another minute or two, and tell your aunt about your falling into the cellar, and how you crept out, and you won't need to say a single word about Bert and me being here at all," Katie whispered, gratefully.

Bert was now half-way up the chute, supporting himself upon another foundation of cabbages. Pushing himself upward by using his knees and one hand, while with the other hand he was helping Katie up the rather slippery incline, he was suddenly alarmed by a thin gleam of light projected from a central point in the cellar, and directed toward a knot-hole in the upper surface of the board facing of the chute. Now Bert's eye happened to be exactly opposite this knot-hole as he lay extended at length on his back. If some mischievous elf had shot an arrow through that same knot-hole into his eye, Bert would hardly have been more startled. In that instant he had seen a door opened swiftly but noiselessly, disclosing a flight of steps where he had not thought of looking for them—directly in the middle of the cellar. Down the steps he saw a pair of feet descending cautiously; then the entire figure of a tall thin woman holding a reflector lamp in one hand and a poker in the other appeared.

Bert whispered in a panic, "Don't you make any noise now, Mr. Freddie, nor say a word, unless you want to send your aunt in a fit," and at the same time clapped his hand over Katie's mouth. Miss Elliston descended a step or two, stooped, and gave the lamp a circular sweep, throwing the light into all corners of the cellar.

"I'm warnin' ye, Miss Elliston, not to go wan shtep intil th' sciller. It's wailin' an' schreamin' an' cryin' an' strugghlin' as I've heered fur th' blissid hour past, till th' sowl av me 's famished wid fear," the children heard Mary Ann, the cook, wailing at the head of the stairs. "Sure an' ef poor Freddie's ben ketched wid a wraith, it's not th' likes av me an' you 'ud help 'um."

"Nonsense! There's nobody here, Mary Ann; it must have been cats."

"Sure, th'in, an' where's the cats gone? Up the chute, I dun know?"

"Neither do I; but we'll soon see," and Bert had only time to breathe a terrified "hush!" before he felt Miss Elliston's fingers tugging at the cabbages. His weight prevented their dislodgment, however, and she presently desisted with the remark: "I don't think even a cat could come through there." Then she set down the lamp, knelt, and peered up the chute. Bert's heart stood still. He could see her face, which he fancied expressed the shock of sudden terror. It seemed a full minute before the face was slowly withdrawn. Another moment of silence followed. Bert listened, expecting a piercing shriek to break the dreadful suspense. The lamp still feebly shed its rays up the chute. He fancied Miss Elliston standing transfixed beside the heap of cabbages. Presently he heard her voice once more: "Mary Ann" (sniff! sniff!), "I'm afraid my quinces are working; we'll have to scald them to-morrow."

Bert thought Katie must have fainted; he could no longer hear her loud heart-thumps. He peered through a crevice between the boards. Miss Elliston was on the opposite side of the cellar, viewing with arms akimbo the crock Katie had despoiled. Bert was able to endure

that ordeal with comparative equanimity, even when he saw Miss Elliston take up the lamp and turn its light directly upon the crock, for he had chanced to notice, by the light of Freddie's lantern, that the cover Katie had supplied from her atlas fairly matched the paper cover she had spoiled. While he was privately congratulating himself upon that fact, he noticed Miss Elliston suddenly leaning forward and scrutinizing the cover with a look of astonishment unmistakable. When she finally spoke, Bert's heart thrilled with terror at the words he heard: "Katie—M.—Wiston! Katie—M.—Wiston!" Katie's fingers were thrust into her ears, or she might have screamed, as Bert fully expected her to do. Again Miss Elliston repeated the name with increased emphasis, and still she stood as if petrified with amazement. "Well! that beats my time, I *do* declare! Will some one please rise and explain where ever in the kingdom I got hold of a paper with that child's name upon it, and what particular mental condition I could have been in when I tied *this* paper upon *this* crock without so much as noticing those letters an inch long! I give it up!" And with that she gathered the crock into her arms, reascended the stairs, and bolted the cellar door.

In another moment Freddie was out on the gravel-walk, followed instantly by Katie and Bert, who fled through the shrubbery and out upon the street, without so much as a farewell "good-evening" to Freddie. Just as the latter opened the sitting-room door and confronted his astonished aunt, a voice was borne from across the street: "Say, Master Freddie What's-your-Name! You wash that Kitty all over with some rose-oil; that'll take the paint off her! Then you give her some catnip; that's what sick cats like."

A YACHT PENNANT.

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.

YACHTING breezes are now with us, and the Bay is brilliant with white sails and laughing water. There are numberless little attentions a boat requires before it is in good shape to launch. Now a girl's ingenuity is never very much in demand in the practical arrangements for her brother's sports; but here there is certainly an opening. Tom says the *Una* must have a pennant to float from her mast-head. He overhauls Nellie's dainty work-basket, and tangles everything up with his clumsy fingers in a vain search for some suitable material. Then he is ready to hear what Nellie has to say about it.

"The pennant must be of bunting if it is for every-day wear, and I shall have to visit all the dry-goods stores to



get that, for very few keep it. What color would you like it—red, white, or blue?"

Tom considers for a moment; this is an important question. The yacht club flies a blue flag, therefore the *Una* should carry a blue pennant. The dialogue between brother and sister ends for this day, and the next morning Nellie makes a shopping expedition, and returns with a yard of blue bunting and a spool of silk to match. Then she sits down with her sewing materials about her, and a work-table drawn up. First of all she cuts a pattern for the pennant (the shape shown in the illustration) out of soft brown paper. From end to end it measures twenty-two inches; the widest part, at the left, is ten and a half inches.

Then Nellie folds the two long sides (that run to the point) over three-quarters of an inch, and bastes each down preparatory to the hem. The basting she places far enough above the edge not to interfere with the hem. Then the perpendicular line at the left side is turned over and basted so that a hem an inch wide will be made when complete. Now Nellie is ready to turn the edges under all around on the three sides, and to hem them neatly with blue silk. All this extra care that Nellie gives to the simple matter of hemming is very necessary. The bunting stretches easily, and this tendency Nellie finds must be humored a little.

"All very fine so far," says Tom, examining with a critical eye the triangular piece of bright-colored bunting; "but where's the name? You couldn't tell what the thing belonged to if it didn't have a name or something."

Fortunately it takes but few letters to spell *Una*, else only the initial could appear. Tom acknowledges that some pennants are rather pretty with a single letter sewed on a square of white cloth in a corner of the pennant, and tells of a friend's sail-boat, called *Good Luck*, that has only a horseshoe embroidered on a red ground. But, after all, nothing will do for the *Una* except her own pretty, short name in bold letters on the blue pennant.

Nellie takes up the brown paper again, and outlines with a pencil a *U* and *N* and *A* till she designs something satisfactory. The height is about four inches, and the breadth fully half an inch. After cutting these out for a pattern, she cuts them again from fine white muslin, a trifle larger all around to allow turning under.

Then the pennant is laid on the table with the point at the right, and she bastes on the letters in the large space, sewing along through the centres of each. Then comes a second basting, turning under the edges all around; and

last of all Nellie begs the use of mother's machine to stitch the edges with the blue sewing silk.

Tom is satisfied now that his pennant is finished. He declares proudly that it will appear on the *Una's* mast the very first time he goes sailing.

YOUTH BESIDE THE SEA.

BY DORA READ GOODALE

HARK! hark to the ocean! It beats on the sand;
The long curling ripple glides up toward the land;
The white fingers beckon. Will none understand!
A voice from the breakers strikes in through my play.
It calls me; it chides me: "Oh, come, come away.
We will guard you by night; we will rock you by day."

I wake in the darkness. My fancy runs free.
The vessels sleep bright on the breast of the sea.
I long to be with them. When—when will it be?
There are skies I would seek that are softer than ours;
There are snow-peaks and plains; there are moats; there are
towers;
There are strange-flavored fruits; there are strange-colored
flowers.

But fierce grows the sea when the angry sky drips.
It howls like a dog; it would tear the good ships.
The foam on the tide is like froth on his lips.
The light-house laughs down as the angry waves boom;
Now red and now yellow it shines through the gloom.
I see the wide billows far off from my room.

Then I think on the sea-groves that wave there below,
The grottoes, the shell-banks where young divers go,
The mermaids—who knows? If I watch I shall know.
There are coral and pearl; there is deep beyond deep;
There are creatures that swim; there are creatures that creep;
There are white gleaming bones where the lost sailors sleep.



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

AUNT FANNY. "WHY, GEORGIE, WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?"

GEORGIE. "OH, AUNT FANNY, JUST LOOK AT THESE STUPID LITTLE PIGS! THEY WON'T COME, THOUGH I DIRTIED UP MY FACE, AND HAVE GOT STRAWS IN MY MOUTH, AND AM GRUNTIN' JUST LIKE THE OLD PIG!"



AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WE have a kind correspondent, who writes to us from a place new to the Post-office Box, and we give her a cordial welcome.

NORTH VIEW, DARJEELING, INDIA, JUNE 4, 1888.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I wonder if any of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have had a letter from the beautiful mountain country of Darjeeling? It is at the eastern end of the Himalayan Mountains, between Nepal and Bhotan, at the borders of Sikkim. Elevation more than seven thousand feet.

Perhaps to you it will seem a very far-off region, but to me it is nothing short of a paradise; to recruit my health and regain my spirits. Darjeeling is girt round by high, dark hills. At the northern part rise the grand white, snowy peaks, Kanchenjunga, the next highest mountain in the world (Mount Everest is not to be seen from Darjeeling), and the others. They seem to be keeping a constant watch over the city. On clear mornings and evenings, before sunrise and after sunset, they turn pink, and moonlight nights they look like ghosts standing in their death-like paleness, but it is rather seldom I have the pleasure of seeing them thus, as there is so much rain. It seems as if I am, so to speak, living in the clouds, as it is generally so misty except in the early part of the morning, and before the October to the beginning of January it is bright. February is the worst month of the year; it is very raw, damp, and cold. March is very windy. Arrives here about 4:30 p. m. I live in a comfortable house, the cuckoo is heard, and not till the middle of June wild flowers come, lasting till November.

A wonderful little train runs through this high mountain country. The engine draws no more than fifteen to twenty cars, and these are very small and near to the ground. So wonderfully the little engine takes the curves and zigzags. At steep ascents the puffs at a tremendous rate, as if he were very tired, and sometimes falls to go altogether. He is such a tiny fellow that he has to make a number of stops at the pretty streams flowing down the hill-side for water. Some parts of the road are cut out of solid rock, and others are beautifully covered with ferns and flowers. It is a sight to see the healthy, rosy-cheeked, dirty children trying races with the train, begging, or offering roots of ferns or tufts of grass for sale, at the different stations. The passengers at every stop, however short, even when it stops for water, jump off to look about them. It is not a month since I had such a journey. It was very pleasant, but before I reached my destination I was tired with the shaking and sitting in one position all the time. The train leaves the foot of the hills at 8 a. m., arrives here about 4:30 p. m. I live in a comfortable house, and can see the trains come in and go out.

During summer, visitors from the hot plains flock up to Darjeeling to avoid the scorching heat, and by the end of November all fly down again, leaving the place to the residents. I am one of the summer birds.

This place is the favorite resort of travellers and artists. The principal hotels are Drum-Druid and Woodlands, to which they generally go. A young lady of my acquaintance sketches the little villages, and puts it on canvas. She sees Darjeeling, and puts it on canvas. That means a great deal, doesn't it? When I see these beautiful hills, I do wish I could draw.

A number of tea plantations are scattered all over the district. It is curious to go into the factories to see the tea making; the places for withering the green leaves; the engine for rolling and crushing the leaves into balls, and the drying process; lastly, sifting and packing into chests to send across the sea. After you have seen all, you will not think it is an easy matter to make tea.

Now about myself. A few numbers of HAR-

PER'S YOUNG PEOPLE of 1885 were lent to me. I enjoyed the paper very much, and the letters of the little people. I cannot call myself very small, for I am over twenty years of age. I thought I would like to write, and that a letter from this far-off land might be interesting to others. I have no father or mother. They died two years ago. I have sisters and brothers.

ALICE LINDSEY.

Hal's first letter to the Post-office Box must not be his last. I like my boys to write, and I wonder why more of them do not emulate their sisters, and see how their letters look in type.

WHITE HALL, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, You invited the boys to write to you, so I thought you might like to hear from a little South-Carolinian. I am living in the Fineland. This is where the tree planters go in the summer time, when it becomes unhealthy on rice plantations. The planters have to stay here until the fall, when the frost comes. I have a very pretty goat; he drags me proudly in the goat-wagon. I can ride on horseback, and can shoot. My uncle and I go bird-shooting almost every day in the winter; now the birds have nests, so we don't like to shoot them. I am very good at reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, French, German, and music. "Dorymatics" is a splendid story, but why does it always "be continued" just in the best part? This is the first time I have ever written to a magazine. With my love,

HAL B. (8 years old).

Here is a letter from another boy, who is very welcome.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have four brothers and a sister, so you see I am not very lonely. One of my brothers has had Harper's Young People sent to him for two years. I have not gone away for my holidays yet. Last year we all went to the same place, but this year we are not all going. My aunt and one of my brothers are away in Canada, and my aunt and two brothers and sister are going to Clifton Springs, and my father and a brother and I are going to Muskoka; stick up in the country north of the Great Lakes, a wild place. We have a nice little log cabin up there, and we have lots of fun fishing and rowing, and bathing and tramping around in the woods. It is a good hunting-place in the right season. Last year there were forty bears killed within five miles of our house, four or five weeks after we left. I'm a Canadian boy living in Rochester. Good-by.

FREDERICK WM. S. (aged 9 years).

And here is laddie Number Three, showing that the boys care for what the Postmistress asks. Thank you, Master Sidney.

GREAT FALLS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am a boy eight years old. My papa is in the navy, and was on the Trenton when she was wrecked at Samoa. Papa has sent us lots of curiosities from Samoa and Honolulu. We have a gray parrot that papa bought in the Cape of Good Hope, and a bonnet from the coast of Africa. It was climbing up the side of a walled hut when he first saw it, and as they had no cages he had to carry it to the ship on a pole. I have a cat, a dog, and a rabbit. We have two dogs and two cats. I am collecting butterflies, and have been watching the chrysalis of a *Cecropia* moth. Mamma reads "Cousin Dorothy's" Bible lessons to me every Saturday night. I like "Dorymatics" best, and "Captain Polly" next best. I have a brother three years old. I go to school on Sunday-school. Mamma has read me *Fanfare*, *Woodstock*, *The Talisman*, and *The Scottish Chiefs*, and we are reading Markham's *England*; she skips what I don't understand. Your little friend,

SIDNEY M.

And here is Number Four. Well done, boys!

BENSON, VERMONT.

This is the wettest kind of a day, as you want the boys to write to you I thought I would write. The Fourth has just passed. I had lots of fire-crackers, a rocket, and some Roman-candles. I fired a roman-candle once in the night, but I thought papa would better fire the rocket and Roman-candles. I thought they looked very nice. The country looks very nice, and I hope you will come to see it. You come to the country to spend your vacation. One of my older brothers takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is very interesting.

CHARLIE AIKEN.

Thank you, Charlie.

And yet one more boy to write in this week's number! How many shall I have next week?

HELEIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE of July 2nd I saw that the boys were not keeping their regular record. I will try to keep up mine, and my brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we are always in a hurry to get it to read, the serial story in particular. We are very fond of our paper, and our papers. I saw you advise us to read *Micha*, and I would like to know where to send for it, and also the price. The continued stories I like best. "The Arrow and the Dove," "Feather," "Derrick Stirling," "Dorymatics," and "The Lost City." I have read a great many books, but I like the village of about three hundred inhabitants. There is a small pond near the village, where we row in summer and skate in winter. Our school closed about a month ago, but we have sister years old, and she is very fond of pets. She has two birds and a rat-terrier dog, also more dolls than I think she needs. I forgot to mention "Captain Polly" as one of my favorites.

ELEANOR M. R.

Micha, which, as I said, is a splendid story of adventure and heroism, will be sent by Messrs. Harper & Brothers to any address on receipt of forty-five cents.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl eleven years old, going to school, and studying reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. My teacher and all the girls at school say I am very dumb, because I am in the Second Reader and in addition and subtraction in my arithmetic. I don't think I am dumb; do you, dear Postmistress? My oldest sister is helping me to write this; she is twelve years old.

LUCY W.

I suppose by "dumb," you mean "stupid." By no means, Lucy.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I liked your article on the society of King's Daughters so much. I am a King's Daughter myself. I think there are very many King's Daughters in the Post-office Box. I climb a good deal, and I will tell you about an adventure we had. One day my two friends, Pauline and Bessie, and myself, climbed up into the tree in the back yard of a vacant house. The tree was against a fence. Next door to the vacant house, on the other side of the fence, lives a lady who has a big Newfoundland dog. We got up on the fence, myself first, as I climb the highest, and I had just got into the tree (Pauline and Bessie were on the fence), when this big dog came out and barked at us. Pauline screamed, Bessie jumped off the fence, and I, safe and sound up in the tree, laughed till I almost tumbled. The lady came out and scolded us, and said it was unadvisable to climb, but I don't think so, do you? I rode a Safety bicycle the other evening, and it was great fun, though I had to be held on. Last night two of my friends and I had an exciting chase after a rabbit. We passed it through the back yards till we got it home. I hated to take the thing by the ears, and it jumped and squirmed when I had hold of it. It seemed afterward as if rabbits were crawling all over me. I am a Canadian, and I go to Carleton Place, very near Toronto, in the Eighth Grade next time. MAUDE C.

KILLBUCK, ALABAMA.

I am a little girl twelve years old, living on an island off the southeastern coast of Alaska. I cannot remember when I began to read. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly all the time. My brother takes the *St. Nicholas*, and my cousin the *Youth's Companion*. I like the stories "Captain Polly" and "Derrick Stirling" very much. I like "The Princess Liljowkins" pretty well, but the book with the first chapter in must have got lost, for it did not get here. We were reading another number of the book, and it seemed as though the most interesting part of the story was in the missing number. Most people think that it must be very hard to read, but it is not. In the winter there is never over a foot of snow, and we do not have much ice. In the summer it seems almost too warm—that is, on the hot days. On the other hand, it rains quite a lot. The Indians here are very gentle. In the summer they stay here to work in the oil factory, but in the winter most of them go to a town about thirty miles from here, to get their wharves. We have seen many pretty waterfalls around here. We have a good many cats around here, which we feed, but I have none in the house.

EMMA L. B.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Your delightful paper has been such a source of amusement both to me and my family that I have at last made up my mind to try and write you a letter. I am a boy of getting printed. Do you ever read *Jo's* Boy?

THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

BY DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT,

AUTHOR OF "UPLAND AND MEADOW," AND "WASTELAND WANDERINGS."



THOSE who have lived a part or all of their lives in the country know from observation, while those who have spent their days in town, know from hearsay or books, that a very large proportion of our birds remain with us only from April to October or later; while yet others, on the approach of winter, come from the north to escape the rigors of an arctic climate, and a considerable number of most interesting species are strictly resident. This striking feature of bird life is by no means confined to North America, and perhaps it is, in most respects, more suggestive as observed on other continents. However this may be, it is so noticeable an occurrence on our Atlantic seaboard, that the coming and going of this or that bird has passed into our folk-lore, and more than one weather proverb is based upon the arrival or departure of wild-geese, fish-hawks, and the swallows.

Although very much more is now known of these seasonal movements of our birds than was but a few years ago, it is not yet, and probably never will be, possible to determine the "law" of migration, for the simple reason that the spring-tide northward and autumnal southward flight of our inland birds has not that element of regularity as to dates or method that has been so frequently insisted upon. They come and go, but beyond this we can be sure of nothing from year to year. Sooner or later, our warblers, thrushes, and fly-catchers come as the world grows green; sooner or later, as the meadows and upland grow drearily brown, these same birds depart.

But if, as to birds collectively, we cannot be positive in this matter of the time, place, and manner of migration we can feel moderately confident of a return, summer after summer, of certain individual birds, if they have escaped life's perils in the mean while. Says Dr. Robert Brown (*Birds of Passage*): "The individual swallow, it is now ascertained, returns from the Canaries or North Africa to the very spot on which it built its little mud mansion the previous summer; and according to the observations of the celebrated Jenner, marked birds were caught at their old nests every year for three successive seasons."

I find the home hill-side luxuriantly green to-day, although the first week of May has not yet passed. Even the tardy oaks are well in leaf, and from every nook and corner of the woods and fields there floats the merry song of a nesting bird. Among them, are there any friends of a year ago? Surely I recognize one. Long before sunrise on the morning of April 26th I heard a loud chatter near my chamber windows. There was no mistaking the creature that uttered it, and I knew, although it had rained violently all the night, and was still storming, that the house-wren had come back to his old castle on the post. I peeped through the shutter as soon as there was sufficient light, and there stood the little bird, braving a keen east wind and singing with all his might. Now the day before there were no wrens near; not one was skulking along the hill-side looking for nesting sites. Had there by chance been even a straggler ahead of time, as is not uncommon with many migratory birds, it would have been heard, if not seen, for wrens are never silent for a day, if indeed for any five minutes of it, unless asleep. Therefore I am confident that the plucky bird that I saw in the dawn of April 26th had been guided by the prominent landmarks, such as the river, meadows, and the wooded bluff, and had come directly to his home of the past summer, hastening, when once he started, to the in-

conspicuous box that is perched upon a pole close to my house, and hidden by two great locust-trees and a towering wild-cherry. No stranger wren while yet it was dark could have found the spot and proved himself so promptly at home, for early that same day, while yet alone, the bird commenced house-cleaning, preparatory to the one great event of the coming summer—nest-building.

While not quite true that all worth knowing of a bird is centred in the few weeks occupied in rearing its young, certainly at no other time is it seen to the same advantage. Every faculty is quickened then, and all that a bird is capable of effecting is apparent. Something more important than food-getting commands its attention, and reason is exercised almost if not quite to the exclusion of instinct, for the nest of every bird must meet its builder's peculiar needs, and is not fashioned blindly after the homes of its ancestors. It is true that a family likeness runs through the nests of a given species of bird, but to say of a deserted one in autumn this or that bird built it is a rash procedure.

Not every bird builds a nest, although all lay eggs, and, as has been intimated, all nests are not alike. Perhaps the cup-shaped structure built of twigs and lined with fine grass may be said to be the typical form, but many are the modifications of this simple pattern. And now this beautiful May morning the birds are building. Not here and there a sparrow or a thrush, but birds of many kinds, and building everywhere. I cannot even mention them by name, or my article would run into a catalogue. Suffice it to say they are building in the barn and on it, in my house and down in the chimney; under the floor of the bridge in the lane is a nest, and the trees, shrubbery, and bare ground are all occupied. There is now a nest for every nook and corner, and I would that the young people of every where were my guests to-day, provided they would live up to the law I long ago passed for my own government: eyes on; hands off.

And now what of the building of particular nests? I know of twenty within a stone's-throw of my front door, and the making of each one had its serious as well as comic side. At the very outset a conflict of interests arose on account of some bits of material being equally valuable in the minds of several birds; and when an oriole, a wren, and an English sparrow wish to pull at the frayed end of a rope at the same time, something more than a mere ripple of excitement is likely to ensue. In short, nest-building brings out in a bird not only all its belligerency, which during the rest of the year is dormant, but a great deal of strategic skill as well, for many a time I have seen the smaller bird succeed through cunning in outwitting the bully that depended on mere strength of beak and claws.

The burden of each bird's mind in spring being "I must build me a nest," let us follow the wakeful wren that came on a stormy morning to his old home. He evidently was sure of his mate, and was for four days ceaselessly at work. Perhaps he found odd moments when he could eat, as he constantly did to sing, but never a leisurely meal was his. I am very sure. The old homestead must be made habitable again. And how he worked! All the old rubbish of last summer was pulled from the box, and none of it taken back, I fancy. While I watched the busy bird two days after his arrival, I recalled an occurrence of last summer, and wondered if there might be a repetition of it, with my aid; and at all events the bird's movements would tend to show whether it was the same wren or not. So I placed tempting material for nest-building on a piece of very thin board, and set it afloat in a huge basin. It was directly discovered; the old wren was looking for it, I am sure now, but last year's tactics were not repeated as

a whole. Then the bird alighted on the strands of hemp and submerged them and almost itself, and only after many trials hit upon the plan of dipping down and seizing a strand while on the wing. Would it do this now, a year later? I was all impatience while the wren flitted nervously about the basin, but was encouraged by its contemplative manner. At last it attempted to alight on the mass, and I felt angry at its stupidity and my own over-confidence. But no! it proved only to be an attempt; last year's experience was remembered, and strand after strand was deftly picked up while the bird was flying. I am confident now that I am listening, while I write, to the very wren that comforted me last summer.

While some of our birds content themselves with but shallow depressions in the ground, and many others place together so few sticks (and these ill-arranged) that the nest might readily be overlooked, there is one bird that is too lazy to do even so much, but drops an egg in the nest of another bird. This is the habit, too, of the European cuckoo, but our cuckoos are nest-builders, and the bird to which I have referred belongs to a very different group. Few people seem to know it at all, and yet it is abundant over a wide range of country, and has a dozen names, mostly meaningless. The best, perhaps, of them is "cowpen bird," a name derived, I suppose, from the fact that the bird is often found in pastures where there are cattle or sheep. Indeed, I have often seen them standing upon the backs of cows and sheep, catching flies, I presume, though they seem to be quite inactive when upon such a perch. Although not nest-builders, they have something to do with the building of nests. When that tireless songster the red-eyed vireo builds its pensile nest on the hill-side, the necessity for concealment does not occur to the bird, and so its home is often invaded by the female cow-bird, and a single egg dropped into the structure as soon as, if not before, it is finished. Sometimes this is put up with, sometimes not. I have many times found nests that were two-storied, the intrusive egg being of course in the basement, and destroyed. This is one of the best examples of bird wit of which I know. A vast deal is taken into consideration while the decision is being reached to build a floor over the obnoxious egg, and so prevent its hatching. There can be nothing of all this ascribed to instinct, for then all such eggs would be destroyed by this means, and the bird become extinct. On the other hand, it is but a very small percentage that have the wit or courage to undertake the work, which is evidence enough that of a given species of bird the variation in intelligence among individuals is very marked. This, indeed, we see on every hand when birds are building. Particularly noticeable is it when the female bird stays at home and arranges the material which her mate brings to her. This is mere drudgery to the male bird, and too often worthless bits are brought which the toiling builder promptly rejects, and not always with becoming patience either. She speaks her mind in unmistakable tones, and if not heeded after the second or third scolding open war is declared on the spot, followed too often by a wreck of all their hopes.

A word more. If people, young or old, would get a correct knowledge of a wild bird's ways, would know what is meant by animal intelligence, let them study a pair of nest-building birds while they are at work. Let them draw near, but not too near, and see how carefully the work progresses, how skillfully many a difficulty is overcome, how completely the finished structure meets all requirements. Do this, but do nothing more. Refrain from disturbing the timid builders; abstain from robbing them when their work is done. By gentleness prove yourselves the friends of birds, and they will return your kindness with a measure heaped up and overflowing.

GOSSIP AND SCANDAL.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A BAND of ten young girls sometimes meets in a corner of my home, and though they draw the portières, and set a great screen between themselves and the rest of the world, bits of their gay talk sometimes float to my ear, and I am told, in moments of confidence, how their plans are prospering. Not long ago the treasurer passed me with a box full of copper coins in her hand.

"Feel its weight," she said, proudly, enjoying my start of surprise.

"It's conscience money," she added, as who should say, "No wonder it weighs heavily."

"How much does it amount to?" I inquired, scanning inquisitively the great number of pennies.

"Just five dollars. Ray Fanshawe and I have been counting it. We're going to buy some shoes and stockings for the orphans, so it's well that our conscience fund has accumulated."

In this society the girls had instituted a system of penny fines for gossip, if it was in the very least unkind. Any remark about a friend or neighbor not strictly commendatory, any stricture or slur upon the absent, was to be punished by the payment of a cent into the treasury, but the fines were self-imposed, and dropped into the box on the promptings of conscience.

"We are thinking of starting some other way of raising money," said my young friend, "for we've grown so watchful of our lips that we are not nearly so given over to gossip as we used to be."

Gossip is one of those words which has fallen upon evil days. Its etymology assigns it to a nobler use than the one to which we commonly apply it, for a gossip was once the bearer of good tidings, and the word itself is nearly allied to the beautiful "gospel" which we associate with all that is best and most comforting in religion.

I hold that there is such a thing as innocent and justifiable gossip, and that to take a genuine and really kind interest in our neighbors and friends should be part of everybody's endeavor. If Jennie Pease, who went away to the art school, has taken a prize for a fine design, shall I not be glad—so glad, that to the first and the second person I meet I will say, "Oh! you heard that delightful bit of news about Jennie, did you not? She has used her opportunities to good purpose, and her townsfolk ought to be proud of her." Hearing that a boy of our village, at the risk of his life, rushed into the sea and rescued a man from drowning, shall I not proclaim that act of heroism everywhere?

There is a sort of gossip which, without being scandal, approaches it in spirit, and is unworthy the practice of refined people. A lad who had been brought up carefully by a mother whose temper of mind to her fellow-creatures was always sweet and placid was amazed on paying a visit to some relatives at the different atmosphere of the home.

"They seem at Aunt Harriet's to think so badly of everybody," he said, "and they take such an interest in what does not in the least concern them; as, for instance, wondering whether the plumes on Mrs. Marble's hat are new ones or old ones dyed over; where Mr. Jones went when he started off at so early an hour; what is the reason that the Carey boys are never seen together. Oh! I did get so tired of the never-ending surfeit of trivial, objectless talk, and I was so relieved when I thought of coming home to you, mammy, and having an end of it!"

Very gently remonstrated the mother: "Mammy is afraid that her boy is violating the spirit of her oft-repeated maxim, 'Charity thinketh no evil.' Aunt Harriet and her family live a very quiet life within themselves; they have few outside interests; small things assume undue proportions in their eyes. I hope you did all you

could in the way of furnishing them with pleasant entertainment. I regard that as a positive duty incumbent on the boys and men of a family. They should gather up by observation in their walks, at business, and when away from home, all the agreeable things they can—things which relate to the history of the times, public men and affairs, discoveries, inventions, new books, and tell all about them to their womenkind."

"One must talk about something, of course," said the youth, contemplating his mother's suggestion.

"Of course."

"And your theory is that somebody must provide grist for the mill, if it is to grind smoothly?"

"Precisely that, my boy."

Looking at it so, one acknowledges that we might be better off if in our schools we should have a professor of the art of conversation. Indeed the Japanese are in advance of us here, and in their higher schools for girls an indispensable member of the faculty is the lady who, herself a proficient in the accomplishment, teaches the young ladies to "chatter." By this term is meant the art of elegant parlor talk; not scandal, let us hope, but the dainty, graceful art of repartee—the art of asking for a friend's health or remarking upon the weather with an air which is a pledge that the inquirer feels a real concern in the subject.

Scandal implies a malicious intention, and is therefore utterly ignoble. To deliberately pass on from lip to lip some tale which affects the reputation of another, is almost as wicked as to invent a story to his discredit. Besides, stories always grow, like snow-balls, in the telling, and one needs go no farther than a familiar game sometimes played in our parlors, for a pertinent illustration. This is a game in which the leader whispers a sentence to his neighbor, who in turn repeats it to the next, and so it goes the round of the circle, one telling the supposed story to another until it returns to the original speaker. The contrast between the words which are originally spoken and the words which come back after a circuit of the room is the cause of great amusement.

"My daughter," said a father confessor to the penitent who beveled to him her sinful indiscretions of the tongue, "go and scatter the seeds of a thistle along the high-road, and return to me."

The command was obeyed, but when followed by a second, to gather up these winged seeds, the baffled woman declared herself unable to trace them to their various lodging-places.

"As easily shall you reclaim the seeds of evil sown by careless speech," was the comment of the wise man.

Probably you have heard of the family who jestingly averred that their mother was so obstinately bent upon finding something good in every one, that she would discover a reason to praise his Satanic majesty himself. Approaching her, when the dear lady dreamed of no snare, they asked the question, to be told, "Well, surely, we might emulate his industry and perseverance!"

Grist in the conversational mill is the best remedy against the babble of foolish tongues, the inanity of jokes which are pointless, and the shame of calumny.

May I offer as a suggestion for home conversation the progress of current events? Very few people read the newspaper in a manner consonant with its real worth. They peruse the items which are facetious and the daily chronicle of deaths and marriages, also the floating paragraphs which refer to society and its doings. Of the progress of politics, the wonderful every-day affairs, which are to be set down by-and-by in the story of the century, they know little, unless, indeed, they have been taught how to read. Stories of crime, mysterious disappearances, sensations of one or another sort, occupy them to the exclusion of the important topics of real interest.

A class for the study of the newspaper, formed in every

household, with the father as its head professor, would open up new realms for conversation. Properly read, the daily paper sends one to the cyclopædia, the lexicon, and the atlas, and is itself a key to the finest libraries.

Grist for the mill! Never to talk unless we have something to say, then always to say the thing which we mean, in English as pure, direct, and elegant as possible, are good every-day rules. Frowning upon unkind comments in whatever form they come, especially giving the cold shoulder to suspicion, and turning envy and jealousy out-of-doors altogether as forever under a ban, we will not reject kindly gossip, nor refuse to take a warm, cordial interest in all the good which may come to our neighbors.

THE USE OF DANGER ANGLES.

BY W. J. HENDERSON

FOR those who desire to go further into the beauties of coastwise navigation than the various applications of the bow and beam bearing, there is a great deal of interest in the study of danger angles and off-shore distances. Before you can do anything with danger angles, however, you must learn how to measure angles both vertical and horizontal with a sextant or quadrant. And you can learn in ten minutes, from any person who knows how to use this navigator's instrument, sufficient to enable you to continue practice by yourself.

There are two kinds of danger angles, vertical and horizontal, and both are used for the same purpose—to inform the navigator how far away he is from given points, to the end that he may safely pass around hidden dangers, such as shoals or rocks under water. The vertical danger angle is of very great use in approaching a coast. It can be employed whenever the navigator can see a light-house or a mountain whose height is known. Standing on the deck of his vessel, he measures with his sextant the angular height of the light or mountain above the water-line. He must then refer to tables prepared for the purpose. There are several sets of these which can be used. One of them is inserted in Quilbrough's *Sailor's Handy Book*, at page 210, and is calculated for heights up to 190 feet and distances up to 6000 yards, which will answer very well for any sailing between New York and Nantucket. The navigator, having carefully measured his angle, enters the table with this and the height of the object observed (taken from the chart), and learns his distance from it.

I shall now give you one example of the use of the vertical danger angle. Suppose you were sailing along a coast not far away from a light-house (or a piece of high ground whose height was known), and owing to some cause were compelled to pass closer to it than you wished. You are aware that at the distance of 150 yards from the light there are several rocks just beneath the surface. You desire to pass 100 yards outside of those rocks. You turn to the tables, where under 80 feet (the height of the light, let us suppose), and opposite 250 yards, you find the given angle $6^{\circ} 05' 19''$. The sextant is set at this angle, and so long as the angular height of the centre of the lantern above the water-line does not exceed this amount, you know you are 250 yards or more from the light. If your angle grows greater, you are less than this distance away; if it becomes less, you are further away. Thus you have an infallible guide to safety, for whether it be an error in your compass, or a current, or anything else that puts you out of your course, the sextant at once warns you.

The horizontal danger angle requires two objects whose positions are set down on the chart, but no knowledge is necessary of their height, nor is any table needed. In these respects it is simpler and more serviceable than the vertical angle. This pretty device depends on two truths

of geometry: First, that all angles contained in the same segment of a circle are equal, and second, that through any three points not in a straight line, one circle can be drawn, and but one. But you need know nothing about



FIG. 1

these geometrical truths in order to use the problem. In Fig. 1, H and K represent two light-houses, or other objects down on the chart. Let us suppose that you are coming along the coast from the westward. You know that at G there are dangerous shoals, and you wish to keep well outside of them. You get out your chart and put a pencil dot on it at the desired distance outside of the shoals. Now draw a straight line from each of the objects on the shore to your pencil mark. You will find, if you desire to experiment, that you can construct a circle through these three points, but you can work the problem without the circle. Measure the angle made by the lines drawn on your chart. This you can do with a protractor, a semicircular piece of brass or horn with the degrees and minutes marked on it. As long as the angular distance between the two objects does not become greater than that measured on the chart, you are at the desired distance outside the shoals, or further. If your sextant angle becomes greater, you at once know that you are inside the circle, and you steer so as to keep further away.

In the illustration which I have given, you have decided to pass as far outside of the shoals as the point B. You mark that on the chart, and draw the lines H B K and B C. Placing the protractor over the angle H B K, you find that it measures $72^{\circ} 15'$. As you approach the light-house at H, you begin to measure the angle between it and K. Immediately on reaching any point in the circumference of the circle you will know it, because the two light-houses will be brought together in the horizon glass of the instrument, when the angle is $72^{\circ} 15'$. If you continue to sail to the eastward, the angle will become greater. You therefore stand off-shore till you get $72^{\circ} 15'$ again, thus knowing that you are once more on your circular line of safety. In this way you continue to sail around the shoals till you reach C, opposite the second light-house, when you know you are well past the hidden danger, and can continue on your course to the eastward.

As I said before, it is not necessary to draw the circle, because the angle will always be found in the circumference. If, however, you should desire to draw the circle, the only difficulty you will have will be the finding of its centre. You can discover it by a few moments' experimenting with a pair of compasses; but in case you like to do things in ship-shape style, you may as well know the scientific method of finding the centre of a circle. Let us suppose that you wish to draw a circle which shall pass through the three points A, B, and C in Fig. 2. Draw the lines A B and B C; take your compasses, and open them to an extent greater than one-half of the line B C; then, with one foot in C, sweep parts of a circle at G and F;

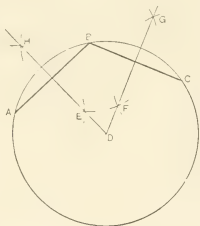


FIG. 2

next, with one foot in B, sweep arcs that will cross those at F and G. Repeat this process with the other line, A B, obtaining the intersecting arcs at H and E. Through the exact points of intersection of these arcs draw the lines H E D and G F D. The point where they meet, D, will be the centre of the required circle. Place one foot of your compasses in D and the other in A; sweep the circle, and it will pass through B and C.

The greatest advantages of the horizontal danger angle are that it obviates the necessity of going to the chart to lay off cross-bearings, and in a heavy sea, when the compass is unsteady, it makes that instrument unnecessary. Captain Lecky, in his *Wrinkles in Practical Navigation*, says: "Going into the port of Lisbon after dark, before the present range lights were established, the only guides to avoid the North and South Cachopos were the compass bearings of San Julian and Bugio lights. But it often happened in the winter that there was a heavy run on the bar, which sent the compass cards spinning, and so rendered them useless at the time, of all others, when most wanted; besides, in any case, it would have been impos-

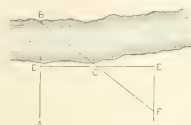


FIG. 3

sible to leave the bridge to lay off bearings at such a critical time. The writer, however, has entered with comparative ease on very stormy nights, when no pilot could be had, by steering so as to maintain the danger angle of 71° between Guia and San Julian lights until those of Bugio and San Julian subtended nearly the same angle (68°), when the worst was passed, and it merely remained to con the vessel by eye mid-channel between the two last-mentioned lights."

Of course no young sailor will undertake to employ the danger angle for the first time in any critical position, but will practise using it until he is master of the method. Captain Lecky's statement is merely given to show what can be done with this dodge in navigation.

Close this article with two devices which have no connection with coastwise navigation, but have to do with the measurement of lines and angles, and may interest the young reader, especially as they are extremely easy of application. Suppose that you wish to measure the distance across a stream. Select an object on the further shore (B in Fig. 3); opposite to it, on your side of the stream, lay off the line A D in such a direction as to bring the three points A, D, and B in a straight line. Now lay off the line D C E—not necessarily at right angles, as I have made it, to B D A. Find by measurement the centre of this line, C, and set up a stake there. From E draw the line E F, which must be parallel to D A. Find the point on this line where the stake C and the object B come into line, and mark that spot F. If now you measure the distance from E to F, you will have the width of the stream from B to D, for the two distances are equal.

Suppose, again, that you want to measure the length or breadth of a small pond, as in Fig. 4. From A draw a line, A E, measuring off A C and C E so that they are precisely the same length. From B draw the line B D, cutting the other line at C, and making C D the same length as B C. Now draw a line from D to E, and that is the length of the pond, for it is equal to A B.

These two devices you can try on your slate or a piece of paper, and they always come out right.



FIG. 4

HARPER'S

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A JAPANESE FIVE O'CLOCK TEA PARTY.

An Out-door Tableau.

BY LYDIA F. EMMET.

TRAVELLERS from the sunny land of chrysanthemums and paper houses tell us how nowadays the progressive Japs are adopting the Parisian style of dress. This seems a great pity, as their national costume, besides being better suited to their physical type and habits of life, is in reality a simpler and more graceful, and therefore a more civilized, dress than

our own. If, along with other signs of progress, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE finds its way into Japanese houses, its readers will be much entertained to find that American children are amusing themselves by dressing up like Japs.

Before describing the costumes of the figures severally, it will be as well to explain the plan of construction of all Japanese gowns, which are, like ancient Greek dresses, made on the same perfectly simple pattern, and only vary as to color, decoration, and manner of wearing. It will be seen by the diagram on the next page that the gown is made without gores or shaping of

any kind, and simply consists in one wide breadth of material folded in half, with no seams at the shoulders, and sewed together at the sides, leaving an aperture for the armhole. The dress is slit open all the way up the front, with another slit across the top for the head. The corners are then rounded off, as in the sketch. The long hanging sleeve is formed by folding a breadth of material sewed up at the bottom like a bag, leaving a hole for the hand the same size as the armhole, which should be about a foot long. The sleeve when attached to the dress should hang almost to the knee. The dress is then bordered all around the edge



by a plain colored band two or three inches wide. At the bottom of the skirt it may be wider, according to the taste of the wearer. The dress should be made the same length back and front, and long enough to lie on the ground an inch or two. These borders often have a little stuffing of cotton at the bottom, which gives them more solidity without making them stiff or heavy. As the gown is merely crossed over and confined at the waist by a broad soft sash, or sometimes by wide strings attached to the fronts, passing under the arms and tied at the back, the lower part of the narrow skirt spreads open, disclosing a petticoat made as scant as possible, without gathers in front, and reaching to the instep. These dresses may be lined throughout, or simply faced inside with a thin plain-colored lining, and must be of some soft silk or cotton stuff without stiffening.

The hostess of this tea party, who offers a cup to her guest, may be dressed in any pretty pink, white, or yellow material with a Japanese pattern, and border and sash of bright apple green. Her hair must be dark and brushed perfectly smooth, and may be made to look darker by much wetting. The standing figure might be in yellow and blue or red and white. The Japanese are never afraid of glowing colors and strong contrasts. The dress of the little girl who holds the baby is of blue and white checked gingham lined and bordered with plain blue. Her sandals are made with a leather or strong pasteboard sole, with a roll of white stuff attached to it between the toes and at the sides. As for her baby, there are hundreds of them on the shelves of the Japanese stores waiting to be adopted by little American mammas. Any graceful or showy plant would look almost as well in the tableau as a hydrangea. The jar, screen, rug, and tea-things are so easily procured that it is unnecessary to speak of them, as they are to be found in almost every house. The large parasols can be bought at any Japanese store, but a small one carried by the standing figure would be almost as effective.

In getting up this tableau, of course it would not be necessary to confine the number of performers to three, as in the picture. Several other figures might be introduced with good effect. With regard to the material used in the dresses, it is difficult to give any very definite directions. They may be made of real Japanese silk, but very effective and cheaper substitutes are to be found in cotton materials. There is, for instance, a stuff called crazy cloth which looks almost exactly like Canton crepe, and which possesses the advantage of costing only eight or ten cents a yard. It comes in very pretty plain colors, and can sometimes be found stamped with Japanese patterns. Cheese cloth and sateen make nice soft linings, and striped or checked gingham bound and lined with a plain color would be pretty. There is a very cheap and effective cotton material to be found at all Japanese stores, which comes in plain colors printed all over with a pattern in gold. It is preferable, however, to have no pattern at all unless it be decidedly Japanese in design. At any rate, the making of the dresses will not be found any loss of time and trouble, as they become delightfully comfortable summer dressing-gowns long after the tableau shall be forgotten.

A PICNIC IN A FLUME.

BY CHARLOTTE M. VAILE.

IT was Tom Tenney's idea.

"Boys," he said one noon to a group of his school-fellows who were just opening their dinner-pails in a corner of the play-ground, "I say, let's eat our luncheons in the flume. It would be lots of fun, and we should have plenty of time before the carpenters get back."

The "flume," so called, was in process of building. It was merely a great wooden box, many rods in length, and closed except at the ends, which was designed to carry the waters of the principal irrigating stream in a certain Western town. At present it stretched dry and empty along the bottom of a wide ditch.

At Tom's proposal the boys looked at each other for a moment with dancing eyes, then they started on a run for the mouth of the flume. This was in a vacant lot back of the school-house, and was hidden from the street by a line of scraggly willows. Reaching it, the boys dropped on hands and knees, and in a twinkling disappeared from sight.

It was not the first time they had been in the long dark passage. In fact, it had been for some time a popular though secret diversion of the boys at the High Street school to visit the flume during the noon recess. As a place for racing on all-fours there had never been anything like it. None of them, however, had till now thought of eating their luncheons here. There was a novelty about this which gave an unusual relish to their bread and butter.

"I say, boys, it's jolly," said Joe Gregg; "but I wonder what the boss would say if *he* could see us in here."

By "the boss" Joe meant a certain Mr. Crowler, who was head workman in the building of the flume. He was a gruff, surly person, who cast an eye of suspicion on boys and all their doings. What he would say if he could see this jovial company eating their dinners in the flume by the light of a tallow candle (Tom had thoughtfully provided *that*) was for some minutes a pleasant theme of speculation with the boys.

But as ill-luck would have it, the news of their performance had at that very moment reached him. It happened that one of the workmen had that day lingered at the ditch, after the others had left, searching for something he had lost. His search had led him behind the willow-trees, and from this point of view, unobserved by the boys, he had seen their approach and their sudden dive into the flume. Being a good-natured fellow, and seeing no harm in their action, he had merely sent a laugh after them, and offered no interference. He had not the least intention of getting them into trouble, when, a little later, as he sat at Mr. Crowler's table, he remarked, "Those boys are havin' a big time down there."

"Down where?" demanded Mr. Crowler, with a sudden bending of his shaggy eyebrows.

"At the ditch," returned the workman, with a chuckle. "I seen a gang of 'em go into the flume jest now like a pack o' gophers."

"Well, I'll fire 'em out of there in a hurry," said Mr. Crowler, bringing his knife and fork down upon the table as if to emphasize the words.

"I don't b'lieve they're up to any mischief," said the man who had brought the word, and who wished now that he had not spoken. "They had their dinner buckets with 'em, an' I reckon they jest went in to have a kind of a picnic."

His form of expression was unlucky. That the miscreants should in addition be making merry over it was too much for Mr. Crowler.

"Having a picnic, are they?" he repeated, with a dangerous smile. "Well, I'm going to take a hand in that picnic myself. It's a good while since I've been to one."

He strode from the house without further remark, and going to the barn, possessed himself at once of a stout board, a handful of nails, and a very business-looking whip. These things, he knew, were not generally considered essential to the outfit for a picnic, but Mr. Crowler flattered himself that he had original ideas. The idea which occupied him now, though a somewhat grim one, evidently had its amusing aspect, for he chuckled as he made his way toward the ditch in a manner unusual with him.

Meanwhile the boys, unconscious of the approaching enemy, were enjoying themselves inside the flume. They had finished their dinners, but were still sitting around the candle, laughing and telling stories. Suddenly there came a sound of quick, heavy blows, and the long wooden frame shook as if from a slight earthquake.

"What's that?" exclaimed Tom.

None of the boys attempted to answer the question, but with a common impulse they dropped on hands and knees and started in the direction of the sound. A few minutes and they had solved the mystery. The mouth of the flume at which they had entered was closed. A board had been nailed directly across it.

There was a moment of dead silence. Tom Tenney was the first to speak. "If it's nailed up at the other end, boys, we're out of luck," he said, coolly. He turned himself like a flash, and the next moment, with his comrades at his back, was hurrying in the other direction.

A turn in the way soon revealed the fact that a door of escape was still open to them, but the knowledge did not cause them to slacken their speed. It came suddenly when their leader's face was fairly at the opening. Another instant and he would have been in the sunshine outside, but to the utter amazement of his followers, he flung himself back among them with a very excited "Hold on!"

"What's up?" demanded a chorus of voices; but before Tom could answer, the face of Mr. Crowler appeared framed at the mouth of the tunnel. "Come right along, boys, if you've got through with your picnic," he said, with a cruel laugh. "The road's open. There's nothing in the way to hinder."

The situation certainly looked dark for the picnickers. Little Dicky Turner, the smallest boy in the crowd, began to sob audibly.

"Stop that," said Tom, curtly; "there isn't a bit of use in howling."

Dicky applied his small red knuckles to his eyes and subsided at once. The faces of the older boys looked gloomy. They all drew back to a safe distance from the opening, and huddled together in whispered conference.

"He's got the move on us, and no mistake," said Will Vance; "but there's one thing we might do. He couldn't thrash all of us at once, and if a couple of us should go ahead and tackle him, maybe the rest could get away."

He rather expected that Tom Tenney would second this proposal at once, and offer to be himself the foremost assailant; but Tom preserved a gloomy silence. He felt that he would willingly be champion for the crowd if he could advance to the fray as a champion should; but to crawl on his hands and knees into the presence of the foe, with the certainty that the hand of the latter would be upon his neck before he could rise to the encounter—this was a situation from which his proud spirit recoiled.

"There ain't a fair show for us," he said, with a scowl, perceiving that he was expected to speak. "I want to stand up to it when I undertake to tackle anybody."

Will looked rather crestfallen. "Well," he said, after a moment, as no one else seemed ready with a suggestion, "I suppose there's no help for us, but there's no need of us all giving ourselves up. It isn't likely Crowler knows how many there are in here. Dicky Turner might stay back for one," he added, quickly, as if fearful that some one would suspect him of proposing the plan for his own benefit. "He could come out free when the coast was clear."

Dicky took his knuckles from his eyes and looked gratefully at Will, who glanced eagerly around the group, but it was plain that no one would propose to share the security and solitude with him. There was another minute of silence; then Joe Gregg said, desperately, "If we could only get that board off some way!"

"If we only could!" echoed half a dozen voices.

"But how in the world can we?" continued Joe, excitedly. "We've got nothing to work with but our knives, and whittling is too slow for us just now."

"We might set it on fire with the caudle," suggested Bob French.

"And smother ourselves to death in the smoke," retorted Joe. "No; what we want is something to pound with. If we only had a hammer!"

Tom Tenney suddenly lifted his head with the air of a person upon whom a great idea has all at once dawned. But he did not disclose it at the instant, for Dicky Turner burst into the conference just then, saying, in an excited whisper: "I read a story once about a man who broke a door open with his head. He was a prisoner, you know, and 'twas his only way to get out."

"His head couldn't have been as soft as yours, Dicky, if he did that," said Tom Tenney, dryly.

There was a laugh at this, and the sound seemed somehow to change the atmosphere in the tunnel.

"Fellows," said Tom, when the laugh had died away, speaking with his old air of confident leadership, "there's a loose board in this tunnel. I saw it yesterday. What's to hinder us from making a battering-ram of that board, and bursting our way out? Keep still now. It won't do to let Crowler get wind of what we're doing, or he'll be down at the other end and stop us. Joe Gregg, you stay here with a couple of the others, and keep up a parley with him. The rest of you come with me."

The division of forces was made in an instant, and into the darkness crept Tom once more, with five of the stoutest boys at his back. When they had made half the distance they secured their weapon, a long narrow board which had been inadvertently left by the carpenters in the course of their building.

Meanwhile the three who were left at the other end of the flume were successfully engaging the attention of the enemy. Although they had great faith in the success of Tom's scheme, some show of anxiety was deemed suitable to the situation, and Joe Gregg, after waving a dirty pocket-handkerchief as a flag of truce, thrust his curly red head into the light, and opened the parley in a manner distinctly respectful.

"I say, mister," he began, "if we'll come out of here, and give ourselves up, will you promise not to lick us?"

Mr. Crowler eyed the speaker for a moment with an expression of profound scorn. Evidently the prisoners had held a conference, and this freckle-faced youth had been deputed to act as their spokesman. "I don't feel called upon to make any promises," he answered, gruffly; "but I reckon before I get through, you boys'll be ready to make some promises."

"Well, mister, what promises do you want us to make?" inquired Joe. "You ought to tell us beforehand, so we boys can be making up our minds. Of course, if it's anything reasonable," he added, with delightful candor, "we'll be willing to give in."

"I reckon you will," said Mr. Crowler, showing his teeth; "I reckon I've got things fixed so you can't help yourselves."

"Oh, come, now," said Joe, dropping a little from the dignified tone of an ambassador. "Why can't you act square with us? What harm does it do for us to be in here, anyway?"

"I'll be bound there's no harm that you hain't thought of yourselves," returned Mr. Crowler, significantly.

"Oh, 'pon honor," protested Joe, "we haven't done a



"'I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO,' PERSISTED JOE; 'WE'LL SUBMIT THIS CASE TO ARBITRATION.'"

thing—not a thing! You can just come in here yourself and see if we have."

This proposal seemed to strike Mr. Crowler as rather funny. He smiled grimly for a moment, but showed no disposition to leave his seat upon the bank.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," persisted Joe, returning to the charge with a growing sense that justice was on his side; "we'll submit this case to arbitration! Just you pick out three men, any three you want, and send 'em through this flume. If they can show that we've done a bit of harm, we boys will pay for it, and we'll stand up and take a flogging besides."

"That's what we *will*," shouted Bob French, showing his face beside Joe's; and even Dicky Turner, inspired with the courage of the moment, echoed from behind, "Yes, sir, we *will*, if you'll only let us out now."

The face of Mr. Crowler had been growing dark.

"None of your impudence," he said, sternly. "I'll have you know that this business is in *my* hands, and I propose to settle it on my own terms. I don't know whether you've done any damage in there or not, and I don't care. Maybe I stopped you before you had time to get at it. But you've got no right in this flume, and you know it. You're trespassers on public property, and I mean you shall smart for it."

He lifted his whip as he spoke, and the faces at the mouth of the flume suddenly vanished. Mr. Crowler raised his voice a little higher, and shouted after them, "There's no use in your going back there to talk it over. There's no help for you, and I'll tell you one thing, the longer you hold back the hotter it'll be for you when you *do* come out."

"The old curmudgeon!" muttered Joe, shaking his fist

in the direction of the voice. "He's got no more heart than a base-ball." He sent an anxious glance down the flume, and added, "If they don't break through at the other end, we're lost."

At the other end affairs were at that moment approaching a crisis. Kneeling in line, one behind another, with the board held ready for the onset, the boys only waited the command of their leader. Fortunately the flume was wide enough to allow them a free movement of their arms, and, by crouching forward as they knelt, their heads cleared the roof.

"It isn't the best place in the world to work a battering-ram, but we can do it all the same," said Tom, confidently. "Just get a good grip of the board, and swing her backward and forward till I say *Go*. Then let her drive."

The boys bent to their work with a will. Forward and backward moved their arms, until the board had gained a strong impetus. Then *crash* it went against the barrier to their freedom. Once, twice, three times! Off flew the imprisoning plank, and the next moment, through the unguarded opening, darted six of the most exultant boys that ever escaped from bondage.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted Tom, springing to his feet and throwing up his cap. "Three cheers for the battering-ram!"

The sound reached Mr. Crowler as he sat at his post of guard, sourly eyeing the opening which he had fondly believed was the only point of exit for his prisoners. He, too, sprang to his feet, but he did not join in the applause. Instead, he uttered an exclamation which seemed to express amazement and disappointment in about equal parts. In the bewilderment of the moment he forgot

the boys who were still in the flume, and started in the direction of those who had already escaped.

"Now for it!" whispered Joe Gregg, whose face was again at the opening.

The next moment the cheering at the further end of the flume was echoed and re-echoed by a burst from the rear. Mr. Crowler heard it, and turned just in time to see the last of his captives gain their freedom. The sight was too much for his dignity or discretion, and with an exclamation more expressive even than the first, he gave himself to a desperate chase.

But running was a game at which Mr. Crowler, being a heavy man and somewhat advanced in years, was decidedly at a disadvantage. The distance between him and the boys rapidly widened, and after a few minutes of breathless and panting pursuit, he gave up the chase. He, however, hurled a last threat after them.

"I'll have you arrested, every one of you," he shouted. "I'll report you to the city authorities and—" He stopped suddenly, remembering that he did not know the names of the boys who had been in the flume. He could not identify one of them, except the freckle-faced lad who had so cheerfully invited him to arbitrate. The thought was the last drop in his cup of humiliation. "It's all right now," he ended, in a voice hoarse with wrath, "but I'll get even with you for this. Mark my word." And with that he turned upon his heel, and stalked back with such dignity as he could summon to the scene of his defeat.

To tell the truth, he had but small hope of ever getting "even" with them. The affair had left him with a most

depressing sense of the fertility of their powers. There was one thing, however, which he could do, and this he did promptly. He reported the matter to the principal of the High Street school, and sternly demanded the punishment of the culprits.

The principal took the case in hand, and the next morning made a careful investigation of the facts. This was easy, as the boys reported themselves manfully at his demand. Probably he did not consider their offence very serious, for after administering some reproof on the score of the tallow candle, he dismissed the case against them, merely forbidding them, and the whole school as well, to visit the flume in future during the noon intermission.

A CRICKET TOUR IN CANADA.

THE annual tour of school, college, and other cricket clubs in England is perhaps the most enjoyable feature of summer life in England. It is a round of cricket, garden parties, dancing parties, and pleasant entertainment in the incomparable country houses, or the hardly less comfortable and picturesque, if less luxurious, inns of rural England. Such tours are rare in this country, for the very good reason that the cricket clubs are few, and are separated by long distances. Base-ball and lawn-tennis seem better to suit the genius of American youth, and so cricket is regarded with respect rather than with favor. Some of our schools and colleges, however, recognize the beauties of the game and appreciate its worth, and among these the summer cricket tour is not unknown. Such a journey has lately been undertaken by the team of St. Paul's School, of Concord, New Hampshire. Upper Canada was the chosen field of the exploits of this school eleven, and their two weeks' campaign was re-



CRICKET TEAM OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. C. KIMBALL, CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

warded with almost unbroken success. Eight matches were played, and St. Paul's lost only one—a creditable record indeed.

One of the players on the eleven has kindly supplied notes on the doings of the team, and from these we learn that the eleven left Concord on June 29th, spent the following day (Sunday) at Montreal, and early next morning reached Ottawa, where they played a two days' match against the local club, and beat them. Thence they went on to Kingston, where they won an easy victory, and on the following day they celebrated the Fourth of July by winning the match with the Napanee Club. In compliment to their visitors, the Napanee men flew the Stars and Stripes over the roof of the club-house all day, and after the match it was duly saluted.

Thence they went on to Toronto, where the boys were expecting defeat, but were agreeably disappointed by a victory. A somewhat remarkable feature of this match was the batting of Brinley, of St. Paul's, who was at the wicket for nearly three hours, and put together only 20 runs. No wonder the boys won the match. Such dogged steadiness is enough to break the heart of the most patient of bowlers. As a contrast to this, the writer recalls an instance of an English cricketer making 45 runs in ten minutes. At that rate a three hours' innings would yield 810 runs. The feat referred to was considered unprecedented, and is partly explained by the fact that nearly all the runs were earned by boundary hits; that is, when the ball was hit to the boundary, four runs were allowed without the players actually running them.

It was at the hands of Upper Canada College that the St. Paul's boys met their only defeat, and it was a pretty decisive one too, one of the opposing team playing a fine inning of 43 runs. Other matches were played at Peterborough, Port Hope, and Hamilton. Such a career of uninterrupted success might have been expected to have a distressing effect upon these young Paulites, but such does not appear to have been the case. When they reached Niagara Falls, where they disbanded to repair to their respective homes, they were in fine health and spirits, and were disposed to be thoroughly well satisfied with the time they had had. Their youth and hardy physique were proof even against the onslaughts of victory; but doubtless they recognize the salutary effect of the hospitality which was showered upon them wherever they went, in the form of dinners, theatricals, moonlight excursions, and other kinds of social diversion.

The team consisted of sixteen persons, namely, Rev. J. P. Conover, M. K. Gordon (captain), W. H. Foster, G. M. Brinley, J. S. Hodges, C. K. Mitchell, C. H. Kerner, W. L. Hayden, R. S. Conover, R. B. Post, Jun., J. C. Baldwin, J. M. Fiske, R. P. Bowler, S. Morley ("professional"), S. K. Satterlee (scorer), and J. A. Tompkins (umpire).

Sam Morley, the school's professional, is a wonderful old man of sixty-seven, and still an active cricketer. He bowled steadily throughout the tour, and was everywhere received with applause.

DORMY MATES:*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

ON THE COAST OF ICELAND.

THIS first glimpse of the great northern island so fascinated Breeze that he could not take his eyes off the distant spot of glistening whiteness. It seemed too wonderful to be true that he, a poor fisher-lad, should be about to visit the mysterious land of fire and snow that the majority of travellers consider to be far beyond their limit of time and money. He thought over all that he knew or had ever heard of Iceland, and found that it was very little indeed. He knew that it was an island, that it contained icy glaciers, smoking volcanoes, vast deserts of broken lava, and was noted for its geysers, though he had no clear idea of what a geyser was or even looked like. He had heard that Mount Hecla was the principal

volcano of the island, and he wondered if the distant white object at which he was gazing might not be it. This was about all that Breeze could remember concerning this wonderful country, and I do not believe that many of the readers of this story know any more about it than he did. Do you?

After gazing long through his glass at the snow-topped mountain they were approaching, and carefully studying his chart, Captain Coffin said it was not Mount Hecla, but must be the Snæfæll Jökull, or mountain, near the end of the long narrow promontory of Snæfælls (snow-hills). This projects from the western coast of the island, and separates the two great bays, or fiords, of Breda on the north and Faxa on the south. Although the halibut grounds for which the *Fish Hawk* was bound lie on the northern side of the island, while Reykjavik (pronounced Rike-ya-veek), the capital, is situated at the head of Faxa Fiord, in the southwestern corner, Captain Coffin determined to run in there and have a look at the place before beginning work. Besides having a desire to see something of the capital city and the people of this out-of-the-way corner of the world, the schooner's supply of fresh-water was running short, and he was anxious to replenish it.

While Breeze is still gazing at the Snæfæll Jökull, and Captain Coffin is altering his schooner's course a point more to the southward, so as to fetch the light-house on Cape Reykjanes (smoking cape), let us take a sort of a general look at the curious island, and see if we can find out any more about it than these Yankee fishermen knew.

In the first place, everybody knows, or ought to know, that Iceland, as well as Greenland, belongs to Denmark, and is ruled by a Governor appointed by the Danish king. Everybody, however, does not know that while Iceland is over six hundred miles from the nearest point of main-land in Europe, it is only one hundred and forty miles from Greenland, and is now generally regarded as being a part of America. It is as large as Scotland and Wales taken together, or as the American States of Maine and New Hampshire. Two of its northern points just touch the arctic circle, but owing to the influence of the warm ocean currents surrounding it, its average winter weather is no more severe than that of New England, though its summers are short, wet, and chilly.

There are now no trees in Iceland, other than stunted willows and birches, eight or ten feet high; but it is said to have been formerly covered with fine forests of firs, trees, from which ships were built and furnished with spars. Such of these forests as were not cut down were destroyed by the awful volcanic eruptions of the last century, which covered the whole country with lava, pumice-stone, sulphur, or ashes, killed nearly ten thousand human beings, and immense numbers of horses, cattle, and sheep, poisoned vast shoals of fish in the surrounding ocean, and threatened the total destruction of everything living, both animal and vegetable, on the unfortunate island.

Since that time the fortunes of Iceland have gone steadily from bad to worse. Its climate is slowly but surely growing colder. Its people are becoming poorer and poorer, and are leaving it for more favored lands in ever-increasing numbers. Each winter thousands of icebergs and vast fields of floe-ice drift across from Greenland, and pile themselves up on its western coast, clashing the island in a deadly embrace, and threatening its very life with their chill breath.

Only the coasts of the island are inhabited, while the interior is a desolate, lifeless, and almost unexplored waste of lava plains, bogs, volcanic mountains, and ice-filled valleys. The people live in huts built of wrecked timbers, picked up in the western fiords, or of blocks of lava roofed with turf. They cultivate forlorn little patches of

oats and watery potatoes, raise flocks of lean, long-legged sheep, herds of black cattle, and shaggy ponies about the size of those that come from the Shetland Islands. They gather and export sulphur, Iceland-moss, and the downy breast feathers with which the eider-duck has lined her nest. Above all, they fish for cod, halibut, ling, haddock, and herring. But for the fish with which its surrounding ocean teems, the island would have long ago been abandoned to its icebergs and volcanoes. To these northern people fish is what bread and meat are to us. They eat it from year's end to year's end, and exchange it for all the other scanty necessities of their lives. They even feed their ponies, cattle, and sheep on dried fish during severe winters, after their meagre supply of coarse hay has given out. Fish are everything to Iceland, and it seems to furnish everything to them, for they swarm by millions in its waters. After them up into those wild seas go the fishing-boats of England, France, Denmark, Norway, and even far-away Massachusetts, in New England; and after them had now come the good schooner *Fish-Hawk* of Gloucester, bringing Breeze McCloud in her crew.

In this far northern latitude the midsummer sun is only out of sight below the horizon for about two hours, or from eleven o'clock in the evening until one o'clock in the morning; and at midnight, or the darkest hour, the twilight is hardly to be distinguished from the high noon of a cloudy day. As the time of the *Fish-Hawk's* reaching Iceland was about the middle of June, she sailed in unbroken daylight, and consequently the lamps were not lighted in the only two light-houses of which the island can boast, one on Cape Reykjaines, and the other at the entrance to Reykjavik harbor.

About nine o'clock in the evening they passed the Meal-sack, which, rising from the sea about fifteen miles from the Smoking Cape, is one of the most remarkable rocks in the world. It is nearly round, about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and its black, rugged sides rise sheer and straight for two hundred feet above the surface of the water. It is perhaps needless to say that no human being has ever trod its summit, or even effected a landing upon it.

After leaving it, the *Fish-Hawk* skirted the coast of Reykjaines, which presents as awful a scene of desolation and of terrific struggles between fire and water as can be imagined. The beetling cliffs of black lava are rent and broken into every conceivable shape. Deep fissures, into which the waves rush and roar with a mad fury only to be churned into foam, draw back their stony lips, as though grinning over the fate of the vessel that shall approach them too closely. Dark caverns echo the hollow booming of the waters that fill them. Peaks, pinnacles, and spires rise sharp and forbidding above the chaotic masses piled about their feet. Everywhere through the milk-white foam of the ceaselessly dashing breakers jagged rocks show themselves, like the black fangs of monstrous beasts cruelly eager for their prey. It was a sight to sober even the merry face of Breeze McCloud; while poor Nimbus, after a single glance at it, buried himself in the fore-castle, and refused to come out so long as they remained in the vicinity of such a "Debbil place," as he called it.

A few hours later, after carefully threading her way through narrow channels, between numerous rocky islets that rose boldly from the water, the *Fish-Hawk* dropped her anchor and furled her sails in the harbor of Reykjavik. There were two or three square-rigged vessels in the port, and a number of fishing-boats; but though it was still broad daylight, there were no signs of life aboard them, nor in the forlorn-looking little town in front of them. A solemn stillness, broken only by the occasional barking of dogs, brooded over the entire scene, and it was hard to realize that this was the capital of one of the oldest nations of the Old World.

Breeze thought they must have made some mistake, and got into the wrong place, and Captain Coffin would have been inclined to agree with him if it had not been for the evidence of his chart; but there was no room for doubt there. Probably no coasts on the globe have been more accurately or thoroughly surveyed than those of Iceland, and no one who has a knowledge of how they were made ever disputes the maps issued by the Danish War-Office.

"It's all right, Breeze," said the skipper. "This is the place we've been hunting for, miserable as it appears. We'd better turn in now for a few hours' sleep, and perhaps things will look better to us to-morrow."

But things did not; for under the lowering skies, and through the drizzling rain in which they next came on deck, the scene looked, if possible, more dreary than it had done the night before. About six o'clock the schooner was boarded by a man wearing an official cap, a long-skirted coat, and big boots, who was rowed off from the town in a small boat carrying a green flag. He was very polite, and talked a great deal of Danish, together with a few words of English, some French, and another language, which Breeze afterward discovered to be Latin.

By means of all these, he finally succeeded in giving them to understand that he was the Health Officer of the port, and wished to see the schooner's papers. Being shown into the cabin, he carefully inspected these, though he was evidently unable to make anything out of them, except that the vessel came from the United States.

In return he handed the Captain a long printed paper, of which nobody on board could read a word, and gravely selected a single silver coin from the handful that was offered him in payment of the port charges and his services. He satisfied himself by looking at them that the crew were all in good health, and learning that the schooner was in need of water, accepted one more dollar as a water fee, and pointed out a place on shore where they could take all they wanted. Then politely lifting his cap, he stepped into his boat, and was pulled back to the town.

"Well, boys," said the skipper, when this official had gone, "I suppose it's all right now, and we are free of the city, though I can't make out who that chap was. He may have been the Governor himself for all I know. However, let's get our water aboard, have a look at the place, and get away again as soon as we can, for we'll all have the blues if we stay here many hours."

When Captain Coffin and Breeze went on shore, soon afterward, they found the city to consist of about a hundred one-story houses, painted black, and containing two or three rooms each, half a dozen stores in two-storied buildings, a comfortable-looking Governor's residence, a university, a forlorn-looking hotel, a stone church called the cathedral, and a windmill. These were crowded together, without any attempt at regularity, on a narrow strip of rocky land between the harbor and a lagoon.

Drawn up on the beach, in front of a row of rickety old wooden warehouses, were scores of fishing-boats, and the whole place reeked with the smell of fish, fresh, dried, and decaying. Everywhere were nets, oars, and piles of fish. Brawny, hard-featured women trudged along the ill-paved streets carrying great loads of fish on frames like stretchers, while the men of the town lounged at the corners, with pipes in their mouths, and watched them. A drove of ponies fastened in a line, each to the tail of the one ahead of him, bore immense packs of merchandise on their backs; and between the houses prowled lean, villainous-looking dogs in search of something to eat, or a chance to fight.

Inside of an hour Breeze and the Captain had seen all they wanted to see of the city, and began to retrace their steps toward the landing. Just before they reached it they heard a great noise of shouting and laughter, and



W. T. Smedley -
Feb. - 1887.

THE FIRST VIEW OF ICELAND

upon turning a corner they came upon a most comical sight.

Surrounded by a crowd of men, women, children, ponies, and dogs stood Nimbus, who was evidently the greatest curiosity these Icelanders had seen in many a day. He had stopped to examine one of the ridiculous little Iceland ponies that appear to be more than half mane and tail. Its owner thought he wanted to buy it, and had tried to tell the stranger what a splendid, strong animal it was. Somehow Nimbus gathered an idea of what he was saying, and to show his utter contempt for such a specimen of horseflesh, he had suddenly thrown his great arms about the little beast and lifted it from the ground, kicking, squealing, and trying to bite. Other horse-traders had hurried to the spot, dragging their ponies after them, and a crowd had quickly collected to stare at the black man who could carry a horse.

Finally Nimbus seized and lifted from the ground a pony with a man on his back, at which feat the crowd roared with delight. Suddenly the struggling pony screamed out,

"Wow! wow! put me down, or I'll kick you!"

Nimbus dropped him like a hot coal, the man on his back tumbled off in affright, and the crowd scattered from about the marvellous beast as though he had been a roaring lion.

"Come, Nimbus, let's get back to the schooner," said Captain Coffin, who had slipped up behind him; and, turning, the black man now for the first time noticed Breeze, and understood how the pony had been gifted with the power of speech.

They hurried away without explaining the wonder to

the bewildered natives, and probably to this day that pony is regarded with awe and veneration as having once opened his mouth and talked.

Three days after this, Reykjavik had been left far behind, and the *Fish-Hawk* was sailing over the stormy waters that wash the desolate northern shore of the island. This was where Captain Coffin had supposed the halibut, or "spraka," as the Icelanders call them, would be found, but thus far there was no sign of them. In order to search the ground thoroughly, he decided to drop dories at intervals of about a mile apart, and give those in them an opportunity to fish with hand-lines, by which means he hoped some feeding-ground of the halibut might be discovered.

Near each dory was left an anchored buoy, bearing a flag with a number painted on it, and each crew was instructed to fish in a circle about its buoy, but on no account to lose sight of it. As the schooner sailed away, the skipper carefully noted the bearing of each of these flags, and the distance between it and the next one, so that there might be no difficulty in returning to it.

Breeze and Nimbus were in the first dory thus left, and the flag on their buoy was marked No. 1. In less than three hours after they had been dropped, the *Fish-Hawk* returned to pick them up. All the other dories had been sighted as she came back, and the crews of two of them were catching fish hand over hand. The buoy bearing flag No. 1 was easily found, but to the dismay and distress of Captain Coffin and old Mateo, who were the only ones left aboard the schooner, no trace of the dory to which it belonged, nor of its occupants, was to be seen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



PUNISHMENT.—DRAWN BY J. GEOFFROY.

WRINKLES TO YOUNG CRICKETERS.

BY CHARLES E. CLAY.

PART II.—THE BATSMEN AND THE FIELD.

THE captain and his bowlers may be considered in the same light as a general and his staff. For, as I endeavored to explain in my former paper, they represent the executive force—the men by whose brain and tactics the campaign must be successfully planned and carried out. The batsmen and the fielders are the force at their command, by whose efforts victory must be gained. And just as in an army, the general and his staff must have the confidence and love of his men, and the men must pay implicit obedience to the wishes and commands of their leaders. The whole must have but one end and object in view—victory. Let us therefore see how best the batsmen and fielders can carry out the important parts that fall to their lot.

TO THE BATSMAN.

When the batsman next before you, in the order of going in, goes to the wicket, go into the pavilion and get ready to follow. He may succumb to the first ball, or he may stay there a couple of hours; that is no business of yours; your duty is to be ready. Nothing is so unlike a true cricketer, nor such "bad form," as to keep the field waiting for you. Besides, it may be that one of your men is well set at the wickets, and to let him get cooled off or keep him longer than necessary from the bowling he is at home with, is foolish. Be sure that your pads are firmly and securely fastened, and that the straps are tucked snugly out of the way. How often a stray strap has been the means of the loss of a valuable wicket by being snicked by a ball passing to leg and caught by the wicket-keeper! For the same reason, always button your batting gloves. Flapping bands cause buttons to strike the bat, annoy the umpire by keeping him continually on the *qui vive*, and give the bowler many an opportunity to appeal. On getting to your wicket ask the umpire, if you have to receive the ball, for guard, telling him at the same time what wicket or wickets you want to especially guard, thus: Umpire, please give me "two leg," or "middle," or "one leg." I should advise the beginner to acquire the habit of playing with a one or two leg guard, because with a guard on your two nearest stumps you can keep your legs farther away from getting in front of the sticks, and, in the second place, it is far easier to advance the front leg diagonally across the wicket to cover balls on the off side, than it is to draw the foot back to get at leg balls. And in this connection let me say most positively that it is only on the rarest occasions, such as running out to pick up a ball on the half volley, or going out to smother a shortish length ball which is rising rapidly, that the hindmost leg is moved after you have once firmly placed yourself to receive a ball.

After taking your position, and before you intimate to the bowler, by looking directly at him, that you are ready to play, take a survey of the men in the field, mark if cover point is forward or square of point, note the positions of the slips, see how many men the bowler has on the off side, catch the positions of mid-on and short and long leg, and be sure that the wicket-keeper has not stolen up behind you without your being aware of it. Space will not admit of my going into the detail of the best way to play the different kinds of balls, and, besides, no rules can be laid down on the subject. Some men play certain kinds of balls forward, while others stop them equally well by back play. But one thing I may say, and that is that forward play generally is the more brilliant of the two defences, and is much more apt to make the scorer use his pencil to your credit. And again back play is often much the safer tactics to pursue when the bowling is medium or slow overarm, with plenty of break. But whether you play back or forward, meet the ball with all the force at your command, and make the bat play the ball, and never hold the bat in a nerveless way and allow the ball simply to come and strike it. This is bad cricket every time. In playing a ball always keep the shoulder of the bat well in advance of the lower half of the blade. If the blade meets the ball before the shoulder of the bat is well over it, the ball is bound to take an upward direction, and a catch will be given. Never make up your mind that you will hit at the next ball, no matter what its pitch may be. It is always foolish, and often fatal. Don't be in a hurry to "break your egg." Play every ball to the best of your ability, remembering that when you get familiar with the bowling, and get your eye in, you will have plenty of opportunities to hit. Never look behind you after the

ball has once passed the wicket, but catch your partner's eye at once. If you have played the ball into the slips or to leg and a run is to be made, your partner has the call, for it is he who risks the chance. Move briskly forward, but don't attempt to run till you are distinctly called, and when called don't hesitate a moment, but get across as fast as you know how. If you have hit the ball beyond the opposite wicket, the call lies with you, and though your partner may be backing up, he has no right to attempt to cross till you bid him come.

The batsman who is at the bowler's end of the wicket should stand well out of the reach of the bowler, and not obstruct the vision of the umpire. Remember, both of you, always to run off "the crease"—that is, that portion of the wicket on which the balls pitch when bowled. Batsmen should never cross from one side to the other while running. If you start from the left-hand side of the wicket, run all your runs up and down on the left. At least six feet should separate the runners, who should each run a yard clear of the crease. Run your first run as hard as you can, and turn for the next just as soon as you ground your bat within the "popping" crease. Don't risk running each other out for the sake of stealing a close run. Two batsmen well acquainted with each other's tactics will steal more runs than a base-ball runner will bases, but they should not be imitated. The captain should check wild running at once; and false starts, and feints, and make-believes to run may be exceedingly funny and smart, but such pranks are not legitimate cricket, and the agile mountbanks who practise such tricks should be "sat upon" in short order.

After having run out a four or five run hit, and you need a rest to catch your wind, take all the time necessary at a short distance from the wickets. Don't go panting and puffing up to the wicket as if you intended to commence batting, and when the bowler begins his run, stop him when he is in the middle of his stride by shouting, "Here, hold on a bit; I'm not ready yet!" Such an action is silly, you know. When you are appealed against for "leg before," a catch, or "run out," don't put on airs and look round defiantly, as if you are surprised. Listen quietly for the decision. If in your favor, resume the game as unostentatiously as possible; if against you, no matter how wrong or ridiculous the decision may be, go to the pavilion without a murmur. Be comforted; you are a martyr, and obedience is the first law of cricket. I cannot reprehend too strongly that pernicious habit so common among excitable and thoughtless batsmen of not deciding at once if a run is to be attempted or not. They will and they won't in the same breath. They start headlong with a rush and a loud "Come on!" and when you are well started they suddenly scurry back to their own wicket, imploring you to "Go back! go back!" Of course you endeavor to do so, and pay the penalty of his stupidity, and when you are retiring, with your heart in your boots and anger in your eye, the idiot accompanies you half-way to the pavilion, offering abject apologies, but explaining that it's all your fault. For such a one there should be no mercy; his calls should be utterly disregarded. Judge and call all the runs yourself, and when once you call, run deliberately the whole way across the wickets, first making sure that the ball should be thrown to the wicket for which he is bound. I have known the very best exponents of the game declare that they ruthlessly run out such a vacillating fellow without the slightest compunction.

TO THE FIELDER.

To the bright, intelligent, active fielder there is not much to be said in the way of suggestion, but a caution or two to young and exuberant cricketers may not be out of place. First of all, then, go cheerfully and contentedly to the position assigned you. Don't grumble because you do not happen to get your favorite place. The captain knows best what he wants of you, and, besides, it is not well-bred, to say the least of it. Take up your position to the best of your knowledge, and if called upon by the captain or bowler to shift a trifle, do so at once, and when you find out where he wants you, go there, and there remain. Nothing is so worrying to a painstaking bowler who places his field for certain combinations as to find that his men won't carry out his ideas. Cricket is so eminently a game of concerted action that every unit, as in chess, must do its full share of work if success is to be achieved. If you do not get many balls coming your way, be thankful; there is less chance of your making a blunder which will cost your side dear; but don't on that account get weary and listless. When you field a ball, return it as smartly as you can; don't nurse it and dandle it as if it were your individual plaything; while you are fumbling with it, runs are being made. Nine times out of ten it is right

to return the ball to the wicket-keeper's end, and if possible throw it so as to reach him a full catch, about the height of the stumps, or, if too far off to throw in a catch, let it come to him on the first bound. Don't try and throw out a runner. This objectionable practice has become much more common since scorers have come to mark down "thrown out by" and so. It is never good cricket to have a shy at the wickets. When you are behind the wicket-keeper, and in a direction opposite to that in which the ball has been hit, run and place yourself ten or a dozen yards behind him or some other fielder who is preparing to stop the ball should it pass him. This is known as "backing up," and should never be omitted by those fielders who are in the vicinity of the wicket-keeper when batsmen are running. At the call of "over," take your position at once for a change of end in the bowling, and be ready and alert before the over commences. I need hardly warn any but the veriest tyro at the game that he should not stop the ball with any portion of his clothing. You must not throw your cap or your coat at the ball because it is beyond your reach. You may only arrest its progress with your body, your hands, or your feet.

My task is now complete. If any youngster of the many thousands now playing this enjoyable game in the schools and colleges throughout the land gets a clearer insight into the spirit and genius of the game from these general and cursory remarks, the task has not been undertaken in vain.

TROPHIES FROM THE WOODS.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

I FANCY—indeed, I hope—that at this season of the year the majority, and I wish it could be all, of the readers of *YOUR PEOPLE* are in the country. Soon they will be coming back to their city homes, where all this beauty and loveliness will be left behind.

Now I want to tell you how to bring some of these treasures of wood and field back with you, and make them the daily companions, the fair ornaments, of your city houses.

Yes, there are certain plants and vines that are willing to come and dwell in the city with us, demanding very little fresh air, no sunshine, and perhaps nothing more than a little water in a bottle to make them live and grow and flourish. How much lovelier and more beautiful these are as ornaments in our home than poor pictures, poor embroidery, cheap knick-knacks, I surely need not tell you.

You all know the ferns, how they grow close to the earth, clinging to the root of some great tree that keeps all sunlight from them. Gather a number of these, securing a little earth, and put them in your basket. Near by you will find plenty of velvety moss. Secure some of this too. Now you have the material for a beautiful ornament for the daintiest and most expensively furnished room, for nature never has occasion to shriek, even when confronted by the costliest art.

Let me describe a beautiful little oasis of green I once saw flourishing in the desert of a great old-fashioned centre table. The basis was a large dinner plate of the commonest kind. This was covered with earth raised in a shape like a mound. Tall ferns rose from the centre, next came a row of maidenhair, then the smaller varieties. The dish was bordered with leaf ferns, mosses, and lichens, and a number of small moss plants were interspersed among the coiled-up ferns. For many weeks this little collection of common woodland products remained fresh and beautiful. Only a small amount of water was required every day, and a little care in removing such trifling sprays or bits of moss as became dry and faded.

What drapery can compare with a luxuriant vine twining itself about picture-frames and window casements? Here the starting-point is a bottle. Yes, some of our woodland friends are contented to live within four walls, with nothing but a bottle for their immediate homes. Fill a number of half-pint bottles with clear water, and suspend them in out-of-the-way places behind picture-frames, mirrors, etc. Place in them your vines chosen for the purpose, such as *tracutantia*, *sedum*, *German* or *Kenilworth* ivy, and see how soon these easily contented, thrifty plants will wind their dainty tendrils around every object in their way, lending it their own loveliness as an ornament. English ivy is an excellent vine for this purpose, but it requires much care, and is not always free from insect life.

You all know our familiar "Wandering-Jew," how far and how luxuriantly he will wander, and there is a begonia with little pink flowers that flourishes excellently in a room.

Remember what I have told you, girls, when the last days in the country come, and do not leave your summer homes until you have gathered many trophies from wood and field to fill your winter-quarters with grace and loveliness. Once you have decorated your rooms in this way, learned to recognize its beauty, and to love the suggestion it gives of the far-off country which nature adorns with such a wealth and loveliness, there will be no teasing papa for money to buy Japanese fans, cheese-cloth curtains, cheap ornaments, or indeed any toleration in your hearts and souls for such things.

HOW MINNIE'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

BY DAVID KER.

IT was mid-day in Ceylon—a hot, breezeless, tropical mid-day. So deep was the stillness that the hollow, booming roar of a water-fall miles away was as plainly heard as if it had been close at hand. Not a breath of wind stirred the drooping leaves of the tall palm-trees that stood ranged like soldiers along the ridges overhead; and little Minnie Lester, lying in her hammock on the veranda of her father's house among the Kandyan hills, thought to herself that it must have been just like this in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

With her neat white frock and pink sash, her round, rosy face lying back on the soft cushion, her long golden curls hanging loosely over her flushed cheeks, and the gaudy tropical flowers and plants clustering all around her, the little woman would have made an admirable picture of the Sleeping Beauty herself had any artist been there to paint it. And though her nap might not last a hundred years, it seemed likely to be a very sound one as long as it *did* last. Her eyes closed, opened again drowsily, closed once more—and this time they remained shut, and Minnie was soon fast asleep.

There came a rustle in the thick screen of twining leaves with which the tropical creepers had covered the trellis-work in front of the veranda, and then a sudden flash of green light, very much like the sparkle of an emerald amid the shadowy mass. Then the leaves shook and parted, and out came the broad flat head and glistening, scaly neck of a green snake curiously spotted with brown—one of the most venomous in the whole island.

For a moment or two it remained quite still, looking warily to right and left, as if to make sure that all was safe; for the poisonous snakes of the tropics, with all their deadly power, are by nature very timid. Then, seeing no sign of danger, it glided down one of the posts that upheld the roof of the veranda, and, coiling itself along the cord of the hammock, went straight on toward the unconscious child.

Meanwhile Minnie had a very strange dream. She seemed to be in one of those fairy palaces of which she had read so often, and to be standing alone in a very large and lofty hall, every part of which—floor, walls, and ceiling—was made up of a countless number of tiny looking-glasses, so that she saw thousands of small Minnies gazing at her wherever she turned her eyes.

All at once she espied on a marble table in the far corner of the room a small glass rod, curiously twisted, and shining like silver. She took it up, and instantly it seemed to become alive, and twined itself round her hand and arm, and it felt so cold and squeezed her so hard that she gave a start and a slight scream, and awoke.

Poor Minnie! she found her dream only too true. Coiled round and round her poor little bare arm (which was hanging over the edge of the hammock) were the cold, green, slimy rings of a venomous serpent, one of the deadliest of its kind, one stroke of whose poisonous fangs would have been certain and instant death.

Luckily for herself, the girl was far too much terrified to move; for had she stirred she would almost certainly have provoked the snake into striking her, and one prick

of those deadly fangs would have made an end of her there and then. But if she could not move, she could call out; and call she did, with all the strength of her poor little voice, hoping that her Hindoo *ayah* (maid), who usually sat just outside, would hear her and come to the rescue.

It happened by ill luck, however, that just then the maid had fallen as fast asleep as her little mistress, and never heard the cry. But it reached the ear of some one else who did just as well, and that was Mr. Lester's Tamil groom, Sree Wikremeh, the boldest and strongest of all the seventeen servants attached to the household.

No sooner did this brave fellow hear the call than he darted at full speed toward the spot from which it seemed to come, for he knew in a moment by the shrill, strained, unnatural tone of his little favorite's voice that something must have gone very wrong with her.

But very fortunately—for, had he burst suddenly into the veranda, he might have startled the snake, and scared it into killing the child on the spot—he found out how matters stood before he came on the scene of action at all. Through an opening in the foliage he caught sight of the girl lying in her hammock, and the serpent coiled round her arm.

In such a danger as this, Sree Wikremeh was the very man who was needed. Himself a bold and practised hunter, he had faced in his time the fiercest beasts and deadliest snakes of his native jungle, and had grown quite used to the idea of having to confront at any moment some new form of peril; and now, instead of being flurried and unnerved (as almost any other man would have been) at the sight of his little pet in such danger, he seemed only to become cooler and more steady than before.

"Little missee lie quite still," said he in his broken English; "no stir, no speak; Sree take away snake for her."

The child, who had full trust in him, and believed him equal to any feat, however difficult, lay perfectly quiet, and kept the arm around which the snake was coiled as steady

as a rock. Meanwhile the active Tamil stepped noiselessly across the veranda to the farther corner, where, hung from the roof in a gilded cage, was perched one of those tiny green jungle-birds which are called "budgery-gars." Sree opened the cage and let the bird out.

On finding itself at liberty, the bird (which was a special pet of Minnie's) fluttered toward its little mistress, and was just about to perch on her shoulder, when it suddenly caught sight of the snake. At the same instant the snake caught sight of it!

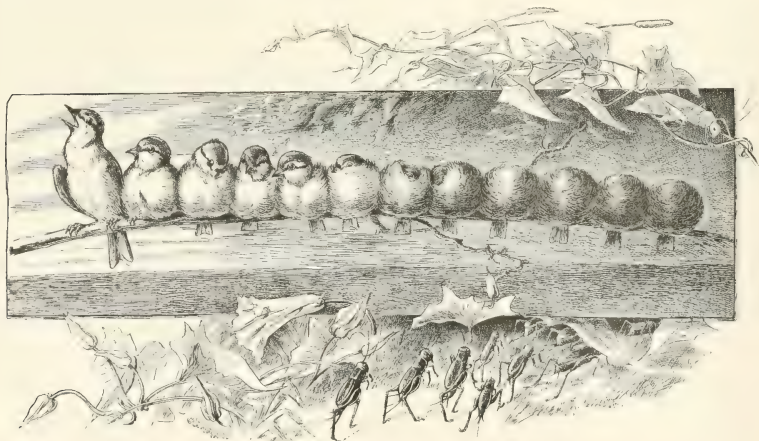
The moment it saw its natural prey so close to it, the serpent's cruel instinct awoke in earnest. The flat head thrust itself briskly forward, the forked tongue quivered venomously out of the open jaws, and the small narrow eyes sparkled like diamonds.

"Little missee keep plenty quiet—snake go soon now," said the Tamil, in a whisper, hiding himself behind the leafy screen of creepers as he spoke.

Though the sunny garden lay open before it beyond the archway of the veranda, the bird made no effort to escape. It seemed to be drawn to the snake by a deadly and irresistible fascination, and kept fluttering round it in narrowing circles, drawing ever nearer and nearer to its dreaded enemy, while the shrill, piteous cries that it uttered plainly told its agony and terror.

Meanwhile the serpent, now fully aroused, began slowly to uncoil itself from the girl's arm, in order to seize its new prey. Coil after coil was unwound, till at last the whole arm was left free, and the snake, rearing itself up with a sharp hiss on the edge of the hammock, drew back its head to strike at the poor bird, which was now fairly within reach.

But just then Sree Wikremeh sprang from his hiding-place, and with one slash of his short broad-bladed knife cut off the snake's head as easily as one would slice a cucumber, just as the exhausted bird fell fainting to the ground. So Minnie was saved, and her father rewarded the brave Tamil as he deserved; but from that day forth, as long as she lived, the girl could never abide the sight of a snake.



THE TALE OF TWO COCKS.

BY

J. M.



The wind was high, the Weather Cock
 Was wheeling round & round—
 The farm-yard Weather Cock, who wheeled
 With harsh & grating sound,
 As though he mourned his high estate,
 And fair would reach the ground.

"Ah," quoth the Barn-yard Cock, "his strange
 That one with such a crow
 Should occupy yonder lofty spot
 While I walk here below;
 Forsooth the world's not overwise,
 As every one doth know."



"I am the finest barn-yard fowl
 In all the country side,
 And yet I crow upon a fence,
 My soaring soul denied
 The place yon creaking barn-
 farm holds
 With so much wicked pride."

"Pride!" groaned the wheeling
 Weather Cock.
 "If you could only know!
 Could only guess the longing
 Of my heart to fly below!
 I'd give my station to a hen
 If I might only go."

I don't know how they man-
 aged it—
 Such things are passing
 strange—
 But certain 'tis these clever
 Cocks
 This matter did arrange,
 And ere the setting of the
 sun
 Effected an exchange.



The Little Lad.

The Barn-yard Cock
 crowed lustily
 Upon the sleepy hall;
 The Weather Cock stood on
 the ground,
 Stunned by his mighty fall,
 While hen & chick & duck
 looked on,
 Astonished one & all.
 The Farmer's little lad wept
 long
 (An hour by the clock),
 "My roosters flown off," sob-
 bed he,
 "And left the Weather Cock!"
 His mother thought the poor
 child's wits
 Were weakened by the
 shock.

"I'll cook the bird for sup-
 per,"
 Cried the good wife in a
 fright.
 "It's somewhat tough, but
 anything

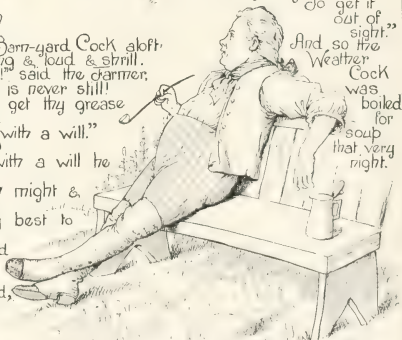


The Goodwife.

Meanwhile the Barn-yard Cock aloft
 Crowed long & loud & shrill.
 "Why bless me!" said the farmer,
 "The thing is never still!
 Good Dickon, get thy grease
 pot,
 And grease it with a will."

And grease it with a will he
 did.
 And though with might &
 main
 It tried its very best to
 crow,
 It never creaked
 again.

And if a moral
 here you find,
 My tale is not in
 vain.



The Farmer.



THE YOUNGEST BATHER.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

We have been receiving HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it so well that I feel like writing to you about it. I cannot read it very well myself, for I am only eight years old, but my papa and mamma read it to me. The other day my papa and I went out into the woods to spend the day and watch the birds, and I can tell you that we saw a great many very nice ones. Among them were the chickadees, brown thrushes, and the cardinal birds. We took your paper with us and in a nice shady hollow we sat down on the grass and read it. One of the things we read was the story called "Strayed," and oh, how I pitied the poor ox that got lost, and was caught up by the pauper! We also read "Who shall be captain?" and liked it very much. There are three boys in our family, and I am the oldest, and the only one who goes to school. We have grand times learning to speak properly. It is so hard to break ourselves of the habit of using such words as "ain't" and "ain't." Can you tell us the best way to get rid of such habits? The trouble is so many grown-up people use these words.

OR A. K.

You have explained the reason for my incorrect English on the part of children in your correspondence. If grown people would only be careful, and let the dear boys and girls hear nothing which is inelegant, coarse, or vulgar! The very best way to get rid of bad habits is never to have them at all. But care and pains will do a great deal, one is in earnest. I shudder at the very thought of "ain't," and as for "ain't," speech fails me at the distress of such a corruption!

ARLINT, IND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I want to tell you about my dolls' school. It is made of two dolls' houses; one small one, which belonged to my little sister Alice, and a large double house, which my eldest sister Carrie and I shared. My two sisters died a short time ago, of diphtheria, and I am very lonely without them, for we always played together, and with our doll-houses. The smaller one I called "Alice's," and the larger one "Carrie's." One day I was telling my auntie Minnie that I was afraid I could not play with my dolls' house any more now that I was alone, and she said, "Why can't you turn your houses both into a dolls' school, and then you can use all the dolls and furniture?" and as I have it all now, I thought some of the YOUNG PEOPLE readers might like to hear about it. The smaller house is all study-rooms, with desks, tables, and chairs. The double house has thirteen dormitories, all beautifully furnished. There are also a piazza on the ground-floor, but I changed it into a summer dining-room. It has two extension tables, with two leaves to each, and one round table in the middle of the room. The parlor is, I think, the prettiest one I ever saw; it is furnished with red and old-gold satin, and every-dinners, filled with flowers. There is a laundry completely furnished, and a nice kitchen even more completely furnished, which opens into the dining-room. I have a very nice music-room, with five pianos in it. I hope my letter is not too long to print. From your constant reader,
FANNIE H. H. (aged 9½ years).

SHERIDAN, JENKINS, MASSACHUSETTS.

Last summer my uncle, who is Supervisor of Schools in Cleveland, Ohio, was here with his wife and two sons, Charlie and Willie. While they were here, we went to Wachusett Mountain, in Princeton, about ten miles from here, to live. We drove to the foot of the mountain, where we had a fine view. My cousins and I walked up the footpath, while my uncle and

aunt rode up the carriage drive, which is much longer. We dined at the Summit House, from which, when the sky is clear, may be seen Boston Harbor and Bunker Hill Monument, nearly fifty miles away. In a ledge of granite we found a number of small garnets, some of which were quite clear. I was sorry when told it was time to start home, but we had a pleasant drive home.

A few miles from here there is a place where one may find a peculiar kind of stone imbedded in the solid rock. These may be crystals, and their ends always show a crystal in the shape of a Maltese cross. It is chialosite, an audaluite, called from its discovery in the Maltese islands, excepting sterling, Massachusetts, where they are known to be found. They will take a high polish. I will send you one that I have partially polished myself. I enclose also a letter from the Hand "slip our pastor has circulated. We think a great deal of him, and like these little cards.

There is a Camp-ground near our home, where there are over three hundred summer cottages. A lake is near here also, Wachuset, and a steam-yacht, the *Sterling*, carries people to and from the Park on the opposite side from the Camp-ground. I like Harzer's YOUNG PEOPLE very much, especially "Cousin Dorothy's" talks on the Sunday-school lessons, and am sorry not to see them through every summer. I hope you will give them up entirely. Will you please tell me how I can direct a letter to her? I think she is next best to the Postmistress, whose poems and stories I particularly enjoy. I enclose a picture published with her poem, "The Lilacs." The books I like best are *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *Tom's Boy*. I have two brothers, Howard, aged eleven, and John, four years old. Fannie, Alice, Margery, seven, Helen, five, and Hattie almost three years old. I am the oldest, and am twelfth. I am quite a rover of hats, and have now three canaries, three ham-bats, a duck and a chicken (who think as much of each other as if they were both ducks or both chickens), two cats, besides a few mice, and two fowls and two doves.

GERTRUDE R. B.

Address "Cousin Dorothy," care of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have never written to you before, which has not been much of a loss to you probably, and now think I will add one to the number of letters you receive from your little subscribers. I particularly like to excuse my writing, for I am obliged to keep a nearly horizontal position on account of spinal trouble. You would be glad if you knew how much enjoyment I receive from HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It is hard for me to find an occupation in which I may indulge, but either my father, mother, or brother is generally ready to read to me, and sometimes can read to me. I have the promise of sitting up in about three months, if I will only be still and be patient now, but, oh, how I long to get up and do something! I am sure I can tell you of something I might be doing, but I am tired of almost everything I think of that I can do. I have a friend thirteen years old, two years younger than I am, who lives near me. I don't know what I would do without her. She does not take your paper now, but seeing how much I like it, I think she will next year. I am very fond of Lucy C. Lillie's writings, and hope she will favor us with another story soon.

MIRIAM THORNTON.

I commend Miriam to the readers of the Post-office Box. Write to her and suggest some pleasant occupations.

BARRIE, ONTARIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am fourteen years old, and have taken your lovely magazine for a long time. I was ten. I like the Post-office Box very much, but have never yet written you a letter. I like Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie's stories very much, also the stories by David Weston. I live near my grandmother, now spending my holidays with my grandmother at Barrie. Barrie is such a pretty little town; it is situated on a bay, and is called Kempenfelt Bay. There are lovely drives all around it, and we go two or three times a week across the bay and take our tea on a lovely bench. I have three brothers and one sister, and I am the oldest. I don't that a pretty name? I lived in Michigan till I was eight. Then we moved to Montreal, and lived there four years, and moved to Toronto. I liked the United States better than Toronto, but not better than Montreal. Good-by, dear Postmistress. I hope always to remain your loving little friend,
M. E. P.

ALPENA, MICHIGAN.

You may have heard of Alpena, as there was a large fire here last summer, and the papers told all about it. Alpena has 15,000 inhabitants. The part that was burned is being built up again, and looks a great deal better. I have read a lot of Miss Alcott's books. I think that "Captain Folly" was splendid. I am called Josie, but my name is Josephine, and I live in Alpena. As a great many girls describe themselves, I will do so. I am twelve years old, four feet ten

inches tall, and have brown hair and gray eyes. The scenery around Alpena is beautiful. A great variety of leaves, flowers, bugs, butterflies, and mollusks may be seen. There are many lakes, with some girls or boys in Florida and California. Song Lake is not far from here, and is Alpena's summer resort. Alpena is an interesting town, and many partridges. I expect to go to the country to-day, as school stopped yesterday. I passed, and will be in the sixth next term. I agree with Willie in his opinion of our drive, but I correct that they do not stop me from climbing fences.
JOSIE McC.

ANNISTON, ALABAMA.

I am a little Alabama girl, and as I have never seen any letters from Anniston, I will be very glad if this is published. Anniston is in the midst of the iron country, and as all of the readers of *Harper's Young People* know, iron is made. I will try to tell them. First, it is dug out of the ground in lumps, that vary from a tiny little pebble to lumps as large as your fist. Then the "ore-diggers" throw away the waste of ore and earth on a large wire sieve about six feet high. This separates the loose earth from the ore, and then it is carried to the ore which is a large machine for washing the earth from the ore. Then it is taken to the furnace (we have four), and is piled on great logs of wood till there is a heap about ten feet high, six feet high. Earth is put on the top of this, and the logs underneath are set on fire. This is called an "ore-bed," and is not on fire, so that it will roast some of the impurities out of the ore before it is made into iron. When the ore has been roasted long enough they put out the fire, and when the iron is perfectly clean they put it into the furnace with charcoal and limestone, and build a great fire in there to melt it; nearly a ton of charcoal is put in every fifteen minutes. Finally, when the iron is perfectly liquid, they pour it out of the trap-door, and it all runs out of the place where it has been melting into the "casting-house." This is a large brick shed, with a floor of sand about two feet deep. The iron is poured in there, and when the iron runs in, it takes the form of bars. When it is cold, they take it into the stock house and pile it up until it is so high that it will write again some day if this letter is published. I send you a "pi," and hope that it will be published. I also send the answers to some of the puzzles in the last three numbers. EMILY T.

Thank you very much for your letter and your "pi."

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I write to ask if you will be kind enough to send me some of the pits spoken of in Aunt Cynthia's story of July 16th. We have nine kinds of fruit in our garden, but no "preserved peaches." Papa would be glad to have them, especially the variety "We have two little Angora kittens, and because of their different dispositions we named them Innocence and Society. They come to the back dining-room window every morning while we are at breakfast, and it is "as good as a circus" to watch them; they run up and down the curtain and hide in the organ, and are a constant reader.

GRACE W.

I'm afraid I cannot oblige you, Grace, about the "pits."

PETAUNA, CALIFORNIA.

My sister and another girl take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have the letters read to me. I would write a letter to you. I have one sister and two brothers. My oldest brother is seven years old, and my other one doesn't go to school, for he is only five years old. I am ten years old. My sister's name is eleven; her name is Anna. We have six cows, five horses, and one colt named Pat. We have a great many chickens. Now I will tell you about my picnic. We had a picnic on the beach, and had a red-headed innit made a nest in it, and now has four little birds. We had a picnic on the beach, and went off our shoes and stockings, and went into the water. I enjoyed it very much.

GERTRUDE N.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I have taken this lovely paper for three years, and of all the papers I like it the best. My favorite stories are "Detrick Sterling," "The White Elephant," "A New Robinson Crusoe," "Captain Folly," and "The Princess Lilian." I have a beautiful cat, which is very playful. I go to school, and take ten different studies. We had our examination in June, and my average was over ninety-six. I have three brothers and two sisters, all older than myself.
ETHEL T. (aged 11 years).

HUNTER'S HILL, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

We all take interest in your paper, and when it arrives there is a general rush to see who will get it first. I suppose you heard that there has been a great drought here, but we are getting a quantity of rain now. It began to rain on the 24th of May (Queen's Birthday), and has kept



IN DURANCE VILE.

"DEAR, NOW, VO' DICTIONARY HOLPETH, WHEN VO' KIN BEHAVE YO'SE? I LET VO' OUT."

A CLOTHES-PIN CONTEST.

DID you ever have a clothes-pin contest? If not, you must have one. It is better than "bean bags" and newer than

"fish-ponds." Form two lines of contestants, each one grasping with his left hand the right wrist of his neighbor. The captain of each line is provided with seven clothes-pins. At the word "Go," from the umpire, the captains start the pins down the lines, one by one. If they are dropped, the whole line must stoop to pick them up. The contestants must not take their left hands off their neighbors' wrists. As soon as the one at the end of the line gets all the pins, he holds them up, shouting, "Seven!" The line that gets through quickest six times out of eleven beats, and the fortunate contestants get prizes. When the players become very expert, tennis balls or croquet balls (which are more difficult to handle) may be used instead of clothes-pins. B. W.

THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

THE "great bell of Moscow," the old story runs, Stands twenty feet high, and weighs two hundred tons.

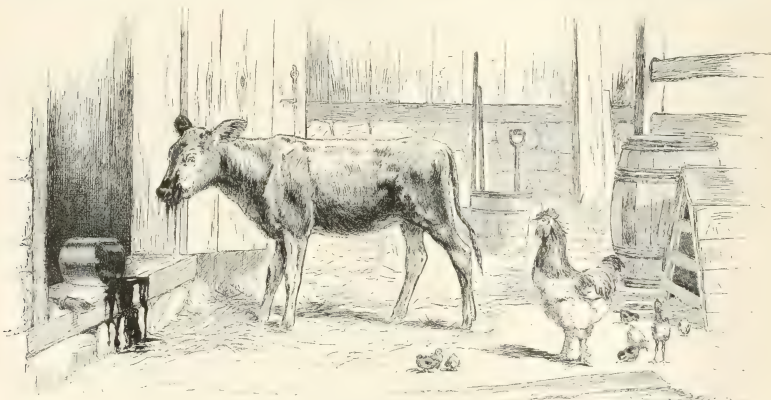
The "Tsar Kokokol!"* Of all cow-bells that swing, This bell of Mos-cow is assuredly king, Proportion in all things! Will somebody now Just give us the height and the size of that cow?

The bell strap that buckled that bell at her throat, Till hard jingling cracked it, and ruined its note? The length of and rings on her famed "crumpled horn"?

Her milkmaid, and is she still "maiden forlorn"? The bran mash she ate, and the milk-pail she'd fill? The dog that she tossed o'er a neighboring hill? The mountainous turnips at mouthfuls she munched? The apples, like hay-stacks, she quietly crunched? The small boy who drove her and let down the bars? The moon she jumped over to kick at the stars? The salt that she licked, and the whisk of her tail, Whose hairs were like ropes, and its blow like a flail?

The gadfly whose bite made her bellow, they tell? You'll measure all these by the size of her bell.

* Russian for "The King of the Bells"—the name of the great bell.



BARN-YARD WIT.

PAPA SHANGHAI. "WHAT IS MOST LIKE A SPECKLED HEN UNDER A GATE, CHICKIE?"

CHICK. "TWO HENS, POP DEAR. WHY IS THAT CALF A FIT SUBJECT FOR A CHINESE LAUNDRY?"

PAPA SHANGHAI. "DUNNO; GIVE IT UP."

CHICK. "'CAUSE SHE'S A SOILED JERSEY. PEPP! PEPP!"

HARPER'S

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IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.

WHO WAS THE THIEF?

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

"Y-AS, it was too baid, too baid!"
 "And you cain't tink of no odder ways it might be?—no-o?"

"No; dere couldn't be no odder ways. And it was too baid, too baid! And Yacob, he say so too. He always say ever since we have dem too chillen, de first time, dere ain't nothings like dem—notings at all. And now, since we have de leetle one, dey have been so goot, and have had such nice time. And Yacob he so happy too. He say de old farm ain't no goot no more widout dem chillen. And now—and now—and now!—oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" And Aunt Katrina, Uncle Jacob Heintzelman's good vrow, began wiping her eyes and rocking herself backward and forward, quite overcome with sorrow and regret for the great calamity that had recently fallen upon her peaceful home.

The dreadful thing that had happened was this: Somebody had robbed good Uncle Jacob Heintzelman of ten dollars, a whole large ten-dollar bill. Uncle Jacob always kept his money in the clock, that everybody knew. But then nobody had ever heard of such a thing as a thief anywhere within miles of the farm. Uncle Jacob had never locked a door in his life, nor his father before him. Not! not even when the railroad was put through the lower pasture, not quite a mile from the house.

But close upon the loss of the ten dollars came another mystery. And it was something connected with this that made suspicion fall where it did. All of a sudden Aunt Katrina's wonderful lace collar had disappeared—the one that great-grandmamma Heintzelman had knit with her own fingers, and had brought with her from Holland. Grandmamma had given it to Aunt Katrina when

she was a bride. It was worn on that occasion, and at rare intervals since, when a wedding, or a christening, or some other great event had brought it forth from its dainty wrapping of tissue-paper in the very top one of Aunt Katrina's chest of drawers. Not very long ago there had been an entertainment given by the good teachers of the Sunday-school where Mary Ann attended, and Mary Ann had been taken into the best room by Aunt Katrina, and shown this collar. And not only that, she had been promised that she should wear it on the great occasion when she was to "speak a piece."

Yes, Mary Ann was to "speak a piece." And yet, who was she? Why, only one of the children of the Fresh-air Fund. Every summer the people of the Pennsylvania Railroad carried car-load after car-load of children away from the hot, unhealthy streets of the great city, and left them in charge of the good farmers and their wives, who kept them a whole fortnight, letting them run wild over the great wide fields and pastures, playing with the sheep, running after the chickens, fishing in the brooks, scampering over the meadows, and all the time gathering health and strength to take back with them to their city homes, enough to last all through the coming winter.

It was a year ago that Patrick and Mary Ann had first come to the old farm. What a wonderful experience it was when Uncle Jacob tucked them into the old wagon, drove them ten miles through the valley and along under the mountain-side, and then delivered them into the motherly care of Aunt Katrina, who stood waiting under the shadow of the honeysuckle that draped the old porch!

"Dere dey is, vrow," he said. "Dot was mine share of the load, and de two of dem togedder don't make mooch, so dey don't."

Uncle Jacob was right. They were a very puny pair. Pat was a newsboy. That was his profession, and right hard he worked at it, bringing all his earnings home and dividing them quite honestly with Aunt Peggy. Poor Aunt Peggy, who went out house-cleaning, and whom the neighbors thought quite crazy to take her poor sister's orphan children to bring up, and she "a lone woman, who'd got more than she ought to do to look after herself." Aunt Peggy, however, was quite sure that a loaf is never made any smaller by being divided with those who are more needy than one's self, and so she never hesitated a moment when two helpless little folk were left in her charge by a dying sister. Indeed, when the neighbors saw how active and handy little Mary Ann grew up to be, and what a business knack Pat showed when he first appeared on the street with his bundle of papers under his arm, they began to doubt if she had done so badly after all.

And of late something so delightful had happened. When the chaplain of the mission school where Pat and Mary both attended was called upon to select a party to go out to Central Pennsylvania at the expense of the Fresh-air Fund, they were the first to be selected. Not only were they good children, but they were not strong, and so the good clergyman named them first upon the list. Then, in their fortnight with Uncle Jacob and Aunt Katrina, they had behaved so well that when the time to go home came, nothing would satisfy the good old couple but that they should come again next year. Yes, and Uncle Jacob would pay all the expenses. And now next year had come, and here they were. And it had been such a happy summer until these dreadful things had happened, and suspicion had fallen upon Pat and Mary Ann. For who else was there who could do such a thing? And the lace collar? There might have been some doubt about the ten-dollar bill; but who knew anything about the collar but Mary Ann?

And so they were a very sorrowful party. Only one person had any brightness or spirits left, and that was lit-

tle Katie Bentley. Katie belonged to a distant cousin of Uncle Jacob's, who had sent her out to the old farm to recover her health and strength after an attack of scarlet-fever. Katie was only five years old. She declared that neither Pat nor Mary Ann had had anything to do with the money or the collar. What! her playmate Pat, who carried her in his arms, made her whistles out of willow branches, found the biggest strawberries for her, and never failed to get her kitten when he ran up a tree out of her way! And Mary Ann—Mary Ann, who dressed and undressed her, gave her cookies at all hours, and never left her alone in the dark, like her dreadful city nurse! No! neither of them would do anything so dreadful. It was quite impossible.

And who do you think it was that cleared up the whole mystery—made Uncle Jacob and Aunt Katrina so happy that the smiles kept running over their faces like ripples on a pond, sent Pat and Mary Ann into such a state of ecstasy that they couldn't do anything but laugh and dance for days, brought punishment upon the real thief, and in short brought back all and more of the joy and happiness that had deserted the old farm?

Why, it was little Katie Bentley; and this was the way it happened:

The time had come to gather the apples in the great south pasture. Jonas, the hired man, was to go and shake the trees, and Pat and Mary Ann were to pick up the mellow beauties as they fell and put them in the baskets. Katie could not go; it was too far for her little feet to walk. So she sat on the porch and watched them very disconsolately as they started off. It was too bad to be left alone, and the days were so few now, for Pat and Mary Ann were to be sent home. Yes, Uncle Jacob and Aunt Katrina were not willing to keep them after what had happened. All of a sudden Katie heard a noise above her head.

"Cro-o-o-ak! cro-cro-croak!" it said. It was Frau Heintzelman's magpie.

"Oh, you horrid bird!" Katie answered; "you are too ugly."

"Cro-o-o-ak!" answered the magpie.

Then Katie heard a great fluttering. What was he doing, and what was that bright red thing he held in his bill? Katie looked at her frock; one of the bows was gone, and yes! there it was; the magpie certainly had it.

"Give me my bow," screamed Katie.

The magpie made no answer this time. Away he flew, and Katie after him. It was a long chase, but presently she saw him settle in the branch of an old tree above her head. Then he looked down as much as to say, "You can't come up here."

But that magpie did not know Katie. Neither did he remember that there was a five-barred fence running along just under the branch of the tree where his nest was built, and that no active little girl would want a better pair of stairs.

Katie mounted. Away flew the magpie; he was frightened this time.

And what do you suppose she found in the nest beside her bright bow? Why, of course, you know as well as I do. Only that ten-dollar bill was quite torn to pieces; and Aunt Katrina's collar could never be worn again.

Over the fields flew Katie. Was the south pasture too far for her to walk now? No, indeed. And certainly too little feet never ran faster.

"See! see! see!" she cried, thrusting the bits of paper and fragments of lace before Pat and Mary Ann.

Oh, I cannot tell you what a hugging and kissing there was, how Jonas was called to hear all about it, how they all decided that Uncle Jacob and Aunt Katrina must know at once! Then it was discovered that Katie, dear little Katie, who had made the great discovery and brought the good news, was too tired to walk that distance back.

"Put her in the basket," cried Pat; "we'll carry her home."

And so they did. And what a funny party they looked like—Katie in the old clothes-basket, Pat whistling "Rory O'More" as only an Irish boy can, and Mary Ann's face beaming all over with smiles and half drowned with tears as they came up to the old house!

CAN A GIRL BUILD A FIRE?

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

"Of course she can't!" reply all my boy readers.

"Of course she *can*!" say I, in return.

One of the best out-door fire-builders I know is a girl, and (in confidence) an exceedingly pretty one, too.

Now, girls, let me give you a few "points" (to borrow from your brothers' vocabulary) on building a camp-fire. You'll have a good many chances to astonish your comrades this summer on picnics and sea-shore or mountain excursions; and you can do it, if you store these suggestions away carefully behind those fluffy curls of yours.

1. Don't build the fire in any spot where it can spread to surrounding foliage or rubbish. Half the forest fires of New England are caused by disregard of this precaution. If there is danger to the party from exposure, and a fire is a matter of necessity, though hazardous by reason of high wind or dry surroundings, wall in a small fireplace with stones, and clear away everything combustible for a space of three or four feet outside of them.

2. Always carry a small and well-stocked match-box with you while in the country. I have known several lives saved by a young girl who, with her party, was overtaken by a freezing storm on the Mount Washington bridle-path. The leather match-safes of the men of the expedition were soaked by rain, and the matches useless. Our wise little lass produced a small silver case, and in three minutes the flames were crackling cheerily in the midst of the tempest.

3. When preparing to start on a picnic or mountain excursion stow away a bit of newspaper in your pocket. The great difficulty for inexperienced fire-builders in the deep woods, which are always more or less damp, is to find kindling-stuff.

4. Having cast a superior but forgiving smile upon the boys who forgot to bring matches, and the girls who thoughtlessly clamored for a fire just beside that inflammable old fir, and having calmly produced your bit of newspaper, gather small dead twigs (from the lower portions of trees, not from the damp ground), scraps of birch-bark, pine cones, or, if there's nothing better, dry leaves and grass. These last are poor fuel, as they burn up with a flash, or blow away before the slightest breeze, and threaten to spread the fire. Pile your kindling loosely together, leaving plenty of interstices, with the paper beneath. Some campers insist that a fire should be lighted at the top, but for my own part, I stand by the old-fashioned method, which serves to dry the upper twigs while the fire is increasing below.

5. This brings me to the last of my "points": What to do when "everything is sopping wet through." Many a jolly party gives up the jolliest feature of the excursion—a cheery, blazing fire in the midst of the circle—just because it rained the night before, or the woods are damp, and no dry fuel lies conveniently at hand. While the rest are bemoaning their ill-luck, and putting the unused coffee-pot back into the wagon, do you quietly look about for a good-sized fallen tree. Beneath this, or clinging to the underside of it, the chances are that you will discover some dry splints or shreds of bark for kindling. This failing, an old stump will often treasure in its core the choicest of dry wood. The driver's axe will bring it out in a moment. Another resource: that Mount Washington fire I told you about was kindled with *splints from the larch-basket*, which was hastily broken up for the purpose. It was one of those small wooden fruit baskets so common nowadays in the summer. If there is a white birch in sight, peel off the outer wet layer of bark, and you will find that it is water-proof; the inner layers are as dry as ever.

If none of these can be found, don't give up, but gather a big double-handful—on the whole, I think it would take four of your handfuls—of the smallest possible dead twigs, no thicker than a knitting-needle; build your fire on the driest spot you can find—a flat rock, if possible—using three or four matches at once with the scrap of paper, if you have it, and piling on the tiny twigs one at a time.

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

IX.—LIGHT.

LIGHT is brought to the eye *not* as particles of matter, but as waves. This, you remember, is the manner in which sound is brought to the ear. And you remember, too, how long we stopped and how many experiments we made to show that waves can go ahead, while the matter through which it goes moves only a little.*

Sound waves are large. The waves that come from a low musical note are many feet long, and the shortest that we can hear as a musical sound is about one-third of an inch long. The waves of light are a great deal smaller than this. There is a greater difference between the largest light wave and the smallest sound wave than there is between the ripple that the wind makes upon some still pond and the great ocean rollers that thunder and break upon the sea-shore. It would take more than ten thousand of the largest light waves that our eyes can see placed end to end to be equal to one of the shortest sound waves that our ears can hear. There may be all around us myriads of waves too small for us to hear or to see.

You remember that I tried to make clear to you something of the nature of sound waves. The sinker on the elastic pulled down and allowed to vibrate lengthwise, the same sinker on a wire, and allowed to swing, were representations of sound waves.

Now take the same sinker on its very fine wire and pull it to one side, letting it swing to and fro; as it comes back to your hand give it a sharp blow on the side with your finger, and watch the movement. If you have done it in the right way, you will find that the pendulum moves in a figure like that represented by Fig. 1 on the following page—perhaps closer, perhaps more open, but in a general way like it. It is probable that light waves move in something like this form—at least this is the nearest approach to a representation of waves of light that we can get.

The waves of light, we know, come from the sun through the dark space beyond the earth's atmosphere. If there were nothing between us and the sun, the light waves could not come to us. When you consider how ridiculous it would be to imagine water waves coming to us without any water, you see how it would be with light; waves are the movement of the matter that the motion goes through. Here we find one of the greatest difficulties that men of science have met with in explaining light. It has been necessary to imagine that there is a wonderful something between us and the sun, and between the particles of matter called ether, which is set in motion by the waves of light and heat. When you get older, and can study these subjects more deeply, you will find what a wonderful thing this scientific guess is, and how it has brought the answers to the hardest problems in light and color and heat, and made them clear.

Light is the only messenger from other worlds. And when it is questioned by experiment, it tells us wonderful stories of them. We know from the light of the sun that it is blazing hot, surrounded by a flaming atmosphere, and that it is made of the same metals and minerals as our earth. It tells us that the planets are not stars, shining by their own light, but are worlds something like ours. It tells us that the moon is a dead world, that she has desolate mountains, dreary barren plains, a restless sea, and no air about her.

You know, when we were studying about the vibrations of sound we took a single note at a time, and found by the siren various things about it. Now light does not come to us in single notes, so we must in some way separate a small portion for our study. If you have a magic-lantern

* "Little Experiments," HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Nos. 499, 503, and 508.

you can get a strong straight beam of light. If not, take about a yard and a half of thick black stuff lining—silesia is good—pin it to the window-shade about a yard above the bottom, cut a small hole below the shade near the middle, but not opposite a bar of the sash. This must be a window into which the sun shines directly some time in the day.



FIG. 1.

Such a separated portion of light as comes through this hole in the silesia is called a ray if small and a beam if larger. I want you to remember that a ray or beam of light is not a real separate existence, any more than a drop of water is in a tumblerful, but we may consider it as a drop.

Light moves in straight lines. If the sunlight falls on your eyes, and you hold up your hand to keep it out, you know that the beam will not bend around your hand and get to your eyes in that way. Light never bends, unless there is something in its path to turn it.

I would like you to get a little toy dark lantern (Fig. 2). If you have nothing of the kind in the house, a common lantern, with something to cover all the sides, except a patch about an inch square or round in the front, will do. The toy lantern in the figure, and which I am speaking of, costs only ten cents. It has a round opening in the door, in which a bull's-eye of glass is set. I have taken out the bull's-eye, as that is of no use in these experiments. Put a lighted

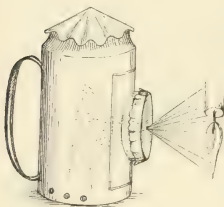


FIG. 2.

candle end inside, after having pressed a piece of tin-foil over the round hole in the door. See that there are no holes in the foil. The kind which comes around chocolate or hops answers perfectly well. If you find by looking through it at the light that there are any holes in it, double it till it looks solid.

Opposite the middle of the flame inside the lantern prick a hole in the foil with a large needle or pin. Hold before this pricked hole a piece of thin letter or tissue paper. You see a spot of light on the paper; move it backward and forward opposite the hole till the lines in the light spot become distinct: this point is the *focus*. Hold the paper there and examine it. You will see a picture of the flame with its yellow tip, and the blue rim around the neck and the white candle, but all upside down. In the figure you see how the rays from the candle which strike the hole go through it, and cross each other there, and at some distance beyond paint a picture of the flame on a piece of paper.

Now prick another hole near the first in the foil: another image of the flame starts out on the paper. Prick another, and another: the images crowd the paper and overlap each other, till the paper is all bright and we see no separate images. Put a piece of paper in the sunlight: it is bright all over; there are thousands and thousands of overlapping images of the sun on the paper. Shut all off except what can come through a small pricked hole in a piece of black cambric: you will see only one image of the sun, as you saw through the pricked hole in the foil only one image of the candle. The spot is round, not because the hole is round, but because the sun is round. When the sun is partly eclipsed, so that you see it through a smoked glass, crescent-shaped—like the moon when she is new—then the spot of light falling through the round

hole is crescent-shaped. The picture of the sun is formed through the pricked hole in the window-curtain, just as the picture of the candle is formed through the pricked hole in the foil over the lantern.

Pull down the window-shade on a window into which the sun is shining till your eyes are shaded. Below this hold a glass of water or a little mirror, and move it till the light strikes your face. The ray has come back to your eye because the surface of the water or the mirror has turned it back; in other words, it is reflected back to your eyes.

Take a common square medicine bottle; have it perfectly dry. Paste on one side of it a piece of white paper, with a black line on it perfectly straight up and down, with the line turned in, so that you can see it through the bottle. Drop a little scrap of looking-glass so that it will lie face uppermost on the bottom of the bottle. Puff some smoke into the bottle and cork it up. Now hold your smoke-filled bottle up before the hole in the silesia shade, letting the ray of light strike on the mirror at the bottom. You will see the path of the light through the smoke as it falls through the side of the bottle; on the mirror you will see it reflected up again, and the reflected beam will have just the same slope toward the black line on one side that the entering beam has on the other. This first beam is called the *incident* beam, and the other the *reflected* beam. The law of reflection is that the *angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection*.

With a tumbler, and a piece of card or wood over it to hold in the smoke, and a plumb-line dropped through the middle of the cover, you can see this same effect. Later on we shall need the bottle, as where water is used the rounded glass of the tumbler changes the lines, so you can use either that is most convenient. (Fig. 3.)

We must have smoke or dust in the air to show the path of the light ray, because light, which is the revealer of all things, is itself invisible.

A simple experiment will show you something of this. Hold a clear glass tumbler before an inch hole through which your light beam comes. You will not see the light in the tumbler. Move about in it the knitting-needle, with a bright steel bead on its end, which you used in "Sound"; you will see when the bead comes across the ray of light before invisible that the bead shines out like a little star. Now fill your glass with smoke, and put a cover on it to keep the smoke in; let it stand till the smoke has stopped curling through the glass (Fig. 4, A.); hold it so that the light strikes through the tumbler; you can see the beam tracking its way through the smoke. Lift off the cover, and it looks as though the blackest kind

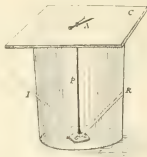


FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

of smoke was rolling through the band of light. It is really only the smoke going out, and leaving darkness when it has gone (Fig. 4, B.)

So you see that it is not the light that we see, but its reflection; and if the reflection were perfect, still we should



"THE YACHT CAME DIRECTLY TOWARD THEM."

not see it; it is only when light falls upon matter of some kind that scatters it that we know it is there. If it were not for the fine dust that is scattered through our air, the sun would ride every day as a ball of fire through the black heavens. When men go very high up in balloons, where very little dust can rise and few water particles form, they see just this: the sun like a great fiery ball in the midst of a sky which is a clear, wonderful black.

Light when it falls at a certain very sloping angle on glass or water does not go through it, but is turned back, as if the glass were a solid body.

Take any small bottle—a homœopathic or cachou bottle is best—put a dozen small shot into it, set a bowl or glass of water on a table where the nearly level rays of the sun will strike it, dip the bottle with shot in it in the water, turn it, and look at it from the side a little above. You will see that in many positions the shot disappear from sight, and the bottle looks as if it were made of burnished silver. All the light that falls on the bottle comes back to your eyes just as if it were solid silver, and so you see it as silver.

You have probably often noticed, if you have been out on the water when the sun was low, that you could not see the bottom of the river or pond. The light that should have shown you the bottom has been all turned back to your eyes from the water's surface. This is called *total reflection*.

I hope some of you have been trying our little experiments. They are simple and easy to perform, and will fill an idle hour with entertainment as well as instruction.

DORMATES.*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

TEMPTED FROM DUTY.

FOR a whole day the *Fish-Hawk* cruised back and forth and in great circles in the vicinity of the deserted buoy, with a man constantly at the mast-head scanning the surface of the sea for some trace of the missing dory. Then leaving the spot, she ran into the coast, from which the buoy was about twenty miles distant, and made inquiries at several of the tiny fishing villages that nestle at the heads of the deep fiords. It was all in vain. Nothing was seen, nothing had been heard, and the cause of the dory's sudden and complete disappearance could not even be satisfactorily guessed at. The only bit of information gained from the islanders was that on the day the dory was lost a steamer had been seen skirting the coast on her way to the southward, which was such an unusual occurrence that it was something to be talked about and wondered over.

Finally the crew of the *Fish-Hawk* sailed sorrowfully back to the halibut grounds, convinced that their well-loved young shipmate and his black dorymate had been

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492

swallowed by the cold waters of that northern sea, and that they would never again see them in this world. Captain Coffin and old Mateo were especially distressed over what had happened, for they had loved the boy as an own son, and could not become reconciled to the fate which they supposed had overtaken him. It was the harder to bear because of its uncertainty. If they could only be sure of what had happened to him, and that he was not still drifting about, starving or perishing from thirst on that cruel sea, or stranded on some rocky islet of the inhospitable coast from which there was no escape!

With all this, the cause of the dory's disappearance was a very simple one. Its occupants had merely been led astray, as many another has been and will be, in the pursuit of riches. They had hardly been left on their station, and begun fishing, when the negro's quick eye detected a small lump of grayish matter floating on the water but a short distance from them. At the sight he uttered an exclamation of joy, and hastily hauling in his line, he seized the oars and began to pull toward it.

"What is the matter?" cried Breeze, who had not noticed the floating object, and would not have known what it was if he had. "Where are you going?"

"Ole Nim catch um dreckly, young cap'n, den you see. Better'n fish! better'n gale! better'n cberbertyng!"

What could he mean? And when Nimbus stopped rowing, and stretching out his arm lifted the little gray lump about the size of a man's fist from the water, Breeze was no wiser than before.

"What is it, Nimbus, and what is it good for?" he asked, in perplexity.

"Amble-grease! Good for sell! Heap money! P'raps fin' more!" answered the black man, smelling of his prize and patting it with his great hands, while his eyes roved over the water in search of another like it.

"Ambergris!" shouted Breeze, who had heard from old fishermen stories of this precious substance, and of its fabulous value, but had never before seen it. "You don't mean, Nimbus, that that dirty-looking stuff is ambergris?"

"Yes, sah. Him amble-grease, sure 'nough," answered the black man, who had more than once seen this most valuable of all the products of the sea on his native African coast.

"Well, if that's ambergris, I believe there's another bit of it over there," said Breeze, standing up and looking eagerly in the direction from which the wind blew.

He was right; there was another bit, and beyond that they found another, and still another, until they had gathered up a number of the small floating lumps that had been strung out over several miles of water.

"What is ambergris, anyway?" asked Breeze, while Nimbus was rowing toward one of these pieces.

"Don' know," was the answer. "Sick whale heave um up."

"Sick whale!" exclaimed Breeze, in a tone of disgust. "I hope you don't expect me to believe such a yarn as that, Nimbus."

In spite of the boy's disbelief, the black man was right; for ambergris has been found in the intestines of sperm-whales, but only of such as were very thin and evidently diseased. It has also been thrown up by such whales in their death-struggles after being harpooned. It is valuable on account of its delightful odor, and is used in the manufacture of most of the delicious perfumes for the handkerchief that chemists devote so much time and ingenuity to preparing and naming. Nothing has ever been found to take its place, and it brings, according to the state of the market, from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars an ounce, or about five hundred dollars per pound.

Although Breeze and Nimbus had no distinct idea of the value of what they were finding, they knew enough about it to become intensely excited as they discovered piece after piece, and the little pile in the bottom of the

boat began to assume very respectable proportions. In their eager search they forgot everything else, and paid no attention to where they were going, nor how far they had come. They even failed to notice the little squall of rain and fog that came whirling past them, bringing with it a change of wind. That they neglected to observe this was because, just at that moment, they sighted the great parent mass of gray stuff from which all the little pieces they had been picking up had broken off and drifted away.

If they were excited before, they were wild with excitement now, and both of them very nearly pitched into the water in their eagerness to secure their prize and get it into the dory. They estimated its weight to be nearly, if not quite, a hundred pounds; and its bulk was so great that they had hard work to squeeze it into the boat.

When at last this had been safely accomplished, they sat and gazed at it and at each other.

"I shouldn't wonder if it was worth a thousand dollars," said Breeze at length.

"Mo' like a millium!" answered Nimbus, whose ideas of the value of their prize were even more vague than those of his young dorymate.

"Well," said Breeze, "let's head back for the schooner; Captain Coffin will know pretty near what it is worth. I suppose we'll have to share this find with the rest of the crew, though;" and with the shadow of covetousness creeping over his soul, the boy thought sadly of how much pleasanter it would be to divide their prospective profits between two than among fourteen.

The same thought was evidently weighing upon Nimbus, as he slowly picked up his oars and made ready to pull—where? Now for the first time since sighting the first bit of the stuff that had lured them from their post of duty they began to look for the buoy-flag, which they had been warned not to lose sight of.

"There it is!" cried Breeze, pointing to a distant speck on the water.

They pulled toward it; but when they had approached close enough to discover its real nature, they found it to be but a bit of floating drift-wood, and though they did not know it, they had gone another half-mile in the wrong direction.

"Well," said Breeze, "it can't be very far off, and so long as we pull with the wind we must get near enough to it for the schooner to sight us. The ambergris drifted with the wind, and we were pulling against it, you know."

Yes, Nimbus remembered that, and agreed that they must now go with the wind in order to retrace their course. But neither of them knew that the wind had changed.

So for more than an hour they pulled in what they imagined to be the right direction, and every stroke carried them farther away from the schooner.

At length they realized their true position. They were once more adrift on the open sea in a frail dory, and this time without food or water. This time, too, they had only themselves to blame; for only their own carelessness and direct disobedience of orders had brought them into this miserable plight. There was but little chance of their being picked up, for vessels were rare in these waters. As for seeking to gain the horrible rock-bound coast of the island, the mere thought of what they had seen of it caused them to dread it almost as much as the open sea. Still, this seemed to be the only thing left for them to do, and once more the tiny compass that had already proved such a true friend to Breeze was brought into service.

Upon getting the ball open and looking at the card, they were greatly puzzled to account for its movements, and thought it must be out of order. One side of it was so drawn down and the other so lifted up that the ball

had to be inclined at a sharp angle to get the card to move at all. Neither of them had ever heard of the dip of the magnetic needle, nor did they know that they were within about ten degrees of the magnetic north pole, or the point at which a compass needle, if allowed to move freely in every direction, would incline directly downward. However, where they were it still worked sufficiently well to give them a course toward the land, of which they could as yet see nothing, and with heavy hearts they began to row in the direction thus indicated.

The mass of ambergris in the dory seriously interfered with their movements, and left room for only one of them to row at a time. At last, when they had rowed thus for several hours—though in this region of perpetual daylight they had no means of knowing what time it was—Breeze, tired, hungry, and discouraged, pulled in his oars, and exclaimed: "I've a great mind to heave that stuff overboard, and I wish with all my heart that we'd never set eyes on it. The idea of its getting us into such a scrape!"

In saying this, Breeze was only dropping into the fault, so common to us all, of trying to lay the blame of his own wrong action upon somebody or something else; but Nimbus was wiser in this respect than his young companion.

"No, no!" he said. "De amble-grease all right. He don't no nuffin. Now we got um, we keep um. Bime-by be berry glad ob um. Now let ole Nim row."

"I don't care," replied Breeze, changing places with the negro. "I'd give the whole of it this minute for a loaf of bread. I don't believe I ever was so hungry in my life."

"Bime-by we get um bread," said Nimbus, encouragingly, as he took the oars, "an' hab um amble-grease too."

For an hour or two longer the dory was urged forward by the powerful, steady strokes of the black man, who seemed never to tire or grow impatient at their hard fate.

At length Breeze exclaimed, "There's land, Nimbus; I see it!"

Nimbus, turning, saw it too—a long black line of coast; and beyond it, rising dimly through the mist-laden atmosphere, the huge forms of the snow Jökuls. An hour later they were close enough to it to distinguish the features of the forbidding-looking cliffs, pierced by deep fiords, and to begin to consider which of these they should enter.

As they talked the matter over in low tones, awed by the impressiveness of the scene and the unbroken stillness that brooded over it, Nimbus suddenly raised a warning hand, and his great ears seemed to prick forward with the intentness of listening. He leaned over the side of the dory until one of his ears was close to the water, and when he again raised his head he said, "You hear um steam-boat?"

"Hear a what?" exclaimed Breeze, for as yet he had heard nothing.

"Steam-boat! You no hear um steam-boat coming?"

"No, I'm sure I don't, nor you either. There aren't any steam-boats in these waters. What you hear must be the surf on the rocks."

But Nimbus insisted that he did hear a steam-boat, and after a while Breeze began to think that he too heard it. In a few minutes more there could be no doubt of it. It was the regular, unmistakable throb of a screw-propeller; and though they could not for some time be certain from which direction it came, it was surely approaching them, and renewed hope sprang within their breasts as they listened to it.

At length they saw a thick column of smoke rising beyond a long promontory to the north of them, and soon afterward the low black hull and raking masts of a steam-yacht rounded the point and bore swiftly down upon them.

For fear they would not be noticed, Breeze stood up and waved his hat. But there was no necessity for this. The yacht came as directly toward them as though their dory was the object for which it was steering, and it even began to look as though they were going to be run down. At last, when they could see the water jetting up like a fountain before her sharp prow, and could distinguish the features of the seamen who gazed curiously at them from over her bows, she sheered a little to one side, as though about to pass them.

"Stop! Hold on!" screamed Breeze. "Don't go off and leave us!"

"Well, that's odd," said a young man who stood on the yacht's bridge to an older one who occupied it with him, though of course those in the dory did not hear him; "I thought those fellows were native fishermen, and here they are hailing us in English." As he spoke, he gave a brass handle in front of him a quick pull.

A gong clanged down in the engine-room, and almost instantly the motion of the screw was stopped. The momentum of the yacht was so great that she was shooting past the dory, when two more strokes of the engine-room gong set the screw to backing furiously. A single stroke stopped it again, and the yacht lay motionless.

"What's up, and what do you fellows want?" demanded the young man, looking down into the dory from over the canvas side of the bridge.

"We are lost from an American fishing schooner," replied Breeze, "and we are nearly starved, and we beg that you won't go off and leave us."

"Leave you!" exclaimed the warm-hearted young Englishman—for such he was—"leave you here on this beastly coast? Of course we won't. Come right aboard, both of you. Mr. Marlin, be so good as to have the side-ladder lowered, and get those poor fellows on board."

A minute later, Breeze McCloud, once more rescued, in an almost miraculous manner, from a position of great peril, stood on the deck of the steel steam-yacht *Saga*, in which her owner was making a summer's cruise in those far northern latitudes.

Breeze had hardly reached the deck, and was about to speak to this gentleman, who was approaching him, when the gong in the engine-room clanged, and the vessel began once more to move ahead.

Just then came a most distressed cry from the side-ladder, on the lower step of which Nimbus was still standing, holding the painter of the dory in his hand.

"Oh, de amble grease! de amble grease!"

"What does the fellow say?" asked the gentleman, in a perplexed tone, of Breeze.

"Oh, sir, won't you have the yacht stopped again, before she swamps our dory? It's full of ambergris," cried Breeze, who had entirely forgotten the precious cargo of the boat he had just left.

"What! ambergris? You don't say so! Yes, of course. Mr. Marlin, stop her at once, and get that queer-looking craft, with its cargo, on deck. Why, young man, if that stuff you've got in there is truly ambergris, you are carrying a small fortune about with you."

Acting under the orders of Mr. Marlin, the sailing-master of the yacht, half a dozen of her active, trimly dressed crew sprang to one of her quarter-boats, unhooked it from the davits, and took it in on deck. Then a couple of lines were passed entirely around the dory, which beside the dainty boats of the yacht looked to be a clumsy, ill-shaped craft, and it was lifted clear of the water, and swung up to the level of the rail.

"There," said the gentleman, "your boat and its contents will be safe enough for the present. What did you say your name was?"

"I did not say," replied Breeze; "but it is McCloud—Breeze McCloud."

"And mine," said the other, "is Seabright."

"Thank you," said Breeze; "and I'm very grateful to you for picking us up, Mr. Seabright."

The boy could not imagine why Lord Seabright stared at him for a moment, and then smiled at hearing himself thus addressed, for the first time in his life, as plain mister.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

of gold and precious stones, a beautifully wrought girle from which hangs a chain and a globular box, perhaps a rattle, of the same costly work. Her hair is reddish blond and curly; in her right hand she holds a piece of cake, and with her left she caresses a little Bolognese spaniel seated on a marble table with dancing figures sculptured on the side. Over the marble table is thrown a drapery of red velvet; the walls of the room are brownish; while through the open window are visible a park, a lake with swans, a broad wooded landscape, and in the distance hills and sky. This picture is singularly rich in aspect, and one of the best works of the latter period of the career of Titian, who was one of the very greatest of the Venetian painters (born 1477, died 1576).



PORTRAIT OF ALFONSSINA STROZZI - ENGRAVED BY MEAULLE AFTER THE PAINTING BY TITIAN.

A PORTRAIT BY TITIAN.

BY CARMOSINE.

IN 1878 the Berlin Museum bought from the actual representative of the Strozzi family a number of splendid pictures which had adorned the Strozzi Palace at Florence during the life of many generations—heirlooms of the great family, precious treasures, which to have sold seems sacrilege. However, while feeling small respect for the degenerate Strozzi, who preferred money to the possession of priceless works of art, we cannot regret that these pictures are now visible to the public in the Berlin Gallery, instead of being hidden away like so many others in a private palace.

One of the pictures of the Strozzi collection is engraved here; it is the portrait of Alfonsina, daughter of Robert Strozzi, painted by Titian in the year 1542. The girl is represented at the age of four or five years, dressed in white silk, with pearl necklace and bracelets, a pendant

The Strozzi belong to an ancient Florentine family, which at the end of the thirteenth century was already in possession of the highest offices of the Florentine republic. Friends of liberty, and attached to the Guelph party, the Strozzi saw about one hundred and twenty members of their family promoted to high public dignities. In the fourteenth century they were all powerful at Florence, but they were finally crushed by the growing power of the Medici, whom they tried in vain to resist when Cosimo dei Medici was invested with the government of Florence in 1537. Robert Strozzi, who was married to a Maddelena dei Medici, had to go into exile with the rest of his family, and lived alternately in Venice, France, and Rome. During his stay in Venice he had his little daughter painted by Titian, and we have reason to believe that this girl is Alfonsina, who became subsequently the wife of Scipione Fieschi, the youngest of the brothers Fieschi, who in 1547 formed a famous conspiracy against the republic of Genoa, which has been described by so

many historians and poets. The conspiracy failed, and almost all the Fieschi were killed. Scipione, who retired to France under the ban of a proscription which lasted to the fifth generation, founded there a new branch of the family called Fiesque. The other members of that ancient and once proud family, thus reduced to poverty, were dispersed over southern Italy, Corsica, and Provence.

The last descendant who became famous was the assassin Joseph Fieschi, the Corsican, who was guillotined in 1836 for having attempted to kill King Louis Philippe of France with an infernal machine of his own invention, which he fired as the King was passing along the Boulevard du Temple in Paris, killing eighteen persons of the King's suite. The chubby but aristocratic little maid, who looks so calm and innocent in Titian's picture, was born, we see, in troublous times, and her life must have been disturbed by many tragic alarms and imminent dangers.

THE WAVE.—ENGRAVED BY BAIRD AFTER THE PAINTING BY MADAME DEMONT-BRETON IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



RAKE CLEAN.

BY GEORGE PEARSE.

QUOTH Ralph to his father, the farmer,
 "Such hay there never was seen.
 How shall we care for it, father?"
 Said the father: "My son, rake clean,
 Rake clean, rake clean;
 We have need of it all, I ween."

"But the mows have not space enough, father,
 To hold such abundance between
 The floor and the comb of the building."
 Quoth the farmer: "My son, rake clean,
 Rake clean, rake clean;
 We can care for it all, I ween."

Then the seasons flew by (and the harvest
 Good service that winter had been),
 And again in the field were the toilers;
 And still said the farmer: "Rake clean,
 Rake clean, rake clean;
 We have need of it all, I ween."

But the lad gazed distressfully round him:
 "Less hay," said he, "never was seen.
 The cattle will surely be stinted."
 Quoth the farmer: "My son, rake clean,
 Rake clean, rake clean;
 We shall find there's sufficient, I ween."

THE TRAGIC STORY OF TOM AND FRED.

BY HENRY COLLINS.

IF we watch animals closely, especially the domestic ones, we shall lose faith in the commonly accepted idea that they lead monotonously happy lives that do not vary from one day to another. Dogs, we readily discover, can be easily made happy or unhappy by the actions of their owners; but we are apt to imagine that cats are always content and happy if they have a warm fire to lie by and a sufficiency of food. Cats, however, have really very sensitive feelings, and can be made wretched by the neglect of those to whom they have given their affections, so wretched that not mere fire and food alone will make them content. This I learned by having the characters of two cats forced upon my observation of late, and these two pussies taught me a great deal about their inner feelings and life, and on the whole greatly increased my respect for the feline race in general. And this is the way that I came to know so much about these two particular cats.

My family went away for the summer, and left me and a sagacious-looking tomcat to keep bachelor's hall together. My previous acquaintance with Mr. Tom had been very slight, he being a particular pet of my sister's, but owing to the close companionship forced upon us in a deserted house our acquaintanceship gradually ripened into a feeling approaching friendship. Tom generally came into the dining-room at meal-times, and I allowed him to pick up the crumbs that fell from the table of Dives, so we got on very well together. And if he looked depressed and mournful at times, I did not attribute it to sorrow at the absence of his mistress, but rather to the melancholy natural to age in reflecting over a misspent life, for I knew that he had been addicted to stealing and other crimes.

Well, everything went smoothly enough, until I was presented by a friend with a beautiful young Maltese cat, who quickly won my affections, on account of the beauty of his person and the sprightliness and audacity of his disposition. Tom alone failed to be won by Fred's (the young cat's name) genial good-nature, and Tom spat and growled and resented his presence as an unwarrantable intrusion. As Fred, however, paid no attention whatever to Tom's surly remarks, but calmly appropriated to himself such morsels as might fall from the table, Tom, seeing him-

self supplanted, stopped growling, and seemed to resign himself to the humble position of second fiddle. He quietly ate of whatever Fred might leave him, and seemed to say a meek thanksgiving over the meal. Beneath his calm exterior, however, a volcano of jealousy and emotion was burning, which finally produced an explosion.

My family came back from the country, and Tom immediately regained his old-time look of importance. King Richard was himself again. He pounced upon Fred, gave him a severe drubbing, and drove him away from a saucer of meat, which he proceeded to slowly chew up with an accompaniment of the most frightful and triumphant growls. Tom evidently felt that his mistress would now back him up, and to this was due his sudden self-assertion. But, alas! Tom's mistress was so completely captivated by Fred's many charms, that Tom henceforward held but a second place in her heart. Tom was completely crushed by this last blow; he seemed to understand at once that he had been supplanted, and appreciated to the full his altered position. He yielded to Fred in everything; now that his lady had proved fickle, he had nothing left to fight for, and retired within himself, becoming more and more morose. For days at a time he would disappear, to come back looking so shabby and dirty that I was inclined to believe he took to drink, and spent some of his nights in the lock-up. Finally he gave up his home altogether, and nothing would induce him to enter it. At times he would appear at a side door and give vent to most melancholy howls; but if the door was opened he could not be induced to enter, but would send up a heart-rending shriek, and hastily disappear over a fence.

Fred, left alone in his glory, gradually developed into a great nuisance in many ways. Not a curtain in the house was safe from his destroying claws; and, moreover, he began to cultivate a horticultural taste, and did such damage by a habit of chewing off flowers that it was decided, not without general regret, that he would have to go, for it was impossible to cure him of his evil habits. We all thought him to be of a happy-go-lucky disposition that would soon accommodate itself to new surroundings, and he was not credited with having any particular affection for his home or home circle. But it only proves how careful we should be in judging any fellow-creature, since we could not and did not form a correct estimate of the character of this cat. Fred was sent some miles away to a comfortable home; but there he so pined for his old surroundings and friends that he refused to eat or be comforted, and died of starvation and a broken heart.

And so the story of these two cats ends in a tragedy. Tom banished himself from all the comforts of his home because of his jealousy and love for his mistress. His jealousy alone did not suffice to drive him away, and he was beginning to be reconciled to his position of secondary importance, when the return of his mistress caused him to assert himself in the confidence of her support. But when he saw himself supplanted in her affections, then "burst his mighty heart," and he went away alone in sorrow than in anger, and gave up all the comforts of life which are ordinarily supposed to make a cat happy, to feed upon husks, and lead a nomad existence. There is a fatted calf waiting for him if ever he does return.

And poor, misjudged Fred, he has taught us a lesson of charity, and his memory is a warning against rash judgments. Neither of these cats was satisfied with mere fire and food; their happiness was entirely dependent upon the action of those about them to whom they had given their affections; very like human creatures were they. We have the power of making these dumb animals very unhappy by carelessness, or neglect, or by not properly appreciating their feelings. It is well for us to try to learn to understand these dependent creatures, and to keep a warm spot in our hearts for them, for it helps to keep us human and tender.



FLING AND CLING.

BY CANDACE WHEELER.

THERE was once a man whose name was Fling, and a woman whose name was Cling. These names rhymed like a wedding bell, so they thought they could not do better than to marry. Fling—Cling! Cling—Fling! You see how natural it was.

I am quite sure these were real people, for I have been told the very place where they lived. It was in the Catskill Mountains, and everybody knows those are real mountains, because they are on the map. Anybody can find them if they look where they are.

These people lived on a farm near the top of the highest mountain of all, and it was called Round Top.

They had a house, and a cow, and some fields where grass and blackberries grew, and a spring of very clear, cold water.

The spring was a long way from the house, in one of the fields; but they were glad of that, because they were afraid the cow would find it and drink it all up, and then they should have to drink from the brook which ran by the door, and that would never have answered; it was too convenient, and nobody ever likes that.

The water of the spring was icy cold, even in the coldest day in winter, so they never used it for washing or bathing, but they boiled vegetables in it, and made it into tea and coffee.

It had a wonderful power of promoting animal growth, but they did not discover it for a long time. They thought it strange that Fling's feet would not stay in bed at night, but went wandering out at the foot, and that the only way Cling could look in the looking-glass was by leaning over the top and looking through from behind.

Also it was strange that Fling could no longer go through the door without shutting himself together like a jack-knife, and that when he went into the woods after the cattle, the branches of even the highest trees came below his waist.

Finally he grew so tall that he could find no place in which to stand erect, except the middle of the large pasture.



As for Cling, she had for weeks done all her cooking from the outside of the house, with her head and arms through the window, yet she was not nearly as tall as Fling, because she had not drunk so much or so often.

When they discovered the misfortune that had befallen them, they took counsel

together, and asked each other what was to be done, and Cling, who was a man of much education, said he had read in the Persian poets of a donkey whose growth had been stopped by giving it brandy to drink.

At this suggestion Cling began to weep and wail, and when Fling became angry, and said, "You foolish woman, fourteen feet high, why do you weep and wail like an infant fourteen inches long?" she answered: "It is because you do not consider that even if we succeeded in stopping our growth with brandy, we should still be fourteen and eighteen feet tall. I have also heard, dear Fling, that the effect of brandy was to make one fall to the ground, and I know that if you fell as much as eighteen feet it would kill you, and you would never rise again;" and with that she fell once more to weeping and wailing.

"Suggest, then, some remedy which is better," said Fling, "and I will pledge myself to accept it."

At this Cling ceased her sobbing, and reminded Fling of the

time—now, alas! long past—when the suspenders she had knitted for him had stretched so that they were no longer of use, and how at such times he had cleverly knotted them twice or thrice, and they became immediately of the proper length again.

"Let us tie a knot in ourselves," said she, with enthusiasm, "and I am sure it will make us as short as other people."

"You certainly are a clever creature," said Fling. "I should never have thought of it, but I will try it at once. And the best thing about the plan is that we can go on tying ourselves in knots whenever we find ourselves too long for convenience." With that he made his head describe a circle around his body, passed it through the loop of the circle, and taking hold of the limb of a tree with his hands, while he stuck his toes under a shelving rock, he drew the knot quite tight and fast, and now his head only came up to Cling's waist! She, however, gave utterance to a most elish scream.

"What is the matter now?" growled Fling, most surlily.

"Oh, you foolish man!" cried she, "do you not see that you have tied your head *hind side before*?"

"That is no screaming matter," said Fling, in an agitated voice. "I prefer that way of tying myself, if indeed there were any other way of doing it, but there is not. If you tie a knot in a thing which has two sides, a part of it will necessarily come hind side before. Besides, it is not my head which is turned, it is my feet, and I have an opportunity of looking at my heels, which I never before have had." But Cling still cried bitterly, and reproached Fling for his haste and carelessness in such important things.

"It is not at all necessary," said she, "that half of a thing which is tied in the middle should turn one way, and the other half a different way."

"How do you know that?" said Fling.

"Because I do know it," said Cling. "My aunt was a sailor, and taught me how to tie a sailor's knot, and when one knows how to tie a sailor's knot, one knows how to face two halves the same way."

"Very well," said Fling, "do it."

"Very well," said Cling, "I will do it; only pray do not stand with your heels staring at me that way, for it distracts my mind."

Fling only growled at this, and did not turn his toes toward her, and his face away, as she had hoped he would, because she was not perfectly sure if she remembered just how the sailor's knot was tied, and she did not wish to try any experiments with Fling looking on. When she found, however, that he would not be diverted, she suddenly turned her head sideways, dropping it down until it had made a curve, and was actually upside down, then passed it in front of her, gave it a little slide around her waist at the back, and made it reappear between this curve and her body; then slowly drawing the head and shoulders up through the gap, she stood smiling at Fling, while she pushed the knot quite tight with her hands.

"There," said she, fronting him calmly, yet a little flushed with her unusual exercise, "you have seen me tie a sailor's knot. What do you think of it?"

"I think," said Fling, "that if you could see how you have twisted up your petticoats behind in tying your aunt's sailor's knot, you would wish you hadn't. Your body is not in a line, either; your head is a foot west of your feet; and I do not call that very fine."

"I prefer it that way," said Cling. "I never could bear to see everybody look exactly alike." And being of a cheerful disposition, she soon got over her secret chagrin at this effect of the sailor's knot.

It was a surprise to Fling that when he started to walk





home with his wife, he should find his feet walking him away from her and toward the forest, while she went toward the house.

Cling did not seem to notice it, and supposed Fling was just behind her, although the distance between them was widening rapidly.

As soon as Fling could realize the position, he stood quite still, and turning his head over his shoulder, tried to frown at his

toes, but he could not even see them. Indeed, it was very difficult for him to see his heels on account of the knot in his body; but he called them to order in a stern voice, which he was obliged to make low for fear of attracting Cling's attention.

"What do you mean," said he, "by going the wrong way when you had orders to march?" The heels intimated that it was the toes which led, and they were obliged to follow. "Not at all," said Fling. "From this moment I make you captains of five, and your company must follow. Now, then, forward, march."

The heels had not been accustomed to taking the lead, but they determined not to lose an opportunity of advancement, and stepped forward carefully at the word of command, lifting themselves over obstacles, and gradually growing familiar with a backward instead of forward motion.

Cling did not know how Fling had met and grappled with this difficulty, as he did not wish to remind her of his mistake in tying himself hind side before.

She was on the point of exclaiming "Mercy on us!" when she found him walking beside her in such a club-footed, awkward fashion, but luckily she refrained, and they walked on together, talking of the cows, and the crows, and the crops quite peacefully.

At last they reached the house, and had the happiness of finding that they could enter the door by simply bowing their heads, and when once inside could stand quite straight without touching the ceiling.

This was so delightful that they congratulated themselves heartily upon the success of their plan, and Fling exclaimed, "How very lucky that I thought of it!"

"Ye—s," said Cling, rather hesitatingly; but she did not venture to remind him that the idea was hers, for Fling had a lively temper as well as a lively imagination, and while he was prone to fauety that all wise and clever things originated with him, he was also apt to fall into a temper if any one disputed it.

Cling knew it was supper-time, so she opened the closet door and banged a few of the pots and pans together by way of relieving her mind, after which she selected one in which to boil some potatoes. It had a very large hole in the bottom, but she filled that up with water to prevent the potatoes from falling through, and while the water boiled, proceeded to peel them with a sharp knife which she took from the table drawer.

She did not peel the potatoes from the outside, as most people do, but from the very inside, which made it perfectly easy to get at the specks and eye-holes.

While she was thus busy, Fling made a very unwelcome discovery. He could not sit down. When he tried to do it, he found that his knees turned the wrong way. If he sat down the way his knees were, it brought his face so close to the high back of the chair as nearly to smother him. He tried very hard to twist his neck and turn his face outward when he was seated, but it was impossible, and when he sprang up angrily, he nearly fell over backward. Finally he decided what to do, and selecting a chair with a low back, he placed it against the table. In doing this he found that he must not only walk and sit down differently from the usual way, but he could no longer carry things as he had formerly done, for, having no length of foot before to balance the weight, the moment he lifted anything heavy his feet seemed to fly up behind, and he was in danger of falling full length upon the floor. He was therefore obliged to carry the chair behind him, and although there was no particular inconvenience in that, it was still a strain upon his mind to have to instantaneously rearrange all his ways of doing things.

He said to himself, mournfully, that it was almost as incon-



venient as being eighteen feet high. Finally he sat down with his face looking over the back of the chair and his arms clasped around it, and was ready for his supper.

Cling in the mean time was not altogether happy. When she tied herself in a knot she did not consider the law of balance, and being a left-handed woman, she naturally seized everything which she wished to move with that hand.

Unfortunately her body now projected considerably over her left leg, and any sudden addition of weight upon that side started her off with a sidewise motion, like a wheel; consequently when she attempted to carry a pail of water across the room, she made two entire revolutions before she thought of putting the water out of the pail and holding it in her right hand to equalize the weight. It was really a mercy that she succeeded in doing this while she was right side up, as she might easily have stopped the motion at the wrong moment, and been left standing on her head, with the pail in one hand and the water in the other. At last she remembered to lift everything with her right hand, and then she ceased to revolve, and could proceed with her preparations for supper.

It was well for her that Fling had been moving backward all this time, and especially that he had been so much occupied with his own experiences, as otherwise he would not have failed to reprove her, as he had often done before, for using her left hand.

Both Fling and Cling were exhausted with the excitements and experiences of the day, and after supper was over, and the remainder of the fare put carefully away in the closet, that they might have it cold for breakfast, they gladly thought of preparing for bed.

Here a certain difficulty occurred to both. Fling reflected that although he might unlace his shoes without seeing them, he could certainly not lace them in the morning; while to Cling the still more serious question occurred, how should she ever disentangle her dress from the knot her body was in.

At last, overcome with discouragement and vain effort, she threw herself upon the bed without removing her clothes, and fell fast asleep.

Fling passed a very restless night, since his nose and his toes both flatly refused to lie upon their ends, and it was almost necessary for one or the other to do this whichever way he turned.

Yes, it must be confessed that it was an uncomfortable night, and a cross and fretful morning; and Cling, who was averse to strife, and who knew that if two unhappy people remained in the house together, it was inevitable, seized the water-pail carefully in her right hand, and rushed down to the spring for a pail of water.

Then she had intended to seat herself upon a rock, and weep and wail, because her life had become miserable, and afterward she purposed to go back sulkily, and congratulate Fling upon their excellent fortunes.

When, however, she came near the spring she saw that the wooden cover was removed and broken, and the grass at the margin trodden into mud and mire. Before she had time to do more than feel vexed at this, she was startled at the approach of an enormous animal, frisking and gambolling like a young earthquake.

When it sprang and leaped, its tail flew into the air as high as the top of the highest balsam-*fir* tree. Cling crept tremblingly

behind a rock, covering her eyes and whispering to herself that it must be a mastodon which had been left over when the rest were drowned in the Deluge.

Suddenly she heard the low and felt the breath of the brindled cow, which always followed her if it could get out of the pasture; and looking up, with a sense of protection, she discovered in a flash that the mastodon was "old Brindle."

There was no mistaking the peculiar grassy fragrance of



her breath, or the sound of her voice, or the expression of her eyes. She was twenty feet high, but beyond a doubt it was "old Brindle's" very self.

Then Cling began to put things and things together. She sat on the rock, with the huge beast rubbing its head against her, and took the tangle of thoughts apart, drawing one after another out of the snarl, and laying them side by side upon her knee, like a skein of silk; and when they were all drawn out, and she had taken the sense of them, she said, "It is the water!" Then she sat still and thought some more thoughts.

"What horribly expansive water!" said she out loud, and laughed, because it sounded as if she had said, "What horribly expensive water!"

"I wonder if it would expand backward?" and she dipped her second finger into the water to try.

When she drew it out it was an inch shorter than the forefinger! She was about to jump into the spring and

wet her whole body, when it occurred to her that if she let herself be shrivelled back to her natural size, the knot she had tied herself in would be so tight that it could never be untied; and then she remembered poor, unhappy Fling, and resolved that she would not become a woman of natural size for even a moment, while he remained a giant.

Just then she saw him walking across the meadow from the house, stumbling helplessly along, heels foremost, and her heart felt very tender toward him, he looked so miserable and wretched. He took the pail from her without a word, and dipped out a pailful of water.

"Fling," she cried out, excitedly, "put your hand in the water!"

He looked at her as if she had gone mad, and then thinking there must be something the matter with it, he plunged in his hand to try, and when he withdrew it he could not fail to see that it was less than half the size of the other.

This, and Cling's face, told him all; but when he would have jumped into the spring, she withheld him.

"Do nothing rashly, O Fling," said she, "for if you do, I shall never be able to untie you;" and Fling paused, and they took counsel together.

"Let us proceed cautiously," said the woman. "I feel that the knot I am in has grown much tighter since it was tied, and I shall require an immense deal of loosening before I can be undone; while as for you, dear Fling, I am afraid it will take months to pick you out!"

Fling felt the truth of this to the very marrow of his bones; and the worst of it was that every moment that he remained as he was only made the difficulty greater. Every mouthful he ate increased the tightness of the knot.

He ran to an oak-tree which grew near, and bracing his feet upon the ground, and bending his head under one of the limbs, he exerted himself to raise it, thinking the pressure upon the two ends of his body would enlarge the loop in the middle.

Perhaps it did loosen it a very little, but he was so heated by the exertion, and so excited by his anxieties, that he was unconscious of it. When he returned disconsolately to the spring, he found his wife had brought a large watering-pot and filled it with water.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked he. "I will tell you my idea," said she. "You must let me wrap my water-proof cloak tightly around the part of you we want to untie; then you must lie down on the grass, and roll quickly over and over, so that I can water your legs evenly below the cloak, and that will make them shorter, and it will be easier to pick out the knot."

Fling saw there was philosophy in the plan, and did as his wife suggested, whereupon she sprinkled him plentifully with many buckets of the water, while he shrank visibly.

Suddenly she stopped. "I must not get you too short," said she; "I should not like that;" and seizing some towels, she dried him furiously.

Then she watered his head and arms and shoulders as many times as she had watered his legs. "Twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," counted she, and stopped, and his head and shoulders and arms were the same size they used to be, only the hand he had held in the water before he was sprinkled was no larger than a baby's.

When Cling saw this her heart sank within her, but she refrained from weeping and wailing, because she had still much to do. "Perhaps I can make it grow again by putting on it a mangrove poultice," said she to herself, and immediately fell to work at the wretched knot.

Fling braced his feet against a rock, and helped her all he could, and when it really began to come out they laughed and cried together.

By noon it was absolutely out, and Cling began to wonder how she should manage to apply the water to the middle of Fling's body without wetting the two ends.

"I shall put your head and shoulders under a wash-tub," said she; and she did, because there was but one water-proof, which she did not wish to cut in two, and it was not long before the middle of the man was properly watered and reduced and dried, and he stood up and looked just as he did before his troubles began. There was just one blemish, and that was the little hand, which he hardly seemed to notice; but Cling fell to weeping and wailing.

"Why do you weep and wail, O foolish woman," said Fling, "when I am restored to my natural size and perfection?"

"It is because you are so perfect," sobbed Cling, "while I am still a misshapen creature, fourteen feet high."

"Cease your wailing, then," said the man, "for I intend you shall be precisely five feet six before night;" and with that he seized a bucket of water to dash over her, but she screamed and fled, and the water fell upon the ground.

"You forget," said she, when she had returned, "that if you do not work carefully, you may never be able to untie me," and she proceeded to wrap the water-proof around herself as she had done around Fling. Thus admonished, he proceeded more slowly. Too slowly, in fact, for between every second bucketful of water he drew a pocket-rule from his pocket, and carefully measuring Cling from the knot in her body to the soles of her feet, made a memorandum of it with a piece of slate upon a rock. After a time he proceeded to sprinkle her head and shoulders, just as she had done for him, still making his measure and memoranda upon the rock.

"Why do you bother with that?" said Cling, impatiently. "You cannot get the real measurement until I am all untied."

"Certainly I am aware of that," said Fling, "but I mean you shall be in perfect proportion this time; and I always fancied your legs were a little too long for your body, before you grew so tall." And he proceeded to water and measure and untie, and water and measure and dry, with the utmost deliberation.

Cling's feelings were so hurt by this remark, and so harassed by the delay, that when she really was restored to her natural size she sat down on a rock by the spring and wept and wailed, because her second finger was an inch shorter than her first.

"Bind it up in whiskey," said Fling, "and I am sure it will grow out again," and he comforted her so that they walked home hand in hand in the light of the sunset, happier than they had ever been in their lives, because they knew what it was to be unhappy.

Cling cooked the supper without banging a single pot, and as they sat together at the table, Fling said, "How lucky that I thought of putting my hand into the pail of water!"

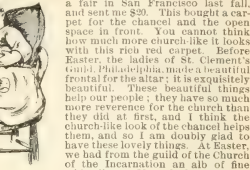




GOOD!



BETTER!!



BEST!!!

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ST. MARK'S BY THE SEA, ROCKAWAY BEACH,
LONG ISLAND, July 30, 1895.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—Although you are now enjoying the delights of your vacation at seaside or mountain, I am sure that you have not forgotten your little friends at St. Mary's Hospital, and that you will be glad to hear how they are spending their summer.

Long before it was time to leave the city, the children began to talk about Rockaway, and to inquire anxiously whether they were to go this year, and great was the sympathy felt and expressed for any little one who had to remain in the city. Many were the preparations that had to be made before such a large family could be ready for their summer fitting, and the last few days were very busy ones, but at last all was ready. The eventful day proved to be bright and clear, and by noon all the children were ready for the carriages, many of them getting up for the first time for many, many weeks. I wonder if you know how many children can be packed comfortably in one carriage? I never did before, but I did not hear one word about crowding from any of the children, nor too happy for that. All the first part of the journey the tongues went very fast, and one would have needed at least three pair of eyes to look at all the things that were pointed out. The journey grew quieter, however, and before we reached Rockaway several of the little ones were fast asleep. There was not one, however, tired enough to go to bed, for the journey's end was reached, but one and all immediately plunged into the delights of playing in the sand, those who were able to run around during the day, and the pitiable of the precious sand to those who could not get it for themselves. You can hardly imagine what a delight it is to these little ones to shout all day after the long winter in the hospital, and the days pass very quickly for them, bringing health and strength to many a feeble little one. Of course some of them are not able to run about, but they can be carried down to the wide piazza, where the sea-breezes bring the roses into their pale cheeks, and you would be surprised to see what a change even a few days will make in their looks. The house is built at the very edge of the beach, so that it is very easy for the children to go in bathing, and though some of the little ones are frightened at first, they soon get over that, and the sight of the bathing suits is greeted with shouts of delight. But I cannot tell you much about the children's amusements here without first introducing you to their great friend "Uncle Harry," as he calls himself. I think they would scorn the suggestion that he was a new friend, and yet two or three of them did not know there was such a person, but since he first found them ten days ago he has been an almost daily visitor, and if he is prevented from coming, there is great anxiety.

He generally arrives during the children's supper, and wherever in the house you may be, you are sure to be informed of his arrival by the sound of greeting that comes from his little friends. He stays for an hour or more playing and singing with them, and if you could hear the shouts and laughter you would not be told how much they enjoy themselves during his visit. The children have had two parties since they came here. Although a party only consists in having ice-cream and cake, I think they are quite as much enjoyed as the grandest children's ball that ever was given. The children are dressed in their white aprons, and each one has a pretty pink and white cap made of tissue-paper, and a very pretty sight they all make when sitting around the tables enjoying their cream and cake. A short time ago a kind lady gave some money to buy the children for a drive, and greatly have the little ones enjoyed the privilege. There were too many of them to go all at once, and so I have had to send them out in groups, has only added to the pleasure, for they enjoy seeing each other off, and then comparing notes to see if they have all been in the same direction and seen the same sights. In the evenings,

the children who are well enough generally go for a stroll on the beach, taking their little pails with them in which to collect shells, and a very fine collection some of them make to take home with them. Of course there are some rainy days, but these have been few and far between so far, and when they do come the children have a nice large play-room to stay in. They have not so many toys here as in the city, but there are plenty of books for those who want to read, and blocks for the very little ones, while the others resort to the unfailing amusement of "playing hospital." This is really a very interesting play: one child will be nurse, another doctor, while the patients are all carefully put to bed on the chairs, and you would be surprised to hear how learnedly they will discuss the various cases; broken arms will be bandaged up, and sore fingers treated in the most successful manner. I must not forget to tell you something about your little friend Lena Dipple, the occupant of the Young People's Cot. She was obliged to lie in bed all winter, but just before we started for Rockaway she was allowed to get up, and now she is dressed every day and goes down-stairs, though she is not able to walk about very much. She is growing to be a great girl now, but is the same cheerful, happy child that she has been ever since she first came to St. Mary's, and I hope that this summer she will grow quite strong again. She is learning a great deal about sauté cooking, and can make very fine cakes and pies, but I am afraid they would hardly taste as good as they look.

This evening the children are to have another party, given them by one of their kind friends down here, and I wish you could all be present and witness their pleasure and join them in their play; but as that cannot be, I hope that many of you will be able to pay them a call some time, either here or in their city home.

A. H. T.

Knowing how deep an interest the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE take in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, I will again state that it is under the care of an Episcopal Sisterhood of devoted women, and is located at 407 and 409 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S Cot was endowed by our own little Post-office Box writers and readers, and is never without an inmate.

I am glad this number also to present you with a letter from Mrs. Alice Richardson, whose work in St. Catharine's has been most successful. The pretty church, which you helped to build among the pines will greet your eyes if ever you go to the place where this letter is dated.

WOODSIDE, NEAR LINDSEYTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—You are very often in my mind, and I wish to write, but in my busy life there is little time for such a pleasant duty. The Sunday-school is getting on very well, is larger than usual, and the attendance is very good. Some of the scholars fall away and do badly, but enough keep steadfast and go on improving to make us feel that the mission is helping in its little way to do God's work. Five years ago a young man teaching in the neighborhood came to Sunday-school. Later, he was baptized and confirmed, and on Sunday, July 21st, in Grace Church, Morantown, Bishop Lyman admitted him into the Deaconate. The next Sunday, before being set off to his work as missionary, he had service in the chapel and baptized a little baby.

Christmas will soon be here again, but I must stop this time. Your missionary brother, who was in the year the nicest Christmas tree we have ever had. A lady living in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, saw in my letter that we had no star, and she wrote me to get one. I got it from Edgington, was to have a memorial one placed in it. They sent the former one to the Church of our Saviour. It came in time for Christmas, is of dark wood (walnut), and is very,

very pretty. Some dear girls who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE had a fair in San Francisco last fall, and sent me \$20. This bought a carpet for the chapel and the open space in front. You cannot think how much more cheerful it looks with this rich red carpet. Before Easter, the ladies of St. Clement's (East Philadelphia), made a beautiful frontal for the altar. It is exquisitely beautiful. These beautiful things help our people; they have so much more reverence and reverence than they did at first, and I think the church-like look of the chapel helps them, and so I am doubly glad to have these lovely things. At Easter, we had from the guild of the Church of the Incarnation an alb of fine white linen. If we had a chair for the bishop to sit in, I really think we might ask him to consecrate the little church. We have all here much to be thankful for in the past year from unknown friends as well as old ones, that I feel very grateful to them all.

Old Uncle Alfred and his family were kept from coming and suffering from the Texas epidemic. I cannot tell you of all they did; it was so much. They wrote me that the dear Postmistress told them of the mission here. We need yet a credence-table, bishop's chair, two more lamps for the church, and some things to complete the vestry-room, and we will be ready for consecration. It is very much needed. Catechisms for the children, and some things that I can form them in classes, would be best. There are about ninety scholars now, before the Christmas gathering. We have my sister and I are trying to get funds to start a parish school for about half the year, the months when there is nothing for them to do in the cotton fields. The men and boys of the South are going to cut a tree and haul it to the saw-mill, get material for some new steps, and we hope get posts for a fence cut and put in this winter. Well, I really think they are always willing to do all they can. With love for all my helping friends, I am very truly yours,

ALICE RICHARDSON.

Let me add that this work is very largely among the colored people, and that Mrs. Richardson and I, in our different ways, being herself in fragile health and having many cares.

VATICAN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I must write and tell you about the affection between two of our children, Bill, a big black horse, is about fifteen years old; and Fan, a small sorrel mare, is about twenty-five. Well, some time about five o'clock, several of our household were awakened by the snoring of Bill. Grandpa got up and dressed, and taking his revolver and a lantern, followed by Pepper the collie whom I have named in my previous letter, which you were so kind as to print, he set forth to get Abram, the hired man. At the bars of the lot where the horses were they found Bill, and as he was about to enter the quartette began their search for Fan. Bill not being able to find her, they inspected the bars, and finding them both shut, concluded that Fan was in the lot. They went over through the lot, when Bill suddenly spied his friend calmly reposing, fast asleep, in one corner of the lot. With a joyful whinny he bounded up to her side, and the pair so happily united, galloned up the hill together. Fan is so deaf that she could not hear Bill when he called her. Your constant reader,

H. R. G.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My little boy desires me to write to you and ask you to tell the young people that he offers a case of ten stuffed, rare, and handsome birds, moss and fern from this State, also a case of ten stuffed, rare, and handsome amette Valley, and glass stones from the Williams here, in exchange for a photographic outfit. Address: Rev. PAUL S. HINZE, Dayton, Yam Hill County, Oregon.

WASHINGTON, ARKANSAS.

My papa owns a farm, and the railroad runs through it; it is in southwest Arkansas, and is what is called a "black-land" farm. I like to read this paper very much. I think "Dorymatus" is the best story I have read. We went to Georgia not a great while ago, and enjoyed the trip very much. I have no pets except a dog, a cat and a little white pig. I have a very nice horse, and a great many beautiful white chickens.

LOUIE J. B. (aged 11 years).

BERKSHIRE, MASSACHUSETTS.

This is the third year I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like very much. "Derrick Sterling" and "Dorymatus," I think, are the nicest stories. I am a boy ten years old, and live

EXPRESS
OFFICE

AN elephant due in Chicago,
In New York called on Messrs. Wells, Fargo.
From his presence they shrunk,
When they saw on his trunk,
“This must by the very next car go.”



A LUNATIC living at Ealing,
Declared he could walk on the ceiling.
There is no need to tell
When he tried it he felt,
And his wounds took a long time in healing.

A NARRATIVE PIECE.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

“I WISH you’d tell a story,” said the Little Girl one day;
“It seems to me it’s stupid to do nothing else but play.
Now *could* you tell a story if you wanted to?” she cried.
And “Of course I could!” indignantly the Little Boy replied.

“Then do it,” cried the Little Girl, and the Little Boy began.
He thought and thought, and then he said, “There was a Norful
Man—”

And then he stopped so suddenly it nearly knocked him off
The fence on which they sat, and then he gave a little cough.

“Well?” said the Little Girl, and looked severely at the boy.
“I think I will begin again,” he said, in accents coy;
“Though I *could* tell you all about that Norful Man, of course
I’d rather tell another. There was a Norful Horse—”

He stopped again; then hastily: “I’ll really tell it now,
I’ll just begin once more, I think. There was a Norful Cow,

And—” Here he stopped again, and she, dismounting from the
fence,
Said, calmly, “Do you know, I think you haven’t any sense?”

This was too much. The Little Boy was wounded in his
pride.

“I wish you’d try it, then, yourself,” indignantly he cried.
“I will,” she said, “and then I’m going by myself to play.
There was a Norful Boy,” she said, and then she walked away.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

“MAMMA,” said Tommy, “Santa Claus doesn’t ever come in
the summer, does he?”

“Why, no, dear. Why?” asked mamma, amazed.

“Well, last winter, when I made out my list of presents, I
forgot all about the summer-time, and I wanted to tell him that
I’d exchange my sled and skates now for a boat and some fish-
ing-tackle.”



OUR YOUNG ENTOMOLOGIST CAPTURES A FINE SPECIMEN





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MASTER VERBIEST'S HOBBY-HORSE.—ENGRAVED BY MEAULE AFTER THE PAINTING BY GONZALES COQUES.

MARJORY'S WINGED FRIENDS.

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.

GOOD-MORNING, Sir Bumble Bee! Where are you going,
All buzz and all fuzz, and all feathery fur?
Come here to my rock, where the golden-rod's growing.
Ho! why all this rustle and bustle and stir?

Come up here and cling to this clover a minute,
You noisiest, clumsiest, queerest of bees;
You'll find such a harvest of sweetness within it
As even your lordly young fancy will please.

A beauty you are in your velvety jacket—
Your velvety jacket of yellow and brown—
But aren't you too small, sir, to make such a racket?
I'm told to be seen, and not heard, till I'm grown.

Besides, you can make, in an odd, startling fashion,
Your presence felt only too keenly without
Whenever you chance to fly into a passion.
Oho! are you coming to make me a call,

You little green grasshopper? Think of me leaping
Ten times my own height!—what my mother would say!
Yet are not your knees, when you're thinking of sleeping,
Sometimes just a wee little bit in the way?

Of course it's a trifle, and easily righted,
If sometimes you strike on your head when you stop;
But aren't you—oh, pray, do not feel yourself slighted—
A rather small fellow for such a big hop?

Ho! gay little Dragon-fly, all of a quiver!
You're in a great hurry, of that there's no doubt;
Is your breakfast bell ringing down there by the river
Where wee water-spiders go skimming about?

Mosquitoes, I'm certain, could never get through it—
That brown gauzy network you chose for your wings.
Don't light on that golden-rod there or you'll rue it,
Close here by the rock where my Bumble Bee swings.

You vain little glitter of shimmering yellow,
Just wait here a minute, and make me a call:
I love you, you dear little dandified fellow!—
He's off and away! He is over the wall!

How soon will our breakfasts be ready, I wonder?—
Yours down by the river and here in the grass,
And mine in that little brown house over yonder—
I'm hungry, Sir Bumble Bee! Please let me pass!

MASTER VERBIEST'S HOBBY-HORSE.

BY CARMOSINE.

OUR illustration on page 733 has been engraved from a picture in the Queen of England's collection at Buckingham Palace, representing the Verbiest family, and painted by Gonzales Coques, a Flemish master, born at Antwerp, 1618, died 1684. This is one of those family groups so common in the art of the Low Countries; the other half of the picture, which we have not engraved, contains the portrait of the father. In our reproduction we see the mother sitting in fine clothes, wearing her best jewelry, and surrounded by her children, of whom the eldest appears to be riding a "cock-horse to Banbury Cross," or some other place. More than two hundred years ago we see children played with just such toys as they have at the present day. Two thousand years ago their toys were of the same kind that we have in this present nineteenth century, and the reason is not far to seek: the amusements of children have always been the imitation on a small scale of the occupations of grown-up people. Since the world began girls have had dolls, and boys have played with wooden horses, and fought sham battles with toy armor. In the pictures, miniatures, illuminated manuscripts, old carvings in stone or ivory, and in the old tapestries we find representations of almost all the games we know.

In the Middle Ages young and old delighted in jugglery, sleight of hand, minstrelsy, dances, and forfeit games. In

the time of Charlemagne chess was in high favor, and from the twelfth to the fifteenth century there was hardly a well brought up woman in Europe who could not play both chess and backgammon. Hockey, shovel-board, and various kinds of games with bowls and balls seem to be "as old as the hills"; and in the books and pictures of five hundred years ago we find such games as leap-frog, marbles, walking on stilts, rackets, fives, prisoner's base; and such toys as dolls, toy arms, wooden horses, terra-cotta animals forming whistles, marionettes, rattles, jack-i'-the-box. Of these mediæval toys, with the exception of a few dolls, none have survived—it is the natural fate of toys to be broken and to disappear. We have, however, many Greek and Roman toys, which have been dug up out of the ruins of ancient cities, and which are, some of them, more than two thousand years old. These toys, either of bronze or of terra-cotta, are dolls and figures of animals, generally of very comic aspect, and they are now preserved in glass cases in the great museums of Europe as precious curiosities. In the centuries between antiquity and the Middle Ages the early Christians used to bury little children with their metal or ivory dolls in their arms, and these primitive images have been found in considerable numbers of late years in the Catacombs of Rome.

How different these old bronze, ivory, or terra-cotta dolls are from the dressed doll of our own times we leave the reader to imagine. Nowadays the dolls that are made in Paris are dressed as richly as princesses; they have their trousseaux, their houses, servants, horses, and carriages just like grown-up persons. But at the same time that the Parisians make dear toys they also make very cheap ones, which are exported to all parts of the world, and which are manufactured in the strangest and most ingenious manner. Everybody must have seen a toy invented some years ago representing a rabbit seated on a little car, which, as it goes along, makes the animal beat a pair of cymbals. This toy costs in France the traditional price of thirteen cents. The four wheels of the car are waste pieces of wood from the cruet-stand manufacturers. The tops of ordinary cruet-stands are cut out with a punch, which operation leaves as waste two round pieces of wood from the holes for the oil and vinegar cruets, and two smaller round pieces from the holes where the stoppers rest while the cruets are in use. The small pieces form the front and the larger the hind wheels of the rabbit's car. The axle-tree is made from waste umbrella handles. The body of the rabbit is of card-board covered with refuse skin and fur. The rabbit's eyes are two shoe-nails painted and varnished, "nail-varnishing for rabbits' eyes" being a serious and genuine profession in Paris. The cymbals are made from waste cuttings of thin sheet-iron jappanned. Here, then, is a toy entirely made out of waste material swept up from the floors of various workshops, one of the most popular toys ever made.

Another example of the use of waste material in the manufacture of toys: the tin soldiers, of which five millions are manufactured every year in Paris alone, are made of the metal obtained by melting up old sardine boxes, preserved meat and fruit cans. Other tin toys, such as pistols, steam-boats, railway trains, etc., are made from metal obtained in the same way from refuse packing cans collected by the rag-pickers and scavengers out of the dust-bins and rubbish boxes of Paris. Paris is the greatest place in the world for the manufacture of toys. The industry is located in the district of the Marais and the Rue du Temple, and employs throughout the year 20,000 persons—men, women, and children. It is needless to add that one of the toys made in countless numbers in Paris is precisely the wooden hobby-horse on which Gonzales Coques has painted the little Verbiest boy riding so bravely.



That which is Done never Dies :

BY HOWARD PYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WONDER CLOCK," "PEPPER AND SALT," ETC.



HERE was a king and a queen, but they had no children to make the house merry, and thereat the queen was very sad.

Now in the queen's garden was a tree that bore golden pears, and the queen was prouder of it than of anything else in the world. One day she sat in the shade

of the pear-tree, and the fruit was ripe above her head. Just then a poor, old, bent, crooked, tattered woman passed by. "Dear lady queen, will you not give a poor old body a bite to eat?" said she.

The queen was kind-hearted, and as nothing else was handy, she gave the old woman one of her golden pears.

Now the queen did not know it, but the old woman was the Wise Mother. So listen to what came of a kind action. "Ask what you want," said the Wise Mother, "and it shall be yours."

"Then," said the queen, "I should like to have a child with hair as golden as one of those pears."

"So be it," said the Wise Mother, and went away.

Sure enough, after a while there came a beautiful little girl baby to the king and queen. She was just such a one as the queen had wished for, for her hair was all of pure gold, and shone and glittered like the sun on a clear day. But that was not all, for upon her finger was a ring, and it was the ring of power, which was of such a kind that whoever wore it should have nothing denied them. (Ah me! they do not make such rings nowadays, or I should have one upon my finger as well.)

As the golden princess grew older, she grew more and more beautiful every day, until she was the wonder of all the world both far and near.

Now there was another king who lived over three mountains and beyond a great forest, and by-and-by the talk of the princess's beauty reached even to his town. That king had an only son, and when the young prince heard what was said of the princess and of her golden hair, he loved her so that nothing would do but that he must have her for his own.

So, as the king, the prince's father, was the greatest and most powerful in all the world, the matter was by-and-by settled, and the princess set forth in a golden coach, drawn by six white horses, over the three mountains and through the great forest to marry the prince.

An old nurse went along to care for her, and the woman took with her her own daughter, who was as ugly as

the princess was beautiful, and who had hair as black and dull as the soot in the chimney. Moreover, she was cross and crabbed, and as ugly in spirit as she was in body. But for all that her mother loved her as the apple of her eye, for that is the way of the world. Nevertheless, the woman could not but see how much more

beautiful the princess was than her own chick, and the sight made her heart sour and bitter, and she began to plot and plan how she might do the princess a harm.

Well, the princess and the old nurse woman and her daughter travelled on and on, until by-and-by they came to a cool stream of running water. When the princess saw it she was for getting out to bathe her face and neck, for the day was warm.

Then the old woman's evil heart whispered to her that the right time had come to do the princess harm. "Let me hold your ring," said she; "for who knows but it might slip from your finger, and be lost in the water."

The princess was as good and gentle as she was beautiful, and thought evil of no one; so she took the ring from her finger and gave it to the old nurse, while she bathed her face and neck.

But alas for her! When she climbed back into the coach again the old nurse would not give her back her ring. Instead she slipped it upon her own finger, and the poor princess could do nothing but weep and weep, for with her ring the power had all departed from her.

By-and-by the princess grew hungry, and asked for something to eat. "Very well," said the wicked old nurse woman, "you shall have something to eat; but first you must change clothes with my daughter, and give her the golden crown on your head."

Then the poor princess began weeping again, but all the same she had to do as the nurse bade her, for, as I said, the ring of power was no longer hers. Thereupon she took off her fine clothes and her golden crown, and the nurse woman put them upon her own daughter, and gave the girl's clothes to the princess in place of her own.

At last they came near to the king's town whither they were going, and by that time the princess was thirsty. So, as they crossed over the river, she asked the nurse to get her a drink of water.

"If you wish for a drink of water, you must get it yourself," said the old nurse woman.

"Then give me my silver cup," said the princess.

But the old woman and her daughter only mocked and jeered at her. "A silver cup!" they cried. "A silver cup indeed! No, no; if you would have a drink of water, you must stoop for it, and drink from the running river."

So the princess had to get down from her golden coach as best she could, and kneel upon the bank of the river to drink. As she kneeled thus, the wicked nurse woman came behind her and gave her a push, so that the princess fell into the deep river and was gone.

But that which is done never dies. Listen to what happened.



"A GOLDEN SWAN LEAPED
INTO THE AIR."

rested seven days she will be as beautiful as ever." And as she wore the ring of power, the king and the prince and all the rest were satisfied with what the old nurse woman said.

But that which is done never dies. Listen to what happened.

Out in the king's garden was a marble fountain, and thither came flying a swan with feathers of pure gold, and pitched into the water within it, and there floated, swimming around and around. As it swam it sang so sweetly and so sadly, it made one's heart tremble to hear it. And these were the words of its song:

"Once I wore a golden ring,
And once I wore a crown of gold,
And once I rode in a golden coach to meet my love.
Ah me! my mother!
If you had seen your daughter stoop,
How your eyes would weep!"

The people in the garden saw the swan and heard its song, and came running. Moreover, the news of it spread through the king's castle, so that all the folk came and stood and listened.

But when the wicked old nurse woman heard of the golden swan and what it sang, she trembled and shuddered, and grew white and red with fear. "Go," said she, "and bring the swan hither to me."

Then they had to do as she said; so they took a bird net to the marble pond, and as the swan swam round and

round, they cast the net over it and dragged it to the shore, and took it to the old nurse woman. She carried the swan to her own room, and with a keen sharp knife cut off its head. After she had done that, she ordered the servants to bury it in the garden, and they did as she bade them.

But that which is done never dies. Listen to what happened. The next morning a beautiful tree stood where the swan had been buried the night before. The leaves were of gold, in the branches hung a golden apple, and whenever the wind breathed through the trees, the leaves rustled and sang so sweetly that it brought tears to the eyes of those who listened. The song was the same that the swan had sung the day before:

"Once I wore a golden ring,
And once I wore a crown of gold,
And once I rode in a golden coach to meet my love.
Ah me! my mother!
If you had seen your daughter stoop,
How your eyes would weep!"

You may guess that the news of the wonderful tree was not long in spreading through the castle, and the folk came and stood around and listened and wondered.

But when the old woman heard of it she shook like a leaf, and her body grew as cold as ice and as hot as fire. She bade the servants cut the tree down and burn it, and whether sorry or not, they had to do as they were told. But that which is done never dies. Listen to what happened.

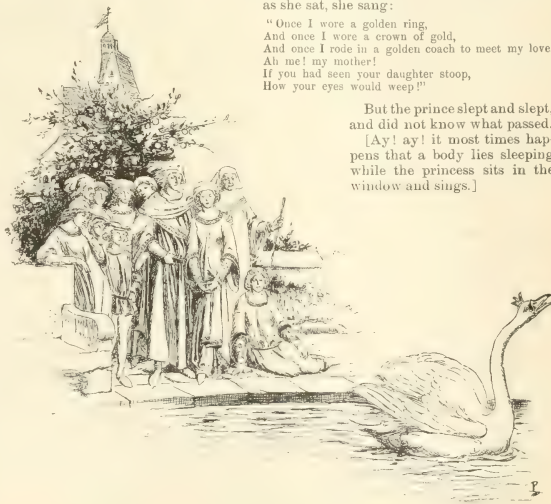
When the fire crackled and the flames rose, there sprang from the midst of the smoke a beautiful bird that flew far away over the house-tops and was gone.

But it was not gone for all time. That night, while the prince was sleeping in his bed, the beautiful bird came flying again, and lit upon the window-sill. It laid aside its plumage, and sat there a beautiful princess, with golden hair that shone and glittered like a sunbeam, so that all the room was filled with light; and as she sat, she sang:

"Once I wore a golden ring,
And once I wore a crown of gold,
And once I rode in a golden coach to meet my love.
Ah me! my mother!
If you had seen your daughter stoop,
How your eyes would weep!"

But the prince slept and slept, and did not know what passed.

[Ay! ay! it most times happens that a body lies sleeping while the princess sits in the window and sings.]



"AS IT SWAM IT SANG SO SWEETLY AND SO SADLY."



"THE PRINCESS SITS IN THE WINDOW AND SINGS."

But a little page lay at the foot of the prince's bed, and he wakened at the song, and heard and saw.

At sunrise the princess put on her bird plumage again, and flew over the house-top, and the little page said nothing of that which he had seen, for he was frightened at what had passed.

The second night the same thing happened as had happened before—the beautiful bird lit upon the window-sill, and laying aside its plumage, sat there a beautiful princess, and sang, and all the while the prince slept, and the little page lay awake, and heard and saw.

Then, as the day broke, the princess began crying. "Little page," said she, "to-morrow I come for the last

time, and then, if the prince does not awake, I am gone forever." Therewith she put on her bird plumage, and flew away as she had done before.

But the little page said nothing of what had passed.

The next night the princess came for the third time, and sat there singing and weeping, and singing and weeping, and the little page lay awake and listened and saw.

At last, when the morning had almost come, he reached out his hand and pricked the prince's heel with a dagger, so that he awakened, and there sat the beautiful princess with golden hair singing and weeping.

The prince leaped up and caught the princess by the hand. "Who are you?" he cried in wonder: "and whence do you come?"

"I am your own true bride," said the princess; and therewith she told him all that had happened to her. "And now," said she, "you must burn my plumage before the sun rises, or I shall have to leave you for good and all."

You may know that the prince was not long in doing as she told him. He snatched up the bird's plumage in a trice, and flung it into the fire, and with that the enchantment was broken. When the morning came he took his bride by the hand and led her to the king, and told him all of the princess's story, and the king hid her in a closet until the right time had come.

That morning, as all sat at the table, the king asked the wicked nurse woman to let him see the ring which she wore upon her finger, and she, thinking no ill, drew it off and handed it to him.

"Now tell me," said the king, "what should be done with a woman and a daughter who have done thus and so?"



"THERE SPRANG FROM THE MIDST OF THE SMOKE A BEAUTIFUL BIRD."



"THE KING OPENED THE CLOSET DOOR AND BROUGHT FORTH THE TRUE BRIDE."

"They should be thrown into a pit full of vipers and toads," said the old woman, boldly.

"Then you have spoken your own doom," said the king, and therewith he arose from the table, and opened the closet door, and brought forth the true bride, and her golden hair shone so that it was as if the place was filled with sunlight, and all sat dumb at her beauty.

The king placed the ring of power upon her finger again, and the old woman and her daughter fell on their faces and begged for mercy.

Whether the princess forgave them or not, you shall tell for yourself; I have my own thoughts about the matter.

But this you may believe, the princess sent for her father and mother. A grand wedding was held, and all was as merry as it had been sad before.

THE LEAF-CUTTING BEE.

MANY interesting visitors have been received in our summer parlor, where the carpet is of green grass, and the ceiling the sky as it shows between horse-chestnut branches. Shy little Mr. Chipmunk ventures occasionally to come there, a tame "chippie" bird is a daily caller, and now and then a toad hops along our carpet, gravely regarding us. Once a snake tried to force his unwelcome presence upon us, but was promptly sent away by our good Scotch collie, who enjoys the pleasant outdoor retreat almost as much as we.

Of all our visitors, however, the most interesting is the leaf-cutting bee, who comes to work upon an old-fashioned blush-rose-bush which forms part of a side wall of our parlor. Bees, you know, are such busy creatures that they cannot even make a call without taking their work with them, and it was the faint sound of his industry that first drew attention to our new friend on a leaf of the rose-bush. Looking closely to see what the stranger was about, we were amazed to find that, having placed herself astride of the edge of the leaf, the bee was deliberately cutting out with her jaws a piece of the leaf, rolling it up beneath her as she did so. We tried to trace her flight when the cutting was done, but this astonishing visitor baffled us in our pursuit by disappearing quite suddenly, into the earth apparently—just where we could not discover.

When all these strange doings were related at the dinner-table the family punster declared that such a performance of a bee on a leaf was clearly *be-yond be-lief*, and had not the bee continued her visits, giving all an opportunity of forming her acquaintance and seeing her work, the truth of our account of Mrs. Bee might still be doubted.

Happily she was not easily disturbed, and at a call from some watcher in the out-door parlor, "The bee is at work," we could gather quite closely around to observe her, when she had carefully chosen the leaf that best suited her and began the work of cutting it. Toward the close of the summer the selection of leaves was made with greater care, sometimes as many as six leaves being inspected before one was found sufficiently tender for her purpose. Often when Mrs. Bee started for home her roll of work was so heavy that she fairly tumbled off the leaf with it, and had to pause an instant to recover her balance before bravely carrying it away. But where did she take her load, and what did she do with those nicely cut pieces of leaf? She was too busy to tell us; and although we were eager to return her calls, we could not discover her home, and could not imagine why she cut rose leaves so industriously, until we happened upon a book one day which told us all about it.*

It seems that these bees build nests of the leaves of the rose and other trees under the surface of the ground or in old wood. These nests are sometimes six inches deep, and generally consist of six or seven cells, each shaped like a thimble, the closed end of one thimble fitting into the open end of another. When a cell is formed of the pieces of leaf, such as we've watched the bee cut out, it is filled with honey; and so nicely are the cells built that they hold the liquid honey without leakage. On the ceiling of honey an egg is deposited, and then the cell is closed with three circular bits of leaf for a cover. Mr. Raskin says the bee pushes down the little cell covers "with a tucked-up rim quite tight, like the first covering of a pot of preserve." Think of each young bee having a nice little pot of honey all to itself!

* *Fans Clavigera.*

DORYMATES:*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STEAM YACHT "SAGA."

THERE was something so gentlemanly in the appearance of Breeze McCloud that Lord Seabright at once noticed it, and in spite of the boy's rough clothes, and declaration that he was one of the crew of an American fishing schooner, could not regard or treat him as an ordinary fisher lad. While Nimbus was sent forward to be cared for in the forecabin and at the mess-table of the crew, Breeze was shown into the ward-room, or quarters occupied by the sailing-master, mate, and chief engineer of the yacht. Here the cabin steward was sent to him with orders to make him as comfortable as possible.

The first thing this individual noticed was that Breeze was soaked to the skin, and shivering as though in a chill, and he hurried away to find him some dry clothes. A few minutes later he returned with an old but complete yachting suit belonging to Lord Seabright, which, as the latter was but a few years older than Breeze, and of about the same build, fitted the boy as though made for him.

While he was changing his clothes in the tiny stateroom, which he was told he might occupy as long as he remained on board the *Saga*, the steward spread a table with the remains of the cabin dinner, which, as it was now about half past eight in the evening, had been just finished when the dory was picked up.

As the steward announced that his dinner was ready, and asked him if he were not hungry, Breeze was reminded of old Mateo and his cheery "Vell, Breeze, ma boy, you hongry, eh?" It gave him a homesick feeling, and he thought how gladly he would, if he could, exchange his present luxurious surroundings, in the company of strangers, for the forecabin of the *Fish-Hawk* and its narrow mess-table surrounded by the faces of his friends. There is nothing more true than that the humblest abode in which are a person's own people is a happier place to him than a palace without them.

Having eaten nothing since very early that morning, Breeze did not allow these thoughts to interfere in the slightest with his enjoyment of the meal set before him. To him it seemed one of the most sumptuous dinners he had ever sat down to, though the cabin steward apologized for it, saying that their cook had unfortunately fallen overboard and been drowned off Jan-Mayen, and since then they had been obliged to get along as best they could.

It was wonderful to note how differently this man treated Breeze since he had appeared in Lord Seabright's clothes. He had been kind before, but now he was respectful. All of which goes to show that while clothes do not make the man, they have a great deal to do with the estimation in which he is held by strangers. Consequently it is important that boys as well as men should dress as becomingly as their circumstances will allow.

Lord Seabright always commanded his own yacht, in which he took great pride, and which he was capable of managing in every detail. Whatever this young man undertook he performed thoroughly, and at present he found his chief pleasure in yachting—a pursuit in which his great wealth enabled him to indulge without a thought of the expense attending it. This was the *Saga's* first cruise, and it had been extended as far northward as the wild land of Jan-Mayen, which is about two hundred miles nearer the north pole than Iceland. It is also a

* Reproduced in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492.

volcanic bubble of the earth's crust, though much smaller and even more desolate than its neighbor on the south.

Since leaving these, and reaching the coast of Iceland, the *Saga* had penetrated several of the deep northern fjords, and Lord Seabright had visited a number of the fire Jökulls, boiling sulphur springs, and other interesting objects and places of that part of the island. Now the yacht was on her way to Reykjavik, from which an inland expedition was to be made to the famous geysers.

After Breeze had finished his dinner the steward informed him that his lordship would like to have a few words with him in the cabin.

The cabin, or main saloon, was located as nearly as possible in the centre of the yacht, though forward of the engines and boilers. As Breeze was ushered into it, he was for a moment bewildered by its elegance and its luxurious appointments, which far surpassed anything he had ever dreamed of. Mirrors, carvings, silken curtains, rich furniture, velvet carpets, a sideboard glistening with silver, a small upright piano built into the oak wainscoting, an open fireplace with a chimney-piece of carved oak above it, a small library of choice books, and many other beautiful things, of which he did not know the names or uses, greeted the boy's astonished gaze. Although it was still daylight outside, the sky was so overcast that the saloon would have been in comparative darkness had it not been for the floods of light coming from four opaque globes set into the ceiling, and softening the electric flames that flashed behind them.

As the saloon door was thrown open by the cabin steward, and Breeze was confronted by this blaze of light and color, he hesitated for a moment, and felt almost afraid to enter. Then the Yankee independence to which he had been educated asserted itself, and he stepped inside the gorgeous apartment.

Lord Seabright did not at first recognize the handsome, gentlemanly appearing fellow who, clad in a becoming blue yachting suit, now stood before him, and for an instant looked inquiringly at him. He had risen from the easy-chair in which he had been seated, and the moment he realized who the visitor was, he stepped forward, instinctively held out his hand to Breeze, and bade him welcome to the *Saga*. Then he introduced him to the only other occupant of the saloon, a tired-looking young man, who lay upon a lounge smoking.

Without rising, this gentleman greeted Breeze with, "Ah, pleased awfully! Have a weed?"

"No, I thank you," replied Breeze, who could hardly help laughing. "I have not learned to smoke yet."

"Ah, good boy! Advise you not to. Very bad habit. Rough on the constitution."

"Oh, Whyte, Whyte," laughed his friend, "if you would only practise the half of what you preach, what a fine fellow you would become!"

"Yes," replied the other, "I fancy my theory is very nearly perfect, but it is really too much of a grind, don't you know, to put it into practice. I'd rather let some other chap do that."

This was a fair indication of Mr. Whyte Whympers' character. He was good-natured, easy-going, blessed with most excellent mental and physical qualities, but was too indolent to improve either the one or the other. He was not exactly the companion the owner of the *Saga* would have chosen for this northern trip, but several other friends had disappointed him at the last moment, and he was obliged to make the best of the one who was at liberty, and willing to accompany him.

"Well, McCloud," said Lord Seabright, after a few moments' pleasant chat that served to make the boy feel quite at home, "sit down and tell us how you and your black friend happened to get lost, and to be drifting about on the open sea in that queer-looking craft of yours. It

strikes me that you were in a pretty nasty position, and I'm curious to hear about it."

Although Breeze confined his story to his experiences while on the *Fish-Hawk*, and after leaving her, his hearers were much interested in what he had to tell them. They seemed to consider it a very plucky thing for a small schooner, such as he described, to cross the Atlantic for the purpose of fishing in those stormy northern seas, and they asked him many questions in regard to the American methods of fishing.

"What do you expect to do, now that you have lost your schooner?" asked Lord Seabright at length.

"I don't know, sir," replied Breeze. "If I knew of any way to find her again, I'd try it; but I can't seem to think of any."

"Neither can I, and I don't see that there is anything for you to do but to come with us to Reykjavik, and see what offers when you get there. Perhaps there will be some vessel in port bound for America, on which you can engage a passage."

"Well, sir," said Breeze, "I suppose that will be the best thing for us to do, and we'll be very glad to work our passage, if you'll let us. Nimbus is a good cook, and as yours got drowned, perhaps you can make him useful in that way. I am willing to do anything I can. At any rate," he added, brightening at the thought, "if you'd take ambergis, we might pay for our passage in that."

Both the gentlemen were highly amused at this suggestion, and as soon as he could control his voice, Lord Seabright said:

"My dear fellow, yachts are not allowed to receive payment for carrying passengers. Even if they were, you must not think so meanly of us as to fancy that we would consider the aiding of distressed mariners any less of a pleasure than it is a duty. I shall be only too glad to employ your black friend, and if he proves a good cook will pay him liberal wages. As for yourself, it is a pleasure to have your company, and I am especially glad to have somebody on board who has been at least once into Reykjavik Harbor, and can give us some information as to the channel and the place itself."

"I shall be only too glad to do anything I can to earn my passage, and will give you all the information I have," replied Breeze, "but I am afraid it won't amount to very much."

"Whatever it is, I feel certain it will be worth the having," said the other, politely; "and now I move that we all turn in, and prepare by a good sleep for our grand entrance into the capital to-morrow."

After Breeze had gone, Lord Seabright remarked to his friend, "I like that fellow, Whyte. He seems to be an uncommonly bright and manly sort of a chap."

"Oh yes," replied the other, indifferently. "He's not half bad for a Yankee."

After satisfying himself that Nimbus was comfortably provided for, and that the ambergis, upon which he was now building many hopes and no longer wished to exchange for a loaf of bread, was safe, the tired boy sought his bunk, feeling very grateful for the snug quarters in which he found himself.

On the following day, Nimbus, to his own intense satisfaction, was installed in the galley, and given charge of more pots, pans, kettles, and other kitchen utensils than he had ever dreamed could exist in one ship. He also found that he had full authority to order about as he pleased a young lad who filled the position of scullion in his department. With the gaining of this knowledge he assumed such an air of dignity as made him appear comical enough to all eyes except those of the unfortunate boy for whose especial benefit it was put on. The originality of the black man's appearance was further increased by a white jacket, a large white apron, and a



BREEZE'S WELCOME TO THE "SAGA"

cook's white linen cap. When this cap was perched on the back of his head it seemed to rest upon his immense ears, while his grotesque thatch of wool projected several inches in front of it. In spite of the absurdity of his appearance, he proved to be a capital cook, and managed his department in a manner thoroughly satisfactory to his new employer.

During this day too the grayish mass in the dory was pronounced to be ambergris beyond a doubt, was carefully weighed, and stored in stout boxes made by the yacht's carpenter. Its weight was found to be a few ounces over one hundred and twenty pounds, and its value was estimated to be not far from fifty thousand dollars.

Quite dazzled by the magnitude of this sum, Breeze for a while thought of himself as a young man of fortune, and indulged in delightful dreams of what he would do with the money as soon as it came into his possession. Suddenly the remembrance of Nimbus came upon him like a blow. Was not the black man, who had been his

faithful dorymate, entitled to an equal share in it? Of course he was, though it was with reluctance that Breeze admitted the fact to himself. Still, even such a division would leave him twenty-five thousand dollars. It would be enough to purchase several fishing vessels, and make him a person of considerable prominence in Gloucester.

The thought of Gloucester brought another with it. On what terms was the fishing business carried on there? Was it not on the basis of one-half the catch to the vessel and half to the crew? To be sure it was, and this ambergris was one of the incidental profits of the *Fish-Hawk's* voyage to Iceland. But then had not he and Nimbus found it all by themselves, and risked their lives in obtaining and saving it?

So, locked in his tiny state-room, the boy struggled with the right and the wrong of this question for more than an hour. Finally the right triumphed, and when he became conscious of the fact, Breeze felt as light-hearted and happy as though he had been crushed under the



A. S. Dugby

AN AMATEUR.—DRAWN BY A. S. DUGBY

whole weight of fifty thousand dollars in gold, and it had suddenly been lifted from him.

When, soon afterward, he was congratulated by Mr. Whyte Whympy on the amount of his fortune, he replied, "Yes, sir, seventeen hundred dollars is a good deal of money for a boy like me to have at once."

"Seventeen hundred dollars!" exclaimed the other. "Why, I thought it was ten thousand pounds?"

"So it is, sir, in all; but according to Gloucester rule half of it goes to the schooner, and the other half must be divided among her crew of twelve others besides Nimbus and myself."

When he made this statement of the case to his black dorymate, he was put to shame by discovering that the honest fellow had never taken any other view of it.

At the same time Mr. Whyte Whympy was saying to Lord Seabright, "I have just discovered that our young Yankee friend is possessed of a degree of honesty that to me would be worth all his other good qualities put together."

About noon the yacht passed the Snäfells and entered the waters of Faxa Fiord. As she approached Reykjavik, and began to thread her way among the islands that enclose its harbor, Breeze stood on the bridge with Lord Seabright and Mr. Marlin. He had already pointed out on the chart the course taken by the *Fish-Hawk* a few days before, and the same one was now held by the *Saga*. There was one very narrow channel that Breeze bore in particular remembrance on account of the huge, isolated mass of lava that had risen from and partially leaned over one side of it. Both he and Captain Coffin had wondered if it might not some time topple over and block the passage. Now he looked for it in vain. Could he be mistaken in the place? Again he studied the chart intently. No, the other landmarks were all right, but this one had disappeared. The *Saga* was just about to enter the channel. He was not absolutely sure that he was right, but he felt impelled to call out, "Stop her, sir! stop her, please, and back her!"

"Why, what is the matter, McCloud?" exclaimed Lord Seabright, as he complied with this request and rang the engine-room bell.

When Breeze had told them of his fears, Mr. Marlin went with a boat's crew to sound the channel. Upon his return he reported an ugly rock rising to within a few feet of the surface, almost in the middle of it, with deep water on both sides.

So the *Saga*, which was carefully worked through the narrow place to one side of the danger, was saved from almost certain wreck only by Breeze McCloud's keen observation and retentive memory. They afterward learned that the huge mass of rock had fallen into the sea with a tremendous crash on that very day.

Although hospitably received and entertained by the Governor and other members of Reykjavik society, the two English gentlemen were almost as much disappointed in the Icelandic capital as Breeze had been on his former visit to it. Lord Seabright, however, anticipated great pleasure from the proposed trip to the geysers, and hurried forward the preparations for it as rapidly as possible. His friend was by no means so enthusiastic as he, and finally decided that he would rather remain in comfortable quarters on board the *Saga* than undertake the tedious journey to the geysers merely for the sake of seeing what he termed a fountain of boiling water.

Nothing could alter this decision, and finally, declaring him to be altogether too lazy to live, Lord Seabright turned to Breeze, and said, "Will you go with me in his place, McCloud? I know the invitation comes rather late; but if you will overlook that, and accept it, I shall be most happy to have your company on this trip to the geysers."

HOME STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

FOUR-FOOTED SCHOLARS.

A FEW months ago the English newspapers published a strange story from Inverness, in northern Scotland, where a stone-mason had found a live toad in a block of hard limestone. "The cavity containing the animal was only five inches in diameter," says the reporter of the singular discovery, "and the surrounding solid rock was more than a foot thick, and could not have been formed in less than a thousand years. It seems a great riddle how the imprisoned creature could have escaped starvation, and how it could endure the frosts of so many winters."

A still greater puzzle, however, is the question how certain popular delusions can outlive the experience of so many centuries. The silly fable that a hunted ostrich will try to hide itself by sticking its head into the sand originated in Africa, where the habits of the ostrich were known for ages; and many millions of our own countrymen still stick to the belief that monkeys have a passion for "aping" the actions of men, and cannot see a boy turn a somersault without repeating the trick, even at the risk of tumbling from the top of a tree. Now, how could that idea ever manage to be credited in a country of zoological gardens, where thousands of people can every day test its truth by the evidence of their senses? Not one of the countless visitors to the New York Central Park Menagerie, or the Zoo's of Cincinnati and Philadelphia, ever saw monkeys or apes make an attempt to imitate a single motion of the gesticulating crowd in front of their cages; and every beast-trainer could attest the fact that a monkey is harder to teach than the silliest puppy. The truth is that monkeys, with all their intelligence, are as stubborn as pigs, and so far from being eager to imitate the actions of their owners, will screech themselves into a fit and sham lameness or craziness rather than follow the instructions even of the kindest teachers. Only compulsion and perseverance can cure them of that habit, while a dog, though clearly inferior in natural gifts, will do his best to use those gifts in a way to please his master. The same may be said of horses. A thief can enter a stable in night-time and lead off the best horse more easily than he can steal a goose or a chicken; and even the fact that horses rarely ever sleep suggests a conjecture that their intellectual faculties cannot be of a very high order.

But such as they are, those faculties are devoted wholly to the service of man, and both horses and dogs will readily learn to perform acts quite at variance with their natural disposition. In sight of a green pasture, a Mexican mill-horse will trudge around in a circle, hour after hour, to move the wheel of the clumsy contrivance, and continue his rounds with or without a driver; and even a famished dog can be relied upon to fetch a basketful of meat from the butcher's, and deliver the contents in good order. Monkeys, on the other hand, will generally limit their performances to tricks agreeing with their personal inclination, such as riding a poodle-dog or acting on a flying trapeze. My boy Willie wasted the evenings of a four weeks' vacation in the vain attempt to teach a little Rhesus monkey the simple trick of "shaking hands." "Tommy," as we called the little truant, would hide out in the barn to baffle the pursuit of his teacher; and when Willie chained him to his cage, he would double up his fists and pull them back as often as Willie tried to lay hold of them. But soon after, that same little scamp betrayed a remarkable aptitude for learning the trick of opening a bag containing an assortment of candy. After finding the canvas too stout for his teeth, he paid the closest attention to Willie's method of nipping the string, and soon acquired the knack of solving the problem of three different kinds of knots—for instance, the trick of pulling the small end of a common slip-knot.

With the same readiness an Algerian baboon—a pet of a French soldier of my acquaintance—managed to master the art of picking the pockets of his visitors. He would welcome his master's friends by holding out both hands at once, and with an affectionate mumble proceed to remove any stray speck of dust from their waistcoats, while his hind hands reached around to explore their coat pockets. He was as fond of tobacco as of apples and oranges, and had no hesitation in appropriating a gay-colored handkerchief; but his eagerness to examine his plunder never betrayed him into the imprudence of displaying it before the eyes of the rightful owner. With a sort of backward twist of his long-fingered hands he would slip his prize under his haunches, and then sit still, with piously folded hands, till his victim was out of sight.

Dogs would never dream of practising such tricks, but by dint of great docility they acquire an almost superhuman skill in the performance of certain kinds of work, such as keeping a herd of sheep together, or forcing an obstinate pig to enter the narrow gate of a stock-yard. Poodle-dogs, by a combination of that docility with a great deal of natural intelligence, will learn tricks which years of training might fail to force upon the perverse ingenuity of a monkey; but the severest test of a trainer's patience is, after all, the task of teaching a stupidly stubborn beast, such as a pig, or that marvel of thick-headed obstinacy, a Brazilian tapir. The proprietor of a "learned hog" once told me that a weekly income of twenty dollars would hardly compensate the infinite trouble he had wasted on the education of his grunting pupil; and added, as his private conviction, that the same amount of labor would have sufficed to teach a parrot reading and writing. "Pigs have a sort of memory," said he, "but the trouble is they haven't anything else that you can work upon. They do not seem to have any more sense than a bull-dog in guessing what you are driving at, and the only way to train them is to lay bodily hold of them, and move them as you would a boy's jumping-jack, till the motion comes to be a sort of second nature."

In a certain sense of the word, there are no absolutely untamable animals, but a considerable number of birds and beasts are practically as *untrainable* as catfish. A Rocky Mountain badger, for instance, can be taught to eat without snapping at the hand that feeds him, but the ten years of his average life would be too short to teach him a trick that a clever spaniel could learn in ten minutes. Birds, too, are on the whole much less intelligent than the grace and rapidity of their motions is apt to make them appear; a trained hawk, for instance, could not be bought for less than the price of a good saddle-horse, the task of teaching him the simple duty of returning to the hand of his master being a work of several years of constant training. Nor is there a doubt that the intelligence of parrots is greatly overrated. Their faculty of speech can certainly be developed to a remarkable degree, but no impartial observer can fail to notice that they talk without connecting their words with anything like a definite idea. The toy-dealers of my native town used to sell a "parlor-game," consisting of a double box, filled with printed slips of pasteboard; questions on the left side and answers on the right, both to be snatched out at random. "Isn't it a marvel how well the answers sometimes fit?" I often heard my playmates say, though the marvel would have been still greater if question and reply had not happened to fit some time or other. For similar reasons a parrot's remarks cannot help to seem well-timed now and then, especially if the feathered professor's vocabulary should happen to include certain general phrases that fit in nearly every phase of a random conversation. "Of course," cries pretty Polly, if you ask her if she wants a cracker, and her cuckoo-cry would seem to fit equally well if you had asked her if she wasn't tired of cracker-eating. "Let me alone!" "Oh, stop now!" "What did you say?" "That will do," are similar phrases that cannot fail to "fit" three out of four times.

By taking advantage of an animal's natural accomplishments, even stupid creatures can be taught apparently marvellous tricks; and that secret is nowhere better used than in British India, where gangs of jugglers often travel around with their four-footed pupils: mountain goats that have been taught to preserve their balance on the top of a slender post, or trained cobra-snakes that whirl their heads in time to the tune of a reed fife, the trick of rearing their heads at the sound of any sudden noise being a natural habit with that species of serpents. The admirers of a dancing bear are equally apt to overrate the docility of the heavy monster in keeping its balance on its hind feet, though Master Bruin often volunteers that performance in a state of nature, his broad paws giving him in that respect a great advantage over such hind-leg artists as dogs and trick-mules.

The natural capacity of every species of animals has certain limits which no amount of training will avail to surpass, and the so-called tricks of the four-footed performers exhibited by travelling menageries often demonstrate only the trickiness of their owners. Domino-playing poodle-dogs, for instance, nearly always act upon secret signals of a prompter, in whose absence they would commit blunder after blunder; and the supposed self-denial of a lion who permits his trainer to snatch a bone from under his very paws is, in fact, founded on anything but generosity. The secret of the trick is the lion's experience that in nine out of ten cases the removed bone will be immediately replaced by a better one, and the frequency of that result at last accustoms him to welcome his trainer's apparent insult as a signal for the appearance of a first-class dinner.

GLIMPSSES OF CHILD LIFE FROM DICKENS

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LITTLE PAUL DOMBEY AT DR. BLIMBER'S.

LITTLE Paul Dombey had the great misfortune of losing his mother when he was born, and if he had not had a darling sister Florence, and a kind nurse named Polly, and a devoted maid, who, though something of a spitfire, was so loyal that Susan Nipper is a favorite with all who read about her, I don't know what little Paul would have done. For Mr. Dombey, Paul's father, was a very proud, lofty sort of man; not one bit like your father, or your uncle John, or any other child's papa whom you ever met. Apparently Mr. Dombey, who cared nothing whatever for his daughter Florence, loved little Paul only because his birth made the firm of "Dombey and Son" possible. Mr. Dombey was hardly able to wait for the baby to grow up, so that the firm name could go on the counting-house door. Wherever he went his cane kept tapping to the time of "Dombey and Son! Dombey and Son!"

But "Son" was a very delicate, dreamy little fellow, with great wistful eyes, pale cheeks, and fluttering breath; and I think if "Son" had had a mother, she would never have let the poor little fledgling escape from under her wing to the cold world of Dr. Blimber's School for Young Gentlemen.

Dr. Blimber's establishment afforded room for only ten pupils at a time, and much of the teaching was done by his daughter, Cornelia Blimber, who "kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber," thank you.

Mr. Dombey took Paul to this hot-bed of learning, encouragingly saying: "Now, Paul, this is the way to be Dombey and Son, and have money. You are almost a man already."

"Almost," returned the child, shy and quaint, his cold little hand trembling in his father's big palm.

The poor little fellow, whose father had no patience to spare for his childhood, was just six, and a wee little mite for his age.

Dr. Blimber received father and son in his study, a bust of Homer over the door, Minerva on the mantel-shelf, and a globe at each knee.

"How do you do, sir?" he said to Mr. Dombey. "And how is my little friend?"

"The great clock in the hall seemed to repeat gravely, 'How is my little friend? how is my lit-tle friend?'"

"Very well, I thank you, sir," returned Paul, answering the clock quite as much as the doctor."

It was very hard for Paul to bid good-by to Florence, who was the sunbeam of his life, loving him so very much that she almost made him know what mother-love might have been, but he parted easily enough from his papa and Mrs. Pipchin. The latter lady was a grim old governess who had done her best to train the poor baby, and whom Susan Nipper fought with constant warfare. But Paul had a good deal of brave stuff in him, and he did not cry when Florence left him; he tried to think of Saturdays and Sundays, when he should see his sister.

Dr. Blimber, lifting his new pupil from the table on which he was sitting (the doctor had lifted him to this perch because he was so small), addressed his daughter:

"Cornelia," said he, "Dombey will be your charge at first. Bring him on, Cornelia, bring him on."

"How old are you, Dombey?" said Miss Blimber.

"Six," answered Paul.

"How much do you know of your Latin grammar, Dombey?" said Miss Blimber.

"None of it," answered Paul. Feeling that the answer was a shock, he looked up at the three faces that were looking down at him, and said: "I haven't been well. I have been a weak child. I couldn't learn a Latin grammar when I was out every day with old Glubb. I wish you'd tell old Glubb to come and see me, if you please."



PAUL AND MISS CORNELIA.

"What a dreadful low name!" said Mrs. Blimber. "Unclassical to a degree. Who is the monster, child?"

"What monster?" inquired Paul.

"Glubb," said Mrs. Blimber, with a great disrelish.

"He's no more a monster than you are," returned Paul.

"What!" cried the doctor, in a terrible voice. "Ay, ay, ay! Aha! What's that?"

"Paul was dreadfully frightened, but he made a stand for the absent Glubb" [who had been very kind to Paul, and had taken him many a pleasant trip on the water].

"He's a very nice old man," he said. "He knows all about the deep sea, and the fish that are in it, and the great monsters that come and lie on the rocks in the sun, and dive into the water again when they're startled, blowing and splashing so that they can be heard for miles. And I wish," concluded the child, "that you'd let old Glubb come here to see me, for I know him very well, and he knows me."

Horror froze the three listeners at this bold request. Miss Blimber, seeing nothing else to be done, took her charge to the school-room. Here were Briggs and Tozer, Johnson and Toots, with several others, in charge of a young gentleman named Feeder. It was an appropriate name, for a great deal of cramming went on at Dr. Blimber's establishment.

After a single night's interval, Cornelia began Paul's instruction. She began by providing him with pile of new books, so many in number that, though he put one hand under the bottom book, and his chin and his other hand on the top book, the middle book slid out, and the whole erection fell to the floor with a thump. The books did not finally get to the school-room until they had had several tumbles on the stairs, and Paul had made several journeys back and forth to pick up the load that could not be carried at once.

Poor little Paul! In Miss Blimber's pile of books there was "a little English and a deal of Latin, a trifle of orthography, a glance at ancient history, a wink at modern ditto, a few tables, and a little general information." Study as hard as Paul might, when Miss Blimber, taking the book, transfixed him with her spectacles, and said, "Go on, Dombey," the lesson was almost driven out of his head. Such drowsy days, such

weary evenings, as the poor child had! He never could have borne them but for Saturday. On Saturday and Sunday he was allowed to go to Mrs. Pipchin's and see Florence, and Florence presently thought of a plan to help him "pursue his studies."

She called to her aid Susan Nipper.

"See here, Susan," she said; "these are the names of the little books that Paul brings home to do those long exercises with, when he is so tired. I copied them last night when he was writing."

"Don't show 'em to me, if you please, Miss Floy," returned Susan Nipper. "I'd as soon see Mrs. Pipchin."

It was war to the knife between Mrs. Pipchin and Miss Nipper, the latter always taking the part of the children, while the former made their lives a burden.

"I want you to buy them for me, Susan, if you will, to-morrow morning. I have money enough," said Florence.

Susan demurred a little, but when she under-

stood that Florence wanted the books, that, when her own lessons were done, she might study Paul's in advance, so that the hard places would be made easier for him, the good girl put the child's purse in her pocket, trotted away, and bought the books.

One would have supposed that the Blimbers, who were really not unkind people, would have had the sense to see that their stupid system was killing this delicate child, but they never did. Dr. Blimber, marching through the room with the air of an encyclopædia in gold eye-glasses and boots, would pause majestically to say, "Bring him on, Cornelia."

Mrs. Blimber lamented that he was an old-fashioned child. Miss Blimber took the pains to explain to him that he was "singular."

"It is naturally painful to us," she told him, "for we can't like you, you know, Dombey, as well as we could wish."

The dear child was much grieved at this. He wanted everybody to like him. Small as he was, he often hoped they would be sorry when he was gone away, and he tried to please even a shaggy dog that was kept chained at the back of the house.

And whatever fault might attach to being old-fashioned, the people in Dr. Blimber's could better have spared a newer-fashioned child. For this fragile boy, gentle, useful, loving, and in his own way, too, fearless and sweet, endeared himself to them by his quaintness, and even his oddity. No other boy ever dared to boldly shake the doctor's hand, and Cornelia's, and Mrs. Blimber's, on retiring at night; but Paul always did. And when one day, quite suddenly, Paul fainted away while talking to Mr. Feeder, and Toots, picking up his light weight as if it had been a feather, carried him to the top of the house, there was general distress and concern.

"Our little friend," said Dr. Blimber, "has never complained."

"Oh no!" replied the apothecary. "He was not likely to complain."

"Floy! Tell me, dear!" said Paul, a day or so later, when his sister, who had come to the doctor's breaking-up party, knelt down beside him on the floor—"Floy, do you think I have grown old-fashioned?"

His sister laughed, and said "No." But there were tears in her eyes, and though she tried to banish them and smile, Paul saw and wondered at her trouble.

"But what is the matter, Floy?" he said.

"Nothing, darling, nothing," returned Florence.

When the day came for going home, everybody showed that Paul, old-fashioned as he was, had the rare secret of winning hearts.

"Good-by, Dr. Blimber," said Paul, stretching out his hand.

"Good-by, my little friend," returned the doctor. "I'm very much obliged to you, sir," said Paul, looking innocently up into his awful face. "Ask them to take care of Diogenes, if you please."

Diogenes was the dog, who had never in his life had a friend till Paul had won his confidence....

"Dombey! Dombey! you have always been my favorite pupil, God bless you!" exclaimed Cornelia, impressively.

And she meant it, for notwithstanding short hair and spectacles and grubbing in the dead languages, Cornelia Blimber had a heart.

"Dombey, don't forget me!" shouted Toots and Tozer and Johnson and the other young gentlemen.

But just as they were about to drive off, Toots came first to one carriage window, then to the other, let them down with a bang, and putting in his head, called out, "Is Dombey there?"

A little time passed on, and the dream of Dombey and Son in this world was over. For the wistful, eager, old-fashioned little fellow had faded out of the life in which there was no mother to love him, and perhaps had felt the beckoning touch of the mother he had never seen in the world.

His father, his old nurse Polly, and his sister were with him when he died. Even the stern Mrs. Pipchin forgot her hardness, and softened very much when she said "Good-by" to the dear child, who had never been impatient no matter how irritating her words and ways had been. At the very last:

"Now, lay me down," said Paul; "and Floy, come close to me and let me see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves. They always said so."

In the wandering of his mind he thought himself back by the sea-side, where he and Florence had heard the waves, and where he had fancied that they talked to him of his dear mamma.

"Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?"

"He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face. But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go."

When, as I hope you will, you some day read the entire story of Dombey and Son, it will please you to find that the years which came with their changes finally altered the stiff and rigid Mr. Dombey very much for the better. Before that, however, he had a great deal of trouble to bear, and he at last learned to love his daughter Florence very dearly. It came to pass that a certain

white-haired old gentleman, escorted by a very, very old dog, would wander for hours along the sea-shore, playing with his little grandchildren; and nobody could have made the second Florence and the second Paul believe that grandpapa had ever been anything but the kindest, dearest, most loving playmate in the world.

Sometimes he would be absent-minded, and then the boy would say, "What, grandpapa! Am I so like my poor little uncle again?"

"Yes, Paul; but he was weak, and you are very strong."

"Oh yes, I am very strong."

"And he lay on a little bed beside the sea, and you can run about."

One would never have expected sentiment in Dr. Blimber's school, but it is the unexpected that often happens. Mr. Feeder fell in love with Miss Cornelia, and married her; and Toots, if you please—Toots became the adoring husband of Susan Nipper.



THE LITTLE CHEMIST.

OUR LITTLE CHEMIST.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON.

YES, that is the name that we call him,
Our Jack with the curly brown hair.
He has a snug nest in the attic,
And tries his "experiments" there.

His mother, half scolding, half laughing,
Declares she shall surely go wild,
And is thankful that out of her seven
She has only one "chemical" child.

When he comes down, he's all sorts of colors—
Red, grass green, and purple and black—
You'd think a wild savage had painted
That dear little chemist called Jack.

We're in dread all the time of explosions,
That he'll blow us all up some fine day,
Since he came down, his rosy face blackened,
And half of his curls singed away.

Yet his mother, in spite of her chiding,
Says oft, with proud, motherly air,
That the world will yet hear of our chemist,
Our Jack with the curly brown hair.



IN the next Number will be begun a short serial story, entitled:

A DAY IN WAXLAND.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK,

AUTHOR OF "THE HURRIHOFFER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY O. HERFORD.

This is a story in a vein somewhat similar to that whimsical extravagance, "The Hurrihofter." It will be found good for many a hearty laugh.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NORTH VIEW, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Last evening, while I was reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, my attention was attracted by the heading of the first letter in the Box. It was North View, Darjeeling, India. Our house is named North View, on account of the view; we can see ten miles off, but it is beautiful. Our house stands on the water-shed of the Delaware River and the Schuylkill. Will you tell me what of Dickens's works I ought to read first. I have read hardly any books besides Miss Alcott's works. I have tried several of Dickens's works, but the first or second chapter always stops me. I cannot get interested. About three weeks ago, about twenty of my friends went on a picnic. We went to a place in Bucks County; it was a pretty strip of land between the canal and the Delaware. There were two campers right near where we were. Some of us went up to ask them where we could get some spring water. They had a little tent, and about half a dozen fires served as closets. One tree was adorned with a frying-pan, a tin kettle, a pair of field-glasses, a necktie, and one cuff. They said that they had rowed up from Philadelphia, on their way to the Water Gap, but getting tired they landed there. They said also that they got up early and fish until ten, then take breakfast, and have the second and last meal at four o'clock. When we had finished our supper we went to the canal, and when a boat came up to the lock, we got on and rode up to the next lock. GEORGE A.

My advice to you about reading the works of Charles Dickens is to wait until you are a little older. For the present read Miss Yonge's, or Mrs. Charles's, Mrs. Ewing's, Miss Alcott's, Mrs. Whitney's, or Mrs. Lillie's works, in fiction; try Charles Carleton Coffin's works in history, and those of Thomas W. Knox in travel. After a while you will probably find that you can take hold of Dickens with interest, and I think *The Old Curiosity Shop* or *David Copperfield* would be good for a beginning. I myself prefer *A Tale of Two Cities* to any other of the great master's books; but they were not written for children, and one needs a little knowledge of life before reading them. I wish I could persuade the children of to-day to read the stories and histories of Jacob Abbott. Ask the young grandmothers, and some of the dear mothers, and they will tell you what a charm there is in the "Rollo" books, in the "Frankonia" in the adventures of Marco Paul, in the "Rainbow and Lucky" series. I am sorry for you, my dears, that you don't know the fascination of these pleasant volumes. Beg somebody to slip one or two of them into the next Christmas stocking.

HAINES FALLS, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are spending the summer at Haines Falls. It is a very pretty place, situated in the beautiful Catskill Mountains. I am ten years old, and have a sister who is one year and three months. She is named

About a mile from here are the Santa Cruz Mountains. They are quite small, but very pretty. Near the Haines Falls, which are 180 feet high. The other day we drove to Alligator Hook, which looks very much like an alligator, and has with much wide open. At home I have for pets a canary-bird named Primrose, because he is so yellow, and a kity named Muff. The kity lives at my grandpa's, on account of the bird. My dearest pet is the darling baby. I am your loving reader.

CLAIRE D. T.

HUNOK FALLS, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old. This is the first year I have taken the paper. I like it very much. It was a present from grandpa on Christmas. I go to school and study arithmetic, geography, reading, spelling, plants, and language. I have one little sister Mary and three brothers.

ELIZA A. MCGEE.

WANGANUI, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are two little girls, nine and seven years old. We live in Wanganui, New Zealand, on the bank of a river. A great many Maoris live in tents up the country. They come down in canoes with fruit and sometimes a little pig. We see the great white mountain Ruapehu from our windows. It is always white with snow. We have three brothers and one sister. Our baby brother is called Gordon, after General Gordon. We have four pets—Toody, a black cat; and Joey, a parrot; Long, a dog; and seven dolls. Papa calls us "Yonges." We hope to see this letter in print. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years. We all like it very much.

KEITHA AND HILDA MCB.

GLENDON, IOWA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We have taken your paper for a long time, and like it very much. We are having vacation now. We have three months every summer. I have one brother and three sisters. My youngest sister is two years old, and she is a pet. I am nearly fourteen years old, and will be in the highest room in our school next fall.

NEVA R.

DOWNSBORO, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have just finished looking over HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and noticed a letter from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, signed by Nan M. alias "Cecil Thorne," and I would very much like to correspond with her, as I am sure I'd like her. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and of course we all think a great deal of it. I am very much interested in Lucy C. Lillie's stories, and Howard Pyle's also. There was great rain here yesterday (Wednesday); it flooded the roads and pavement. It was up to the wagon-beds in the middle of the road. There was much damage done, but we haven't as yet heard the full account. I would very much like to see a letter from Johnston.

I think nobody in Johnsontown has yet had the heart to write to a gay little Post-office Box after so terrible a calamity as befell that place.

LAKE PLACASOT, MASSACHUSETTS.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—This place is not my home. I am here only for the summer. My home is in Troy. This is a very pretty place, with mountains right in front of us. The lake is very pretty. About a week or two ago I went fishing, but I did not catch anything. I took this delightful paper last January, and I like it very much. My favorite stories are "Dorymates" and "Captain Polly." For pets, I have a dog named Bella and a bird named Fred. I remain your affectionate reader.

NORTON E.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has been a welcome visitor in our family ever since the first number was published. I have been to New York several times, and have enjoyed the visit very much.

I had for a pet a little black and white rat, but it died about three weeks ago. I don't believe I can write any more, for it would make my letter too long.

CARLETON R. M.

FORT MCNAVERY, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am one of a family of nine, and have taken this interesting paper for two years. We live on a ranch of fifty-five thousand acres. This is not considered a very large ranch for Texas, but would seem large to some people, as it takes about all day to go from one end of it to another and return again. We have been living on this ranch for nearly five years. For pets I have two mockingbirds, a cat, a dog, and one dog. The name of the ranch I live on is Live Oak Park. We sometimes go to sheep-head quarters on a picnic, and like to see the flocks of sheep and cattle grazing on the hillsides of the valley. We have a pretty view of all the hills here for miles off. We live near a little town by the name of Fort McKavett. I liked the "Princess Lilliwinkins" best of all, and was sorry to see it end. We have a very pretty home, and it is situated on the San Saba River, which is a very pretty river and affords us many fine fish. We have a great many large flocks of sheep, and we all like to see them sheared and dipped. The branding of cattle is very cruel, I think, but we have to do it to distinguish our own from other people's cattle. We used to live in St. Louis, and papa moved to the ranch after the Indians stopped passing through the country, which was about seven years ago. The Indians were very troublesome then, and would sometimes kill people and would steal the horses.

EDITH B. (11 years old).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have just finished reading this week's YOUNG PEOPLE, and I look eagerly forward for the next number, as I am very much interested in "Dorymates," and I want to know whether Breeze and his father succeed in teaching the children to read. We live in New York (which is now closed) I study reading, writing, spelling, geography, grammar, history, music, and French. This winter I expect to join a musical club. At present I am a member of a croquet club that meets in the afternoon, and as croquet is a favorite game of mine, I enjoy it very much. My favorite authors are Louisa M. Alcott, Lucy C. Lillie, Susan Coolidge, Walter Ker, Kirk Munroe, Charles Dickens, and Mary Mapes Dodge. I have just begun *Micha Clarke*, and I find it very interesting.

Last month I returned from the West, having been as far as Denver. I think Chicago is a fine city, but I like Denver better. It is so pretty to the eye to look at. When I was in Colorado, after riding for miles on the prairie where only the sage-brush and cactus are to be seen, I could be greatly pleased to see my letter in print, but if it is not I will not be disappointed, knowing that there are so many other letters waiting to be published. Your loving reader,

DAISY FISKE R.

ROSELLE, NEW JERSEY.

Having become very much interested in the Post-office Box of your lovely paper, my sister has taken for a long time, I want to write and tell you about my trip to Europe last summer. We left home in March and returned in August, and during that time traveled in France, Germany, Switzerland, and England. We spent quite a long time in Paris, and also in Berlin and Geneva. I think Paris is a beautiful city, and I was much interested in all the cities we visited. In Switzerland we visited Grindelwald, and went on horseback to the large glacier there. They have cut a groove in the ice so that one can go into it. We were there in warm weather, and it was very pleasant and cool in the grotto, but sometimes it is so strange to us was that on coming out, we could not see the flowers at the foot of the glacier. Another interesting place we visited was Mürren, which is very high above the sea. We went there only had to walk a mile from the house and see the snow-banks, and saw a great many avalanches on the noted Jungfrau Mountain, which was opposite us.

HATTIE M. R.

LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have read and re-read the letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in hope of thinking one representative from La Grange, but I have not. I thought I would try to get accepted this time. I want to tell you of a party which my sisters gave, thinking it might be of some use to you. I want to give a new kind of entertainment; to some it may seem old-fashioned, but it may prove useful to a few. When the guests arrived they found the walls lined with rough newspaper cut out and pasted on. Each had then one of those present was blindfolded and led one of the pieces of paper and was told to try to hit the mark at drawing a pig. After they had finished, their names were put above the pig, and so on until all had tried, when the prizes were awarded, one for the best representation of a pig, and a "booby" prize for the worst.



MOTHER. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH YOUR NEW GUN, JACK?"

JACK. "FROWED IT DOWN DE WELL."

MOTHER. "AND HOW DO YOU EVER EXPECT TO GET IT OUT?"

JACK. "OH, WHEN DE WORLD TURNS OVER TO-MORROW, IT WILL DROP OUT."

HICKORY-NUTS.

THE leaves are all blown from the hickory-tree;

On the ground they are mouldering thick;

But the nuts madly cling to the branches, I see,

And I can't knock them down with a stick.

I've tried and I've tried till I'm weary and sore,

And to rest I shall perch on these rails,

Where I'll look at the nuts, while I think more and more

They are stuck on with glue or with nails.

They wouldn't come down if I fired off a gun

Where they're thickest of all, I suppose—

Oh goodness! oh gracious! I now have got one,

And I've got it right square on the nose.

R. K. M.

DOCTOR TAD.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SHE thought so much of her china—
Of her famous India blue,

Her Spode, and her Royal Worcester,

And her old Crown Derby too—

That she seldom had time to be quite glad

That she was—connected with—little Tad.

Tad's ball was a source of sorrow;

His shuttlecock drove her wild;

His handling and dandling made her quake

A holy terror, that child.

Her forehead was moist and her heart would stop

If he touched a bit, lest he let it drop.

But one day this lover of china

Fell ill. And the Doctor's tune

Was, unless he could open the pores at once,

That china'd be orphaned soon,

And he wrapped her with blankets and hot-water jugs,

And dosed her with diaphoretic drugs.

"She'll be well," said the Doctor, "the moment

That her forehead shows the dew:"

And he talked of tartar-emetic,

And ipecacuanha too;

But not jaborandi, nor all his art,

Could make any perspiration start.

And the awful words set Tad trembling

Like a wizard's magical rune,

Till he thought of the Palissy's counter-charm,

With the hammer to beat a tune.

"I'll engage, in the shake of a foot, that she

Will perspire without more ado," said he.

And he marched with that Palissy platter

To her room, the rosy knave,

Beating time. And her pulses answered,

And her blood in a boiling wave

Surged up, and the drops on her forehead stood,

And the Doctor called Tad's prescription good.



SARCASTIC.

LADY. "A FRENCH DOLL, PLEASE!"

SHOPMAN. "WHAT SIZE, MADAM?"

LADY. "OH, ONE SUITABLE FOR THIS LITTLE GIRL."

SHOPMAN. "MR. SAUNDERS, COME AND MEASURE THIS YOUNG LADY FOR A DOLL."



A DESTRUCTIVE SCARECROW.

HE MAKES A GOOD SCARECROW, BUT THEN HE GRUBS UP THE GARDEN WORSE THAN A HEN.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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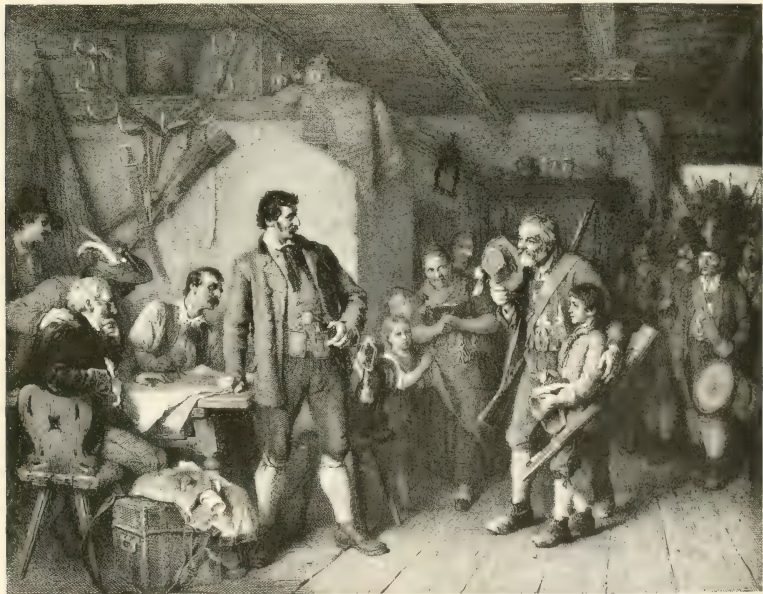
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ANDERL SPECKBACHER AT THE INN AT ST. JOHANN.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY DEFREGGER

BRAVE LITTLE ANDERL.

IN the year 1809 Andersl Speckbacher, a boy ten years old, was living a wild, free life among the Tyrolean hills, sometimes going with his father to hunt chamois, sometimes climbing steep crags for eagles' nests on his

own account; but whatever he might be doing, he was always clear-headed, brave-hearted, and strong-limbed.

The country of Tyrol had always belonged to Austria, but when Napoleon I. conquered all Europe he divided the various countries in any way that suited him best, giving a part to one king and a part to another, to repay

them for having assisted him with soldiers and with money. In this general division Tyrol was taken from Austria and handed over to Bavaria.

The Tyrolese peasants have always been a simple, devout, loyal people, deeply devoted to their country and their Emperor, and it was a great shock to them to be so summarily torn from their allegiance and made over to Bavaria, which they hated. Nor was this all, for the Bavarians treated them like a conquered people, and heaped insults and abuses upon them, until the brave peasants would bear it no longer, and rose in arms to free themselves from the yoke of the hated Bavarians, and to defend their right of allegiance to their own beloved Emperor.

Among these brave and loyal peasants, devotedly attached to their country, none was more loyal or more daring than Joseph Speckbacher, Anderl's father. He was always foremost in every fight, always more than ready for every mad enterprise. And Anderl was a boy after his father's own heart, with all his father's loyalty and love of country, and with all his scorn of danger and eagerness for adventure.

So when all the stout-hearted peasants had shouldered their carbines and marched away down into the Inn Valley to fight the Bavarians, Anderl thought it very hard that he should be left behind like a baby, when he felt himself quite as much a man as the best of them, though they did consider him only a little boy.

And so it happened that one day, when a hard fight was going on at the bridge of Hall, Speckbacher was startled by the sudden appearance of little Anderl at his side just as he was about to make another charge against the enemy. Amazed and shocked at the boy's danger, he quickly pulled him down to the ground to shield him as much as possible from the bullets falling thickly around them. But Anderl was up again in a moment like a jack-in-the-box, and in spite of his father's stern orders that he should go to the rear and keep out of the way of the fight, the irrepressible boy was always popping up close to his elbow. Finally Speckbacher was obliged to enforce his words with a few severe blows, which had the effect of keeping Anderl out of his father's sight at least.

Thus driven away from the battle, Anderl, hearing that ammunition was scarce, stationed himself on the edge of a wood, and busied himself in collecting the bullets that fell near him. Those which sank into the earth he dug out with his jack-knife. The next morning he presented himself to his father with his hat full of these treasures.

About three months after this, Speckbacher was in an inn at St. Johann, getting ready for another campaign, when he heard in the distance the sound of the Tyrolean war march. It came nearer and nearer, and presently several companies of Tyrolean peasants were seen approaching with shouts and hurrahs. They came on with drums beating and flags flying, and in their midst marched a boy armed with a carbine like the rest.

This was too much for Speckbacher's temper, and he grumbled to himself, "Hofer will be sending me reinforcements of babies soon!"

As the company entered the inn, the boy came timidly forward, and you can imagine Speckbacher's astonishment when he found it was no other than his own little Anderl.

It is this scene that the celebrated Tyrolean painter Franz Defregger has chosen as the subject of one of his pictures, which hangs in the Innsbruck Museum. You can judge for yourselves how well he has depicted the old Tyrolean inn, with the astonished Speckbacher and his curious comrades in the foreground, and the amused and yet half-sleepish look of the old peasant supporting An-

derl, who looks up under his eyes, as if deprecating his father's wrath.

Though he had eaten nothing for nearly twenty-four hours, he would not even hint to his father that he was hungry, but kept his eyes fixed on a beautiful rifle hanging on the wall, which seemed to possess great attractions for him. The landlord perceiving this, asked if he would like to have the gun for his own. The boy's flushed cheeks and shining eyes were answer enough, and the landlord made him a present of it.

Anderl's happiness was now complete, and he began at once to put his new possession to the proof. But the gun had been made for a strong man, and not for a boy of ten, and though he tugged and pulled with all his might, he could not even cock it.

Greatly mortified by his failure and by his father's laughter, the boy did not say a word; but shortly after, he went quietly to a gunsmith and explained to him a contrivance he had thought of to make his gun easier to manage, and this the gunsmith readily executed for him.

By this time Speckbacher had probably made up his mind that it was of little use to send Anderl away, so he kept him with him through all the battles that followed. This was not long, however, for about a month afterward Speckbacher, desperately wounded, barely escaped with his life, and Anderl was taken prisoner. Speckbacher's bold feats had made him detested by the Bavarians, and after the battle, hoping he was dead, they led Anderl over the battle-field to point out his father's body.

He soon recognized his father's sabre and fragments of his clothing, and believing him to be dead, he cried bitterly. But as he was not sure, he pointed out another body as that of his father, thinking this would make it easier for him to escape if he really were alive. Then he was led away into Bavaria with the other captives. As they came near Munich many people came out to see the captives, and among them was a little girl named Louise Mayr, who had an especial curiosity to see the little son of the famous Speckbacher. This little girl afterward became Anderl's wife. When the prisoners arrived in Bavaria they were shut up in the fortress of Landshut.

Little Anderl's fame had spread far and wide. The King heard of him, and wished to see the boy who had proved himself equal to the oldest and bravest men in valor and fortitude. So he sent for him to come to his palace in Munich.

What no privations had been able to do, this command accomplished, for Anderl shed bitter tears when he parted from his Tyrolean friends and set out for Munich. He thought himself marked out for some especial punishment, and declared that he was neither more nor less guilty than his companions.

With a heart heavy with dread of the fate that might be in store for him, the little Tyrolean peasant boy walked through the shining rooms of the royal palace into the presence of the King.

But even this stately presence had no power to subdue the native pride of the bold young mountaineer.

"What do you think will become of you now?" asked the King, among other questions.

"I suppose they will kill me, like my father," replied Anderl, looking straight up into the monarch's face with his brave boyish eyes.

"Nay, my boy," said the kind old King; "I don't think it will be quite so bad as that."

Nor was it so bad as that, for the King took charge of his education, put him at school, and interested himself in him during all the seven years that Anderl spent in Munich. When his education was finished he went back to Tyrol, where he married and spent the rest of his life.

A DAY IN WAXLAND.

BY R. K. MUNKITTECK,

AUTHOR OF "THE HICKSBOFFER," ETC.

I.

LITTLE TOMMY HAWK had been out in the woods all day, playing Indian. The chief of the tribe, Forty-six Stuffed Crows, had sent him across the small stream of water that ran through the wood behind the school-house, to see if he could discover the trail of the fugitive who had just crossed to make good his escape.

Tommy Hawk was so diligent in his search among the bushes, that before he was aware of it he found that it was impossible to retrace his steps. In other words, he was lost; and in vain did he endeavor to communicate with Forty-six Stuffed Crows and his braves by shouting. He would have wept if he could have done so consistently. But he knew it would be entirely out of place for an Indian to weep right in the devious tangles of the forest. So he tried to climb a tree to learn his exact whereabouts, for he was completely turned around.

On his way up the tree he met a bear, and as the bear was on the way down, and there was not room for them to pass each other, it was necessary for Tommy to show his politeness, and descend in order that the bear might reach the ground without interference. Of course Tommy was in reality afraid of the bear, but being in the guise of an Indian, he could not consistently show his fear.

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked Tommy, boldly.

And the bear stood on his hinder legs, and with a sunny smile replied:

"I'm a jolly old bear,
And I haven't a care
When I'm dining on cranberry pie.
Over hedges I vault
With a gay somersault,
When the wily fur-hunter is nigh.
Oh, my soul's full of song,
And I'm happy as long
As the wide-blowing forest's my lair.
With a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
And a tra, la, la, la—
I'm a jolly old cinnamon bear."

Then the bear began to whistle a lively tune, to which he danced in the most graceful manner.

"You are certainly a very singular bear," said Tommy.

And the bear replied:

"I'm a singular bear, with a spirit sublime,
And the cause of my many woes
Is that I can only talk in rhyme,
And can't say a word in prose."

"Do you mean to say that you cannot utter anything that does not rhyme?" asked Tommy.

And the bear said,

"I cannot utter a single
Sentence that does not jingle."

"I think I can teach you to speak in prose," said Tommy.

"How,
Now?"

asked the bear.

"Let's hear you say just one word?"

"May
Day,"

replied the bear.

"Say a word that does not rhyme?" said Tommy.

"I would
If I could,"

replied the bear.

"How old are you?" asked Tommy.

And the bear responded,

"I'll be seven upon my next birthday,
Which occurs on the twenty-fourth of May."

Tommy Hawk had seen many bears before. He had seen bears in menagerie cages, and he had seen stuffed bears in front of fur stores, and he had had toy bears carved out of wood, and he had read many stories about bears; but this chance acquaintance was altogether the queerest bear he had ever seen or heard of. The idea of a bear not only being able to talk, but being able to utter nothing but rhymes as good as any he could find in any of his nursery books!

He could scarcely realize where he was or what he was doing. He went so far as to stick a pin into himself to make sure that he was not dreaming. Then he said to the bear: "My name is Tommy Hawk, and I belong to the Suppawnee tribe of Indians. Our chief's name is Forty-six Stuffed Crows. That is not his right name, though. His right name is Willie Kimberley. We are only make-believe Indians, and that is the reason I am lost. Don't you think it very sad?"

"The story's sad that you impart;
Indeed it almost breaks my heart."

As a matter of fact, Tommy Hawk knew that he had seen men perform in bear-skins at the pantomime, and he was not at all certain that this was a real bear.

Perhaps it might be some one with whom he was well acquainted masquerading in the woods, and probably acting as a decoy to attract other bears. One thing was certain: the bear was a bear of refinement. Tommy had never heard a bear talk before, but if they all talked with the ease and grace of this particular bear, he concluded that they must be very desirable companions.

"Are you really a bear?" asked Tommy, suddenly.

The bear sang:

"If I am not a cinnamon bear
From my stub-tail to my cranium,
Why, then I simply must declare
The geranium's not a geranium."

"When are you happiest?" asked Tommy, who was really at a loss for something to say.

This was the bear's response:

"I'm happiest when I lightly bound
Beneath the hickory-tree;
I'm happiest when my pet cub's found
A-climbing upon my knee.
But the thing I like such a great big bit,
That it makes me smile till I cry,
Is videlicit, namely, to wit,
As follows: cranberry pie."

"It will pretty soon be time for you to lie in a torpid state, will it not?" asked Tommy.

"I never lie in a torpid state;
When the weather waxes cool
To Waxland I fly at an aviate rate—
I'm the King of Waxland's fool."

replied the bear, executing a lively step.

"The King of Waxland's fool?" repeated Tommy.

"The King of Waxland's fool, yes, yes—
I'm the King of Waxland's fool;
His life with merry jests I bless
On evenings soft and cool
I make him, when he's in distress,
Like a boy let loose from school,
I'm the King of Waxland's fool, yes, yes—
I'm the King of Waxland's fool."

"Who is the King of Waxland?" asked Tommy.

"He is the King of Waxland,
And not the King of Flaxland."

"But where is Waxland?" asked Tommy.

"Just walk a bit down your lane, and before a spring you'll see;
Some ten feet in diameter, a wondrous saprophyte,
And on its trunk you'll observe a great and goodly tree;
Most astonished when it opens like a country school."

"When the portal softly closes, and you find yourself inside,
You discover you are standing in a long and narrow aisle;
And if you will take the trouble down the same to lightly
glide,
You will shortly be in Waxland, which I think it's worth your
while.

"You will see the gay wax tapir spinning lightly on his nose;
You will see the fair wax dolphin on a silver waxen sea;
And, besides, you'll see some wonders which no mortal, I sup-
pose,
Ever witnessed, if you'll blindly, if you'll kindly, come with
me."

must say something, as he feared that the bear, if his mind were not diverted by pleasantries, might become despondent, forget himself, and devour his painted companion. At the same time, he thought that perhaps the whole story of Waxland was a mere ruse of the bear's to inveigle him into his cave for the purpose of converting him into a dinner. He fancied he could see Mr. Bear sitting at the head of the table carving him, and Mrs. Bear at the other end pouring the tea, and the little bears sitting in their high chairs, with their mouths open, and smiles of happy anticipation dripping down on their pinafores—such a family group, indeed, as he had seen in Mr. Culmer Barnes's pictures.

"Are you not often afraid you will be captured and converted into hair grease?"

"I'll never be bear grease,
I'll never be hair grease;
I'll never be bear oil,
I'll never be hair oil."

replied the bear, and he forthwith executed a dance with more agility and grace than is usually seen in the ursine race.

They were now pretty near the old sycamore, and the bear was feeling very lively, for he danced as he walked, and even when a butternut dropped and hit him on the nose, it did not put him in an ill humor. Turning a bend in the clearing, the sycamore appeared in sight. It was a gnarled old tree that no one would have taken for anything but an ordinary specimen, except that it was one of unusual size. When it came into the bear's vision he seemed very happy, for he began to sing,

"Pie, pie, cranberry pie,
As red as the harvest-moon up in the sky,
As sweet as the flowers that blow in the
vale,
As rich as the song of the rapt nightin-
gale.
I would like to ride daily unto my three
meals
In a chariot with cranberry pies for the
wheels.
I would just like to hear the sad wind as it
grieves
Through a forest with cranberry pies for the
leaves.
I should feel just as gay as a mouse in a
cheese
If I lived over yonder among the green
trees
In a little red palace just fifty feet high,
And constructed entirely of cranberry pie.
Pie, pie, cranberry pie.
You may hunt the world low, you may hunt the
world high,
But nothing can waken my rapturous sigh
In the very brief space that can cranberry
pie.
Cranberry very—"

But he was cut short, for in his wild enthusiasm he unconsciously touched the magic spring of the door of Waxland, and it flew open in his face, and struck him on the nose so hard that it gave him a sneezing fit. After it passed away, he sang,

"Oh, come with me! oh, come with me!
And merry Waxland you shall see."

And when they entered, the door closed behind them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



They entered and the door closed behind them.

"Ah, I'll be glad to go with you, good Mr. Bear," said Tommy, "because I am lost, and cannot find my way home, and I am sure I shall feel happy with such a kind, gentlemanly, refined bear as yourself."

The bear smiled, but did not reply, and they walked on together toward the sycamore which the bear had told Tommy was the entrance to Waxland. The whole thing was so queer to the little Indian brave of the Suppawnee tribe, that he did not know what to say even when he felt it necessary to say something. Finally he felt that he

THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

AWAY back in the sixteenth century old mariners told tales, and little lads who looked forward eagerly to the days when they too might become sailors listened breathlessly to the stories of the *Flying Dutchman*. With eyes and ears wide open, determined not to lose a syllable of the strange story, they hung on the words of some old salt, who told how, in spite of the terrible gale blowing directly in his teeth, the Dutch Captain Vanderdecken swore to double the Cape. All in vain was it that his crew expostulated with him, and begged him not to incense the spirits of earth and air that hovered about the place. In spite of the Evil One he swore to round the Cape—"ay, if it should take till doomsday." All unhappily for Vanderdecken, the Evil One heard his oath. And so it is that until this day the unhappy Captain, far from home and friends, is still beating about in those terrible seas, and never, never can he force his vessel forward or gain an inch toward rounding that terrible point.

This, at least, is one version of the story. But there is another. Not quite so cruel and so heartless was the Evil One—so some chroniclers tell us—as to doom Vanderdecken to struggle forever amid those fierce and tumultuous seas. Terrible as his crime was, his punishment might end when he had found some good woman who would love him in spite of his wickedness, and be faithful to him unto death.

Among the many writers who have told the story of the *Flying Dutchman*, few have handled it better than that old-time favorite and popular author of sea stories, Captain Marryat. Any boy who has not already done so, will have a treat before him if he will procure a copy of *The Phantom Ship*, and follow the story, as he tells it, of the wonderful vessel as she beats back and forth in the neighborhood of the stormy Cape she is forbidden to

round. Over sixty years ago a very singular account of a meeting with the *Flying Dutchman* was printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is a wild, strange romance of singular and thrilling power.

"Our ship," says the author, "after touching at the Cape, went out again, and soon losing sight of Table Mountain, began to be assailed by impetuous attacks of the sea, which is well known to be more formidable there than in most parts of the known ocean." A storm arises, and by the aid of the keen flashes of lightning a ship is descried "scudding furiously before the wind under press of canvas." The sailors recognize her as the *Flying Dutchman*, and one of them tells his mates: "We must keep clear of her. They say that her captain mans his jolly-boat when a vessel comes in sight, and tries hard to get alongside to put letters on board; but no good comes to them who have communication with him." The passengers and crew both laugh at the idea of any boat being able to live in such a sea, when suddenly Tom Willis, the man at the lookout, cries out: "Vanderdecken again! Vanderdecken again! I see them letting down a boat."

Another flash of lightning reveals the boat approaching their ship. A man "appearing like a fatigued and weather-beaten seaman" mounts the vessel's side, bearing some letters in his hand. In reply to the chaplain's question as to the purpose of his visit, he answers, "We have long been kept here by foul weather, and Vanderdecken wishes to send these letters to his friends in Europe." At this the Captain comes forward, and says, "I wish Vanderdecken would put his letters aboard any other vessel than mine." The stranger shakes his head sadly. "We have tried many ships, but most of them refuse our letters."

A long conversation ensues, in which the mariner from the haunted ship tells his sad story. They have lost their almanac, and do not know how long they have been at



THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN" DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

sea. They cannot make any headway toward their homes, and are only anxious to communicate with those they love. The Captain tells them that they cannot have been drifting about much less than half a century; and as for their letters, those to whom they are addressed must have been laid in the church-yard long ago.

The stranger wrings his hands. "It is impossible," he cries. "We cannot believe you. We have been long driving about here, but country and relations cannot be so easily forgotten. There is not a drop of rain in the air but feels itself kindred to all the rest, and they fall back into the sea to meet each other again. How, then, can kindred blood be made to forget where it came from? Even our bodies are part of the ground of Holland, and Vanderdecken says if he once came to Amsterdam he would rather be changed to a stone post well fixed into the ground than to leave it again if that were to die elsewhere. But in the mean time we only ask you to take our letters."

The colloquy goes on. The Captain, the chaplain, and all the crew of the vessel tell the stranger that his request is absurd, as every one that he could ever have known in Holland is dead long ago. To this he reiterates his sad cry, "It is impossible—it is impossible." Finally he offers his letters to each one of the crew. No one will take them. Then he lays them on the deck, places a piece of iron upon them to prevent their being blown away, and returns to his boat. The boat disappears in the mist, and then the question remains what to do with the letters. One of the crew says, "I have always heard that it is safe neither to accept them voluntarily nor to throw them out of the ship." At last the carpenter announces, "The proper thing to do with letters from the *Flying Dutchman* is to case them upon deck by nailing boards over them, so that if he sends back for them they are still there to give him." This they decide to do, but in removing the piece of iron that holds them down a gust of wind catches the unhappy letters, and they are blown far away. The story ends: "There was a cry of joy among the sailors, and they ascribed the favorable change which soon took place in the weather to our having got quit of Vanderdecken."

DORYMATES:*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PONIES AND GEYSERS.

AS there were no vessels in the harbor of Reykjavik, I save one that was taking in a cargo of ponies for Norway, besides the native fishing boats, and Breeze saw no chance of returning to America at present, he gladly accepted Lord Seabright's invitation to accompany him to the geysers.

Nimbus was to go, of course, to cook for the little expedition, and he looked forward with considerable anxiety to mounting and riding one of the shaggy little ponies that he had treated with such contempt upon the occasion of his former visit to the capital. He had never ridden on horseback in his life; but it was certain he must do so now if he expected to reach the geysers, for his own short legs would never carry him that distance, and there was not a wagon, cart, or carriage to be had in all Iceland. So horseback it must be, or not go at all; and during the several days of preparation for the trip Nimbus occasion-

ally went on shore, and gazed in silence and sadness at the little shaggy monsters that were being collected by the guide, evidently trying to determine upon which one of them it would be safest to trust himself.

The guide was a grave, fresh-faced young Iceland named Haik Giersen, who had conducted tourists to the geysers ever since he had been old enough to do so, and whose father, Gier Zöega, had been a guide before him. He had undertaken to buy the ponies for the expedition, and in consequence was the most eagerly sought man in the town. Everybody had ponies to sell; and though the trip would probably occupy less than a week, it was necessary to carry tents, provisions, blankets, and extra clothing, even for that short time, and they must all be carried on ponyback. Thus, for the party of four, including the guide, twelve ponies were required, two apiece to be alternately ridden and rested over the rough roads, and four to carry the camp outfit. It is necessary to travel thus in Iceland, because there are no hotels on the whole island but the one at Reykjavik. The country people are very hospitable, and will gladly share with a stranger the best they have; but they are also very poor, and most of their huts are so small and filthy, that one is not apt to accept their kind offers of food and shelter more than once.

At last all was in readiness, and the morning set for the departure arrived. It was dreary, wet, and chilly; but in spite of all that, an enthusiastic and curious crowd of towns-people had assembled to see them start. They were principally attracted by the sight of Nimbus, who had become quite a celebrity among them, and whom they regarded as by far the most important personage of the party. Breeze had found it hard to persuade his black dorymate to leave behind the white cap, jacket, and apron, which were his robes of office. Nimbus had finally yielded, and in their place now wore a fisherman's sou'wester, with ear-tabs to it, tied firmly on his head, a monkey-jacket the sleeves of which were several inches too short for his long arms, white duck trousers, and a pair of the carpet slippers, run down at the heel, without which no sea cook is happy.

The moment he found himself on the pony's back, from which his short legs stuck out almost at right angles, Nimbus leaned down over the animal's neck, twined both hands into its shaggy mane, and resigned himself to his fate. He could not be induced to hold the bridle, and would not have known what to do with it if he had. All the pack-ponies and spare animals were fastened, each to the tail of the one in front, to keep them from straying. As Nimbus was evidently incapable of steering his, it was made fast to the tail of the last pack-pony, and thus the unhappy cook brought up the rear of the procession.

At last, with much cracking of his leathern whip and shoutings of "Hur-r-r, hur-r-r!" and "Gä, gä!" (go on), the guide succeeded in getting the long line of ponies started. As Nimbus clung for dear life to his, the comical workings of his face aroused the spectators to yells of applause and shouts of laughter. It was more like a circus than anything they had ever before seen. So, amid the cheers of the multitude, the barking of dogs, the cracking of whips, and the squealing of the ponies, the party clattered through the rough streets of the fishy, evil-smelling town into the rougher roads of the black, desolate-looking country beyond, and were fairly off for the geysers.

These are about sixty miles inland, and nearly due east from Reykjavik. They are the largest and most famous objects of their kind in the world, even surpassing in size and the wildness of their surroundings those of our own Yellowstone Park, or the valley of the Russian River in California.

The road for the first day's journey led over rugged lava plains, up and down the foot-hills of the snow-capped

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492.

Jökulls, and most of the time through a country so barren as to contain no trace of human occupation. It often skirted dark lagoons and quaking bogs dotted with queer head-like tussocks of grass. In one of these poor Nimbus came to grief.

For greater ease in travelling, the ponies had been unfastened from each other when they had got some miles out from Reykjavik, and were urged to proceed at full gallop over the rough roads. This drew forth groans of anguish from Nimbus, who felt that he would not be able to retain his seat from one moment to another. He tugged at the pony's mane, dug his heels into its ribs, and finally so worked upon its feelings that it laid back its ears and turned directly toward one of the black bottomless bogs, of which there were several in that vicinity. In vain did the unhappy rider shout, "Whoa!" and in vain did the others pursue the flying beast. It would not stop until it began to feel the soft ground of the bog under its feet, and then it drew up so suddenly that its rider was flung far over its head, and landed at full length in the treacherous mud.

Dismounting and tossing his bridle to Breeze to hold, the guide, skipping from tussock to tussock, quickly made his way to where Nimbus was wallowing, in imminent danger of being suffocated. He got a rope under the negro's arms, and the others, catching hold of it, literally dragged him ashore. Here he sputtered, and choked, and rolled his eyes, and dripped mud from every point, and presented such a woe-begone and ridiculous aspect that even the grave Icelander laughed at the sight. As for Breeze, his excess of merriment caused the tears to roll down his cheeks, and he had hardly strength enough to help scrape the worst of the mud from the comical figure.

"You ought to have worn a diving suit, Nimbus," he exclaimed, between his outbursts of laughter.

"Oh, g'way now, young cap'n. You oughter be 'shamed makin' fun er ole Nim when he in a heap er trouble. I tell you, sah, dis cruisin' on dry lan' 's dangerous work, an' ef ebber ole Nim git back to salt-water he stick to um."

As a precaution against further mishaps of this nature, they lashed him fast to his pony after the manner of a pack, and once more the procession was got under way.

That afternoon they passed through a wonderful gorge known as the Almannajau, with sides of shining black lava rising as sheer and regular as though it had been hewn out by giants. Beyond it lay the valley of Thingvalla, showing scattered patches of fresh green grass, upon which sheep were grazing. In it stood a small church, and the house, or rather cluster of huts, in which dwelt the pastor of Thingvalla and his numerous family.

They camped for the night beside the church, though the hospitable pastor begged them to consider his dwelling as theirs for as long as they chose to use it, and urged them at least to sleep in his Bidstove, or guest-chamber. One breath of the foul, suffocating air of the interior of the house was enough for Lord Seabright, and to the great relief of his young companion he courteously declined in very good Latin the proffered hospitality.

As fuel was one of the scarcest articles in that vicinity, they accepted a pot of coffee from the pastor's wife, and made their dinner from it and what cold provisions they had brought along. They tried to eat some of the bowl of skeyer, or cheese curds, which the good man pressed upon them; but it was so rank that they were unable to swallow a single mouthful. It was thereupon turned over to Gierssen, who found no difficulty in eating the whole bowlful. In return for these favors, Lord Seabright presented the pastor with several tins of meat, with which he was greatly pleased, and for which he expressed thanks in the choicest Latin.

The next morning, after poor Nimbus, stiff, aching in every joint, and groaning at the hard fate that had

dragged him thus far away from the sea, had been lashed firmly to his pony, an early start was made. For a few miles the riding was comparatively smooth, and then the road plunged into the most awful country ever traversed by men and horses. It became an indistinct trail, only marked by occasional piles of stones, and the savage region through which it led was torn and rent to pieces as though it had been the battle-ground of demons. It was inconceivably blasted, scorched, and strewn with chaotic masses of lava. It was traversed in every direction by deep chasms, between which the trail, often but a few feet wide, wound its perilous way, and into which a single misstep would have hurled horse and rider, to be lost beyond recovery.

The frightful nature of this journey at first drew from poor Nimbus groans, prayers, and entreaties to be left where he was, and not taken any farther into what he termed "de home ob ole Satan hisself." Finally he closed his eyes, and passively allowed himself to be borne onward to what he believed was certain destruction.

It was a tedious day's ride; but after passing the Brara the country became somewhat better, and showed occasional little green valleys, in one of which the travellers rested for an hour and ate their luncheon. Here and there lonely huts were passed, and some flocks and herds were seen, as well as an occasional human being in the distance. Finally they reached the world-famed valley of the geysers, where, within a space of half a mile, some forty or fifty springs of all sizes and shapes boiled, bubbled, and sent up clouds of steam and sulphurous vapors.

Of them all, the two best worth seeing are the Great Geyser and the Strokhr, or churn. The latter can be made to go off, but the former only displays his superb fountains of boiling water when it pleases him to do so. Often tourists have waited near him for days, and then been compelled to leave without having seen an eruption.

A camping-place was selected on a plot of grass but a short distance from the basin of the Great Geyser, the tents were pitched, and Nimbus, with his spirits somewhat restored by reaching the journey's end, began to cook dinner. He had no need to make a fire, and there was nothing to make it with if he had wanted one. He simply followed Haik Gierssen's directions, and made coffee, tea, and a delicious soup in a boiling caldron of beautifully clear water that hissed and steamed on a rocky ledge a few yards back of the tents. Nimbus would not believe it was hot enough to cook meat until he had made a test by thrusting a finger into it. Then the howl of pain with which he snatched back his hand convinced the others that he was fully satisfied with his experiment.

While he was preparing dinner the others busied themselves in cutting sods with which to make the Strokhr "sick," as Haik Gierssen said.

The Strokhr is a funnel-shaped hole in the rock, about six feet across at the top, in which, some twenty feet below the surface, water boils and tumbles uneasily. In its depths are heard groans and rumblings, while occasional jets of hissing steam and upward rushes of water indicate its great uneasiness and desire to burst from its rocky prison.

After a huge pile of sods had been cut and stacked on its edge, Haik Gierssen said there was enough to make him very sick, and pushed them all into the steaming opening.

A terrible commotion followed, and peering over the edge, they could see the sods swirling and dashing about in the angry waters, while the rumblings and roarings were louder than ever. Suddenly, almost without warning, a vast column of ink-black water thereupon with foam and dotted with sods, was belched forth and shot up nearly a hundred feet into the air. It was a magnificent



"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE WORN A DIVING SUIT, NIMBUS," SAID BREEZE."

sight, and looked like a hundred fountains joined in one, and surrounded by clouds of steam and hissing spray.

The spectators sprang back, and running for dear life, were barely beyond reach of the boiling torrents as they fell back, drenching the ground for fifty feet about the mouth of this terrible churn. Again and again did the vast column of water shoot upward, as though the Strokhr had been made deadly sick by the sod pills administered to it, and was determined to get rid of them. It was a fearful yet fascinating exhibition of the hidden forces of nature, and Lord Seabright said that if he saw nothing more of the geysers he should feel fully repaid for all the hardships of the trip by this one display.

To Breeze it was so marvellous that he could find no words to express his awe and delight at the wonderful phenomenon.

The eruptions were continued at intervals through the night, and the sleep of the tired travellers was sadly broken by the heavings and groanings of the monster whom they had made so sick. Toward morning, in the midst of these, a heavy booming sound, apparently far down in the depths of the earth, was added to the other weird noises of this uncanny place, and a shout from the guide warned them that something important was about to happen. As they sprang from their tent there was a tremendous report, as of a park of artillery, and before

them, sparkling in the red light of the newly risen sun, towered the vast watery mass of the Great Geyser. It was snowy white, in striking contrast to the blackness of the Strokhr, and sprang upward in a series of great domes. For two minutes they stood fascinated by the superb exhibition; then, with a few gurgling gasps, the waters sank back into their underground boilers, and the show was over.

There was nothing more to wait for. They had been so unusually fortunate as to see both the Great Geyser and the Strokhr within a few hours, and so long as they lived the marvellous fountains would remain with them as vivid mind pictures. Now, to hasten back to the *Saga*, and leave this dreary land of fire and snow, ice and boiling waters as soon as possible, was the one desire both of Lord Seabright and Breeze.

"Come to England with us, McCloud," said Lord Seabright. "There you can sell your ambergris, get the best market price for it, and go home by steamer whenever you choose. If you stay here you may have to wait in Reykjavik a year before finding a chance to go to America."

Of course this kind offer was gratefully accepted by Breeze, who only asked that he might be set ashore at Queenstown, in Ireland.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A MERRYMAKING.—DRAWN BY W. T. SEDLEY

LACROSSE.

BY HERBERT BALCH.

IT has been for years the untiring devotion of lacrosse enthusiasts which has kept together even the semblance of a club. Eight years ago the cricketers of Staten Island would hardly admit of a lacrosse match on their "wicket." Last year the clubs at Staten Island were not only willing, but anxious, to have matches played on their grounds. This change of feeling is due almost entirely to the fact that the public have been educated up to the point of appreciating the skilful points in the game, and know that a lacrosse match does not necessarily mean an exhibition of brutality, as is frequently the case at a modern foot-ball game. Not only is this a fact, but the evidence of the fascination of the spectators, as the skilful dodger passes an opponent or a muscular defence man makes a brilliant throw, is proved by frequent applause. Men admire the game for its manly qualities, ladies are delighted with it because of the excitement, while boys are interested on account of its continuous activity.

Cricketers, admirers of the game of base-ball, and followers of foot-ball, will probably not admit that lacrosse requires more skill and more endurance than any of the three. But is it not a fact? It is unquestionably more difficult to catch a ball with a lacrosse stick than it is with the hands. It certainly requires more skill to throw a ball correctly with a piece of wood nearly four feet long, while it cannot be denied that the activity of the game necessitates a cooler head to defend the interests of his own particular colors. Nor do the requisites of this sport stop here. If the contending clubs are equally skilful, the ball is continually changing position. After an exciting attack on the defence, the players are only momentarily relieved by a long throw, the ball being frequently instantly returned, thereby not allowing the few moments for resting which one always can find in cricket, foot-ball, or base-ball. Continual sprinting is necessary; exhausting struggles are frequent, while cool, deliberate, yet active work under the sharpest checking is of the utmost importance at all times.

When the American team arrived in England in May, 1884, the question was frequently asked how popular was the game there. If the number of lacrosse teams and the size of the country is any criterion, this Indian sport is better received in Great Britain than it is in America. In that year there were about one hundred and twenty-five clubs in England alone. In the United States to-day there are between sixty and seventy-five clubs. Of this number New England has about fifteen, the Middle States perhaps about the same number, New York and vicinity, including Philadelphia, have about twenty, while there are some dozen or more in the West. This condition shows a steady advance in the past few years, as it is doubtful if there were five clubs having teams in actual existence when the National Association was formed some fifteen years ago.

Another decided advance has been made in the game in the last three years by the organization of the local associations. These have been formed with Boston as the head-quarters of one, New York of another, and Chicago of the third. It is probable that through the offices of these local associations matches will be more frequent and more centralized, and that there will be three or four annual association tournaments instead of one, as in the past. The interests of the game will unquestionably be greatly advanced by the addition of the new Berkeley Oval, in New York city. This ground was opened last fall, and should be in magnificent condition for games of all kinds in the present season.

Had lacrosse received ten years ago the support and encouragement that will be thrust upon it this year, there is

little doubt but that it would hold to-day as prominent a position as tennis. In the past it has not received its fair share of patronage. I never could understand why American boys do not play the game the same way as the young Canadians. Certainly if the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE should begin to play lacrosse as early as they do base-ball, they would find it better adapted to the corner lots and court-yards, which are often the only field that boys can command.

In the Dominion of Canada little fellows five and six years of age are frequently seen taking their lacrosse sticks to school, so that they can make good use of the fifteen or twenty minutes' recess. On their way home, with a bag of books strapped on their backs, the little fellows play on the streets with stones, or balls, or anything they can throw. In fact, a lacrosse stick and a boy in Canada are rarely ever separated. And it is because the boys begin to handle the stick almost as soon as they can walk that such marvellous players are developed across the border.

To see the great Ross Mackenzie, of Toronto, stand in the midst of four or five opponents, each with his stick ready to strike down the sturdy giant on the defence, while he almost deliberately would raise his lacrosse far above their heads, catch the ball, and throw it one hundred and thirty yards or more away from his flags, before the most agile of men could prevent it, this is certainly the height of skill. Again, for a man to run some fifty yards at the very highest rate of speed, while an equally skilful opponent is barely a yard behind him, and at the end of the race pick up a little rubber ball, dodge an opponent who is trying to check him, and make a straight and effective shot for the flags, requires the quickest movement and the coolest deliberation. Such skill and such endurance are only developed by years of constant and enthusiastic practice. Englishmen frequently remarked upon the wonderful fielding of some of the American base-ball players. But could they see a closely contested lacrosse match played by two of the famous Canadian teams, they would marvel still more at the skill, science, strength, and endurance men are capable of in field-sports.

The prominence of the game in the future depends, I think, on the vigor with which it is taken up in the large schools of this country. At the Lawrenceville School in New Jersey a most satisfactory beginning has been made. The Berkeley in New York has a number of fine young fellows who will in time develop into good lacrosse men, while in Pennsylvania and the northern part of New York State, and at some of the schools in New England, the boys have clubs which are beginning to make a name for themselves. A few of the Eastern colleges are doing good work. From the material at Harvard and Princeton more records should be secured than heretofore, but until the college men "officially recognize" lacrosse to the extent that they do foot-ball and base-ball, the probabilities are that not much progress will be made. To the boys we must look for the lacrosse-players of the future.

And so, my young readers, let me tell you what to do; listen to me for a moment. I have played lacrosse, and cricket, and foot-ball, and base-ball, and tennis, and in fact all the games that are known to boys. For over twenty years I have been in the field "early and late," and therefore it is not from a theoretical point I write, but from a practical knowledge gained at the experience of many hard knocks. I claim that you will give more pleasure to your friends by playing lacrosse, that you will develop your muscles better, that you will learn to be an all-round athlete sooner, and that there will be more individual fun and collective sport in becoming lacrosse men than by being such exclusive devotees to base-ball or foot-ball. Do not understand that I write against other field-games.

Far from it. But I do urge you most strongly to get together in your villages and your schools, and form clubs, and go in for lacrosse systematically. If you do, you will learn of many pleasures, and experience greater delights in your sports than you are aware of to-day.

The rules are simple and easily understood. A lacrosse outfit is inexpensive. A stick that with care will last several seasons, and a pair of light running shoes, are all that is required. Then, having bought your club, a ball of India-rubber, and four flag-poles, you will be ready to give battle. If you are a new player you can still take part, and I can assure you that you will afford no end of amusement to your friends. If, on the other hand, you are skilled in handling your stick, you will command their admiration and applause at your science and endurance.

A match can be played so as to be a continuous exhibition of graceful dexterity combined with scientific judgment, or it can be made the means for a display of unseemly struggles. This degradation of the sport should at all times be avoided. It is not a clever bit of work to hit your opponent on the arm or body instead of his stick when trying to check him. Select your referee for his good judgment, and then support him all you can by not playing in such a rough way as to call for his warning. In other words, learn to play a gentlemanly game, and you will feel proud of your ability to scientifically outwit your opponents.

A SERMONETTE ON ETIQUETTE.

BY MARY S. McCOBB.

AND if you have company of your very own? Ah, then no pains should be spared to give pleasure.

It is never proper, in her own house, for a girl to wear a dress so fine that any one bidden might feel her own clothes shabby or too plain. Neither is it well-bred to have or do anything simply for show.

To honor one's friends, the table should be set with the daintiest china and the brightest silver and glass. But if one has only plain crockery and pewter spoons, then the whiteness of the table-cloth, and the freshness of the napkins, and especially the cordial welcome, are all that is necessary.

Never apologize for anything on the table. If the bread is not quite as light as usual, or if the cake, alas! has a "heavy streak," do not call attention to it. It will make a bad matter no better, and apologies always put visitors in an awkward position.

Do not urge your guests to eat. It is proper for a friend to ask for any dish on the table. If so be he or she is shy, it may be allowable to say, "But are you sure I may not give you a bit of the turkey or a slice of the ham?"

If again your guest says, "No," do not insist.

Never say, "Shall I give you some more of this or that?" You do not wish to resemble the small boy who kept a written account of every mouthful his mother's unsuspecting guest ate.

If dancing be the evening's amusement, a hostess should be sure that every one is provided with a partner before she herself accepts one. If games are the order of the day, let her see to it that every one is drawn into the fun.

If a visitor stands alone, quickly, before there is a chance for him to feel awkward, go yourself to talk with him, or ask some one else to do so. That anybody should find himself ill at ease in your home reflects discredit on you.

There is no wider field for unselfish tact than in one's own parlor, and the motto for every hostess should be, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

LITTLE PHEASANT.

BY MARY DENSEL.

HE was an Indian chief. He lived in Dakota. Was he a Sioux? Oh yes. You know there are many branches of the Sioux. There are the Blackfeet Sioux, the Sans-are Sioux, the Minneconjou, the Two-kettle, the Ogalalla, the Bull-dog Sioux, and a host more. All these live in Dakota—all but the Santee Sioux, who are in a corner of Nebraska.

Little Pheasant belonged to still another tribe. He was one of the chiefs of the "Lower Brulés," but still a Sioux. Ah, yes, still a Sioux. As one might proudly say, still a Plantagenet, still a Bourbon, still of the royal Hapsburgs. For the Sioux are conquerors—warriors who have fought and overcome tribe after tribe of their copper-colored neighbors.

Why "Brulé"? Because of the tradition that certain ancestors had been burnt to the thighs in a prairie fire. Where is your French dictionary? *Brulé*—burnt. *Lower Brulé*, because the tribe lives in southern Dakota. But, as I said, still a Sioux, with good reason to hold their heads high, to walk with a—shall we say "strut"? Perhaps that is what an enemy might call it. A Sioux would say, "with lofty dignity." It makes a difference from which point of view we look at anything.

"Haughty," "fierce," "cruel," "No good Sioux but a dead Sioux"—so many persons would tell you. Others would say, "Proud, savage, revengeful, but also grave, reverent, grateful for kindness." And I notice that it is those who have tried to help the Indian to better living who speak hopefully of him.

Little Pheasant and the other chiefs once had great possessions. Hundreds and hundreds of miles lay before them, over which they hunted game. They were the people of that far-stretching land. They knew how to manage their own affairs. They had laws of their own. They had a religion of their own. They were strong and powerful and brave. They were stanch friends and implacable foes. Whatever else they revered, each man believed heartily in himself.

"I—a Brulé Sioux." But one day, before the entrance of Little Pheasant's wigwam, appeared a strange being—a beautiful, majestic, glorious being. She was tall and strong and commanding. Little Pheasant looked at her in amaze. She looked at him, and under those wide-open, intelligent, compelling eyes, for the first time in his life Little Pheasant began to tremble.

The stranger did not smile. Her face was very stern, and when she spoke her voice rang like a clarinet. "I want your lands," she said.

Little Pheasant stumbled to his feet. His eyes flashed. He snatched up a weapon. But the marvellous creature waved her hand, and lo! Little Pheasant saw behind her regiments of blue-coated soldiers and a surging nation of white men.

"Your people shall accept my control instead of your own," the resolute voice went on.

Again Little Pheasant's heart blazed within him. But suddenly he sank back, cowed and terrified, for beyond his regal visitor, blocking the horizon, loomed a massive building with a lofty dome. Up and down the steps, in and out of the doors of the edifice, passed men with determined faces. They stared at the crouching Indian. "We make the laws; you shall abide by them," they said; and there were more and still more soldiers in the background.

Once more the terrible, beautiful stranger spoke. "You shall take my religion in place of your own."

Little Pheasant's face was grim and sullen, while over the speaker's shoulder he saw more pale-faces; but these looked kindly at him, and though his heart was hot and sore, he could see that these latter wished him well.

"I shall watch you day and night," the awful voice



"THEY TILLED THE GROUND WITH EXTRAORDINARY IMPLEMENTS."

went on. "I shall take your land, your chiefship, your religion, into my own hands. I shall rule you with a rod of iron. I am stronger than you. In the end you must confess that I am wiser than you. My name is Christian Civilization."

She turned away; but as Little Pheasant cowered in his wigwam he knew that in some mysterious way her eye was on him.

He saw again and again the men who followed in her wake. They looked at him with disapproval. They tilled the ground with extraordinary instruments. They built dwelling-places far superior to the wigwams of any Indian. They were masterful, these white men. Into narrow and still narrower places they crowded the Sioux. They drew boundary lines about the camping-grounds and said, "These you shall not pass." The game on the vast prairies grew less and less before the tramp of the army and the settler.

The Sioux hated the new-comers. They feared them. Their old pride broke slowly but surely under the contempt of the whites. They saw how superior the pale-faces were to them in every way. Little Pheasant held his head high no longer. He had been supreme; now he was—nobody.

Little Pheasant, silent, moody, sullen, knew that his day had passed. It was of no use to contend. Then, when the sun had gone down, and the fire outside the wigwam burned low, the old chief remembered that he had once had a glimpse of kind eyes. He had heard of a school, a hundred miles or so up the river, at the Yankton Agency. There was no chance in life for himself. But for the boys of his tribe! A gleam almost like hope warmed his broken heart.

"I will send my boys," said Little Pheasant.

So several of the Brulé lads came one day to the school, to be taught the new ways, to be—civilized.

The weeks were dull to the old man left behind. He yearned after his children, and a sharp-toothed suspicion gnawed at his heart. What if after all those white men were not doing the fair thing by his boys? Who could say? What were a parcel of Brulé boys to the lordly masters? A spark of the old flame burned hot. Little Pheasant would go and see for himself. It was a long journey, but he would go.

There was a service in the log chapel the day that Little

Pheasant reached the agency. He knew nothing about chapels, but here he might find his boys.

At the door, tall, stately, grand, just as he had seen her before, stood Christian Civilization. Little Pheasant recognized her. He almost thought that her brows were umbent, and that a smile was in her eyes. She did not prevent as he slunk past her, and he found himself inside the chapel.

He would see, oh, he would see for himself how these new people managed. And if his boys were abused, might the spirits of his fathers, might the Great Spirit himself, come to his aid. There should be vengeance against these Christians, these usurers.

But as he sat there the quietness of the place soothed the old man. He grew calmer, till suddenly there stole

on his ear— What was it? Little Pheasant had heard the winds rushing through the forest at night. This distant sound reminded him of that.

Waters hurrying over stones; the call of an eagle far, far away; the low notes of the robins ("Opechee"), the twitter of the bluebirds, the hum of insects on a still summer afternoon after a rain, when the sun was hot and the earth sent out a smell of sweet grasses—Little Pheasant was dimly conscious of all these.

The sound was growing louder, coming nearer.

The chapel doors were thrown open, and men and boys, in a long procession, were coming in. They were singing. Little Pheasant had never heard music like that. He did not understand it. It was enchanting, perplexing. It woke strange longings in him. It troubled and quieted him. It made his blood flow quickly. The recollection of why he had come seized him. He stood upright, and stretched his neck forward.

There—there—there, in the midst of the other boys, were his own. Side by side with a white lad walked Little Pheasant's son.

The procession was going up the long aisle to the further end of the church.

Gathering his blanket about him, the old man half crept, half crawled stealthily after them. He crouched upon the top step, his mouth and eyes wide open. And did they turn him away? No, no—a thousand times no! All through the singing he sat there, his face stained with paint, his moccasins worn with travel, his blanket hugged round him.

Little could he understand. But his sharp eyes took in more and more, and he became sure and surer that his boys, the Brulé boys, far from being oppressed and ill-treated, were cared for exactly as if their red faces were fair, and as if their straight black locks were sunny, like those of their comrades. There was indeed "a good time coming" for the new generation. For all her sternness, for all the injustice so often done in her name, Christian Civilization meant well by the Indian.

Comforted, the broken-down old chief shut his tired eyes, and fell into a peaceful sleep right there in the face of the whole congregation. The boys were ready to laugh. But their large-hearted friend who trained them and taught them was far more ready to weep for very tenderness.



I.

ELIZA ANN was far from good;
She did not act as children should,
But fought and quarrelled so at play
The boys and girls all ran away.



II.

Her grandma said, "Take care, my dear;
The rabbit witch will come, I fear,
And steal you one of these fine days,
Unless you learn to mend your ways."



III.

But yet Eliza did not heed;
She was a naughty girl indeed.
So now the rabbit witch has come,
And carries her away from home.



IV.

Down in the marshes far away
The rabbit's children squeak and play;
They tease Eliza till she cries,
And with her apron hides her eyes.



V.

When market-day comes round again,
The witch locks up the house, and then
She bids the rabbits, while they play,
Not to let Eliza run away.



VI.

Now she has gone, Eliza takes
Her apron, and a doll she makes.
"Just see this apron girl," she cries;
"Look at its nose and button eyes."



VII.

And now her frock with belt and fold
Into another doll is rolled;
She gives it to the rabbit boy,
Who squeaks and stamps his foot with joy.



VIII.

The rabbits both sit down to play,
And then Eliza slips away.
But while they rock their dolls and sing,
The witch brings home her marketing.



IX.

"Where are you, children dear?" she cries.
The little rabbit girl replies.
"Out here beyond the hedge we sit;
I pat my girl, and play with it."



X.

She leaves her work and hurries out
To see what they can be about;
And there the old witch does but find
The clothes Eliza left behind.



XI.

Off after her the old witch ran.
Oh, haste! make haste, Eliza Ann!
And now her home is reached at last;
She shuts the door, and makes it fast.



XII.

But for Eliza, from that day
She no more quarrelled at her play,
But was so gentle and so mild
All loved to stay with such a child.



A STOLEN MEAL.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

AN APPEAL.

The little middle daughter.
Just eight years old today;
Her hair is bright as sunshine,
Her look is sweet as May.
So plump and round and dimpled,
Pray what can grieve her now,
The little middle daughter.
For a shade is on her brow?

"Please, would you like it, madam?"
The little maiden cries.
And something like a dew-drop
Is trembling in her eyes.
"To wear your sister's dresses,
Cut down for fitting you,
While Jessie, ten, and Mollie, six,
Have always something new?"

"You see, when Jessie's gowns and capes
Are fashioned o'er on me,
They soon wear out, oh, yes indeed,
As fast as fast can be,
And Mollie never gets them,
So she's like a fairy queen,
And Jessie's like another.
And I'm the one between."

"I wish you'd tell my mother,
(Oh, not that I'm afraid,
Except to hurt her feelings),
That her little middle maid
Would be the gladdest being
If she might have from town,
Just once, and all hers only,
A single whole new gown."

So, as I'm sympathetic,
Dear mothers, heed I pray,
The little middle daughter's plea,
Which I send forth to-day.
So plump and round and dimpled,
So swift your will to be,
Please, when you buy the autumn things,
Just buy her one thing new.

ACUTE ELMSTED

ECON, NEW YORK.

Although I have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for almost five years, yet I have never written to you before. I think it is a splendid paper and the story I liked best was "Pico." I have just read Alice's letter from St. Louis, Missouri, and wish to tell her that I have studied shorthand for two years. I have had one lesson a week, and do not study it in the summer vacation. I am fifteen years old, and expect to study it for two or three years more, so as to learn it thoroughly.

FLORENCE K.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I have written you a letter before, but as you did not print it I have concluded to try again. I have just returned from a delightful visit to Peninsula Park, a little watering place near Barrie. I spent two weeks there, and I wish to tell you that I have enjoyed myself very much. There were dances every evening, and there was a bowling-alley and lawn-tennis, and also croquet, and of course boating and bathing. One day my aunt and three cousins and myself paid a visit to the Indian camp, which is a mile and a half from the park. We saw them making baskets and pretty birch-bark things. There was the dearest little mapoose there only six months old. She had the loveliest brown eyes I ever saw. I asked an old squaw the papoose's name. She said something that sounded like Wa-qualla. I love reading, and am always reading. I read a book through in a day. I am very fond of all Sir Walter Scott's works. I liked "Captain Polly," and am very much interested now in "Dormytes." Can I be one of your Little House-keepers? Next time I write I will send you some good receipts that I have used often and found very good. How would you think I am, dear Postmistress? I am very big for my age. Everybody thinks I'm older than I am. I have not been weighed lately, but two or three months ago I weighed 111½ pounds. I am five feet five inches tall, and have very broad shoulders. But now I must close. Your loving little reader, M. E. P.

older than I am. I have not been weighed lately, but two or three months ago I weighed 111½ pounds. I am five feet five inches tall, and have very broad shoulders. But now I must close. Your loving little reader, M. E. P.

Is my little correspondent perhaps thirteen? Do not read so rapidly, dear. Of course when you speak of reading a book through in a day, you refer to a book of small size. But, in the first place, fast reading is as unwholesome for the mind as fast eating for the body, and in the second you should run about play, even romp a little, and not sit still all day.

MANCHESTER, KENTUCKY.

I am eleven years old. My brothers have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the last four years, and like it very much. When it comes we all want it. I have three brothers and two sisters; the baby will be three years old next month. I will be in the Fifth Reader if I am glad to read it. The Fast Flying Virginia will pass in a moment; it goes right up, and we all run out to see it. It is very pretty indeed. I love to read the letters in the Post-office Box. My favorite stories are "Dormytes" and "Captain Polly." My letter is getting quite long, so I must close.

LIZZIE S.

SEABOARD, NEW JERSEY.

Your charming paper reaches me every Wednesday, and I can hardly wait for that day to arrive, so impatient am I to read the delightful continued stories and the very interesting short ones.

I have just come home from a visit I have been making in Massachusetts. I had a splendid time there. We went in bathing every day, and as the house is situated right on the water, it was very convenient and agreeable. As I have always been accustomed to bathing in the ocean, it seemed at first a little strange, but I found it much nicer in the way of swimming. We are going to Europe in the fall, and I expect to enjoy the Exposition very much. I have been before, so that many of the other things I shall see will not be new to me. How I wish you would come here in the summer! I am sure, dear Postmistress, I would know you right away. I have looked at your picture so often. What fun I would have showing you all my possessions, such as my bird, my ponies, my dog, and last, but not least, my dear cat! I am sure you are fond of animals too, are you not?

I send the answer to a puzzle I found out. I am going to try and find out more when I have time, but I send you this one as a beginning. I must now say good-by, dear Postmistress.

A. S. P.

HICKORY, LINCOLN COUNTY, ARKANSAS.

My little sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all think it a splendid paper. I am very much interested in "Dormytes," and like "The Princess Lilwinkins" very much. My father has a large cotton plantation here, on the Arkansas River. I live here also. I have a school here, my sister teaches us at home. We have an orchard of 360 pecan-trees, and I like to gather them very much. I have two grown sisters, a little sister, and a grown brother. I am

nine years old, and will be ten on the 26th of August. I wrote to you once before, when I took HARPER'S in 1887. For pets, we have a cat named Tom and two puppies named Glen and Roy. I am afraid my letter is too long, so I must close.

NELLIE S.

PHEON, PENNSYLVANIA.

My favorite stories are "A Captured Santa Claus," "Captain Polly," "New Thursday's Trial," "How Miss Jessy Saw Thanksgiving Day," "Becky's Graduating Dress," and I am very much interested in "Dormytes." F. P.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I get HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and I think it the best paper for boys in the world. I like reading the letters in the Post-office Box, and though I am only a little boy, and will not be nine years old till September, I want to write a letter to this department. I came here from the north of Ireland four years ago, and remember the voyage well. It was very pleasant, though I was a little sea-sick at first, but have since been a healthy man, who will be seven in September, and a little brother who was born in this country; his name is Robert. I will become an American citizen if I live, and try to honor to this grand country. We came from Larne, a small sea-port in the north of Ireland, where the State Line steamers sail from. It is very pretty, nestling at the foot of big green hills, and our house was very pleasantly situated, a short distance from the sea. There were delightful walks on all sides; up beautiful hills, with green banks on both sides of the road, covered with daisies and primroses in spring. Where we lived the air was filled with the beautiful smell of hawthorn blossoms all through the early summer. Away a short distance from the little town were hills, where there was a grand view of the sea, and the coast of Scotland like a cloud far away. I have six cousins in a town named Ballymore, where we live now; their names are Daisy, Mary, Amy, Delia, Nora, and Grace. I have a dear little boy cousin in Washington, named Albert. He lived in Bowling Green, Virginia, two years ago, and we all went there to see him. Bowling Green is the prettiest village you ever saw; so quiet and country-like, with lots of lovely and fine trees. I like to think of it and my visit there. I am reading "Dormytes," and like it very much. I often spend the evenings sitting on the stoop with a good book in my hand, and sometimes have conversations about almost everything. Please excuse this long letter. Your faithful reader, CHARLES T. A. MCL.

It is a very good letter indeed.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I have written you a letter before. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE six years. I liked "Captain Polly," "A New Robinson Crusoe," and "Dormytes." I will tell you about my pets. I have a parrot, a bird, and a kitten. I live on a farm. I have three sisters and one brother. I am nine years old. I think I will close my letter now, so good by. BUCK A. W.

ARDEEN, NEW ENGLAND, NEW SOUTH WALES.

DEAR POSTMASTER, Mother has just been reading me the interesting letter from that sick lady. A little friend and I go to the hospital nearly every Sunday, and take a little bunch of flowers for each of the poor sick people. There are about twenty people there, and there are three little boys, one with a broken leg, one with sore eyes, and one with an abscess in his leg. We have not many flowers now, as it is midwinter with us, but we still have violets and mignonette, and Chinese honeysuckle, and so make up, as that dear lady said, something white, something bright, and something sweet. I am a little girl ten years old. Your little friend and reader, THIX H.

I am sure our dear Louisville friend, Miss Jennie Casseday, will be pleased with this little letter.

SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

I have never written to you before, so I thought I would write to you to-day. I live on a farm of 333 acres, with my mother, and little sister. I have two goats and a pig. I have a horse, besides six sheep, a sow, and some pigs. I go a mile to school, and sometimes drive my goats. I have been to St. Louis, and I have been to the State-house at Springfield. I will close now. Good-by. ROY H.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

I like Howard Pyle's stories, and I would like to see some more of them in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like "The Little House-keepers." I have read "Dormytes" and "The Little House-keepers." I like "Dormytes," and I like them both. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best of all. We have a cat named Tabby, and St. Nicholas. We have a cat named Tabby.



A BOSTON man came to New York,
Of the Hub's great attractions to talk;
On the very next train
He went right home again,
He missed so the beans and the pork.

A NEW SWIMMING GAME.

SOME enterprising person has invented a game called water polo. When hockey began to be played on horseback it received the new name of polo. Hockey on the ice is an amusement almost as old as skating, yet, strange to say, when it is played on roller-skates it is called "polo on skates." There seems to be something fascinating about the word polo, and certainly it is a prettier word than hockey. But why administer so severe a snub to an old friend by changing its name when it is pursued under other circumstances than those in which it won our early regard?

Water polo is not so much like hockey as polo is; that is, horse polo. It is played with a large air-tight rubber ball, eight inches in diameter. The goals are posts set at each end of the swimming bath. The distance between the goals is thirty yards, and between the two posts of the same goal six feet. Three feet above the water the posts are connected by a crossbar. If one end of the bath should be shallow (so that the goal-keeper has his head and shoulders above water), the height of the crossbar may be four or even five feet, for the goal-keeper can spring to a good height from the floor of the bath, and so defend a high goal. On the other hand, if the goal-keeper is in deep



OUR HOME GUARD GOING ON DUTY.

water, he can only spring from the water, and trust to the length of his arm. Thus his reach above his head is not great.

The object of the game is, of course, to send the ball over the crossbar and between the posts. The ball may only be seized and thrown with one hand, and as it is so large and always wet, it is by no means easy to pick it up and throw it to the goal. Thus the game depends largely upon batting the ball with the hand and driving it toward the goal. No "collaring" is allowed, but a player may interfere with an opponent by getting in his way while he is swimming for the ball.

This game cannot easily be played in the sea, but it might be tried in a pond, provided that suitable boundaries could be arranged.

A FIGURATIVE FESTIVITY.

(A RIDDLE.)

THE castle walls were old and hoar,
And mantled by the creeping four;
The heir was come of age that day,
And two were bright, for all were gay
Oh! many a five, one, cipher, fifty,
Within the hall made tuneful din;
A hundred, one, five, one, and fifty
Attendants bowed the nobles in.
No thousand, one, fifty, and fifty
Might turn more smoothly its great wheel
Than dames—none danced one, fifty, fifty—
Moved in gavotte, pavane, or reel;
They danced—a fair sight to one hundred—
Until the candle-lights decreased,
Became five hundred, one, a thousand,
And dawn was rosy in the east.

E. CAVAZZA.



WELL WORTH THE MONEY.

"HERE Y'ARE, GENTS. YOUR TRUE FORTUNE AND ALL THAT'S A-GOIN' TO
HAPPEN TO YOU IN LIFE, ALL FOR FIVE CENTS."



"WHAT! WHAT! HAPPINESS! LONG LIFE I TELL YOU, BILLY, IT'S
WELL WORTH A NICKEL!"

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF "UPLAND AND MEADOW," "WASTE-LAND WANDERINGS," ETC.



NOT long since I checked the flow of a diminutive brook that barely trickled over a most tortuous course, and during midsummer was often a thing forgotten. By building a dam I raised a shallow pond about two hundred feet square, and nowhere more than eighteen inches deep, save at its outlet. Here are now growing beautiful water-lilies—pink, yellow, blue, and white—the stately lotus, and many a pretty aquatic plant from foreign lands. Of these I have nothing now to say, except incidentally, but a good deal concerning the remarkable zoological features of this artificial pond in the corner of an exposed upland field.

I am quite sure that the most skilful hunter would have found no game had he scoured this and the adjoining fields, even with trained dogs; no trapper would have deigned to set a snare anywhere about the place, and the naturalist would have considered the outlook most unpromising. As in every farming district, here were acres of corn fields, wheat fields, truck patch, and pasture, and nothing but grass or growing crops to relieve the monotony of the landscape. Every vestige of wildness has long since been improved off the face of this region, and grasshoppers, mice, and field-sparrows constitute the fauna. That is, apparently so; and how readily we underrate the merits of the so-called commonplace in nature. The truth is, every inch of these unsuggestive fields has ever been and is familiar ground to hosts of cunning creatures, or how else could the pond that was formed in a few days have become tenanted as it now is? The remarkable promptness with which every nook and corner was occupied by some water-loving animal almost the very day the pond was formed shows how much is overlooked if we familiarize ourselves only with the events of the day, and ignore, as usual naturalists are all too apt to do, the night side of nature.

If the reader were to stand on the bank of the little pond early in the morning, his attention would doubtless be drawn exclusively to the lilies, and the skimming barn swallows or fiery dragon-flies that outsped them would not be seen. Here and there the waters would be rippled, but only the broad leaves of the lotus trembling in the breeze would catch his eye, yet that ripple marks the progress of a monstrous water-snake. Charmed by the beauty of a trailing vine that rests like an emerald serpent on the pond's placid surface, the deep tones of enormous frogs will be unheard, yet here are giants of their race that quickly found the spot, many of them larger and more musical than their brethren in the meadows. By the side of a miniature lily from Siberia, scarcely an inch in width, may pop up the rugged head of the ferocious snapping-turtle, but the on-looker will see only a bit of wood floating in the water, so absorbed is he in the wonderful display of aquatic bloom.

Now this is not an imaginary case, but the record of more than one actual occurrence, and I lay stress upon the particulars because it shows how readily we overlook so much that is well worth seeing. These few square rods of shallow water go not so much to make a lily pond, although this was my sole intention, as to form a zoological garden on a quite extensive scale.

Let us consider now some of these unbidden and unwelcome occupants of the pond. Of the mammalian life, first in bulk as well as destructiveness is the musk-rat.

It is not so much of a wonder that these animals so soon appeared. They are given to nocturnal wanderings. This is the night side of their nature that we must keep in mind. In this case they had but to follow the windings of the brook for a thousand yards from a creek, where they have always been, to reach the pond. The curious feature of their coming was that in so short a time they had securely established themselves. They seem to have said to themselves, "This is to our liking," and without delay dug their underground retreats. They considered the pond their own, and in one night the smooth and sodded bank was marred by a line of treacherous hills and hollows. Then broad leaves and thick stems of lilies began to float about, clearly cut from the parent plant. The culprits were well known, yet days and weeks passed without one being seen. But a single moonlit night sufficed to tell me what I had guessed: their hours of activity are when men are supposed to be asleep.

The wary mink, too, came nightly to the pond, and if it fished in the waters, it was for the many frogs that abounded, but I found no mangled remains of the old fellows that outcroaked the myriads in the meadows.

Then rabbits, mice, and squirrels came trooping to the water's edge, stood there, and wondered at the novelty of a bit of the meadows being brought from the lowlands to this dry and dusty field; and when a prowling dog came by, how with one wild squeak they vanished, and left the pond to the bewildered dog and myself, and then to myself only, for the dog soon turned to follow the trail of the fleeing rabbits; and here I tarried long, gazing in rapture upon the lotus by moonlight.

It is Gordon Cumming who has described with wonderful vividness how herds of antelopes and elephants, and even many lions came to drink at night from pools near which he lay concealed. What a boon to a naturalist to see these mighty beasts under such circumstances!

It may seem very absurd to think of one when speaking of the other, and ludicrous to compare them; but when I sat concealed by the little lily pond and saw these little animals, musk-rats, rabbits, and even smaller fry, come to the water's edge, I did think of the great lion-hunter of South Africa, and honestly believe I could realize, even more vividly than when I read his thrilling pages, what he had seen.

Probably no feature of wild life is so characteristic of water scenes as the tall wading birds, herons, snipe, and sand-pipers. I did not anticipate the coming of any of these, unless it might be the little teetering sand-piper that is practically a land bird; but it has kept aloof, so far as I know, while stately herons have come and trod the grassy shores and fished in the shallow depths. These birds are not a feature of the day, however, and unless you are abroad after sunset you would not suspect their presence. And then do not expect too much. Probably some of the wonderful stories concerning herons, bitterns, cranes, and storks have come to your notice, but it is quite certain that our North American species are quite prosy, and set off by their size the waterscape far more than they embellish it by wonderful habits. It is true they are expert in catching frogs, cray-fish, and even mice; but however bright the moonlight, you can see next to nothing of all this. The facts have been reached from dissection more than observation. And what of the "powder-down patches" upon a heron's breast? The fable that these emit light and illuminate the water sufficiently to enable the bird to see a fish in the water is still repeated, and a greater error never found utterance. It is a pretty fancy, so the more dangerous, as it crops out every now and then to the deceiving of the unsuspecting reader.

I have spoken of a monstrous water-snake. This serpent has long been a feature of the pond, and when in the upland fields laying its eggs it probably smelled the water, and so turned northward toward the lilies, instead of returning southward to the splatter-docks in the meadows. I have cornered the creature several times, and always found it exceedingly surly. To be held in the hand it considers an insult, and bites with a rapidity of motion of the head that is marvellous. Its teeth are pretty sharp, too, and bring blood when the hand or bare arm is struck; but then its violent efforts are so amusing that one forgets all about the pain. This snake loves a moonlit night, and at such times occasionally floats upon the surface of the pond without making the slightest motion, and a stranger would suppose it to be a small limb of a tree. This apparent rest, however, has a purpose behind, and is, I think, connected with the capture of food; or so it has appeared to me on several occasions.

That the several turtles of our meadow tracts should find their way to the pond was not surprising, for even those most strictly aquatic take long overland journeys in spring and early summer; but I did not look for fish, as none could come down the brook, and I as little supposed that any could climb fifty feet above the river and reach it; and then they would have, besides, to jump over the dam and waddle around it. And I saw no fish until weeks after the pond was completed. I stocked it with carp, and then, lo! there were mud minnows in these shut-off waters. Of course they were there before the dam was built, and now they are too well established to be exterminated. I can only hope they will not find the carps' eggs, or feed exclusively on the young fish.

What, then, have I accomplished by damming a little brook? I have changed to a watery wilderness the corner of a one-time dusty field. I have brought representatives of many forms of animal life, hitherto unknown to the spot, to a prosy nook, and so changed the whole face of Nature. The very weeds are even now different from those of former years, and hosts of insects that had not been here before now fill the air and make it to tremble with their tireless wings. And to the rambler, after long tramping in dusty fields or along the no less cheerless highway, here is a pleasant spot indeed, one that epitomizes half the country round, and offers, too, many a suggestive novelty. So much by day; but let him tarry until the gloaming, and when the lilies have folded he will catch what is even better, glimpses of the night side of Nature.

SOME ECCENTRIC WILLS.

BY GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

THERE died in Vienna, less than a year ago, a quiet elderly gentleman, retired from business with a comfortable competency, who left the whole of his property to a person whom he had seen every day for years, and yet to whom he had never spoken. This was a young lady who lived directly opposite his own lodgings. Of this young lady the old gentleman knew nothing whatever except her name, and the grateful fact that for several years, as he had passed to and fro, she had greeted his coming and going with a pleasant, friendly smile. He was very lonely in his elderly bachelorhood, and the daily smile cheered and made him grateful. No tie, indeed, seems to have bound him to any human being except to the fair damsel who thus silently brightened his solitary life. Never, perhaps, did a smile, bestowed in simple maidenly kindness, reap a more startling and solid reward.

Soon after, a wealthy English nobleman, Lord Sackville, died, and left a large slice of his property in a still stranger manner, for he bequeathed a substantial sum to each one of Queen Victoria's maids of honor. There was

no evidence that Lord Sackville had any special acquaintance with these high-born young ladies, or that he was bound to them by any special relation, and the mystery of the bequest is, I believe, a mystery still. The maids of honor, who were as much astonished as the rest of the world, declined promptly the post-mortem bounty.

These instances reveal that curious trait of human nature which now and then induces men and women to make strange wills. Often final bestowals of worldly goods seem like cynical jokes grimly played on the community from the bed of death itself. At other times revenge plays its vindictive part in cutting off expectant heirs, and leaving riches to strangers or to charities. Many persons are fond of keeping their wills secret until death overtakes them, and couple their gifts with strange and fantastic conditions, which give scope to the writers of plays, and employment to lawyers practising in probate courts. "The ruling passion strong in death" has many a time betrayed itself in wills, and in no case more notably than in those who are, or who imagine themselves to be, witty. In these instances the testator will actually joke and make rhymes amid the solemn formalities of bequest. An old Englishman, toward the close of the last century, "devised to my son only one shilling; and that is for him to hire a porter to carry away the next badge and frame he steals." Another at about the same period left a certain man and his wife "sixpence each to buy for each of them a halter, for fear the sheriffs should not be provided." A Mr. Lloyd, of Twickenham, left

"A legacy to Earl Poulett's second son,
Who dearly loves a little fun,"

adding that

"Though past my score and fifteenth year,
With spirits gay, and conscience clear."

Often the eccentricity of the testator is ungallantly directed to throwing a parting shaft at his wife, or to ignoring the partner of his life altogether.

A learned man, one Dr. Bell, left a very large sum of money to pay for a eulogistic life of himself, and not a penny to his wife. Another "gave unto my wife, Mary Darley, for picking my pocket of sixty guineas, the sum of one shilling." One of the Earls of Strafford revealed his feelings toward his spouse—who had been a great court belle in her day—in the following passage in his will: "I give to the worst of women, who is guilty of all ills, whom I have unfortunately married, five-and-forty brass halfpence, which will buy her a pullet for her supper—a greater sum than her father can often make for her."

Often, instead of bequeathing property to their human friends, testators will leave it to be devoted to the care of pet birds or dogs or other animals. A Mr. Hunter left "to my beloved parrot, the faithful companion of twenty-five years, an annuity for its life of £200 to be paid half-yearly to whomsoever may have the care of it and prove its identity", the parrot was to be provided with "a high, long, and large cage," and was "not to be removed out of England." It may be taken for granted that this lucky bird was never afterward wanting in plenty of painstaking friends. Another wealthy man, named Garland, had the following clause inserted in his will: "I bequeath to my monkey, my dear and amusing Jocko, the sum of £10,000 per annum, to be employed for his sole use and benefit; to my faithful dog Shock, and my well-beloved cat Tib, a pension of £5; and desire that, in case of the death of either of the three, the lapsed pension shall pass to the other two, between whom it shall be equally divided."

Some testators have an overpowering fancy for bequeathing their own bodies for various purposes. The story is well known of the patriotic American who en-

joined in his will that after his death his body should be flayed, the skin carefully removed and tanned, and that of this two drums should be made. A sum of money was then left to any person who would take these drums to the top of Bunker Hill Monument on each Fourth of July, and there play a tattoo on them. Still more strange was the idiosyncrasy of a Frenchman who, having been rejected by his sweetheart, resolved to put an end to his existence. He gave instructions in his will that his body should be boiled down, and the fat extracted. Out of this a candle should be made; and the candle, with a letter from him, was to be sent to his cruel lady-love, so that she could read his last reproaches by the light derived from his own body.

Goethe once wrote that "we should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful can take care of itself." This aphorism was curiously illustrated by a Spanish general who died not long ago at Granada. He left \$200,000 for a home for penniless widows and daughters of officers, at the same time instructing his executors on no account to admit into the home any plain women. All who should derive benefit from his gift must have pretty faces, good figures, and the attractions of youth. For, said the gallant Spaniard, "I have observed in my wanderings that the greater the beauty a woman possesses, the more is she exposed to the temptations and misfortunes of the world." The will left not long ago by a prominent American Methodist, in which \$5,000,000 in all were devised, bristles with a far larger multitude of restrictions. According to this will, "no heir must be an idler, sluggard, profligate, drunkard, or gambler; use liquor or tobacco; go hunting or fishing on Sundays; attend races; enter a bar-room or porter house; neglect to rise, breakfast, and be ready for business by 9 A.M.; or get married before he or she is twenty-five years old."

We often hear of wills being made which bestow large and sometimes enormous sums upon colleges, hospitals, and other educational or charitable institutions. Much more minute, but none the less sweet-hearted and kindly, were the gifts left by a certain Mr. Tuke. He left a penny to every boy and girl who went to his funeral, which resulted in a concourse of over seven hundred children. He also left a shilling to every poor woman in the town, half a guinea to the bell-ringers, and a guinea each to the men who buried him. But the most interesting of Mr. Tuke's bequests was the setting aside of a certain sum the interest of which was to be spent on forty dozen penny loaves of bread. These were to be "thrown from the steeple of the parish church at noon on every Christmas Day forever."

A certain notary lived at Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, who had the good fortune—or, as it may be thought, the ill fortune—to possess a remarkably fine singing voice. A rich friend of his who admired his tuneful tenor tones left the notary the larger portion of a handsome fortune; but upon one condition. Before he could touch a florin of his money the notary must sing, either in La Scala Opera-house at Milan, or the San Carlo at Naples, the part of Elviro in the opera of *Sonnambula*. The rich friend added in his will the consolatory reflection that "if the public hisses him he can easily comfort himself with the three millions of florins which I have left him." It is unfortunate that there is no sequel to the anecdote apprising us whether the notary fulfilled the somewhat difficult condition of the will.

Still more queer, perhaps, is the case of a wealthy English farmer who left £7000 to the first man bearing his own name who should marry a woman of the same name; and the money was to be paid immediately after the wedding. It appears that in this case at least a man with the necessary requisite came forward, fulfilled the condition, and received his reward.

Revenge for some slight often takes the form, in final dispositions of property, not only of cutting off a bequest to the offender, but of a sarcastic castigation of the offence. One Aylett Stow, late in the last century, instructed his executors "to lay out five guineas in the purchase of a picture of the viper biting the benevolent hand of the person who saved him from perishing in the snow; and that they do, in memory of me, present it to —, Esq., a King's Counsel, whereby he may have frequent opportunities of contemplating on it. This is in lieu of a legacy of £3000 which I had by a former will, now revoked and burnt, left him."

Wifely affection, perhaps, was never more gracefully expressed than in a clause of the will of a certain Lady Palmerston, an ancestress of the celebrated Lord Palmerston, wherein she said: "As I have long given you my heart, and my tenderest affections and fondest wishes have always been yours, so is everything else I possess. And all that I can call mine being already yours, I have nothing to give but my heartiest thanks for the kindness and care you have at any time shown me either in sickness or health, for which God Almighty will, I hope, reward you in a better world." Among other bequests, Lady Palmerston left her husband two chocolate cups, "which I wish you would sometimes look on as a remembrance of death, and also of the fondest and faithfulest friend you ever had."

That even the wisest man may sometimes err in performing a task to which he is familiarly accustomed may be seen by the fact that the last will of Lord St. Leonards, perhaps the greatest English real estate lawyer of this century, was set aside because it was not legally drawn. On the other hand, the wisdom of simplicity itself lies in a will recently proved in London, which is probably the shortest will ever made. It runs as follows: "I leave Mrs. S—all I possess." While Lord St. Leonards's testament was broken, this latter brief will, after being sharply contested, was admitted to be a good one.

THE TROUBLES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A CUP may hold a gill or a half-pint. It may be larger, and we may call it a pitcher or jug, and pour into it a brimming quart or gallon. But whatever its size, it can be no more than full, and there comes a point when it will not receive another drop. The little cup, being full to the brim, in its degree is as certainly filled as the large one.

I think of this when I hear people lightly saying: "Oh, children's troubles are short-lived. They get over them directly. It isn't worth while to be very pitiful or sympathetic over trials which are so slight."

Is it not? All I have to say is that the child's cup may be the sooner filled, but that its bitterness or sweetness is as intense as the same quality in a man's cup. The grief of a child over a broken toy may appear exaggerated to you who have something costlier than toys to stir your tears, but the toy represented the child's wealth. His sense of loss when it fell shattered at his feet was as real as your own when your ship was wrecked and the freight it brought from distant shores sunk beneath the sea.

One of the chief troubles of childhood arises from being misunderstood. Limited in his experience and his vocabulary, the child cannot always explain his position to the comprehension of the hurried grown-up people about him, who have their own affairs to think of. The injustice of our dealings with children, in households where they are, upon the whole, treated with fairness and consideration, is something which, I fancy, must shock the children's angels, those watching spirits of whom the Lord said, "They do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." We often adjudicate in some mat-

ter of concern to the little ones without being careful to hear both sides. We often decline to listen to their defence, and we generally forbid their answering back when our decisions are announced. The sufferings of children who have coarse, ignorant, or brutal guardians cannot be estimated, but it is not of these that I am speaking. Few of us are always sure that we do not say No to innocent requests which it would do no one harm for us to grant. Few of us can be certain that our denials and punishments are not occasionally arbitrary, springing from our impulses rather than our reason.

Of all mistakes made by well-meaning parents, probably the commonest is that of holding up some other child—a cousin, a school-mate, or a neighbor—as a model. "Little Jessie would not do so!" we exclaim to a mite of four or five, who at once begins to dislike Jessie, and feel in her small heart the uncomfortable ache of envy. "If you were only as lovable and well-behaved as Mildred, how pleased mamma would be!" "Ralph is much manlier than Gerald, who is such a baby!" "Oh! what can you expect of Maggie? She is so careless and giddy. Her cousin Lily is a little lady."

Remarks of this kind, often repeated, not only lose all force as a means of correction, but grow positively evil in their effects, starting a crop of jealous feelings in the soil of the little grieved heart.

Of all people who are disagreeable and unwelcome, of all trouble-bringers in the ordinary happy home, where the wheels move with comparatively little friction, the palm is borne off by the self-constituted examiner in geography and mathematics. One of these fatally malapropos gentlemen—for usually this inquisitor belongs to the superior sex—is sitting with papa, in after-dinner ease. The children are playing quietly about the room, one occupied in this, another in that, appropriate drawing-room amusements.

One poor little fellow unwarily approaches too near the guest, who beams upon him through his glasses.

"Ah, Algy, you are getting on at school, I suppose?" begins the benign tormentor.

"Yes, Mr. Argus-eyed," the little victim meekly replies, beginning to redden and shrink, as papa, who is proud of Algy's reports, looks up in pleased anticipation.

"Well, sir," proceeds Mr. Argus-eyed, "can you bound all the States in the Union off-hand, and tell me their capitals? No? Well, then, can you give me the height of the Himalayas? The principal productions of Zanzibar?"

Hesitation and bewilderment are received with mild surprise, or a remark follows, *sotto voce*, to the father, unfavorably comparing the schools of the period with those of a former generation.

If the inquisitor be mathematical, he is still more to be dreaded, for his habit of treasuring catch problems in memory, and springing them upon the guileless victim, is sure to make him dreaded. Even parents are made uncomfortable by the proceedings of this querist, since few of them are above the weakness of desiring to see their children pose as wonders of proficiency.

A little girl, timid and shy, was once visiting in the home of a friend, where all were older than herself. Curled up in a corner of the great old-fashioned sofa, her eyes bent upon a book, she spent hours in an earthly paradise, to be roused suddenly from dreams of bliss by a sharp, furtive pinch or a hard pull of her thick brown hair. The youth who took an impish pleasure in thus disturbing her was at least ten years her senior, and added to his daily amusement by waylaid her in dark passages, from whence he pounced out with a war-whoop, or, worst of all, by upsetting her equanimity at prayers with a series of grotesque grimaces, executed at a safe distance from his father's eyes.

Youth and little maiden both grew up, and were useful in their day and generation. He became an estimable citizen, respected and beloved; she was a winning woman, fond of society, and popular in pleasant circles. But, to use a common phrase, no love was lost between them; for the tricky spirit which prompted the teasing which spoiled a little visitor's pleasure had left a mark too deep to be easily forgotten. Years elapsed before the memory was entirely outgrown.

Children sometimes suffer intensely from being made conspicuous by some peculiarity of dress, as did a little girl whose mother, a woman of original ideas, anticipated by many years a fashion which has since come into vogue, and contrived for Miriam a cloak from a shawl. The shawl was of soft wool, in a beautiful crimson plaid, and such shawls were worn by the school-girls of the town. One afternoon, when Miriam returned from her class, with the heavy shawl slipping from her shoulders, and her arms red and chill, it occurred to her mamma that there was ample material in the plaid to make a long wadded cloak, which might have comfortable sleeves, and button warmly from chin to ankles.

No sooner fancied than accomplished. The cutting-board, the scissors, the patterns, were brought forth. Never was metamorphosis more quickly wrought. To the artist eye of the mother the new garment was a combination of comfort, convenience, and luxury; but to Miriam, alas! it was a horror.

She has told me since then how her soul rebelled when she was invested with the robe, in which she felt herself, poor silly child, the target for the gaze of the townspeople. Wear it she did, for weeks together, and those not being the days of the subjection of parents, no one dreamed of the pain it cost her. But the tears she shed in secret have made her very tender with her own little daughters, and in consequence they are never forced to wear a gown or hat which they dislike.

In the days of Frederica Bremer's childhood, troubles of a peculiar nature were laid upon some young people. Madame Bremer had, for instance, a theory that growing children should never be very warmly dressed, and should, in no circumstances, eat so much as they wanted. The little Bremers were chronically cold and chronically famished. Obligated to leave the table half satisfied, their bare necks and arms blue with cold, the winter long, it was not strange that all through their lives the baleful effects of nursery cruelty pursued them.

Never should those in authority allow one child in a family or school to become the butt of the rest. Favoritism is not to be supposed possible in the home, although it may creep into the school-room; but even if one be more amiable, more responsive, than another, on no account should there be a difference in the manner in which he is treated. The dull child is made duller, and unutterably miserable in the bargain, when pitted against the clever child, who perhaps deserves less credit than the first, having worked with less perseverance. Let all fare and share alike, all receive the same caressing love.

I think it a pity that we should so often be chary of spoken love to our older children. The babies always get their full share of petting. But the older lad at the age of the hobbledoy, the young girl growing into womanhood, are sometimes heart-hungry for the kisses and hugs and love pats and words of sweet import which are showered on the darling baby.

For such a trouble as this there is no help, for reticence on the one side begets reserve on the other, and from very hunger for love and sympathy the young life sometimes drifts into unfortunate companionship. That was a trouble of childhood which a little parental sunshine would have dissipated, as the light of morning dries the early dew.

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THE CHILDREN'S EXCURSION.—DRAWN BY L. C. VOOT.

WHERE SALTY BREEZES BLOW.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

"ALL aboard that are going! clear the gang-plank!" A shouted the Captain, as we stepped on board. Flags were floating from everywhere, the river sparkled, the sun shone bright, and all about us on the deck were babies, babies, babies, babies. How many? One, two, three; oh, twenty, fifty, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred,

five hundred—how many more, I could not tell. They were everywhere, and of so many kinds. Babies with long gold ear-rings hanging down over their shoulders, and blue cloths twisted about their bodies and legs. They were Italian. You knew by the ear-rings and the white shining teeth of the mothers, who nodded and smiled and walked about, with shawls of every color blowing this way and that. Then there were babies just toddling about in bare feet, and some so small that they looked like

little bundles. They were on the benches and on the floor. You had to step carefully, or you would have walked over them. Then there were babies so very sick, who lay with closed eyes and white faces so still that you felt your heart ache, till you saw a pretty nurse, in dainty dress and cap, lift the baby in her arms and carry it away to one of the little cribs in the ward. And sometimes there were mothers and grandmothers wandering about with babies who did not belong to them, for anybody who knew a sick child or a small one that wanted fresh air took it up in her arms and brought it down to the boat. And that was what it was all about—fresh air for the little babies sick in town.

When you look pale in the early summer days, papa and mamma say, "we must get away with the baby," or "the children ought to be in the woods," and without your thinking much about it you find yourselves in the green fields or down by the sea, where you play all day, and sing and shout, and come home again healthy and brown. But here in this great big city of New York, no matter how pale some of the babies are, they cannot get away. Their mothers must cook and wash and their fathers must work, and once there was nothing for them to do but to wait until night came, and hurry down to the docks, holding their babies up in their arms to catch any breeze that was blowing. For they all lived in streets that were crooked and narrow, and the one window in the room was too small for much air, and that which came in was hot and heavy with the smells of the streets.

But now there is the boat! You can find it early in the morning on certain days on the East River at Twenty-eighth Street, or at other times on the Hudson at Forty-third. There I found it one day, lying clean and sweet and fresh, with flags waving, and all those babies on board. So I stepped on too, and sailed with them down the bay.

First let me tell you that this boat belongs to St. John's Guild, and that every summer for many years it has carried the babies just this way. Once a boat, the *River Belle*, was burned, and all that was left of it they took and built over into this barge. Now they have a deck as big as—oh, bigger than the largest hotel dining-room you know, and here the babies play while the mothers sit on the benches.

From up-town the boat sails to one of the lower docks at Fifth Street or King Street, and here are more babies yet; a hundred more, two hundred, three hundred, they say. And such a hurry, such a crowding and pushing to get on board! The policeman helps, and so do the dock hands, for the mothers come with two babies in their arms and three more holding on to their knees, and somebody calls out of the crowd to one of them, "You are stepping on one of your children," and somebody else picks it up, and everybody goes on laughing, even those who have very sick babies. Then the boat sails again, this time out toward the ocean. The babies begin to grow very hungry, the winds bring color to their cheeks, and up on deck comes a man with milk warm and sweet, just as much as anybody can drink. And they drink a great deal. How much? Sometimes two hundred quarts in a day. They come up to the can in long lines, holding up pitchers and bowls and tin cups, and everything they hold is filled as often as they want it. This is done twice a day. After the morning milk comes the dinner. I had seen the women peeling the new potatoes and the onions early in the day, and the great baskets of meat as they were carried on. And now that they are cooked, how good it smells! I grow hungry myself, and want to sit down by all the babies and mothers, only there are so many all about the tables I do not know where to choose. So I go upstairs and look into the two cool rooms at the end of the boat, where the very sick babies are lying in their cribs, and the lovely nurse is leaning over them.

Then I go to another room where there are six bath-tubs and another pretty nurse, and piles of clean towels, and half a dozen rosy children splashing in the water.

When the boat stops, away out near the ocean, the babies who are very sick are carried down into a small boat and rowed to the Sea-side Hospital. The green trees grow up close to the windows on one side, and the ocean washes up on the other, and here the babies can stay as long as they want. If their mothers have no one at home with whom they can leave the other children, then the whole family come together and stay.

All of this is what happens when the St. John's Guild boat goes out: but there are others that sail in summer, like those in our picture, where the children are all happy and daintily clad, and one of them, if she be very happy, wins everybody's heart. She will dance or sing for them, talk to any one, and be like a sunbeam all day. There are babies sailing every day, on big ships and small, on boats, on ferries, and even on rafts, for everybody loves them, and everybody wants to make them happy in the summer-time, only I have told you most about those you might never see for yourselves. For it is just as well to know how the rest of the world live, and how many people have to go without the things that we have every day.

All these poor people are helped by others who have a little more money than themselves, but I do not see why some of the young people could not help too. I asked all about it, and found out that twenty-five cents would pay for one child going off for a day, and two dollars and a half would keep a baby at the hospital for a week. Of course the poor people, you must remember, do not have to pay anything, but somebody does. Little children out in the country, having so much to make them happy, would be all the happier, I am sure, doing some small thing for these poor little babies here, who never have been out in the woods in their lives, nor smelt wild flowers, nor know what it is to lie in a cool, sweet room at night. Three or four of you might make up a club and think about it.

TAN, THE TAME FOX.

BY GORHAM SILVA.

ONE of my young children usually accompanies me when I go to the village to get the horses shod. On one occasion, when my little daughter, a bright, inquisitive child of seven, was with me, we found on arriving at the blacksmith's shop that many horses were already there to be shod, and that we should be compelled to wait our turn. Knowing from an extended family experience that nothing amuses a healthy child like eating, particularly in a strange place, I took the little girl to a restaurant for lunch.

The proprietor was an exceedingly good-humored, agreeable fellow, fond of a joke and fond of children, and glad to contribute to their pleasure. As soon as I had given my order for luncheon, he appeared upon the scene bearing in his hands a large tray, upon which stood a half-grown fox, whose keen shining eyes and fluffy waving tail seemed to give us a most cordial welcome. The little animal appeared well fed, his thick yellow-tan coat was clean and lively, and he was very tame and sociable. The sight of a live fox served up like a turkey on a platter delighted my little girl, and the proprietor, equally delighted at the success of his original joke and at her extravagant admiration of his handsome pet, very kindly insisted upon making her a present of the cunning little creature. This was very generous of him, for the fox was a favorite with his customers, and had proved a great attraction for the establishment.

He wore a shining brass band around his neck, upon which was inscribed his name, "Tan." To this band we attached a cord, and brought him home with us. He

seemed to enjoy the drive; he stood up the whole way, looking about, alert and curious, but never once attempting to get away.

In a few days he was as thoroughly domesticated as were the cats, of which we had an unknown quantity, every child having its especial feline pet. It was wonderful how much that fox knew! Inquisitive and persistent, he nosed around, and peered into everything about the house and premises. Intelligent and discriminating, he was also faithful and intelligent—at least to his little mistress. He really loved her; he followed her about like a dog, whimpering and searching for her if she was out of his sight a moment, and restless and miserable until he found her again. Then he would manifest the wildest excitement and the most extravagant delight, giving forth sharp little cries of joy, and leaping upon her, would lick her face and hands most lovingly. He cared for no one else, nor would he take his food from any other hand. He was not a voracious feeder, but a fastidious one. However hungry he might be, nothing would induce him to touch roast meats. Like all of his species, he was carnivorous, but in time he learned to eat crackers. It was in this wise, and evidently he thought it rich sport: his little mistress would hold one side of a cracker firmly in her teeth, when Tan would slyly creep up behind her, and lifting his paws to her shoulders, would poke his sharp nose around and snap off a piece; then dropping down, would devour it with great gusto, and come back for more.

He had many cunning ways: if he grew hungry between meals, he seized hold of the skirt of the child's frock with his teeth, and dragged her, resist as she might, to the pantry door; then he clawed at the knob until the door was opened and he was fed.

We were careful to keep from him the uncooked flesh of fowls, lest the taste of it should rouse his natural appetite, and our poultry-yard suffer in consequence; but he was allowed the cooked remnants, and they were a great feast to him. He would crunch the bones savagely, all but choking in his greed.

Tan became a household pet; usually he was well content to remain within-doors or in the yard, but at times the wild instinct born in him, which no amount of domestication could wholly eradicate, got the better of him, and the sly creature would dart out and off to the woods, and be gone all day, to the despair of his little mistress. But at nightfall he skulked back—tired, bedraggled, and generally half-famished—when a great time was made over him. Fed and petted and cleaned up, he was put to bed with great rejoicing on an old quilt in a corner of the kitchen.

Naturally young Reynard had a great antipathy to dogs, and kept out of their way. But he was not without courage, as we discovered to our sorrow, when he was about a year old. One unlucky day he was slyly prying around the dog-kennel, when Big Bounce, the watch dog, who in his vigilance appeared, as a rule, to sleep with one eye open, roused up and leaped after him with tremendous bounds. Instead of fleeing to the house for safety, as he was in the habit of doing, Tan turned on the dog with the fury of a tiger, and clawed at his eyes. The fur flew on both sides, Bounce putting in most brutal work, and before any one could interfere, he had seized poor Tan by the neck and shaken him to death.

His little mistress wept piteously over the mangled remains of her pet—she was, indeed, inconsolable—and I have never since been able to persuade her to have another of any description. Poor Tan's affectionate disposition and sprightly ways were very attractive, and we missed him greatly; I would gladly have replaced him, but as foxes grow more scarce every year, I have never been able to do so.

THE FACE AT THE PORT-HOLE.

The Story of a Sea-fight.

BY DAVID KER.

"TWO to one, I see. Well, I've fought against heavier odds than that before now, and not got the worst of it. Let them come; they'll wish they hadn't before I've done with them!"

Two hostile ships of greater force than her own were bearing down at once upon the Brazilian frigate, with the flag of the Argentine Republic fluttering defiantly above them. But such a sight had no terrors for the tall, powerful, grim-looking man who stood watching them from the frigate's quarter-deck, with a gleam in his stern gray eye, like the look of a hungry eagle when it sees a lamb straying from the flock.

When he was a mere child that man had already fought by Nelson's side against the best sailors of France and Spain; and now, in the prime of his manhood, he was fast making the Brazilian flag under which he sailed the terror of all who fought against it, prouder of the nickname of "Dreadnaught Cochrane," which his dismayed enemies had long since bestowed upon him, than he was of all the honors heaped upon him in later years when he sat in the British House of Lords as Earl of Dundonald.

Suddenly a shrill, young voice was heard behind him, saying eagerly, "Father, won't you let me stay on deck this time and see the fun?"

This person who was so anxious to "see the fun" of a deadly sea-fight against overwhelming odds was a curly-headed boy, unusually tall and active for his age, and upon his round, ruddy, boyish face there was already to be seen a kind of foreshadowing of the set, stern look that marked the iron features of his grim father—for this child was the terrible Captain Cochrane's only son.

"Why, you foolish lad," answered the Captain, with a grim smile, "do you want to have that little head of yours shot off? It'll be raining cannon-balls in another half-hour or so."

"I don't care," cried the boy, recklessly; "I'd sooner be blown to bits than stay below out of harm's way, like a sneak, while you and all the rest are in the thick of it. I've missed two battles already, and I don't want to miss another. Casabianca wasn't any older than I am, and he 'stood on the burning deck,' you know, after everybody else had fled."

"And the result was," hinted his father, "that he got blown up."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of that," replied the little hero, dauntlessly. "I don't believe there's a man in these seas that can beat *you*—I've heard the prisoners say so; and they must be very much afraid of you or they wouldn't come against you two to one. Do let me stay up and see you thrash 'em!"

The Captain laughed in spite of himself. "A chip of the old block!" he muttered, "as sure as my name's Tom Cochrane! Well, Tommy, if you're so set upon seeing this job through, you shall see it."

The boy set up a shrill whoop of delight, and darted off to bring out a huge, clumsy, old-fashioned pistol which he had borrowed from one of the crew and laid by for this joyful occasion.

Meanwhile the two Argentine ships were fast closing in upon the Brazilian frigate, which they already regarded as their certain prize. Had they known that her commander was no other than the terrible "Dreadnaught" himself, they might not perhaps have come on quite so confidently; but Cochrane, as if to destroy in advance any suspicion of his being on board, so far from heaving to and preparing for battle, crowded all sail, and did his best to run away.

This, however, was only a trick to catch his foes at a disadvantage. His quick eye had already noted that one



"ANOTHER MAN APPEARED, BUT ONLY TO BE DISPOSED OF IN THE SAME WAY."

of the two approaching vessels sailed much faster than the other; and he therefore determined to draw them after him by a pretended flight, until the swifter of the two should be well ahead of her consort, and then fall upon her before the other could come up to the rescue.

While seeming to fly, then, he was all the while clearing the deck, running out his guns, and getting all ready for action; and his men, who understood the device quite as well as himself, chuckled gleefully at the thought of the rough surprise that awaited their enemies in the midst of their dreams of an easy conquest.

Meanwhile little Tommy, delighted beyond measure at being at last permitted to take part in a "real fight," swaggered up and down the deck as if the whole frigate belonged to him, flourished his weapon above his head, and made the sailors, with whom he was a great pet, laugh heartily by asking them again and again whether the foremost of the enemy's ships was yet near enough for him to have a shot at her with his pistol!

What Captain Cochrane had foreseen was not long in coming to pass. The smaller of the two Argentine vessels soon outstripped the other; but so anxious was he not to let the Brazilian escape her, that instead of slackening speed and allowing her consort to catch her up, she crowded on every stitch of sail that she could carry, both aloft and alow, and came skimming over the smooth, bright waters like an albatross, till she was almost within range of the frigate's guns.

Then suddenly Cochrane's large dark eyes were seen to light up like coals of fire as he marked the distance that separated his two pursuers from each other. A few quick, stern orders, a sudden stir along the Brazilian's silent deck, and then the frigate swung round and went straight at the nearest of her assailants, as if intending to run her bodily down.

Then there arose a great outcry aboard the Argentine

vessel, and men were seen running wildly to and fro along her deck. But she was evidently ill manned as well as ill disciplined; and before the orders hurriedly given by her captain could be carried out, the terrible Cochrane, aided by a sudden shift of the breeze, which seemed to have come on purpose to assist him, was upon her like a whirlwind.

Bang! went a broadside from the Argentine ship, but her hasty and ill-directed fire did little harm to the Brazilian beyond cutting three or four of her stays and knocking a few splinters of wood from her bulwarks.

Not so harmless was Cochrane's retaliation. As he slid past his enemy's bows, almost within musket range, he let drive into her with the whole weight of his starboard broadside. A tremendous crash mingled with the thunder of the cannon, and when the smoke cleared away it was seen that the enemy's foremast had been shot through, and had fallen down upon the deck, blocking the entire fore-castle with a perfect mountain of shattered spars and torn canvas, while the head-sails hanging over the ship's bow into the water, stopped her course as effectually as if she had been hard and fast upon a rock.

"Hurrah!" broke out little Tommy's shrill voice amid the grim silence, and his father's crew echoed his shout with a burst of mingled cheers and laughter.

On board of the Argentine cruiser all was disorder and dismay. The fall of the foremast had dismounted two of her guns, and had killed or disabled several of her crew; and had Cochrane boarded her in the height of the confusion, she would have fallen into his hands there and then.

But this was not what he wanted. His daring spirit could not be satisfied with merely baffling his enemies. He had made up his mind from the very first to capture them both, and the difficulty and danger of the feat were to him only an added inducement to attempt it. So, seeing that one of his foes was completely crippled and at his mercy whenever he pleased, he wasted no time upon her, but swept on at once to attack the other.

Meanwhile the latter, baffled by the sudden change of wind, was coming slowly up, when she beheld the disaster of her consort, and then saw the Brazilian frigate bearing down upon herself. But her commander, though not so skillful a seaman as Cochrane, was brave as a lion; and the moment the frigate came within range, the Argentine cannon spoke out, and the battle began in earnest.

Each vessel's fire told terribly upon the other; but not a whit daunted, they kept closing in till they lay at close quarters, both sides firing away as hard as they could, till the two ships were wrapped in a thick fog of hot, stifling smoke, through which the flashes of the guns broke like lightnings playing in a cloud.

Meanwhile little Tommy, standing by his father's side upon the frigate's quarter-deck, banded away with his pistol into the thickest of the smoke, firmly convinced that he was doing tremendous execution among the enemy, till he suddenly discovered that he had spent all his ammunition, and down he ran to the lower deck for a fresh supply.

He was hurrying along the starboard side of it, which was now quite deserted, all the Brazilians who were still able to fight being now fully engaged on the port side, which faced the enemy, when all at once he caught sight of something that made him stop short with a sudden start of horror.

One of the port-holes was now completely open, the gun that had filled it having been dragged away to the other side to replace one of those which had been dismounted by the enemy's fire, and through this port-hole Tommy suddenly saw a lean brown hand come gliding up and take a firm grip of the wood-work, above the edge of which rose in another moment a dark sawn face, surmounted by the uniform cap of the Argentine navy.

The enemy were *boarding the ship*, and there was no one to stop them.

Tommy instantly guessed, what was actually the case, that the crafty Argentine captain, having plenty of men to spare from his superior numbers, had sent round a boat's crew, under cover of the smoke, to the unguarded side of the frigate, where they could easily scramble aboard and fall upon Cochrane's men from behind, and this, in the sudden surprise and panic, would probably decide the battle at one blow.

For one instant the brave boy stood motionless and bewildered, and then he was his own daring self again.

To call for help would be useless amid that deafening uproar; whatever was to be done for the defence of the ship must be done by himself alone. He wasted no time in trying to reload his empty pistol, but snatching up one of the boarding-pikes that were lying around, dealt a thrust with all his force at his clambering enemy, who fell back with a howl of pain, pierced right through the shoulder.

Another man appeared, but only to be disposed of in the same way. Then two more scrambled up together; but Tommy the Trusty disabled one with a stab of his pike, and hurled his pistol full in the other's face with a force which must have made the Argentine's teeth (what few were left of them) feel very sore for some days after.

Then there came a lull in the attack, and a muttering of voices was heard beneath the port-hole, as if the assailants were consulting what to do next.

Luckily for Tommy, the interior of the ship was much too dark, after the dazzling sunlight outside, to let the Argentines discover that they had only one small boy opposed to them, or their hesitation would have been soon over. But just as they were about to renew the assault a tremendous shout was heard from the upper deck, and then Cochrane's voice, crying in tones like a trumpet blast:

"Follow me, lads! Board, board!"

This ended at once the hesitation of the Argentine sailors. It would never do for them to linger there while their own ship was being boarded, and in another instant the splash of oars told that they were hurrying back to take part in the final struggle.

But that struggle did not last long. The hearts of the defenders died within them when they heard the shout of "Dreadnaught! Dreadnaught!" and saw their terrible enemy among them, with uplifted sword and flashing eyes. Within half an hour the brave Argentine captain was aboard the frigate as a wounded prisoner of war, where he was soon joined by his colleague, whose crippled vessel had to surrender.

"It is no shame to be vanquished by 'Dreadnaught Cochrane,'" said the captain of the smaller cruiser, bowing politely, as Cochrane came up to compliment him upon his gallant defence. "But where is the brave man who kept my boarders at bay with no weapon but a pike? I would gladly see him."

"So you shall," answered Cochrane, smiling, as little Tommy came up to them, still carrying the pike which had done such good service. "Here he is!"

For a moment the gallant Argentine stared blankly at the boy, as if unable to believe his own eyes, and then he held out his one unwounded hand to the young warrior with a hearty laugh.

"One can see that this young hero is *your* boy, Señor Don Tomás," said he, courteously, "and I congratulate you. Your son is worthy of such a father, and his father is worthy of such a son!"

THE BEE-MAIDENS OF FRANCE.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORVELL.

EVERY one of my readers who lives in the country, and probably every one who lives in the city, knows that the reason the bees bury themselves in the flowers is that they may extract the nectar of which they make their delicious honey. But perhaps there are not many of either country or city readers who know that the honey-makers, besides helping themselves, also help the flowers they visit.

Sometimes, indeed, if it were not for the visits of the bees, the flowers would not live at all; for some flowers are what is called imperfect, and need to be powdered with what is known as pollen before they can make any seeds. And the bees carry the pollen from a perfect flower to an imperfect flower, and leave it there while they are thinking only of getting nectar. If you will catch a bee which has been gathering nectar, you will notice that it is covered over with a fine dust. That dust is the pollen which has clung to the fine hairs on its body. And if you should by chance not know what pollen is, you have only to put a buttercup to baby's little chin to "find out if he loves butter," and you will see the golden pollen-dust all over the white skin.

It often happens with highly cultivated strawberries that they have imperfect flowers, and would not bear a single berry were they not planted near to some other variety that has perfect flowers. Occasionally it happens to an apple-tree that it bears only imperfect flowers, and then it must either depend upon the nectar-hunting bees or upon some other agency for the pollen.

Near the little town of La Ferte, in France—I think it is La Ferte—there is an apple-tree which bears only imperfect blossoms; and the fact having long ago been discovered, has given rise to a very beautiful custom among the maidens of the village. When spring-time comes, and the apple-tree hails the joyous time with a glad burst of blossom, the maidens of the village arm themselves with gay ribbons and perfect blossoms from their favorite trees, and go singing to the lonely tree which has produced only the imperfect blossoms. Each girl then kisses a cluster of the imperfect blossoms with a cluster of perfect blossoms, and in so doing dusts the former with the pollen from the latter. She then ties a distinguishing ribbon near to the cluster she has dusted.



APPLE BOUGH IN BLOSSOM DECORATED BY CHILDREN

The tree looks very gay when thus decorated, with the pink blossoms smiling up at heaven and the dainty ribbons fluttering in the perfume-laden air; but the best of it is when the leaves drop like summer snow and the little apples begin to take shape. Then the maidens pluck off all but the best fruit, and let that take all the strength of the tree, so that the apples grow famously and come to perfection. And now is seen the strange part of the affair. The apples, instead of being all of one kind, are as different as the blossoms that kissed their blossoms, the fact being that the apple is exactly like the apple on the tree from which the pollen-bearing blossom was taken.

So on this one tree will be seen round, rosy-cheeked apples, long yellow apples, juicy apples, mealy apples, dainty little apples, and "monstrous big" apples. Each maiden has the apple she wished most to have.

DORMYTES:*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A DORMYATE'S HOME.

UPON accepting Lord Seabright's offer of a passage to England in the *Saga*, Breeze had instantly thought of Ireland, and of Queenstown, the home of his beloved dorymate, Wolfe Brady. Amid all the strangeness of the Old World, it was pleasant to think that there were at least two people in it who, for the sake of their boy, would be glad to see him. Then, too, they would have heard from Wolfe by this time, and thus he would learn the home news for which he so longed. So just now Queenstown seemed the most desirable place in all Europe for him to visit; and Breeze was made happy by Lord Seabright's answer, which was:

"Certainly. We can run into Queenstown if you must go there. It will not be far out of our course to Cowes. But what ever can you want to go there for?"

When Breeze explained that the only friends he had on that side of the Atlantic lived there, he could see that the other was wondering what sort of people his friends could be to live in Queenstown.

When, on the fifth day after leaving it, the little cavalcade of tired men and weary ponies clattered back into Reykjavik, the place really seemed quite like a town, as compared with the wilderness they had just traversed, and they wondered they had not noticed before how much there was going on in it. Poor Nimbus feasted his eyes on the sea, and drew in long breaths of the salt and fishy air. The moment he was unladen from his pony, although he was almost too stiff and lame to walk, he waddled off toward the landing.

While Lord Seabright was having a settlement of accounts with Haik Gierssen, and Breeze was collecting the articles that were to be returned on board the *Saga*, they both heard strange rumors of a fire that had taken place in the town the night before. Their informants told them excitedly about a certain stranger who, at the peril of his own life, had saved three of the inmates of the burning building, and then mysteriously disappeared.

"He was a plucky fellow, whoever he was, and I wish we had been here to help him," was Lord Seabright's comment upon this story.

When all the business had been settled, and they re-

turned once more to the *Saga*, the yacht seemed to Breeze delightfully home-like and comfortable, and he was more than ever glad that his cruise on her was to be extended. Nimbus was already hard at work in the galley, from which came a happy clatter of pots and pans, and the tones of his voice as he told his awe-stricken young assistant marvellous tales of his thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes during the trip to the geysers.

"But where is Mr. Whympers?" asked Lord Seabright of Mr. Marlin, who replied that the gentleman was turned in, recovering from his recent exertions.

"Lazy dog!" exclaimed his friend; "I'll soon stir him up." And after giving orders for the yacht to put to sea, he went below. As he entered the saloon, Mr. Whyte Whympers, who was lying on a lounge, threw down the semi-monthly Reykjavik paper, which, as it was wholly printed in Icelandic, he had been trying in vain to read, and exclaimed:

"Awfully glad you've come back, old fellow! Haven't had a thing to do since you left except read this stooptid paper. Went ashore once, but got mixed up in a beastly row, and haven't been off the ship since. Awfully glad, 'pon honor! What sort of a trip have you had? and how did our Yankee friend enjoy it?"

"What sort of a row did you get into?" inquired Lord Seabright, without answering these questions, and gazing suspiciously at the bandages with which his friend's head and hands were swathed. "Was it in connection with a fire?"

"Well—yes," admitted the other, hesitatingly; "it was a sort of a fire, and some children were left in rather an uncomfortable position, because the beggars outside were too stooptid to know what to do."

"And you showed them?"

"Yes, I put them up to a wrinkle that I thought might be useful to them at some future time."

"Whyte, you are a splendid fellow!" exclaimed Lord Seabright, enthusiastically. "You saved those children's lives at the risk of your own, and then hurried away to avoid being thanked for it. After this I'd like to hear anybody call you lazy and selfish again!" With this he stepped forward to grasp his friend's hand.

"Keep back! No demonstrations! Hands off!" cried the other, apprehensively drawing back his bandaged members. "My flippers are still a little tender."

And no wonder; for the poor brave hands were so terribly burned that they would be scarred and disfigured for life.

"I tell you it made me feel more than ever proud of being an Englishman," said Lord Seabright, in talking of the affair to Breeze, "to see the pluck with which that fellow concealed his sufferings, and made light of them."

This incident taught Breeze that appearances are often very deceitful, and first impressions are apt to be unjust ones; also, that some of the noblest natures are only developed by extraordinary circumstances.

After steaming out of the harbor and rounding Cape Reykjanes, the *Saga* skirted the wild southern coast of Iceland, with Mount Hecla in sight for nearly a day. Then turning due south, she was headed for the Färöe Islands. This rocky group of thirty-five small islands, of which about twenty are inhabited, belongs to Denmark, and lies half-way between Iceland and Scotland. It was intended that the *Saga* should stop here for a day or two, and remain in the picturesque harbor of Thorshavn, on Strömöe Island, the largest of the group, while her passengers explored the surrounding waters and country. Now, on account of the serious nature of Mr. Whyte Whympers's injuries, which demanded skilful medical attention, this plan was abandoned, and the yacht was urged with all possible speed toward England.

After the Färöes, the Shetland Islands were passed,

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492.

then the Orkneys, and a day later the *Saga* sailed through the channel known as the Minch, between the Hebrides and the main-land of Scotland, then down past the Western Islands, through the north channel between Scotland and Ireland, across the Irish Sea, close to the Isle of Man, and finally, five days after leaving Reykjavik, she steamed into the mouth of the Mersey, and came to an anchor off the Liverpool Docks.

Here it was decided that the injured man must be at once removed to London, and although he still made light of his wounds, Lord Seabright insisted upon accompanying him and seeing that he was properly cared for. He ordered Mr. Marlin to take the yacht to Queens-town, where he would try and rejoin him within a day or two.

To Breeze he said: "Of course you will go to Queens-town with the yacht, McCloud, and if you fail to find your friends, you are to make yourself as comfortable as you can aboard until I come. Then we shall run around to Cowes, from which place it will be easy to send your ambergris up to London and dispose of it."

Breeze was very grateful for the great kindness shown him by this young Englishman, and tried to tell him so, but was checked by: "Oh, nonsense, man! Don't give it a thought. It's no more than you would do if you were in my place and I in yours, and no more than any true sailor would do for another whom he found in trouble. I should apologize to you for running off and leaving you in this way, but that you understand the necessity of the case as well as I."

By this kindness and politeness to one who was apparently so greatly his inferior in social station, as well as almost a stranger to him, Lord Seabright proved himself a thorough gentleman by breeding as well as by birth, for a true gentleman will treat with equal courtesy all persons worthy of respect with whom he is thrown in contact.

A few hours after she had entered the Mersey the *Saga* sailed out again, and stood down the Irish Sea with Breeze McCloud as her only passenger. Had he been a young prince he could not have travelled more luxuriously. Sitting alone in the beautiful saloon and surrounded by all its luxury, it was with a curious sensation that he traced the wonderful chain of events that had led him from the fore-castle of the old fishing schooner *Vizen* to this exquisitely appointed yacht.

The following day the *Saga* steamed into the magnificent harbor of Queenstown, ran up past the forts, and dropped anchor near a huge American steamer just in from New York that was sending ashore her mails and a number of passengers. These and those who remained on board the great steamer gazed with admiration at the dainty yacht, and many of them cast envious glances at the young man standing on her bridge, whom they imagined to be her owner.

Breeze waited until after dinner before leaving the yacht. Then he was set ashore in the gig, which Mr. Marlin said would be sent for him whenever he should come down to the landing and blow the shrill little silver whistle that he loaned him.

Breeze had no sooner stepped ashore than he was surrounded by a clamorous throng of men, who wanted him to ride in a jaunting-car or take a carriage for the Queen's Hotel, who would show him all the sights of the city, including the new cathedral, for a shilling, or would serve him in any way he chose to name.

Now, for the first time, Breeze remembered that he had not a cent of money in his pockets, and anxious to get rid of his noisy persecutors, he pushed his way through the crowd as quickly as possible, without paying any regard to where he was going. He did not wholly escape the attentions showered upon him, for one old woman succeeded in thrusting a bit of shamrock into a button-hole

of his coat, and evidently expected to be paid for so doing. Breeze thanked her politely, but did not succeed in getting rid of her until he had walked rapidly through several short, steep, and remarkably dirty streets, when he found himself in the main business street of the city.

Here he asked a man if he could tell him where Mr. Brady's store was.

"Is it Mike Brady the tinnam yer honor 'll be wantin' to find? or Pat that kapes the grane-grocery? or mayhap 'tis Tim the Alderman, who has no thrade at all, except for the bit of law he do pick up?"

Breeze said he did not think it was any of these, for the one he wanted to find sold linen.

"Thin 'tis Peter the Squire you'll be manin'; and by the same token his is the shop f'inist ye, across the way."

Breeze afterward learned that, having held some small political office, Wolfe's father had been dignified by his fellow-townsmen with the title of "Squire." He was very proud of this, and always insisted upon being addressed by it.

Now, looking in the direction indicated, the lad saw the sign, "Peter Brady, Linen-Draper," staring him in the face, and thanking the man, he hurried across the street.

An old porter, who was putting up the shutters, told him that the squire had driven away in a carriage a few minutes before with a stranger, and had left word that he should not be back that night.

Where did he live? Why, about two miles from there, away out on the edge of the city, but a cab would take him there in no time.

There were no cabs for Breeze that evening, and so he walked, and inquired his way from one and another. At last, after more than two hours' persevering labor, he found himself lifting the knocker of a small but neat-looking house some distance outside of the town, in which he had been told that Squire Brady lived.

The maid who answered the knock said the squire was at home, and wouldn't the gentleman step into the parlor? When she asked what name she should announce, he told her to say that it was a friend of the son who was in America.

After she had gone, he could not help overhearing a whispered consultation that took place in the hall. While he was wondering about it, a quick footstep approached the room, and the next moment the door was opened by his old dorymate, Wolfe Brady.

It would be hard to tell which of the two boys was the more astonished at this meeting. Perhaps Wolfe had the better reason for amazement at seeing the friend from whom he had been parted thousands of miles from there under circumstances that led him to fear he was dead.

"Breeze!"

"Wolfe!"

These were the only words the dorymates uttered for a full minute as they stood holding each other's hand and gazing into each other's face.

"How do you happen to be here?" asked Breeze, at length.

"Oh, my coming is simple enough," answered Wolfe.

"I got a thousand dollars salvage money for helping to carry that brig into port, and thinking I would like to see father and mother once more, I came. I only just got in on the steamer from New York. But where in the name of all that's wonderful did you come from, and how?"

"I," said Breeze, "have just got in from Iceland on the steam-yacht *Saga*." Then in a few words he gave his friend the briefest possible outline of his adventures since their parting.



"Well!" exclaimed Wolfe, when he had finished; "if it doesn't beat the *Arabian Nights*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, or anything else I ever heard of, then I'm a mackerel! And to think that I should stand on that steamer's deck and watch you sail into the harbor only three hours since, and not know it was you any more than Adam! But I must tell father and mother. They're nearly crazy already from seeing me, and I only hope it won't upset them entirely when I tell them who you are."

If it did not quite upset them, it certainly did greatly agitate the stout, ruddy-cheeked Irishman and his equally stout but pleasant-faced wife, whom Wolfe introduced as his father and mother, to meet the person who had saved their son's life.

The latter started when she saw Breeze, and after shaking hands with him, and thanking him profusely for all that he had done for her boy, she sat down and gazed at him keenly whenever he was not looking at her.

Her husband, too, appeared to be greatly interested in the lad's face, and although cordial and hospitable in the extreme, he seemed uneasy in his presence. When he learned that Breeze had come in on the *Saga*, he remarked to his wife that she was Lord Seabright's yacht.

"You know him?" asked Breeze, innocently.

"To be sure I do," answered the other. "I've known him since the day he was born. Sir Wolfe was his grandfather on his mother's side, and it's likely our boy has told you how intimately we were connected with Sir Wolfe's family."

Breeze acknowledged that Wolfe had told him.

About this time the "squire" disappeared for a few minutes, and when he returned he was followed by the maid bearing a tray, on which were a plate of biscuit and some bottles and glasses.

Filling the glasses with wine from one of the bottles, the master of the house said, "I want to propose the health of the distinguished visitor from across the ocean, who honors our humble home with his presence to-night. I refer to Mr. Breeze McCloud."

As Wolfe instinctively stretched out his hand toward one of the glasses, Breeze said, in a low tone, "Point true, Wolfe."

Wolfe's face flushed, as he quickly withdrew his hand, saying: "Thank you, Breeze. I own I had almost forgotten."

At the same time both the squire and his wife set down their untasted glasses, and the latter, turning to Breeze, said, in a trembling voice, "May I ask you, sir, where you heard those words?"

"I did not hear them," answered Breeze, "but I saw them; and if you are at all interested I can show them to you; for, oh, Wolfe!" he added, turning to his dorymate, "I have learned the secret of the golden ball."

With this he unclasped the slender chain from about his neck, opened the locket, and handed it to Wolfe's mother.

She cast one glance at it, uttered an exclamation of joy, and very nearly fainted from the excess of her emotion.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



WAITING FOR THE TIDE —DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY

HEROES AND MARTYRS OF INVENTION.

BY GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

THE STRUGGLES OF CHARLES GOODYEAR.

NEVER did any man work harder, suffer more keenly, or remain more steadfast to one great purpose of life than Charles Goodyear. The story of his life—for the most part mournful—teems with touching interest. No inventor ever struggled against greater or more often returning obstacles, or against repeated failures more overwhelming. Goodyear is often compared, as a martyr and hero of invention, to Bernard Palissy, the potter. He is sometimes called "the Palissy of the nineteenth century." But his sufferings were more various, more bitter, and more long enduring than ever were even those of Palissy, while the result of his long, unceasing labors was infinitely more precious to the world than Palissy's; for if Palissy restored the art of enamelling so as to produce beautiful works of art, Goodyear perfected a substance which gives comfort and secures health to millions of human beings.

Charles Goodyear was born at New Haven, Connecticut, in the first year of the present century. He was the eldest of the six children of a leading hardware merchant of that place—a man both of piety and of inventive talent. When Charles was a boy his father began the manufacture of hardware articles, and at the same time carried on a farm. He often required his son's assistance, so that Charles's schooling was limited. The boy was very fond of books from an early age, and instead of playing with his mates, devoted most of his leisure time to reading.

It was even while he was a school-boy that his attention was first turned to the article the improvement of which for common uses became afterward his life-work. "He happened to take up a thin scale of India-rubber," says his biographer, "peeled from a bottle, and it was suggested to his mind that it would be a very useful fabric if it could be made uniformly so thin, and could be so prepared as to prevent its melting and sticking together in a solid mass." Often afterward he had a vivid presentiment that he was destined by Providence to achieve these results.

The years of his youth and early manhood were spent in the hardware trade in Philadelphia and then in Connecticut, and at twenty-four he was married to a heroic young wife, who shared his trials, and was ever to him a comforting and encouraging spirit. From boyhood he was always devout and pure in habits. On one occasion, soon after his marriage, he wrote to his wife while absent from her: "I have quit smoking, chewing, and drinking, all in one day. You cannot form an idea of the extent of this last evil in this city [New York] among the young men."

Charles Goodyear's misfortunes began early in his career. He failed in business, his health broke down, and through life thereafter he suffered almost continual attacks of dyspepsia. He was, moreover, a small, frail man, with a weak constitution. He was imprisoned for debt after his failure; nor was this the only time that he found himself within the walls of a jail. That was almost a frequent experience with him in after-life.

It was under clouds like these that Goodyear began his long series of experiments in India-rubber. Already this peculiar substance, which is a gum that exudes from a certain kind of very tall tree, which is chiefly found in South America—already it had been manufactured into various articles, but it had not been made enduring, and the uses to which it could be put were few.

There is no space here to follow Goodyear's experiments in detail. He entered upon them with the ardor of a fanatic and the faith of a devotee. But he very soon found that the difficulties in his way were great and

many. There he was, bankrupt, in bad health, with a growing family dependent on him, and no means of support. Yet he persevered, through years of wretchedness, to the very end. It is a striking fact that his very first experiment was made in his prison cell.

During the long period occupied by his repeated trials of invention he passed through almost every calamity to which human flesh is heir. Again and again he was thrown into prison. Repeatedly he saw starvation staring him and his gentle wife and his poor little children in the face. He was reduced many times to the very last extreme of penury. His friends sneered at him, deserted him, called him mad. He was forced many times to beg the loan of a few dollars, with no prospect of repayment. One of his children died in the dead of winter, when there was no fuel in the cheerless house. A gentleman was once asked what sort of a looking man Goodyear was. "If you meet a man," was the reply, "who wears an India-rubber coat, cap, stock, vest, and shoes, with an India-rubber money purse without a cent in it, that is Charles Goodyear."

Once, when in the extremity of want, while he was living at Greenwich, near New York, he met his brother-in-law, and said, "Give me ten dollars, brother; I have pawned my last silver spoon to pay my fare to the city."

"You must not go on so; you cannot live in this way," said the other.

"I am going to do better," replied Goodyear, cheerily.

It was by accident at last that he hit upon the secret of how to make India-rubber durable. He was talking one day to several visitors, and in his ardor making rapid gestures, when a piece of rubber which he was holding in his hand accidentally hit against a hot stove. To his amazement, instead of melting, the gum remained stiff, and charred like leather. He again applied great heat to a piece of rubber, and then nailed it outside the door, where it was very cold. The next morning he found that it was perfectly flexible, and this was the discovery which led to that successful invention which he had struggled through so many years to perfect. The main value of the discovery lay in this, that while the gum would dissolve in a moderate heat, it both remained hard and continued to be flexible when submitted to an extreme heat. This came to be known as the "vulcanization" of India-rubber.

Two years were still to elapse, however, before Goodyear could make practical use of his great discovery. He had tried everybody out by his previous frequent announcements that his invention had been perfected, when each time it had until now proved a failure. Many a time he had gone to his friends declaring that he had succeeded, so that when he really had made the discovery nobody believed in it.

He was still desperately poor and in wretched health. Yet he moved to Woburn, in Massachusetts, resolutely continuing his experiments there. He had no money, and so baked his India-rubber in his wife's oven and saucapans, or hung it before the nose of her teakettle. Sometimes he begged the use of the factory ovens in the neighborhood after the day's work was over, and sold his children's very school-books in order to supply himself with the necessary gum. At this time he lived almost exclusively on money gifts from pitying friends, who shook their heads in their doubts of his sanity. Often his house had neither food nor fire in it; his family were forced to go out into the woods to get fuel to burn. "They dug their potatoes before they were half grown, for the sake of having something to eat."

Goodyear was terribly afraid that he should die before he could make the world believe in the great uses to which his discovery might be applied. What he was toiling for was neither fame nor fortune, but only to confer a vast benefit on his fellow-men.

At last, after infinite struggles, the absorbing purpose of his life was attained. India-rubber was introduced under his patents, and soon proved to have all the value he had in his wildest moments claimed for it. Success thus crowned his noble efforts, which had continued unceasingly through ten years of self-imposed privation. India-rubber was now seen to be capable of being adapted to at least five hundred uses. It could be made "as pliable as kid, tougher than ox-hide, as elastic as whalebone, or as rigid as flint." But, as too often happens, his great discovery enriched neither Goodyear nor his family. It soon gave employment to sixty thousand artisans, and annually produced articles in this country alone worth eight millions of dollars.

Happily the later years of the noble, self-devoted inventor were spent at least free from the grinding penury and privation of his years of uncertainty and toil. He died in his sixtieth year (1860), happy in the thought of the magnificent boon he had given to mankind.

A DAY IN WAXLAND.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AUTHOR OF "THE HERRISOFFER," ETC.

II.

WHEN the door closed, the bear took Tommy by the hand, and they proceeded down a spiral staircase. The light was very dim, but Tommy could see that the staircase was inside a huge stick of candy, the steps running around in the red stripe and the rail in the yellow. It was the greatest stick of candy he had ever seen. It was as large around as a tree, and seemed a great deal higher, and Tommy fancied he would never reach the bottom.

The bear held him affectionately by the hand as they descended, and when finally they got to the bottom, he said,

"This is the bottom of the stair,
As sure as I'm a cinnamon bear."

"What do we do next, Mr. Bear?" asked Tommy.

"We cross this point
To the bank beyond,
Then we pass through an aisle of gloom,
Till we reach the place
Where you'll see with grace
The gay waxteria bloom."

Then the bear told Tommy to get on his back, which Tommy did. The bear then proceeded to walk across the pond, which was less than a foot deep. It did not take a great while to accomplish this, because the bear was pretty lively. When he walked up the other bank he forgot about Tommy, and in giving himself a shake shook Tommy off on the ground. The bear was very sorry, and apologized for his forgetfulness.

"Say silver orange?" asked Tommy.

The bear was at a loss to understand Tommy's meaning. It seemed a queer way of accepting his abject apologies for shaking him off. But the bear couldn't say silver orange, because nothing would rhyme with those words. It was a neat trick of Tommy's to see if he could break the bear of the rhyming habit, and teach him to talk in prose.

"Oh, there's another bear!" said Tommy, suddenly.
"Is he a cinnamon bear too?"

"Oh yes, that's a cinnamon bear,
Who capers around
With his nose on the ground
While performing a jig over there
He's a bear that can only talk prose.
A prosy old bear,
Who has never a care
From the tip of his tail to his nose."

Then the Lyric Bear introduced Tommy to the Prose Bear, and it was very refreshing to Tommy to meet an animal who could pass the time of day without dropping into rhyme.

"Ah! I am so glad to meet you," said Tommy, as he shook the Prose Bear by the paw; "but I didn't catch your name."

"Edward Persimmons," repeated the bear; "and I am a very matter-of-fact creature, too, I can assure you. Do you know, I can see no more beauty in a tea-rose than I can in a coffee bean, a sugar beet, or a milk weed?"

"You astonish me!" replied Tommy, with a tremor.
"If you cannot see any beauty in a tea-rose, I fancy I shall have to feel afraid of you. Are you fond of music?"

"I am not a musical b'ar," he replied.

"How far off is Waxland?" asked Tommy, when he had recovered from the shock.

"Oh," said the Prose Bear, thoughtfully, "it is only a short distance. I generally wait here to accompany the Lyric Bear to the palace. I have to stay here in the dark for ever so long, because when Waxland goes out in the spring and the Lyric Bear leaves, I have to remain here and suck my thumbs, and wait for him to return. I tell you I am always so glad to see him that if I were not a prosy, phlegmatic bear, I should probably burst into a song and dance on first observing his pleasant face. Do you know that at the present time I am a mass of wild hilarity subdued by my natural inactivity? Do you know that I am a smouldering fire of unbounded joy yearning for a means of giving it vent?"

"No," replied Tommy. "How should I know any such thing before being told of it? Perhaps you will ask me directly if I am aware of the fact that last May your grandmother was turned into a peach pie by a wicked fairy with a green mole on his left ear, and a vest pocketful of lizards singing a Welsh serenade."

The Prose Bear was nonplussed at this.

"Perhaps you will ask me," continued Tommy, "if I know that your grandfather's mother-in-law used to make rolls of jelly-cake in the high hat of the giant whose third wife was turned into a jar of pickled butternuts, for feeding guava jelly-fish to the three-cornered tom-cat with the ultramarine wings."

The Prose Bear looked as though he had completely lost his senses through fright, and didn't know what to do. Finally he said: "If you say anything like that again, you will break my heart. I am not accustomed to having such things said to me on the spur of the moment, when I am not on my guard. When you think of any such weird thing again, will you have the kindness to make me aware of the fact that you will say it in ten minutes?"

"Certainly," replied Tommy.

"I am only a poor Prose Bear, and cannot, therefore, pour out the song of gratitude that is at present singing itself in my heart. I would like you to act in this way: Draw forth your watch, and say, 'Mr. Persimmons, I have conceived a horrible fancy, which I desire to express to you in my own peculiar fashion. It is now twenty-five minutes of three, at ten minutes of three be prepared.'"

"That is a very fair proposition," replied Tommy, "and I can promise faithfully to respect it, because I never again intend to disturb your peace of mind in a like manner."

"You are really a nice little boy," said the Prose Bear; "and if I may presume on a seven-minute acquaintance, I would like to make you aware of the fact that you have made a favorable impression on the old Prose Bear's heart. I would like to give you a hug."

"Oh, please don't," exclaimed Tommy, in alarm, for he had not read bear stories for nothing.



The bear proceeded to walk across the pond

"Well, then, perhaps you will allow me to make a little friendly suggestion?"

"What is it?" asked Tommy.

"If I felt sure that it would be accepted in the kindly spirit in which it is offered—"

"It will be," broke in Tommy.

"Well, I would advise you either to wash your face or give it a fresh coat of paint. It is quite out of tone just at present."

"I only put that on while playing Indian," explained Tommy, as he stooped to a little spring by the way and washed it off; "but now how am I going to dry my face?"

"Don't dry it at all. It is absurd to put water on your face for the sake of rubbing it off. Would it not be inconsistent with good sense to rush out in the fields with towels to dry the flowers?"

"It would," said Tommy.

"Then let the water dry in."

"I will not argue with you any further, good Mr. Prose Bear, but will let it dry in. If water cannot hurt the delicate flowers, it cannot injure me, because—" Tommy looked suddenly about, and in great surprise continued, "Oh, look there!"

Both the Prose and Lyric Bears looked about.

"Are not those pansies that cover that great meadow?"

"They are," replied the Prose Bear.

Tommy looked, and feasted his eyes on the beautiful sight. The earth was perfectly blue, and seemed to throb with mellow fragrance. When the wind touched the purple, it waved to and fro like a gently rippled sea, and some white pigeons sitting on it looked like lovely full-blown lilies.

"This is the frontier of Waxland," said the Prose Bear.

"And what are the pansies for?" asked Tommy.

"They are the eyes for the wax dolls."

"And is this where they make wax dolls?"

"This is the place where the wax dolls are made," replied the Prose Bear.

"Waxland is pretty much all wax. The streets are wax, the houses are wax, and the gardens are full of wax flowers."

"But how do you bears come to be here?"

"We are the agents of the bees; we dispose of the beeswax to the King of Waxland. That is the only kind of wax that does not abound here. They have wax string-beans, whose strings are waxed ends; they have sealing-wax growing in the ground in long red sticks like radishes; they have wax-candle trees, and cobbler's wax growing right on the cob—"

"Was that joke on cobbler and cob accidental?" asked Tommy.

"Frankly, it was not," replied the Prose Bear, tearfully; "but I was feeling so happy just then over the reillumination of Waxland and the return of the Lyric Bear that I couldn't control myself. But to return to the bees: we are their agents, because of our natural fondness for honey. The Lyric Bear is very much of a comic toy-book bear; and as the King is fond of a joke, he has induced him to become his fool or jester. But it is a great shame to think that he cannot talk in

prose. One day the Wax King ordered him to be waylaid by a party of Waxlanders, and beaten with waxteria switches, to see if he would yell anything in prose, but he screeched nothing but, 'Ow, ow, ow! wow, wow, wow!' and the King gave it up."

"What is the King's name?"

"Waxem the Oneth."

"Did I not just hear you say something about the reillumination of Waxland?"

"You did," replied the Prose Bear; "and perhaps I ought to say that Waxland is dark half the time and light the other half. There is only one day in the year, and half of that day is light, and the other half dark. During the light half, the Feast of Wax Candles, the Feast of Waxed Ends, and other celebrations take place. During the dark half, all Waxland sleeps."

"How is Waxland lighted?"

"By wax, of course," replied the Prose Bear. "It was originally lighted by a wax moon, which used to float around about half a mile above the earth. It was a round body full of burning wax. Its heat used to enable it to draw wax up from Waxland, and that kept it supplied with fuel."

"But how would it go out when the darkness came?"

"Of its own accord, I suppose," said the Prose Bear. "It would grow dimmer and dimmer every day, and then people would begin to get under cover for the night. After it went out it kept going around as usual, but of course was invisible, and simply wasted its time."

"But how did the wax moon come to stop?" asked Tommy.

"We never knew, but suppose to this day that its draughts or air-box got shifted out of place. For all of a sudden a shower of wax started, and the wax moon began to grow smaller and smaller, until it finally looked like a white gum-drop. And all the wax settled in a great wax hollow, and is now known as the great Wax Sea. During the day this sea is a sea of fire, just as it was when it was a moon, and at night it is an illuminated body."

"Any man in it?" asked Tommy.

"No; only a fish: this fish used to drink up the superfluous fuel it drew up, to keep the moon from slopping over. And now it swims about in the great Wax Sea."

"What is it called?" asked Tommy.

"It is called the wax dolphin, because it is really a doll with fins. It also wears yellow hair and a blue dress, and sometimes walks on the wax sea, and sometimes swims along its surface as gracefully as the wind."

"But how is Waxland lighted now?" asked Tommy.

"That I would rather not tell you, because you will soon see it lighted before your very eyes. Do you hear that whizzing sound?"

"Yes," replied Tommy.

"What is it?"

"That is the wax tapir spinning on his nose."

"Oh yes," said Tommy, clapping his hands: "Mr. Lyric Bear told me all about the wax tapir, and the wax dolphin, too, in a neat little ever just after I met him. How long does he spin?"

"Until Waxland is pretty well lighted. His whirl wakes all the people up. Just hear how loud he is going now!"

Tommy listened, and sure enough the wax tapir's whirl became louder and louder, until it sounded like a saw-mill on a moaning sea-shore.

Then the Lyric Bear sang:

"When the little wax tapir begins
To whirl all around on his nose,
Oh, it's faster and faster he spins
As he fashions his course with his toes.
Oh, he wakes the Waxlanders from sleep,
And they rush from their pleasant repose
To observe the old wax tapir keep
Spinning swiftly around on his nose."

"Oh, look, look!" cried Tommy.

And as they turned they saw an excited wax populace waving their wax hats in glee against a delicate orange background.

The more the Waxlanders waved their wax hands, the faster the wax tapir kept spinning. He would disappear down one avenue and appear on another. After he had spun through all the streets, he stopped before the palace, and spun and whirled until a wax attendant ran out and told him the King was awake, and that further whirling would be superfluous.

So the wax tapir jumped lightly from his nose to his feet, and ran over to join the Prose and Lyric Bears.

"I should think you would wear your nose right back to your eyes spinning in that fashion," said Tommy, after he had been introduced to the wax tapir.

"One would naturally draw that inference," replied the wax tapir, "but there is no more danger of my wearing my nose out by spinning on it than there is of your wearing your feet off to the ankles by walking on them."

Then they proceeded further into Waxland. When they reached a beautiful wax hill they paused, and Tommy saw the most wonderful sight of his life. All the wax for miles around was dotted with little balls of fire. Tommy noticed that the ones close to him were lighted wax candles. He couldn't imagine how they ever started, and the most curious part of it all was that as the candles continued to burn they grew higher instead of diminishing. When they got six or eight feet high, branches began to shoot out from them in every direction. And from these branches other branches sprang, until each candle was a beautiful wax tree, and the flames on the branches all turned into wax flowers of all colors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



GRANDMOTHER'S PETTICOAT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"FOR grandmother's birthday, now what shall we do?"
Said Margaret to Mary, and Mary to Sue;
"Shall we make her a plum-cake, or trim her a cap,
Or knit for her shoulders a warm fleecy wrap?"

"She has caps without number already, you see,"
Said Sue, when consulted; "a cake would not be
A success without candles; but think of it, dears:
We'd need seventy candles for seventy years."

They fancied her face when the gift should be done—
The prettiest petticoat under the sun.
A parcel tied bravely in ribbons of white,
They scarcely could wait for her look of delight.

"I vote for a wrap, not for shoulders or throat;
Let us broider together a warm petticoat
Of flannel the finest, and garland it round
With the loveliest pattern that ever was found

What love in the stitches the small fingers set,
Till the rich wreath was finished, and each little pet,
With rosy-tipped fingers and serious air,
Had shared in the gift that dear grandma should wear.



AN INDIAN STORY.

IN the next number will appear the first instalment of a serial story, entitled:

THE RED MUSTANG.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,
AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," "TWO ARROWS," ETC.

No living author writes better "Indian stories" for boys. Mr. Stoddard knows the Indian and his country well, and presents him as he is, with his virtues as well as his faults. "The Red Mustang" is full of incident and adventure, such as will delight all boys; indeed, it is likely to be even more popular than either of Mr. Stoddard's two previous stories.

The story will be illustrated by H. F. FAIRY.

"MOTHER KNOWS BEST."

"MOTHER knows best!"
A dozen children were engaged in an eager talk on a street corner. They were planning something, I could not tell what—a picnic, or a game, or a drive—but just as I passed them, one little voice exclaimed decidedly, "Mother knows best!"

I hope that all my little Post-office boys and girls are of the same opinion, and that they pursue daily the sort of behavior that this opinion implies. If you really believe that "Mother knows best," you will always do what she wishes; come in when she calls, and not linger for ten minutes, till she has to call you again; wear the thick jacket or the thin as she advises, and try in every possible way to please her. It is a happy mother whose children act in this manner.

WORDS WE WILL TRY TO AVOID.

Do you know, chicks, I am growing tired of certain words in your little letters, which you say over and over till I find myself watching for them. One of these little words is "nice." You tell me that the weather is "nice," HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is "nice," "Dorymates" is "nice," Mrs. Lillie is "nice," the Postmistress is "nice." Now, a *nic*, or exact use of this word limits it to *precise*, or *neat*, or *clean*, and in many cases some other word would really be a very much better one. When next you are about to write of anything that is *nice*, stop and think whether or not that is what you wish to say. Another word which I do not like is "got." "I have" a thing is generally enough to say; I have "got" it is unnecessary.

Who is ready to begin school-work again? You, Jenny? You, Kate? You, Harry, Hugh, May, Roger, Ralph, Fannie, Lawrence, Jack? After a long and charming vacation you will be expected to do famous work when school begins.

BREACHT, OBSERVATORY ROAD, NEAR CATAWBA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—This is the first letter I have written to you, and I should very much like to see it in print, for it would be such a surprise to mother, who is so desirous to have me write again. Near to our house is a small river called the Lanes, and it is very pleasant walking along its banks, where there are a great many flowers and blackberries, which my sister and I often gather. A little distant from the river the vacheneche grows very plentifully; it is a pretty creeper of a green color, much used for hats. It is called so because it often catches in your dress, and the word means in English "wait a minute." I don't think any country can boast of so many pretty flowers as that of Africa. The lovely heath, *Africanders*, and different species of cactus plants; the *Cratula*, which is a lovely red color; the pride of Table Mountain, and the Arab lilies, which grow wild in great abundance, and are much admired by foreigners. CAPT TOWN is not very large, but we have a few fine buildings, and the Botanical Gardens and

the long Oak Avenue near Government House look very inviting and cool during the hot summer weather. Of Table Mountain I dare say you have heard a great deal; it is called by that name because it resembles a table, and is often covered with clouds like a table-cloth.

There are a large number of Malays in Cape Town. The highest in rank dress beautifully in silks and satins of all colors. The priest's costume is also very pretty; it consists of a turban round the head, a long cloak, left open in front and lined with some bright material, and a loose blouse with some gay sort of pattern on the waist. They make a very pretty picture when there are a number of them together, the colors are so many and bright.

KATIE TRILL (aged 10 years).

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I HAVE TAKEN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE EVER SINCE I WAS NINE YEARS OLD, NOW I AM TWELVE. I LIKE KIRK MUNROE'S STORIES VERY MUCH, AND I AM VERY FOND OF LUCY C. LILLIE'S WRITINGS. I AM GOING TO HAVE THIS YEAR'S HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE BOUND. I HAVE A DEAR LITTLE SISTER, HER NAME IS WANDA IRENE. WE HAVE QUITE A NUMBER OF CHICKENS, AND THEY WILL EAT MASS OUT OF HER HAND. I WANT FANNIE H. H., WHO WRITES ABOUT HER DOLL HOUSES, MUST FEEL VERY LONELY WITHOUT HER TWO SISTERS, E. C.

SHE DOES, AND DEAR LITTLE FANNIE WILL BE GLAD THAT YOU SYMPATHIZE WITH HER.

I wonder if you little people of the Post-office Box are not ready for a few popular guessing games for the next evenings that are growing longer? Here is a pretty one.

MY LADY QUEEN ANNE.

A ball is concealed with some one of the children who form the circle. A girl is placed in the centre, and a dialogue ensues, the ring singing:

"My Lady Queen Anne,"

"As fair as the sun,"

"As brown as a bun,"

The king sends you three letters, and bids you read one."

The girl answers:

"I cannot read, unless I read all."

"So pray, Mr. [or Miss] —, deliver the ball."

If the person named has the ball, he or she takes it and reads it, she cannot read, she whispers in English, a rhyme is given for the latter case:

"The ball is mine, and none of thine."

"So you, proud queen, may sit on your throne."

"While we, your messengers, go and come."

WHO STOLE THE CARDINAL'S HAT?

The children being seated in a circle, a child, who does not take part in the game, whispers to each of the rest a name representing some color, as "Red-cap," "Blue-cap," "Yellow-cap," etc. The players all accepted, one of whom is called "My man John," and one represents the Cardinal. The latter now leaves the room, first placing in the hands of "John" a little bill of wood, bidding him take care of the Cardinal's hat, which at the same time he declares to be of some particular color, as green. "John" conceals this somewhere in the room. The child who went out then enters, armed with a cane, and demands the Cardinal's hat. "John" affects to have forgotten all about it, and asks, "What color was it—green?" and so on until he guesses the color. Being told he is deceived, he demands the name of the group, as, for example, "Red-cap," has stolen it. "Red-cap" is now asked by the questioner, "Red-cap, did you steal the Cardinal's hat?" He also must pass on the charge, saying, "No, it was White-cap," (or any other color). If he omits to do so, or names a color not included among the players, he must pay forfeit. If he succeeds while the questioner becomes indignant at the numerous denials, and proceeds to extort confession by torture, rapping with his cane the fingers of those who he addresses. If he succeeds in obliging any child to confess, the latter must pay forfeit. At last "My man John" owns the hat, produces the hat, and the game is begun again, until a sufficient number of forfeits have been collected.

QUAKER, HOW IS THERE?

"Quaker, Quaker, how is there?"

"Very well, I thank thee."

"How's thy neighbor, next to thee?"

"I don't know, but I'll go see."

The question is accompanied by a rapid movement of the right hand. The second child of the ring inquires the same question of the third, and so on all round. Then the same question is asked with a like gesture of the left hand, and, after this has gone round, with both hands, left and right, and so on, until the game is ended by all the motions at once. "A nice long game," as our little informant said.

OLNEY, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl ten years old. I never have written a letter, and I saw so many little girls

writing that I thought I would. I am very much interested in "Dorymates," and I also was in "Captain Polly." I was on Sydney's side. I can play on the organ, and can make paper flowers, make beds, knit, and do a great many other things. For pets I have two birds and a dog; the birds' names are Dick and Roy, and the dog's name is Tim. I have a brother older than myself; his name is Theron. F. RUBY 1.

SEVEN YEARS.

MY BROTHER ALBERT AND MYSELF, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE GIVEN TO US EVER SINCE I WAS NINE YEARS OLD FOR CHRISTMAS BY OUR AUNT. AND AS I HAVE NEVER WRITTEN TO YOU BEFORE I THOUGHT I WOULD WRITE NOW. IT IS A VERY WONDERFUL DAY. WE HAVE TO READ OUR HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AND EVERY WEEK WE LOOK FORWARD TO TUESDAY. MY MOTHER HAS WRITTEN TO ME A PAIR OF LITTLE SORREL PONES. I HAVE A COUSIN SUE. WE ARE OF ONE AGE. WE LIVE CLOSE TO EACH OTHER, AND WE ARE TOGETHER ALL THE TIME. I HAVE ONE SISTER AND A BROTHER (ALBERT AND FLORENCE). SHE IS THE ONLY CHILD. FOR PETS WE EACH HAVE A LITTLE KITTEN, ENJOY WATCHING THEM PLAY SO MUCH. I SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO SEE THIS LETTER PRINTED, BECAUSE I HAVE NEVER WRITTEN TO YOU BEFORE. SUE AND I BOTH TAKE MUSIC LESSONS. I ENJOY TAKING THEM. CAN ANY ONE SUGGEST ANY PRETTY PIECES OF MUSIC TO ME? I READ AND ENJOYED A GREAT DEAL. MY FAVORITE IS "LOVE ME M. ALBERT," BUT I CAN'T WRITE TO YOU TOO. IRENE N. W.

GREENFIELD, IOWA.

I HAVE NOT SEEN IN ANY OF THE MEMBERS OF HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE A LETTER FROM GREENFIELD, IOWA, AND SO I THOUGHT I WOULD WRITE ONE. A FRIEND OF MINE SENDS HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE TO ME AND I READ THEM VERY MUCH. I AM TWELVE YEARS OLD. I LIVE FOUR MILES AND A HALF FROM GREENFIELD. I AM VERY MUCH PLEASED WITH HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AND I THINK THE POST-OFFICE BOX IS A VERY NICE THING. I HAVE A LITTLE STOVE AND BUREAU, AND I HAVE TWO DOLLS. THEIR NAMES ARE SYLVIA AND LOU ETTA. THIS IS THE FIRST LETTER I HAVE WRITTEN TO THE POST-OFFICE BOX. SARAH P.

NORWICH, HENRY TOWN, WOODBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I HAVE TAKEN YOUR PAPER FOR FOUR AND A HALF YEARS, BUT HAVE NEVER WRITTEN TO YOU BEFORE. THIS CAMP IS FOR THE BOYS TO LEARN TO BE SOLDIERS. I WAS IN THE CAMP FOR A SLIGHT AMOUNT OF DRILL AND LIGHT MILITARY DISCIPLINE SERVES ADMIRABLY AS A SORT OF CAMP TONIC. THIS IS THE ROUTINE FOR THE DAY:

6:20 Reveille.	12:30 Dinner
6:40 Reveille roll-call.	1:30 Swimming (voluntary).
6:50 Breakfast	1:40 Tarp
7:45 Parade roll-call.	4:30 Drill
8:05 Recall.	5:00 Supper
8:10 Sick call.	5:00 Dress parade
8:15 Company drill.	and retreat.
8:45 Recall.	9:00 Talk.
9:00 Gymnastics.	9:30 Taps.
9:15 Swimming (voluntary).	
9:35 Recall.	

We have lectures and excursions. Only boys of good character are received. The company is very strict, and we do not want to go home when their time is up. Your friend,

J. F. GILMER, Lieutenant Co. C.

The next two letters will speak tenderly to all our hearts:—

BRIDGE, NEW YORK.

THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY OUR DEAR, YOUNG, BUT FEW WEEKS BEFORE HER DEATH. SHE WAS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN THE LETTERS FROM OTHER LITTLE READERS, AND ONLY HER PREVIOUS ILLNESS HAD PREVENTED HER WRITING. SHE WAS A VERY SENSITIVE CHILD, BUT A LETTER JUST AS IT CAME FROM HER LITTLE HANDS, BUT IT HAD BEEN WRITTEN ON HER SLATE, AND WAS WAITING FOR ANOTHER CHILD WHO SHOULD FEEL WELL ENOUGH TO COPY IT. HER DEAR LITTLE HAND OVER IT HAD MADE STRONG AGAIN BY THE GREAT PHYSICIAN, WHO ALONE CAN HEAL OUR ACHING HEARTS.

HER MOTHER.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I WILL BE TEN IN AUGUST, AND I EXPECT TO HAVE A PARTY. I HAD THE SCARLET-FEVER IN MARCH. I WAS AT MY GRANDMOTHER'S IN UTAH FOR TWO MONTHS, AND I HAD WEEKS, AND WHEN I BEGAN TO GET OVER IT, I HAD A VERY STIFF NECK. I HAD HAD THE WHOOPING-COUGH BEFORE THAT. MY UNCLE JOHN GIVES ME HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, BUT I HAVE NEVER READ SO MUCH. I LIKE "CAPTAIN POLLY" AND "DORYMATES" BEST. MAMMA IS VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN THE LETTERS. WHEN I HAD THE SCARLET-FEVER MY FATHER AND MOTHER AND ALL WERE IN THE HAMBURTON WITH MY AUNT GRACE. WHEN THEY WERE GOING FROM THE DEPOT IN A CAB, AUNT GRACE TOLD THEM THEY MUST NOT TOUCH ANY OF THE SPRINGS OR ANYTHING IN THE CAB, BUT AS MY MOTHER AFTERWARD THEY TURNED A CORNER, THE CAB SLIPPED A LITTLE, AND EMILY FELT HERSELF FALLING, AND SHE CAUGHT HOLD OF THE DOOR-GRIPPING, AND SHE FLEW DOWN, AND SHE FLEW OUT. SHE WAS NOT HURT ANY, BUT SHE SAID TO AUNT GRACE AFTERWARD, "I



A VORACIOUS APPETITE.

A LITTLE girl came up from play:
 "Ma, is it true I heard you say,
 There was a tiger t'other day
 Who died from eating sawdust?"

"Yes, dear, the sawdust clean and sweet,
 Thrown in his cage to keep it neat,
 By chance he swallowed with his meat,
 And so they say it killed him."

The child looked up with frightened eye:
 "My dolly," she began to cry:
 "Oh, do you think that she will die?
 For she's gone and eaten herself chock-full of sawdust."

BOBBIE.

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

I HAVE heard my grandmother relate a funny little incident that once happened to a friend of hers who owned a fine and mischievous parrot named Bobbie.

The lady, whom I will call Mrs. Walker, lived only a short distance from the church where she was a regular attendant. While Bobbie usually had the freedom of the front yard when his mistress was at home, he was fastened up in his cage when she went to church, or was away from the house for any length of time; and sometimes when Bobbie was not in the humor for being held in captivity, it required a good deal of persuasion and tact to get him into his cage.

On one occasion, when a religious revival was in progress, Bobbie's mistress had to resort to almost every artifice known to her before he was captured and caged.

Mrs. Walker was both warm and worried when she at last hastily closed the wire door on him and hurried to church, for it was late.

In the midst of the sermon, what was her astonishment and discomfiture to hear Bobbie's voice, from the thick foliage of a tree near the open window, calling out, "Oh, Miss Jane! oh, Miss Jane!" while people looked first at one another, then at Mrs. Walker, who was usually called "Miss Jane" by her intimate friends, and also by the servants and Bobbie.

Close upon this unexpected greeting Mrs. Walker's ears were shocked by a lively ditty, sung in Bobbie's loudest voice:

"Polly was a pretty girl,
 A pretty girl was she;
 Polly, put the kettle on,
 We'll all have tea."

The minister stammered in his discourse, and a titter ran through the congregation, while Mrs. Walker felt that all the blood in her body had rushed suddenly to her face. Just at that special moment it seemed to her that it would have been almost a pleasure to wring Bobbie's neck if it had been conveniently at hand.

By some means he must have opened the door of his cage and escaped, or possibly, in her hurry, Mrs. Walker had failed to fasten it securely; at any rate, Bobbie was certainly just without the church, exhibiting his vocal abilities in the lively ditty of "Polly, put the kettle on."

Mrs. Walker hesitated a few moments; then, as Bobbie began the song a second time, she arose and went down the aisle, feeling that her face was the color of a peony, and that every eye in the congregation was turned on her.

Once outside the building, she hastily sought the tree in which Bobbie was perched, and in her most insinuating tones sought to lure him from his place of refuge; but Bobbie was out on a lark, and would have none of it.

In vain she coaxed; now and then he would sidle down the limb of the tree toward her in the most tantalizing way, but the least motion of her hand in his direction would send him scurrying back again out of reach, while an exultant "Ha! ha!" would proclaim his great amusement at the situation. Indeed, every one except the poor lady herself seemed to be enjoying the incident immensely.

Mrs. Walker had a thin, squeaky little voice, and when she would importune Bobbie to descend, saying, "Poor Bobbie! come, Bobbie; Bobbie want a cracker?" the truant would turn his wicked green head affectively to one side, and imitate her own peculiar tones which she employed in calling her geese up to be fed each evening. "Goosey, goosey, goosey," he would say, in the most comical manner imaginable, until the congregation within the church were almost convulsed with laughter. Not until an obliging small boy climbed up in the tree and captured the runaway did the amusing scene come to an end.

You may be sure, though, that ever after this Bobbie was made a safe prisoner until preaching was over, and he never had another opportunity to bring himself to the notice of so large and distinguished a body of people.



THE END OF THE BATH.

"THERE, NOW, BOBBY PIPER, YOU'S BEEN ALL WASHED, AN' NOW YOU'S GETTIN' WIPED. INST' IT DROPPED!"

WITH DOUBLE-PAGE

SUPPLEMENT.

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THE DASH FOR THE TIMBER.—[SEE SERIAL STORY "THE RED MUSTANG," BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, ON PAGE 786.]

THE RED MUSTANG.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

AUTHOR OF "TWO ARROWS," "THE TALKING LEAVES," "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.



EARLY one bright June morning, not long ago, a high knoll of a prairie in southern New Mexico was occupied as it had never been before. Rattlesnakes had coiled there; prairie-dog sentinels and wolves and antelopes, and even grim old buffalo bulls, had used that swelling mound for a lookout station. Mountains in the distance and a great sweep of the plains could be seen from it. Never until that hour, however, since the grass began to grow, had precisely such a horse pawed and fretted there, while precisely such a boy sat in the saddle and looked around.

It is very uncommon for a mustang to show a bright and perfect blood bay color, but this one did so, and it seemed as if the glossy beauty of his coat only brought out the perfection of his shape and the easy grace of his movements. He was a fiery, powerful fellow, and he appeared to have some constitutional objection to standing still. The saddle upon his back and the bridle held by his rider were of the best Mexican workmanship, silver-mounted, the very thing to complete the elegance of the red mustang.

In the saddle sat a boy about fourteen years of age, a gray-eyed, brown-haired young fellow, broad-shouldered and well made, whose sunburned face was all aglow with health, and who seemed to feel altogether at home in the stirrups. He wore a palm-leaf sombrero and a blue flannel shirt and trousers, while the revolver case at his belt and the carbine slung at his back added to the dashing effect of his outfit.

"Cow-boy! I a cow-boy!" he exclaimed, as the mustang curveted under him. "Look at those cattle! Look at all those horses! I'd rather own Santa Lucia ranch, and ride Dick all over the range, than live in any city I saw in the Eastern States. Hurrah!"

An exultant, ringing laugh followed the shout, but still he held in Dick. He took a long look in all directions, as if it were part of his business to know if anything besides cattle were stirring between that knoll and the dim, cloud-like mountain peaks, or the distant trees which marked the horizon of the plain.

Cattle and horses enough were in sight, as he turned from one point of the compass to another. The horned animals were not gathered in one great drove, but were scattered in larger and smaller gangs here and there, and were busily feeding. Something like half a regiment of horses, however, had kept together somewhat better, and the red mustang himself seemed to be taking an especial interest in them.

"Be quiet, Dick," said his master. "Are you set on springs?"

A low whinny and something like a suppressed curvet was Dick's reply, and it was followed by a sharp exclamation.

"Dick, what's that? What's the matter with Sam Herrick?"

At the same instant Dick was wheeled in an easterly

direction, and was permitted to bound away to meet a horse and rider who were coming toward him at furious speed.

Hardly three minutes later both reins were drawn so suddenly as almost to compel the two quadrupeds to sit down.

"What's the matter, Sam?"

"Indians, Cal—Indians!"

The news was of an exciting character, and was given with emphasis, but neither the voice nor the face of the black-bearded, undersized, knotty-looking man who gave it betrayed the least trace of emotion. It was as if he were mentioning some important but altogether matter-of-course part of a cow-boy's daily business. He added, in even a quieter tone and manner, as his horse came to a stand-still: "I scored one of 'em. They've kind o' got the lower drove, but mebber they won't drive 'em far. We can race these hosses into the timber. That's what I came for, and I'm right down glad you're here to help."

Cal's eager young face glowed with something more than health, and his eyes were flashing, but he made an effort to seem as calm and unconcerned as Sam Herrick himself.

"How far away are they now?" he asked, as he followed Sam's quick dash toward the drove of horses.

"Mebber a mile 'n a half. Mebber not so much. Mebber some more. All of 'em, except the braves that took after me, went for hosses and fresh beef, or seemed to. Guess we'll have time."

"Will they get many cattle? Were there enough of them to gather the whole drove?"

"They won't gather any cattle. It's a kind of buffler hunt for 'em. Lots of beef handy. They won't think of driving off any horned critters. Too slow, my boy. They'll take all the hosses they can get, though, and load 'em up, too."

Cal's face was in strong contrast to the dark, almost wooden sternness of the one he was looking into when he asked, "Sam, did you say you killed one?"

"Can't say. Guess not. I meant to mark him, but it was his pony that seemed to go down. Didn't either of 'em get up, that I saw. He was a awful fool to follow me in the way he did."

Sam was shouting at the horses between his short, jerky sentences, and his long-lashed, short-handled whip was whirling and cracking in a way that they seemed to understand.

"How many were there of them?" asked Cal, the next opportunity he had.

"Hosses? Well, they must have scopped the eastern drove. More'n a hundred head. We've got about two hundred here, but your father's lost some real good ones this time. No fault of mine."

"I didn't mean horses," said Cal. "How many Indians?"

"Oh, the red-skins?" said Sam, with a tremendous crack of the long whip. "Nobody can guess how many. They seemed to swarm all around. 'Faches, of course, but it's a curiosity where they came from. We must work now. Further to the left, Cal. That's it. They're started. What are those mules halting for?"

Nearly a score of long-eared fellows knew in half a minute more why they were trying to reach the woods ahead of the horses. It must be dreadfully aggravating to any mule to hear such a yell as that of Sam Herrick behind him, and to feel himself whip-stung somewhere at the same moment.

Cal Evans whooped and shouted remarkably well, but there was something sepulchral and savage and startling in the sounds with which Sam encouraged the whole drove to reach the long, irregular line of trees and bushes, half a mile to the southward.

"Keep it up, Cal! Whoop it! They're all a-going. Never mind any cattle. Whoop it!"

"There come the red-skins!" shouted Cal, at that moment, and then he seemed to almost hold his breath.

"I saw 'em," coolly responded Sam. "We'll reach good cover before they get here. The drove's running fine."

Sam was cool enough, but every muscle of his wiry body seemed to be uncommonly alive, and the horse he was on dashed hither and thither as if he also understood the matter.

"They're gaining on us," shouted Cal, at the end of another minute. "More'n a dozen of 'em. What can we two do against so many?"

"Keep cool, Cal. I'll show you when we get to the timber," replied Sam. "We're going to save every hoof of this lot, but they may get away with the other drove. I'm only half sure 'bout that, though."

The mob of mules and horses before them had been whipped and shouted into a furious run, and the thud of their hoofs was worth hearing. The best runners were streaming out ahead, and the heavier, slower animals were sagging behind as a sort of rear-guard. Sam worked vigorously for the rescue of those slow horses, and he hardly turned his head to take a look at the Indians. Cal imitated him as well as he could, except about the looking, and with every bound of the red mustang he justified Sam's remark:

"He rides like an Indian. Isn't he a fine young feller? Reckon the old Colonel 'll say I was right. I'll save his boy for him if I have to lose the whole drove—and my own hair, too; but they won't get that for nothing."

Cal Evans could not know what was passing in the mind of the swarthy cow-boy. His own brain and every nerve of his body seemed to be in a tangle of excitement. He was now able to think about it, and to be proud that he felt no fear—that is, no fear concerning anything but the horses.

On, on, on, went that tumultuous race, and the line of forest was very near now. It was a sort of natural barrier, stretching across the plain as if put there to check the sweep of "norther" storms and prairie fires, and any sort of stampedes. The middle of it was a winding ravine or slough, and at some seasons it was a river, instead of a string of ponds for buffalo wallows. All the wild or tame quadrupeds on that plain knew the value of Slater's Branch, and some of them, and all of the men, knew that it never quite went dry, and that its faculty to become a river could be exercised at any time on short notice when the snow in the mountains melted rapidly, or when a cloud-burst came on this side of the Sierra. The trees and bushes knew all about Slater's Branch, and they came and settled for life on its banks, making a timber belt thick and tall, with here and there dense undergrowths for the deer to lie in.

Cal Evans could not quite understand the present value of that line of forest, and yet he felt that it had a sort of sheltering look, and he was particularly glad to be galloping nearer and nearer, for there was an unpleasant chorus of whoops and yells only about a quarter of a mile behind him, and it was manifestly growing louder.

"Cal," growled Sam Herrick, "they've gobbled hosses enough for this trip. They can't have any more out of your father's corral. The critters are getting into cover. Keep cool, Cal. We may have to throw lead, some; but I reckon not much."

"Won't they follow us into the woods, then?" asked Cal, doubtfully.

"That's the question," replied Sam. "If they're young bucks they may; but not if there's a chief or an old brave among 'em. I'll show you."

Cal was conscious of understanding the feelings of young braves who needed an old chief to hold them back.

He knew that it would be almost a disappointment if he and Sam should succeed in saving the horses without any shooting. He had no desire to hurt anybody or to be hurt, but then the idea of a skirmish and a victory and all that sort of glory made him think of all the Indian battles he had ever read about.

Sam Herrick was armed to the teeth, as became a cow boy in that region, and yet it had been a long time since any hostile savages had troubled it. The herds and droves had multiplied year after year, almost unmolested, for the Apache bands were either driven over the Mexican border, or into Arizona, or were gathered on their reservations. If Cal had been asked that morning why he carried his own weapons, his best excuse would have been, "I thought I might hunt a little," and his real reason would not have been told unless he had said, "I love a gun, and I'd rather carry one than not, and a fellow can keep thinking what he'd do with it if he had a chance."

He had not tried to do any hunting, but his chance to do something else had come, or it looked like it, very suddenly.

"There, Cal. Glad we're here."

Sam Herrick said that as he reined in his horse and sprang to the ground. Cal followed his example, and one glance around him made him draw a breath of relief. There were great oaks in all directions. Several of the largest had fallen before the hands of time and some strong wind, and he and Sam had ridden in behind them, followed by a gust of angry whooping.

"Take your tree, Cal," said Sam, as he raised his repeater, and sent a warning shot in the direction of the whoops. "Now, my boy, if you was one of them 'Paches, how'd you feel about riding into short range of two good rifles, knowing what lead 'll do for a careless Indian?"

"I'd think twice about it," said Cal, "and so'll they; but they may ride into cover above or below us, and creep up. There's more than a dozen of 'em."

"Another time, perhaps, they might," said Sam, "but this isn't that other time. They haven't any to spare for scouting and skirmishing if they're to get away with their plunder. You and I can stand 'em off. Let drive, Cal; they're riding in too near."

Crack! crack! went the two rifles, although the distance was over three hundred yards.

"I declare!" exclaimed Sam. "One of us has knocked over a cow, on the rise, away beyond. They've seen it, though, and it's a good notice to 'em. There's just one thing troubles me. Word ought to be sent to the ranch. They ought to be warned before any mischief comes to 'em. I don't half know what to do."

He fired again, as if in vexation as well as in doubt, and the red men wheeled away, as if they also were uncertain what to do next.

Cal was silent for a moment, but a terrible thought had flashed into his mind. The ranch was his home.

"Sam," he said, in a changed, anxious voice, "is there any danger to them? I could dodge these fellows; I could carry the warning."

"I'd never answer to your father for letting you run any risk, Cal. You're perfectly safe here, but it might be an awful race to Saint Lucy."

Sam Herrick's idea of perfect safety was all his own, but Cal responded:

"I'd be just as safe on Dick's back. There isn't a horse in New Mexico."

"I know," said Sam, "but a bullet or an arrow 'll out-travel any hoss living. If you could ride along under cover to the left, 'bout half a mile, and set off behind the herd, without their sighting you."

"Yes," said Cal, "but why can't you come along and get to the ranch with me?"

"My name's Sam Herrick, and I never went back on

myself since I was born. Colonel Evans's hosses was in my keep, and nigh half on 'em's gone, and I'm bound to save the other half. I can stand off this lot of red-skins. They haven't an hour to throw away, and they know it. Mount and ride. Good-by, Cal. You're taking all the risk there is."

Cal sprang to the saddle, shook Sam's hand, and cantered away through the trees, but he did not hear the muttered words of the man who watched his departure.

"I reckon," said Sam, "that was the only way I could have got him to try it on. He's clear grit, like his father, and he'd have stand to fight it out in this here death-trap. I couldn't bear to have 'em get him. Besides, what I told him may be true. He may be saving the women-folks at the ranch, and perhaps these chaps won't ride in. I'll give 'em a shot now and then till he's well away."

Sam seemed wonderfully relieved, as if a great load had been taken off his mind. It was a great thing to him to have nothing but Apaches to watch, and to have no awful responsibility concerning the boyish rider of the red mustang.

If one of Sam's troubles had been in some small part removed, there was another question which from time to time came to his lips, and he now seemed almost satisfied with his own answer.

"Where did they come from? Well, I'd say they was from the Mescalero — 'Pache reservation, east of the mountains. They got tired of being cooped up on poor rations. How'd they get through at El Paso? I don't know how. Where'll they go next? I don't know that neither."

When Sam first saw those Indians that morning, no time was given him for taking notes. He had been suddenly compelled to put spurs to his horse and to ride for his life. He had been followed by the only Indians, out of more than a hundred, that were mounted, for all the rest were on foot. The hundred, and as many more as there might be, included dozens of warriors, besides squaws and children. There were a score of heavily laden pack-ponies, besides the ponies ridden by the mounted braves, but that band was particularly in need of the kind of property which Sam Herrick had been set to guard. He guessed very correctly about them. They had broken away from the region of country set apart as their reservation, for what they deemed good reasons. They had taken with them only such few miserable ponies as a series of disastrous seasons had left them.

They saw Sam before he saw them; for, in spite of his customary watchfulness, he had been taking things lazily. They had no idea of a grand prize so near at hand, and the news brought back by their scouts who first made the discovery came as a thrilling surprise to the entire band. All the voices of the dusky men, women, boys, and girls exclaimed "Ugh!"

That was followed by silence and by crouchings in the grass and behind anti-hills. The pack-ponies were led back a little distance. A tall warrior on foot gave orders with motions of his hands, hardly uttering a sound, and in obedience to his directions, warriors, squaws, boys, and even girls, darted off to the right and left.

The horses were feeding quietly, and were not widely scattered, and Sam Herrick sat in the saddle looking at them listlessly, and not dreaming of peril to them or to himself. He did not see the dusky forms which were creeping behind tufts and knolls behind him and away on either side of him. So it came to pass that when, at last, all was ready, and the braves who had ponies came galloping toward him, it was just as he afterward described it to Cal Evans, "the prairie seemed to swarm with them."

His only course had been to dash away at the best speed of his horse, and the squad that followed him had cared very little whether or not they should catch him, except to pre-

vent him carrying news of their arrival. Their miserable used-up ponies had been no match for the racer he was riding, but the whole band seemed likely to be better mounted speedily than it ever had been before.

There was very little whooping done by the horse collectors, for there was no wish to cause a stampede. The first horses caught and mounted were employed to catch others, and the packs of the pack-ponies were rapidly searched for lariats and bridles. Of course there was more than a little dismounting as well as mounting, for a number of unbroken colts did their entire duty in the way of refusing to be ridden barebacked. That would have been better fun at any other time. Just now it was a delay, and so a probable danger, and some of the most vigorous kickers carried their point, and were driven away instead of being ridden.

There was work for the entire band, for the cattle were next attended to, and once more Sam Herrick proved to be a good guesser. Beef was wanted, but not on the hoof, and horse after horse and mule after mule were laden with fresh meat. A poor, hungry, dismounted gang of Apaches, escaped from their reservation limits, had suddenly become almost rich. Not a soul of them had ever been taught that there was anything unlawful in what they were doing, and there was glee all around, marred only by the fact that there was nothing there to cook with, and by the fear that the solitary cow-boy might get away and bring a lot of angry pale-faces to take that magnificent plunder away from them. All of that wide plain had once been Apache land, with its buffalo, its deer, and its other game, and whatever might now be found upon it by a band who considered themselves very good Indians was fair game for them. They believed themselves to have been plundered by the whites, and to be now obtaining something like a part payment for their lost rights. Sam Herrick, standing behind the fallen trees, rifle in hand, was obstinately interfering with their effort to secure a much larger and better payment of the same old debt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



BY FREDERIC HART WILSON.

O H, girls, but I had such a fright—
An awful dream—the other night!
I dreamt the toys all said that they
Thought it was their turn now to play;
And so—it was ridiculous,
But dreadful too—they played with us
All sorts of games, just as if we
Were playthings and they real, you see.
Some stiff tin soldiers, fierce and grim,
Took off a boy to play with him;
They marched him miles, and never stopped;
They shot at him, with guns that popped
Awfully loud, in farts of blocks,
And then they put him in their box
You never saw such dreadful toys.
All of the tops were spinning boys—
'Cept whip-tops; they, with all their might,
Went whipping them around. The kites
And red balloons caught boys in crowds,
And flew them 'way up in the clouds;
The marbles had them in a ring,
All pounding them like anything.
The dolls were bad as they could be;
They really acted awfully.
The big wax doll, the worst of all,
Held baby. If she'd let him fall!

The precious! who'd have thought she would,
 When she pretends that she's so good?
 The rest all played with little girls.
 They combed out hard their tangly curls;
 Dressed them in clothes that were too tight,
 Or weren't becoming to them a mite;
 Washed them in tubs of *such* a size,
 And rubbed the soap all in their eyes;
 Then ran away when some one called,
 And left them cold, and wet, and—bald.

THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

BY F. A. KELLOGG.

FOR nine seasons tennis experts have met at Newport and battled for championship honors. Each year from thirty to forty men compete, but only two have been able to secure the proud title of champion. Mr. R. D. Sears was the first, and held that honor from 1881 until 1888, relinquishing it then by default, not by defeat, to Mr. H. W. Slocum, Jun. This year Mr. Slocum again returns from Newport not only with his title intact, but also with his reputation as a player greatly enhanced.

The ninth annual tournament for the single tennis championship of America proved to be the most successful, interesting, and remarkable event in tennis ever witnessed in this country. The success of our youthful players over more mature "cracks" was pronounced, and is an evidence of the wonderful development of the game.

One cannot imagine a more suitable place for a great tennis match than the Newport Casino. To my young readers who have not visited Newport a glimpse of the scene may not be amiss.

Entering the large vestibule of the Casino the attention is first arrested by a table on which are displayed the costly and elegant prizes, including the beautiful Championship Cup. Passing through the vestibule we come upon a large lawn enclosed by picturesque buildings. On the left is the Casino café; on the right are other apartments of the club. Looking back upon the dense ivy covering the walls, the clock in the Gothic tower reminds us that play will soon begin, and we pass on through the pavilion until two larger lawns meet our view. They are separated partly by knolls with prettily clustered trees, and partly by the little Casino theatre, ballroom, and court-tennis building. In the further lawn a court is reserved for the final contests. Ropes at a liberal distance from the lines define a pretty rectangle of green turf, which is already surrounded by a deep border of admirers of tennis, many of whom are compelled to stand.

In the presence of fifteen hundred spectators no wonder Shaw and Campbell stepped upon the court with self-conscious pride, and were stimulated to their best efforts. The scene was most impressive. Pretty faces, exquisite frocks, and parasols of delicate hues contrasted charmingly with the green of the velvet lawn. Enthusiasm and applause were unrestrained. Both men are exceedingly popular on tennis-courts, Shaw for his handsome face and graceful carriage, Campbell for his cheerful demeanor, even in adversity.

"Ollie" Campbell is hardly nineteen years old, and is slightly built, though of good physical endurance. His was the hardest work done in the recent tournament at Newport. Veterans like Taylor and Clark were retired by him in quick succession. Then he met Mr. E. G. Meers, who is said to be the sixth best tennis player in England. Mr. Meers is forty-one years of age, and never touched a tennis racket until he was over thirty. His style of play is peculiar and in many ways instructive. He appeared on the court wearing a helmet to shield him from the sun, which, he says, is very much hotter here than in England. He serves with an intent to "place" the ball, and throughout his playing shrewd-



HENRY W. SLOCUM, JUN., LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALMAN.]

ness and design are noticeable. His strokes are swift, and his volleys especially well executed.

Quincey A. Shaw is but little Campbell's senior, and his victories were by no means easy ones. C. A. Chase, the Western champion, was, like Taylor, one of the favorites; while Knapp, the ex-champion of Yale, has the enviable record of having defeated R. D. Sears in a collegiate tournament. But both he and Chase yielded to the swift and accurate strokes of Shaw. The final match between Campbell and Shaw was a remarkable contest, and the most indifferent admirer of tennis needs but to witness one match like this to become an enthusiast. Their styles of play are widely different. Campbell volleys at the net; Shaw drives the ball with the greater accuracy.

By defeating Campbell, Shaw became the winner of the All-Comers' Prize, but in Slocum, whom he played for the championship, he found his superior. How was it that Slocum beat Shaw so easily? is a question that has been asked hundreds of times since the tournament. Shaw's playing was of wonderful brilliancy, and in some respects superior to anything ever seen at Newport. Mr. Meers, watching his play, was heard to say, expressively, "That man plays *strokes*." Nevertheless, Slocum is by far the better tournament player. Cool judgment and experience back up his skill, and few errors are made by him. On the other hand, notwithstanding that so many of his strokes are brilliant, Shaw's errors are numerous.

Sears and Slocum are the only two men who have held the title of champion during the nine years of our lawn-tennis history. It may be of interest to note that in none of the great Newport contests has the championship been played for and lost, for it was at the command of his physician that Mr. Sears relinquished it in 1888. For the first three years of its existence the winner of the championship was obliged to enter the lists with the other competitors, and play all through the tournament. In 1884 the National Lawn-Tennis Association instituted the All-Comers' Prize, one of the conditions of the contest for which was that the winner should challenge the champion for his title. The winners of the All-Comers' have been: 1884, H. A. Taylor; 1885, G. M. Brinley; 1886, R. L. Beekman; 1887 and 1888, H. W. Slocum, Jun.; 1889, Q. A. Shaw, Jun.

THE SAILOR.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BEYOND the lawn, below the hill,
Runs, rippling by, a merry rill
That sings to me the sweetest tunes
Through all the summer afternoons,
For there I go to sail my boat
Till evening shadows round me float.

The stream I launch my craft upon
Is both my Rhine and Amazon,
And so I journey quite at will
In Germany or in Brazil;
And oh, the scenes that form and shift
As down the dancing tide I drift!

Now castle towers frown over me,
Now monkeys leap from tree to tree;
Now crags uprise on either side,
Now forest jungles billow wide;
And ever do the cries prevail
Of those who set or furl the sail.

But by-and-by, my journeys from,
Into the quiet port I come;
Then, like a hardy sailor-man,
I eat of dinner all I can;
And when the night grows dark and deep,
I sail across the seas of sleep.

DORYMATES.*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

STARTLING DISCOVERIES.

BREEZE stared in amazement at Wolfe's mother, and wondered what could possibly have affected her so greatly. Wolfe sprang to her side and helped her into a chair, while the Squire, who had caught the golden ball as it was about to drop from his wife's hand, now gazed at it as intently as though it were some charm that fascinated him.

"What is it, mother?" inquired Wolfe, anxiously.

"The Tresmont coat of arms," she answered, faintly, "and the very locket my young lady gave to Mr. Tristram just after they were married. Oh, tell me, sir," she said, turning to Breeze, "how did it come into your keeping? and what do you know of them it belonged to?"

"It has belonged to me," answered Breeze, "since before I knew anything, for it was clasped about my neck when I was a baby, and picked up at sea floating in a cask."

"Then," exclaimed Wolfe's mother, standing up in her excitement, "you must be the son of our own Mr. Tristram, and the heir to Tresmont! Don't you see the likeness, husband? He is the very image of Mr. Tristram."

Yes, the Squire saw it, and had noticed it the very moment he set eyes on the young gentleman. Now it was plainer than ever to him. There were the same blue eyes, the same closely curling yellow hair, and the same tall straight figure. There could not be the slightest doubt of it.

Breeze was so bewildered by this wonderful turn of events, and by the tumult of conflicting emotions aroused by what he had just heard, that for a few moments he was speechless, and appeared like one in a dream. Finally finding his voice, he said to the Squire,

"If you knew my real father and mother, sir, won't you please tell me something of them?"

"Of course I will, sir; but it will make a long story to tell, even the little I knew of them. So we'd better seat ourselves comfortable-like; and with my wife here to help me where my memory fails, I think perhaps I may come at the telling of it understandingly."

"As you already know, sir, before we were married both my wife and I lived in the family of Sir Wolfe Tresmont, of Tresmont, in Lincolnshire, England, she as lady's-maid and I as butler. When I first took service there, Mr. Tristram was a fine young gentleman of about your own age, although the missis, having been brought up in the family, had known him from his boyhood."

"After I had been in the family for five years, one of which we had been married, Mr. Tristram got through with his college, and was sent off on his travels around the world. His mother died while he was gone, but his father heard from him regular."

"At last there came a long letter, telling as how Mr. Tristram had got married to an American young lady, who was the daughter of a ship captain. She went with her father to the East Indies, and somewhere out there Mr. Tristram met them, and engaged passage to New York on the same ship. They fell in love with each other on the voyage, and were married as soon as the ship reached port. Then he wrote to his father what he had done, and asked if he might bring his wife home."

"Sir Wolfe was very angry at all this, for he had no love for the Yankees, begging your pardon, sir, and he could not bear the thought of his only son marrying one of them. What he wrote to Mr. Tristram I never knew, but at any rate they did not come home for nearly two years, when they brought their baby, which must have been you, sir, with them. Mrs. Tristram, as we called her, was one of the sweetest young ladies as ever I laid eyes on; but Sir Wolfe would not see her, and they staid with Mr. Tristram's elder sister, who was my Lady Seabright."

"While they were there, I met the nurse one day wheeling the baby in his little carriage, and when I stopped to look at him I took notice of this very identical gold ball hanging around his neck. The nurse said it was one of them puzzle-balls that Miss Merab—that was your mother, sir—had got in the East Indies, and had had fixed up as a present for Mr. Tristram. It was he himself fastened it to a gold chain, and hung it around the baby's neck. I never saw the inside of it, but my wife there did many a time, for she was stopping with my Lady Seabright, in place of her own maid, who was sick all the time Mr. Tristram and his wife were there."

"Finally they decided to go back to America, and as the doctor said a long sea voyage would be the very best thing for Mrs. Tristram's health, they took passage on a sailing-ship, of which I mind the name well, it being such a queer one. It was *Señora*, and from the day she left Liverpool Docks to this never a word has come from her, good or bad."

"Soon after that I left Sir Wolfe's service, and he helped me start the little business that I've followed ever since here in Queenstown, with fairly good success, thanks to the Americans. I never saw him again; but I heard he was never the same man after the ship his son had sailed in was given up for lost. He died about six months ago, rest his soul, and at that time the newspapers all over the world, but particular in America, had advertisements in them asking for any information of Mr. Tristram, or his wife, or their son, who would, if he was alive, be heir to Tresmont. I saw some of the advertisements myself, and heard of others from my American customers; but I never knew of any answer coming to them, and I don't suppose there ever was one."

"And now, sir, I have no doubt in the world that you are the son of Mr. Tristram and his sweet young American wife, and the same little baby that I saw in its car-

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492

riage. If you are, you are heir to Tresmont, own cousin to Lord Seabright, and your name is Sir Tristram Coffin Tresmont."

"Why," said Breeze, "was my mother's name Coffin?"

"Yes, Merab Coffin; and her father came from a place in America they call Nantucket, I believe."

Wolfe was even more excited than Breeze over the tale they had just heard; the facts of which, if proved, would make such a difference in the fortunes of his dorymate. The glittering prospects of the future seemed to make but little impression upon Breeze; but they instantly flashed across Wolfe's mind in all their brilliancy, and he asked his parents many questions concerning Tresmont. From them the boys learned that it was situated in the northern part of Lincolnshire, and overlooked the Humber, with its broad fen-lands. They also learned that much of the family property was invested in the fisheries of Grimsby, which is the largest fishing port in the world.

"That alone would go a long way toward proving you the son of the family," "Sir Breeze," laughed Wolfe, "for you have taken as naturally to fishing as a dory to water. I told you that you were a prince in disguise, and you promised to remember me when you came into your kingdom. Now I claim the captaincy of your largest smack."

"You shall be admiral of the whole fleet," answered Breeze, with a smile. "You know, old man, that no matter what might happen, I could never forget the dorymate with whom I had drifted through the fogs of the Newfoundland Banks. By-the-way, how did you manage to get the brig into port after Nimbus and I left you in such a hurry?"

Wolfe told him of the cruise, of their safe arrival in Gloucester, of the meeting between Captain McCloud and the loving wife who had never given him up for lost, of the sadness occasioned by their boy's absence, and of how his adopted mother still watched for him with a firm faith that he would yet return to her, of the salvage money received, and of so many other things, that more than an hour was occupied in the telling of them all.

Then Breeze had to narrate his adventures after tumbling overboard from the brig, and tell of being picked up by the *Fish-Hawk*, of the great eettle-fish, of finding the ambergris and losing the schooner, of Iceland and its wonderful geysers, and, in fact, of all that had happened to him since the dorymates had last seen each other on the deck of the *Esmeralda*. "And to think, Wolfe," he said, "that this meeting is but the end of the cruise on which we started together so long ago, against our will, in the old *Vixen*!"

"It only goes to prove," said Wolfe, "how very much stranger truth is than fiction. If all your adventures were written in a book, no one would ever believe they had actually happened. Would they, father?"

"Well, no, my son," replied the Squire, "I can't say that they would, and I don't know that anybody could be blamed for the doubting of them. Sir Wolfe used frequent to tell of the remarkable adventures of a gentleman of the name of Polo; but to my mind these here of Mr. Breeze—begging his pardon, I mean Sir Tristram—beats them away out of sight."

Thus talking, they all became hungry; and by the time they had finished the nice little supper that Wolfe's mother prepared for them, and were ready to go to bed, it was long past midnight.

Breeze had been told one thing that evening that troubled him greatly, and it was that in case he had not been found, Lord Seabright, who was now the executor of Sir Wolfe's estate, would have inherited it. He could not bear the thought of thus stepping in and claiming a property that would otherwise belong to one who had shown him such great kindness.

It was this thought that caused him to assent rather reluctantly, when, after a late breakfast the next morn-

ing, Wolfe proposed that they should go on board the *Saga* and see if her owner had rejoined her. At any rate, he said, he would like exceedingly to visit the yacht, and to renew his acquaintance with Nimbus.

When they reached the landing-place, the shrill sound of the silver whistle that Breeze carried soon brought a boat from the yacht to them; and as they were rowed off, Breeze was relieved to learn that Lord Seabright had not arrived.

Wolfe was astonished as well as delighted with all that was shown him on board the beautiful craft; but nothing pleased him so much as the meeting with Nimbus, to whom he had taken a great fancy during their one day's acquaintance on board the *Esmeralda*.

Nimbus was just lifting down a pan of flour from a high shelf as Wolfe appeared, unannounced, at the galley door. The black man started so violently at the sudden sight of one whom he supposed to be on the other side of the ocean, that the pan of flour was upset, and he was instantly covered from head to foot as with a mantle of snow. Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the good-natured cook exclaimed: "Golly! Misto Wolfe Brady, you scare um pore brack man so he turn white! Where you hab um ole *Esmeralda* an' de Cap'n?"

Amid his shouts of laughter at the negro's comical appearance, Wolfe helped to brush him off, and at the same time explained his own presence on board the *Saga*.

After a lunch, which Nimbus insisted upon getting for them, the young men returned to the city. As they were walking up the main business street, a carriage that was coming rapidly toward them suddenly drew up, and a cheery voice called out, "Hello, McCloud!"

It was Lord Seabright, who had just arrived, and was on his way to the yacht. He asked Breeze if his companion was the friend whom he had expected to meet. When Breeze answered that he was, and that his name was Wolfe Brady, the other exclaimed: "What! not the son of the Brady who used to be butler to Sir Wolfe Tresmont? I believe he did come to Queenstown to open some kind of a shop."

Breeze said that was the very person, and, moreover, that they were stopping in front of his shop that very moment. Upon this his lordship said he must step in and speak to the old fellow, whom he remembered very well.

Squire Brady was greatly flustered by the sudden appearance in his humble establishment of this titled visitor; but, reassured by his cordial greeting, he gathered up his wits, and saying that he had a communication of the greatest importance to make to him, begged his lordship to step into his private office for a moment.

Somewhat puzzled, and wondering what it could be, the young man good-naturedly consented. After the door had been carefully closed, and his visitor had refused an offered chair, the worthy shopkeeper and ex-butler said, mysteriously, "My lord, I have every reason to believe that the heir to Tresmont has appeared."

"Yes, so have I."

"And that he is a young man."

"Yes."

"From America."

"Yes, I know."

"Who was picked up at sea when an infant?"

"Certainly; I know that. Anything else?"

"He is the own son of Mr. Tristram and his American wife."

"Of course he is."

"And he's got evidence to prove who he is."

"I examined his evidence in London yesterday."

"But he was not in London."

"I saw him there, I tell you."

"He spent last night in my house, your lordship."

"Who on earth are you talking about, Brady?"



"BREEZE STARED IN AMAZEMENT AT WOLFE'S MOTHER"

"The young gentleman who came on your lordship's yacht, and who calls himself Breeze McCloud, but who is really your lordship's own cousin, Sir Tristram Coffin Tresmont."

"Come, come, Brady, you don't know what you are talking about," said Lord Seabright, impatiently. "I left Sir Tristram Coffin Tresmont in London yesterday, and he is no more Breeze McCloud than I am. What ever have you got into your head?"

"But, your lordship," persisted the shopkeeper, now considerably excited, "this young gentleman wears the golden puzzle-ball fast to a chain around his neck that was given to Mr. Tristram by his wife, which I saw on him when he was a blessed infant in his carriage."

"So does the Sir Tristram Coffin Tresmont now in London wear a golden chain from which hangs a golden puzzle-ball, as you call it, that was fastened around his baby neck by his father, to whom it was presented by his wife. Is there anything more?"

"Well, I am beat!" gasped the astonished shopkeeper, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"So am I," said Lord Seabright. "It's bad enough to have to give up a fine property that I have for some time considered my own; but to have two claimants to it appear at once, and each of them producing the same proof of his identity, is a little too much. Have you any other reason for thinking this young friend of yours is what he claims to be?"

For answer the shopkeeper opened the door, and calling Breeze into the office, asked him to show his lordship the locket he wore about his neck.

Breeze produced the ball, opened it, and offered it for Lord Seabright's inspection.

"Exactly the same," said he, looking at it carefully.

Then Breeze touched the inside spring, and displayed the three tiny locks of hair, and the inscription on the underside of the plate.

"Hello! this is something new," exclaimed Lord Seabright, displaying great excitement. "This proof goes away ahead of the other chap's. We must look into this matter more closely."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



PAINLESS DENTISTRY - DRAWN BY GEOFFROY

THE BABY'S GUARDIAN.

BY AGNES B. ORMSBEE.

SHE had no name but Baby. The Oliver family had never yet been able to agree on a name pretty enough for the blue-eyed, fair-haired little girl who came into their home long after the babyhoods of her three sisters and one brother had been forgotten, and who was adored and petted by them as her sunny little self deserved.

"A child without a name! how queer!" every one said, and then added, "What if she should get lost?"

But the Oliver family only laughed. They were sure that couldn't happen, for were not they all six, with grandmamma and two aunts thrown in for good measure, the most watchful care-takers in the world? Besides, they were carrying out a well-laid scheme, and they all liked the idea.

The oldest of the Oliver children was Orlando, a rather undersized boy of sixteen, with a snub-nose, dark red hair, and many freckles. When he first came into the family every one was delighted, and mamma said he should have a lovely name. So she chose Orlando.

But how he hated it! And he dug his knuckles into his eyes to keep from crying when the boys teased him at school. He vowed in those days that when he was old enough he'd have the Legislature change his name to John or Tom. Then he spent much time writing "John Oliver" side by side with "Tom Oliver" in his best big round-hand, looking and looking at them, and trying to make up his mind which would be the best.

Next to him came Cynthia, the family beauty. But alas for her mother's pride in high-sounding names, an unfortunate lisp made it impossible for her to pronounce Cynthia, and the blushes which came at each attempt, although they made her prettier than ever, made her name a constant annoyance.

Then there was Lily. Who ever could have named her—a small, scrawny, dark-skinned child—Lily?

The family faculty of misnaming seemed to culminate in Grace, who was now ten years old, and a lovable, studious child, but unfortunately an awkward one, and so fat that her walk was almost a waddle. She called herself Dis-grace. This was too severe; but school-girls are apt to be severe when they feel out of sorts, and it showed her state of mind.

When the baby of my story came with her winsome face, the family search for a name began. Every Saturday night all were at home, and then one would say: "Come, do let's name the baby to-night!"

Long and fierce were the contests and arguments as each brought forward a name, and defended and urged it as best he or she could. Orlando wanted Kate, because it was short. Cynthia liked Margaret, because she could easily speak it. Lily thought Helen would be pretty, no matter what color her hair grew to be. But Grace brought their disputes to a sudden end at one of their weekly "nominating conventions," as Orlando called them, by saying, "Why not let her choose her own name? Let her grow up a little, and see what she likes herself. I wish I could name myself over," she sighed.

"So do I wish I could," said Lily.

"And I!" "And I!" chimed in the other two.

Papa and mamma agreed, and smilingly said, "We'll try and see if we can get one name that will suit."

Grandmamma thought it "very silly," and the aunts thought it "peculiar," but Baby smiled and crowed and cried, grew like a sturdy little flower, and reigned in the hearts and ruled the home of the six Olivers nameless for the first few years of her life.

As Baby grew older there came many friends to play with her, and with whom she spent long, happy hours; yet no one ever saw them. They were all "imaginaries." They lived behind the sofa, they dwelt under the tables

and chairs, ever ready to come at Baby's call, and loved by her far more than all her dolls or toys.

One favorite friend, whose home was under the dining-room table, was Mrs. Butler. It was on her that Baby, with her imaginary children, made long calls, while she consulted with dignified gravity what should be done for the sick ones left at home, who had measles or chicken-pox, dreadful colds or bad "heads-aches," with wonderful frequency.

One day the world went all awry with the little maid, and when brother had made her a pin-wheel, and sister Lily had given her a cookie, and grandmamma had read her a story, and still the doleful wailing went on, mamma asked, a little impatiently, "What is the trouble with you, Baby?"

"Mrs. Butler is dead!" and her sobs broke out afresh, and she refused to be comforted.

Soon after, she went upstairs to carry a letter to aunty's room, but was gone so long that mamma came half-way to meet her.

"Oh, mamma!" said Baby, "don't be frightened; I am all safe. The mouse and the bear and the shadow took care of me. The shadow dived on the wall, and the mouse ran around, crying 'Squeaky! squeaky!' and the big bear said, 'Ough! ough!' just softly, not to frighten me; and I laughed, I did."

The goose and the gar were other playfellows, and she often told funny stories of them. But her special and inseparable friend and guardian was the camel. He was her other self, the sharer of all her joys and woes, her shield and scapegoat when mamma was displeased, the always present friend who kept her from harm. When she spilled her food at the table, it was because the camel wanted some too, and joggled her hand. When she lost any of the cunning little handkerchiefs that the aunts supplied her with, it was the camel who had a sore throat, and had borrowed it; he would bring it back to-morrow.

One spring day, five o'clock in the morning found Baby in her crib, wide awake, singing and talking in her cheerful way. Poor mamma groaned over her lost nap.

"Oh, Baby! what *did* make you wake so early?"

"The camel was walking around in his new shoes, and they squeaked so I woke right up, I did," promptly answered Baby, gleefully.

One day the Oliver family forgot their precious Baby for just ten minutes, and Baby, who so shortly before was sitting on the front steps, blowing the feathery seeds of a dandelion, was not to be seen.

All was instant commotion as Orlando bounded up the steps two at a time, shouting to all to come and help him find her. Lily started on a run around one block, and Cynthia around the opposite one. Orlando himself rushed off to the candy store, the grocer's, and the butcher's, where Baby had been proud to go with the others. Thoughtful Grace hurried into all the near neighbors', breathlessly asking, "Have you seen our Baby?"

All this excitement penetrated quickly even the darkened room where mamma lay suffering from a blinding headache. She met grandmamma at the door, who with trembling lips told the story. Faint from fright, with nervous fingers mamma hurriedly dressed herself.

"Oh, Lucile!" almost screamed Aunt Sarah, "that precious child is lost! It's so dreadful, and she hasn't even a name to help us find her. I always *said* it would be so."

"Yes, certainly; I quite agree with you," said grim and melancholy Aunt Hannah; "and, besides, as I lay on my lounge I heard a cart drive up, stop suddenly, and then hurry off. Who knows but what she is kidnapped!"

These direful words quite unnerved mamma, and she threw herself, sobbing, on the bed.

"Why, mamma, what makes you cry? I—" said a familiar little voice. But both aunts seized her and

covered her with kisses, murmuring inaudible words of joy. Poor Baby began to struggle, and soon slipped away from their grasp, saying, with an innocent frown:

"I wish you wouldn't in'rrupt me, and I don't think it very nice to be hugged and kissed so much. I want to tell my mamma about the nice walk the camel and me tooked. The camel said, 'Baby, we must have some fresh airs!' So he opened the gate with one foot, and we went a great ways off. First I saw a lot of ants around a crack in the sidewalk, and I thought they were *so cunning!* But the camel stepped right over them, and I did too. Then I met a little boy out all alone by his own se'f, and I wanted to play with him. But the camel said he was too dirty.

"There was some lovely pink candy in a store, and the camel thought he'd like some. So I asked the man, and he said, 'Where's your money?'

"I told him I had plenty home in my bank, and the camel would go and get it.

"Then the man was very cross, and wouldn't give it to me. The camel says he sha'n't take him any of his pennies.

"Just around the corner there was a big p'liceman, and I was afraid, but the camel said, 'I'll take care of you.' So when the big p'liceman said, 'Where are you going, little girl?' I said, 'Oh, the camel and I's out walking!'

"He said, 'The camel! Where do you kape him? In yer pocket? What's yer name?'

"I told him 'Baby,' and he looked very queer.

"Do ye know yer number?" said he.

"No; but the camel does," I said; and then he laughed awfully loud, and he said, 'I think I'll be after walking a bit wid ye myself.'

"But I told him the camel and me'd rather walk alone. We were going home; we'd been about forty miles; but he could walk along behind. Then, mamma, he said, 'By Sint Patrick! ye're a quare lot!' and he was leaning on the fence when the camel and me came in."

Aunt Sarah ran to the window, and sure enough there was the officer, in his blue suit, walking slowly away, with a smile still on his face, as he kept looking at the house.

Baby had to tell each of the others about her wonderful walk, as they one by one came home, disheartened and frightened from their fruitless search. When papa had heard it, and had given Baby herself a tiny bit of a scolding, and then kissed away all her tears, he said, "This child must have a name; we have waited long enough."

"My name's Mary," promptly spoke up Baby. "The camel says it's a nice name."

"That was my dear mother's name," said papa, gently, "and I should like it very much."

"She'll like it always because she chose it," said Grace.

"It looks well, written," said Orlando, as he held up a piece of paper on which he had written the name.

"And sounds well with Oliver, too," added Cynthia.

"And the name of my dearest friend is Mary," said Lily.

"But what shall the middle name be?" asked papa.

"I think it ought to be 'Campbell,' out of gratitude," said grandmamma, with an odd smile.

So it was settled, and all the Olivers were suited. The next morning, at breakfast, mamma said, "Mary, how is the camel to-day?"

"Oh, the camel is dead," answered Baby, cheerfully. "I's got a name, and don't need the camel any more."

Now, although Baby is quite a big girl, she wears inside her dress a small silver pin with "Mary Campbell Oliver, No. 50 Blank Street, Blanktown," engraved on it, for fear she might really get lost. But she never went to walk with any of her "imaginaries" again, for she did not want to frighten mamma.

A DAY IN WAXLAND.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK,
Author of "The HERRINGSPOTTER," etc.

III.

TOMMY watched with astonishment the wonderful sights that were revealed to him as, in company with his two friends, the Prose and the Lyric Bears, he journeyed toward the great Wax Sea. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a lot of queer-looking figures.

"Oh, what are those men doing?" he exclaimed.

"They are the hands of the wax doll factory going to work."

"Sturdy sons of Waxland son,
Going to their daily toil,"

added his poetical friend.

"I should like to see the wax doll factory," said Tommy.

"If that sight will be a boon,
You shall see it pretty soon."

replied the Lyric Bear.

So they all started away together, and were soon at the wax doll factory. It was very curious to Tommy to see all the men at work making wax dolls. One man would make a head, and pass it to another to put the hair on, and he in turn would give it to one who would insert the eyes and paint the pleasant smile. And so the wax doll would go from one to another until it was complete, dress and all.

Tommy was not a little astonished when he heard the wax foreman order a lot of his wax inferiors to go forth to the frontier and gather a ton or two of eyes. Of course he alluded to the pansies that Tommy had seen, and which had been explained to him by the kindly old Prose Bear.

After they had departed with their baskets on their arms, there was quite a commotion in the eye department of the wax doll factory. One of the wax workers had got overheated, and was melted into a shapeless mass. He was running all over the floor and settling in the cracks.

But the commotion did not last long. The wax man was gathered up and put in a vessel and melted. Then the mould of a man was brought out, and the melted wax poured into it. Then it was put in cold water to harden.

"Oh, let me out, let me out!" came a voice from within.

"I guess he's all right, now," said the foreman. So the mould was taken out of the cold water and opened, when the man stepped forth, apparently as well as ever.

One of his ears was wanting, however, but that was owing to the fact that he was not all gathered up off the floor. The ear was probably in the crack.

Then it was amusing to see the wax man picking the splinters and nails out of himself that had stuck to the wax and been thrown in and boiled with it. Most of them were forced to the surface in the boiling process, and he had little difficulty in removing them.

"Does this sort of thing happen very often?" asked Tommy.

"Oh yes," replied the Prose Bear; "it is not an unusual occurrence; but sometimes curious complications arise. Not long ago a man was melted up, and the only mould in the place was one for a man about twice his size. So they threw the melted man into the vessel, and then melted his brother up and threw in with him. The two just filled the mould, and came out a giant, and the wives of both men claimed the giant for a husband. Each one insisted so strongly that her claim was more just than that of the other, that Waxen the Ometh ordered the giant to be melted up and run into two smaller moulds. This was done, and each woman had her husband back. Some times a poor wax family will take four or five sons, melt them up, and run them into a large mould, and make a



One of the waxworkers had got overheated.

man of them. On the other hand, a man may have an old grandfather depending on him. He is toothless and weary, and in his own way and every one else's. So the grandson humanely has the old man melted and run into children's moulds. One ordinary grandfather will make three ten-year-olds. That is the reason that no one ever dies in Waxland. When a man grows old he is melted and moulded over. Sometimes for crime a man is melted and left so for a number of years, after which he is restored to his family by the process of the mould."

While Tommy listened aghast to the story of people being melted up, the Lyric Bear sang:

"All the Prose Bear's said to you
Is in every detail true.
Sometimes will a man melt up
Like the sugar in your cup;
And whenever he is found
Lying melted on the ground,
He's remelted in a pot
Till he bubbles round red-hot;
Then he's poured into a mould,
Where he's left until he's cold;
Then the mould is opened wide,
When he steps forth in his pride."

The Lyric Bear's endorsement of his friend's statement convinced Tommy that it was all true. In fact, he need-

ed no assurance of the truth of what he had witnessed with his own eyes.

Here the Prose Bear began pulling sticks of red sealing-wax out of the ground and eating them. After he had eaten several he pulled down the limbs of a wax candle tree, and commenced eating candles like sticks of candy.

And the Lyric Bear followed suit, and, as he did so, sang:

"We eat these waxen candles
To lighten all our cares;
So please don't dream or fancy
That we are Russian bears."

So they continued eating for quite a long while. After they had eaten the candles they proceeded to make a dessert of wax flowers, which were blowing all over the ground.

"Oh, oh!" said Tommy.

"Oh, oh, what?" asked the Prose Bear.

"Oh, oh,
How so?"

inquired the Lyric Bear.

"There's a red man. Have you wax Indians?"

"Oh no," responded the Prose Bear; "that man is simply made of red wax. We have people here of all colors. Sometimes a man is a mixture of waxes of all colors."

"What is that music?" asked Tommy.

"That is the music of the King's footsteps; whenever he puts his foot on the ground, the air is full of music. It is a way he has of announcing his approach to his subjects. The music of his walk can be heard from one end of Waxland to the other, and it is as audible at the extreme boundaries as it is here."

Tommy looked around, but could not see the King, but he could hear the music distinctly as it rippled through the air.

"Where is the King, anyhow?" asked Tommy, as he looked about for him in vain.

"We cannot tell exactly where he is," responded the Prose Bear; "he may be a hundred feet off, and he may be several miles distant. When he is close, you know, the music sounds no louder than when he is 'way off.'"

"But I think I see him," said Tommy, "down there by that wax-match shrubbery."

"Oh, here he comes, oh, here he comes,
Snapping his fingers and snapping his thumbs,"

said the Lyric Bear.

And sure enough they saw the King of Waxland coming up the hill, about half a mile away. He was waving his hands in the air as though playing on castanets, and swaying his body in time with the tune his feet played as he walked.

"Do his feet always play music?" asked Tommy.

"Always," replied the Prose Bear, "except when they are in repose. Sometimes he gives a kick in his sleep, and the music wakes him up. I have frequently seen him break into a jig—a most undignified act for one of his position—simply to drown some disagreeable noise."

"How many tunes are there in him?" asked Tommy.

"There is a tune for every day," replied the Prose Bear, "that his life may not become a burden to him and every one around him."

"But why is not the Queen with him?" asked Tommy.

"Simply because she plays a different tune with each foot," replied the Prose Bear, "and when they get mixed up with the King's tune it makes it very confusing, not to say annoying."

"Don't they ever walk together?" asked Tommy.

"Never," responded the Prose Bear. "If the Queen goes out with the King, she is carried on the shoulders of half a dozen Waxlanders, because then she cannot play those tunes."

"But how is she affected when she goes out alone?"

"She is not affected at all then, because, fortunately, she is deaf."

By this time the King was near enough to receive the salutations of the Prose and Lyric Bears, which he duly returned.

Tommy felt a little constrained and ill at ease, because he had never before been in the presence of a wax king. But the Wax King was so pleasant that Tommy soon felt pretty well acquainted with him. As he walked along, the music elicited by his feet happened to be a reel, and the Prose and Lyric Bears joined paws, and kept a short distance in front of him, and danced as they continued on their way. This amused the Wax King very much, and he laughed heartily, and occasionally changed the time of his steps to see if he could throw the bears out of time. But he could not do it, the bears seeming to adapt their steps to any measure that he could create.

"I just caught a couple of conspirators this morning," said the King.

"What was their conspiracy?" asked the Prose Bear.

"They were lying in wait to catch me and melt me up, and leave me in a heap on the ground."

"But that would be murder, would it not?" asked Tommy.

"No," replied the King, "it would not be murder: it would be wax annihilation, for I might lie there forever, and if they could find the mould I was cast in, one of them could melt the other and run him into it, and Waxland would never know the difference."

"And what did you do with them?"

"Had them melted and recast into wax pigs," said the King. "But how far is it to the great Wax Sea?"

"It is less than a mile
To the great Wax Sea;
If you think it worth while
Please to follow me."

replied the Lyric Bear.

"I have never yet," said the King, "heard that Lyric Bear say anything that did not rhyme, and never yet did I hear him utter anything but the baldest commonplace. I love both these bears dearly, in spite of their clumsiness and brusque manners. They tell me how my other subjects, the bees, are getting along, and as I never see the bees, of course I could get no news from them. If I could only melt them (the bears) up and run them into other moulds, I should be only too happy to turn them into peacocks or birds, or anything that might strike their fancy."

"But bears are often melted into bear grease," replied Tommy, "and you might melt them and mix them with wax, leaving just bear grease enough to sustain life. Then you could gradually add wax until there was no bear grease left, and then you could melt them over, and cast them to suit their fancies."

"I am afraid the first melting of the bears would be attended by too great pain; and, besides, I don't believe there is any room for improvement in those bears, so they had better be left just as they stand and dance."

"There is the great Wax Sea," said the Prose Bear

"I don't see it," replied Tommy.

"You can't see it until after dark," said the Prose Bear.

"because it used to be a moon, and it is really to-day a moon on the ground. It is always invisible in daylight; but just wait until the wax flowers begin to droop, and you will see it in all its opalescent beauty."

Then the King said, "Screech up the wax amphitheatre."

The Prose Bear began to bellow the wildest gibberish to Tommy, and the arena came forth from the ground.

After the grand ring had appeared above the ground, or rather wax, seats began to appear around the ring. The large high seat was for the King, and there was one beside him for the Queen. The Lyric Bear stood beside the Queen, and the Prose Bear beside the King.

It was the custom of Waxland to spend the day at this place. The King only used his palace to sleep in during the long weary six-month night. When the six-month day dawned, he was ready for a six-month day of pleasure. And he often remained here until the wax dolphin could be seen swimming on the great Wax Sea, which was the signal for retiring for the night.

The King had already taken his place, and the Prose Bear stood at his side. The Lyric Bear awaited the coming of the Queen. He had not long to wait, for the faithful subjects of the King were bearing her on their shoulders, that she might not touch the ground and disturb the King's peace of mind by playing two tunes at once. The only way she could play but one tune was by hopping, but this was a very tiresome method of locomotion, and the Queen preferred being carried. But when her feet touched the ground, both her tunes started up, and as the tunes started, and she walked, she left a trail of lovely flowers behind her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A FITTIBLE CASE.
"GEORGE, HE'S GONE AN' SHAVE OFF MY HAIR, DE BOSS."

have some very fine buildings here. I have just received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE of July, 1911, and in the puzzle column I have filled out the blanks of the "Itzhymes to be Completed." Is it correct?
Yes.
LOUISE W.

A little girl in Michigan "made this poem up" all herself.

THE CHARM OF THE BROOK.

Bubbling, sparkling little brook,
Running through a sunny nook,
Singing merry songs of glee
To the happy birds that see.
Little children playing near
All the day your music hear.
Birds are singing in the trees,
Around you the lullabies bees.
Why, little brook, do these things love you?
I know, 'tis your ripples that gently whisper tender and true.
P. L. D.

MOORE CLARKSON, MICHIGAN.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I am not a very old subscriber to your beautiful magazine; my papa gave it to me for my Christmas present. I enjoy reading the letters in it very much, and I think you would write one also to tell you about the island of St. Thomas. It is one of the West Indies and belongs to the Danes, but it is very small. There are two towers on it, they are called Bear's Castle and Black Beard's Castle. Black Beard's belongs to us; it is thirty-two or thirty-three feet high, the walls are nearly five feet thick; they are also very muddy knows by whom they were built nor how old they are. I like to ride very much; I ride from school every day on a pony named Ben. My papa takes me out on horseback. We have a place called by us the Park, on account of its having so many trees and roads; it is almost as large as the public park. I have never seen a letter from St. Thomas in your columns. I am nine years old. I go to school for two hours a day. I would like very much to see this in print.
PERCY V. R.

OLD STATION, SINGAPORE.

I am a little girl thirteen years old, living in a town called Barrie, but we are now camping on the shore of Lake Simcoe, at Oro Station. We have a tent, which we sleep, and we eat our meals out of doors. My brother and I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which I always enjoy reading. I like best the story of "Dormyates," and I do not read it for three or four times. I will get them and read them when I go home. I go to school, and I passed the examination, and my papa sent me a money, which I have. I have three brothers and a sister; she is the baby, and her name is Edith Rose. Now I think I will close my letter. I am going to tea, and then I am going to church. Your little friend,
ERIC R. B.

Will the children who send books to Miss Metzgar, either by mail or express, please fully prepay their packages?

BUTTERNUT, WISCONSIN.

Years ago I used to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and enjoy it very much; then circumstances compelled me to stop taking it, but I remember how generous the little ones always were. This spring two friends and myself started a small Sunday-school out at the lake, as we live three miles from any village, and even in the village have no English church or Sunday-school. We are anxious to have the little children know something of their Saviour's life and word. I thought the kindness of a Congregational Society in Chicago we receive papers, lesson-leaves, and quarterlies, but what I wish a few of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to do is to please send me any little story books suitable for Sabbath reading; it makes no difference whether they are bound or not, so long as they are good enough to read. I am thankful received. I will keep account of all which come, and write to you again to let you know how many books the little people send.
KATHARINE I. METZGAR,
Butternut, Wisconsin.

THE MANOR, LONGUEVILLE, JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I am a girl of thirteen, and this is the first time I have written to you, so I hope my letter will be good enough to be printed. We were very much pleased when we saw Charlie's letter in print. I would not have written only that his letters are much better than any other paper, and I take in several. My favorite stories are "Princess Lilliwinkins" and "Captain Popsy." Our house is very old and curious, and I think perhaps you would like to hear about it. The back part is eight hundred years old. It was first a nunnery. There is a very pretty walk here in the grounds called the Nun's Walk, covered with trees and ferns on the banks. After being a nunnery it was a farm-house, and ever since has been a "manor." The dining-room walls are covered with the huge fireplace is granite; all the furniture is oak. We have a large pond (for Jersey) and a waterfall, which is

also very pretty. The house is covered with ivy, roses, and creepers. The views of the towers on our house, one is rather high. We have three islands on our pond, and ducks, water-lilies, and a boat, in which we row and sail. We have a dear little pond which is called the "Lynx," and is an Irish pony. Charlie has told you of the rest of our pets, so I need not. We study English, French, and drawing. Charlie studies Latin and the violin; I study the piano, and am going to learn the violin also. We are going to France in a few days.
MAISIE V.

THE MANOR, LONGUEVILLE, JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS.

I saw my letter in HARPER'S this month. My favorite story is "Dormyates"; it is very nice, and I am looking forward to next month to see it again. I have four boats, and I sail them sometimes. I had a boat given to me, and it goes awfully fast; it is called the *Antelope*; and there is a French boat called the *Lynx* that goes pretty fast too. I had a boat given to me, and it goes awfully fast. I was sailing my boat, and the *Antelope* took the hook away and broke the cord. It must have been a mean fish. Gyp is worse than ever, the older he gets the meaner he gets. We made a hay fort for fun, and it is all tumbled about, and my cap is right beneath it all. We are going to France on Monday to stay for a week or so, and I am going to study there. I like to study French. And I am going to take the *Lynx* with me.
CHARLIE V.

KETEGHARZA, BÉKA MEGY, HUNGARY.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I am a little Hungarian girl. I have no brothers nor sisters. I have lots of pets—a canary, a pony, a rabbit, and I am going to get a dog. I can speak Hungarian, English, French, and a little German. I don't go to school, but study at home. I study arithmetic, history, and geography, besides writing, drawing, and music, dancing also. My favorite studies are history and geography.
JEANNE CIBAKY.

NARBOROUGH TIER, RIDGE ISLAND.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is always welcome to us, and as I have not written a letter to you for some time, I thought I would write now and tell how much we like it. Every morning, in the morning they go to the beach, and promenade the walk in front of the bath-houses; then they put on their bathing suits and go into the water. If wish to go to the beach, they go to the beach. After they are dressed again they go to the Casino and have a lunch—consequently, when they get home they don't want any dinner. Then in the afternoon there is a choice between taking a delightful drive to Point Judith Light-house, rambling about on a wrecked vessel, and going up into the light-house, which you can get a lovely view of the surrounding country and the water specked with sail-boats, or else take the fashionable walk to the Rocks. In the evening people go to the Casino, where there are some nights they have concerts, sometimes amateur theatricals, but most exciting of all is the "hop," which occurs twice a week. It is quite a sight to see the children go to the Casino. A good deal of time is also spent at the tennis tournaments. The children enjoy the beach all the time, for there is never any lack of materials for making lovely sand castles, pastry, etc.

Now for ourselves. My mamma, sister, and I live in a little cottage, a short distance from the ocean. We have a large black dog; his name is Guess, taken from one of Shakespeare's characters:

"I am his Majesty's dog of Kew—
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

And we have twenty-eight chickens. One we call Jimmy Brown; he is very cute, and will take a bite off a leaf while I hold it in my fingers. Now I will say good-by.
LAURA P. S.

LAKE PLEASANT, MASSACHUSETTS.

I wrote a letter before, but it was not printed, so I hope you will print this one. Lake Pleasant is a very pretty place, with a few small ridges of the Green Mountains extending down to Montague. I have taken this delightful paper since January '04, and like it very much. My favorite stories are "Captain Popsy," "The Princess Lilliwinkins," and "Dormyates." I go to school, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, writing, drawing, and geography. I am going to take a four foot high Lake Pleasant is not my real home. I live in Troy.
NORTON E.

A LITTLE VIOLET.

Little Violet was not a flower, but a little girl, twelve years old. She was a lovely little thing, with sky blue eyes and golden hair. Every one loved little Violet. She was born in the town of Brooklyn, and had a sister and a brother older than herself. She went to a private school kept by Mr. and Mrs. Bell, and was the pet of all the teachers.

One day as she was going to school, she met a poor little boy, who asked her for a few pennies



"Doesn't she look just like me? She isn't a bit afraid of the water, and I'm going to teach her to swim."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—One Sunday evening not long ago there was gathered in the little parlor of a country home a company of people of all ages, older and younger. They had been sitting for a while on a vine-shaded veranda, talking in low tones and enjoying the peace of the happy time, when somebody proposed to close the day in the way which always seems to me the sweetest and best, viz., by singing sacred songs and hymns. A lady seated herself at the piano, and we all joined for an hour in singing "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Come ye disconsolate," "Jerusalem the golden," and a great many more. Then a silver-haired clergyman joined his daughter in singing for us some of those sweet, pathetic melodies of the South, which have so often been heard from the negro going on the great plantations, and which we of the North have heard in recent years from the Jubilee Singers.

What I wanted to tell you was this, however. In the old familiar hymns nobody except the younger people needed a hymn-book. The fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles knew the dear old hymns by heart. It was only the child of this period who hadn't learned the sweet verses so that he or she could recite them.

Thinking it over afterward, I resolved to ask you, my little people, if you would not, to please me, study and store your memories with beautiful hymns and "pieces" of poetry. Do, and one of these days you'll be very glad that you have done so.
THIS POSTMASTER.

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA.

We live in a very pleasant part of Erie, near the parks, which are on the main street, called State Street. We haven't many pets, only three cats, one we call Razzie Dazzie and the other Stub. What do you think would be a nice name for the other cat? We get HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and St. Nicholas bound every Christmas, but we like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the best. We thought "Left Behind," "Derriek Sterling," and the "Flamingo Feather" the best stories, but like Jimmy Brown's and Howard Pyle's stories very much.
RUTH AND LOUISE H.

Don't ask me, dears, to name any more pets. My inventive powers have given out. I am in favor of calling Puss just Puss. Where I have spent the summer there is a white cat, who answers to the name of Topsy.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—The last time I wrote you I was in Staten Island, fourteen hundred miles from here. I came to Omaha two years ago last February. I staid a year, then went to Norfolk with papa and mamma. I am now present on a visit to my grandma. I am thirteen years old, and rather tall for my age. I have but one pet, and that is a darling little brother, born last March. He is a very pretty baby, having green large brown eyes and waving brown hair. I am very fond of horses and ponies, and at home I take long rides on a pony. I way out on the prairie. We have had a good deal of rain here this month—a most unusual thing. Omaha is fast getting to be a large city, and we already

to buy some bread. Now Violet had just twenty-five cents, with which she wanted to buy some thing for herself, but she was not so selfish as to keep it for herself, so she gave it to the little boy. Nine years have passed since Violet gave the little boy that twenty-five cents. Violet's father failed in business, and was obliged to sell the beautiful house in which they lived. As it was being sold, a fine carriage drove up before the door, and a young man stepped out, saying as he did so, "I will buy the house, no matter what the price."

Think you that this young man is he? He is the possible boy to whom, years ago, Violet gave her twenty-five cents. He had worked very hard and grown rich. After he told the auctioneer to sell, he bought the house, he went inside and found Violet comforting her mother and father, who were bowed down with grief at the thought of losing the beautiful home in which they had lived so long. They looked up in surprise as they saw the stranger approaching with outstretched hand to Violet, saying: "I see you do not remember me?" "I do not remember you," said Violet. "Ah," said Charlie, for that was his name, "I see I have to explain." So he explained that he was the little boy to whom she so kindly gave her money, and he added, "I bought the house for my wife and her family."

At this the father and mother uttered a cry of grief.

"Mr. Raymond," he said to Violet's father, "will you give me your daughter's hand?" "But you said that you had bought the house for your wife. Now how can you marry twice?" "I think I was a little too quick, for I meant Miss Violet."

Violet consented, so they kept the house after all.

HELEN R. ROHN (aged 12 years).

This is a little girl's first story, and though quite improbable, in which it resembles the stories of older people, it was so beautifully spelled and written that the Postmistress thought it ought to be published.

I am a boy nine years old. I am four feet four inches and a half. I live in East Orange, New Jersey, but am staying at Pemberton, New Jersey. In our yard at East Orange we have a tree one hundred feet high and twenty feet around the base. We have two cats, and a dog named Jerry; the dog's name is Jerry and the kitten's name is Black Street of Lightning, which name my sister gave her. A boy who lives near us gave his kitten the name of Spot. I have not written my letter will be published, so I will stop now.

"Dolly's Mamma" suggests that you each send a letter, giving as good a description as you possibly can of the way in which you have spent your vacation. Such a letter from you May, Madge, Edith, Ethel, Louise, Florence, and Thomas, Jack, Martin, Edward, and Gordon. What ever your name is, you may write a vacation letter, if you choose. Who will write first? The Postmistress will send a beautiful book to the person whose letter shows the most careful effort in writing, spelling, and composition. This offer is open for five weeks.

The young gentleman who sent the letter from Denysville, Me., about the Hamilton Cadets, explained the object and methods of the organization. If she approves of it, his letter will be inserted in the Post-office Box, but she would like to be thoroughly informed first.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Perhaps some of your little readers during the coming Christmas time would like to know the origin of the mistletoe, so I will give them a little story, calling it "The Legend of the Mistletoe," hoping you will find space for it. Long time ago I lived away off in North America a race of people called the Northernmen. It was so cold the little children could not go out, so they gathered around great fires and told tales of the evil ones. One was about Odin, Thor, Baldr, and Hoerdr, the Evil One.

The Northernmen's religion was very different from ours. They thought heaven was a place called Valhalla. Odin was the "all father," Thor was the thunderer, and Baldr was the beautiful god of peace and love. So beloved was Baldr that his mother and father gave him the rocks, sticks, steel, and everything but the mistletoe. It was thought too insignificant to be used upon to swear not to harm the beautiful god.

One day a great company gathered together, and they were amusing themselves by throwing huge rocks and greatumps of earth at Baldr, to show that nothing could harm him. Then Hoerdr, the Evil One, plucked a small twig of mistletoe, and making it into an arrow, fitted it to a bow, and shot it at Baldr. He fell, and so died the beautiful "white god."

Many hundreds of years passed, and priests

came over to preach the Gospel, and the people told the story of Christ, was like the beautiful story of Baldr, and the priests, to please the people, allowed them to twist the cross with mistletoe.

Little English boys and girls to this day decorate the churches and their homes with mistletoe on Christmas, in memory of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I like this story very much indeed.

KENDALL GREEN, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.

As you see by the heading I live at the place provided over by Professor E. H. Kendall. It is very pleasant here, and I like it very much. Having lived here all my life, I am very much interested in the institution, and in the conversation at the Kendall Green monument was unveiled. Perhaps, as some of the readers of the Post-office Box do not know about Kendall Green, I may as well try to describe it. There are five acres in the grounds, but the buildings take up comparatively little room. The institution proper is a brick building, affording accommodations to some of the teachers and all of the pupils, and to whom there are about fifty. Joined to the institution is the large brown-stone edifice, the centre occupied by the chapel, and the right and left wings being respectively the primary and students' dining-rooms. The college joins the chapel, and contains the recitation-rooms and the students' rooms. Across a wide stretch of lawn is a row of six houses, known as "Faculty Row," being occupied by the members of the faculty and their families. There are a gymnasium and a library. Part of the land is cultivated and part is wooded. Altogether it is a very fine place, I think. I attend a public school in the city, about two miles from our house, so that I have a pleasant walk every day.

GERTRUDE E. B.

BRENTWOOD, DELAWARE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I dare say that most of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have heard of a silly game called "Consequences," which a friend of mine made into a very amusing and instructive pastime. The game consists in writing an adjective on paper, folding down the slip and passing it to your right-hand neighbor, who in turn writes a name, and passes it on to a third, who writes a place of meeting, etc. Now when my friend and I play together we use for adjectives names or places, Shakespeare and his characters for names, and nations for places. You may imagine, dear Postmistress, how it helps our memories and yet gives a ridiculous farrago of nonsense to be read to an admiring circle. I advise all lovers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and Shakespeare to try it immediately. The order of words should be as follows: An adjective for a man, a woman, a place, a name, a date. A woman's name. Place of meeting. Date. What he said. What she said. The consequences and what the world said of it. Remember, everything must be from Shakespeare, and as varied as possible. Here is one of our results. "The cross-grained Cassio met the passing fair Mrs. Ford on the common ferry that carries the Venetians 'twixt eleven and twelve." "I loved Ophelia," she replied, "Oh, my lord, beware of jealousy!" The consequences were "horrible, most horrible"; and the world said resignedly, "If 't must be, 't will be." Now is not this delicious?

NANNIE B.

THOUGH I HAVE seen a great many letters from other places, I have never seen any from this. We are in the country. I am sixteen years old. I have two brothers and three sisters. I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE myself, my uncle sends it to me. I read three different papers, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, our Youth, and the Youth's Companion.

EMMA L. I.

ARMOR, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have never written to you before, and I hope to see my letter in print. I dare send a letter to you, but my brother has two turtles. I used to have a little pug-dog and a canary-bird, but the canary-bird flew from its cage, and the pug had a cold and he never came back. I hope the other dogs might catch it, so I had to give it away. I have taken your paper ever since December, 1898, and like it very much. Good-bye, your loving reader.

SALLY HOWELL G.

NORFOLK, NEW YORK.

I wrote to you once before, and when I saw my letter in print, it was so small I wanted to write to you again. I am almost sixteen years old. I am five feet one inch high. I have dark hair and blue eyes, and a rather dark complexion. I have two brothers and one sister, all younger than I. When I wrote to you before, I had only a canary-bird, but now we have a Scotch terrier named Tim and a cat. They are both very good friends. We always lived in Chicago, but two years ago, and we are going back to Boston. My father was formerly master of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and my mother was formerly a teacher in the Boston Public School. My brother is having fine times there.

Now, I study geography, arithmetic, reading, writing, and spelling. My average was 85 in the examination. I cannot write any more now. Do you think I write very well? WILLIE H.

Very well.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

I have just finished reading your lovely paper, and I thought I might contribute a letter. We are spending the summer out here on Long Island. Sag is a very small country place, but it is near the ocean, and we enjoy bathing very much. We found an animal such as Julia A. describes in her letter, but we were not sure of its name, and I am very glad to know it. There are many dunes along the coast, and it is fun to climb to the top and then run down. The house we stay in is nearly two hundred years old, and some of the British soldiers lived in it in the time of the war. We find a good many pictures in the walls that we think they made. When we go home we hope to stop in New York a few days and hope to see the place where HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is printed. I think this is one of the best magazines published.

ELIZABETH D.

A FIGURATIVE FESTIVITY.

The following is the author's rhythmic solution of the riddle published in No. 514.

The castle old, of hoary stone,
With IV green was overgrown
And I shine bright when hearts are gay.
Oh, within a note of thrilling YOL
Within the hall made merry a CIVIL
In plash and power many a CIVIL
Attendant bowed the nobles in.
And never, surely, any MILL
Might turn more slowly its great wheel,
Than dances—and none of them danced ILL—
Moved in gavotte, pavane, or reel
They danced—fair sight it was to C—
Until the candles were all de-vastated
Burned to their sockets and grew DIM,
And dawn was rosy in the east!

E. CAYAZZA.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

- No. 1.
- ALPHABETICAL CAPITAL AND CITY PUZZLE.
- A is the capital of a country in Africa.
B is the capital of a country in Holland.
C is the capital of a country of the Orinoco.
D is the capital of a State out West.
E is the capital of a country north of England.
F is the capital of the Tobacco State.
G is the largest city of the largest State.
H is the capital of the Sandwich Islands.
I is the capital of the "Hoosier State."
J is the capital of the "Bayou State."
K is a city in Japan.
L is the capital where Queen Victoria lives.
M is the oldest city in America.
N is the city in which molasses is named.
O is the capital of Canada.
P is a French city.
Q is a city of South America.
R is an ancient city in Italy.
S is the most northern capital.
T is the capital of an Asiatic country.
U is a large city in Holland.
V is a capital in Europe.
W is our capital.
X is a city in Spain.
Y is the capital of the "Island Empire."
Z is an African capital.

SALLY G. M

No. 2.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1 I am naughty—transpose me, I am a fish. 2 I am used in the kitchen—transpose me, I am a short sleep. 3 I am a cave—transpose me, I am a boy's name. 4 I am a noose—transpose me, and I am a small pond.

M. C. L.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 514.

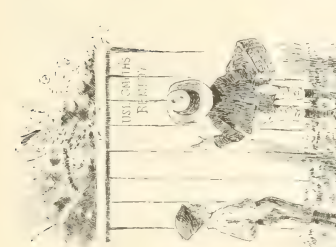
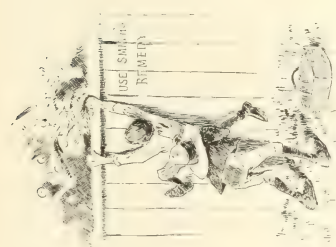
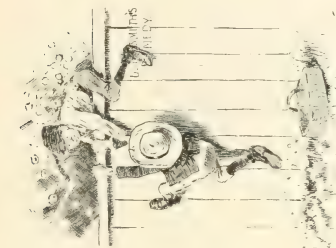
No. 1.— M O D E L S
D C E A F
D E F A M E
E L A T E R
L O O P
S T E R T S

No. 2.— S H O U T F I S H E S R A G E S R I D G E
B A S S C A T F I S H

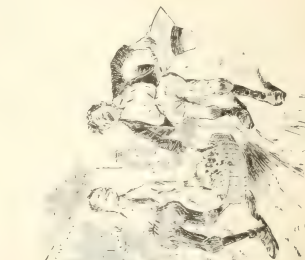
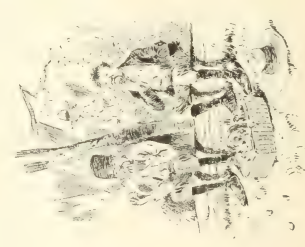
No. 3.— R A V E N

No. 4.— A HOBBY HORSE; something that looks like a horse's shape.

CORRESPONDENTS' PUZZLES.—I have received from Miss Louise Whitman, 111 E. 1st St., Chicago, John Cartwright, Elmer Paul, William R. Mar 2004 Benedict, Alice Gray, Wm. Johnston, Lottie Townsend, Anna M. Jones, A.



THE WAY OF THE TRANS-
GRESSOR IS HARD.







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FRANK BENSON'S FIRST RACE.

LARCHMONT BAY lay shimmering in the summer sun as Frank Benson reached the water-side, and gazed with wistful eyes out among the clustered cat-boats and sloops that uneasily moved about hither and yon in the fresh breeze, awaiting the signal that would start them in the race.

Frank had often wished to see one of these famous regattas, and had just arrived from the city on the first day of his vacation, in hopes of seeing his friend Fred Winder, who he knew owned a famous boat called the

White Crest. He looked in vain for some time among the many sails, but at last espied her coming toward him just as the rest, in answer to the preparatory signal, were making ready for the start. Frank waved his hat and shouted to Fred, who, tiller in hand, stood peering out from under the boom of the mainsail. "Run down to the float and I'll take you on board," shouted Fred, and a few moments later Frank had literally "tumbled" aboard. "Real good of you to take me along," exclaimed Frank; "I was dying to go on a race, but only expected to be able to look on from the shore to day." "Well, you see I am short-handed," explained Fred, "and you'll just fill the

place; so just take off your coat, put on this Tam, and do as the rest do." Frank needed no second invitation or introduction, and soon found himself snuggled down beside several other youths of about his own age, all dressed in blue or white shirts and dark Tam o' Shanters.

Bang! There goes the gun to start. A hasty trimming of the main sheet, a closer snuggling down out of the wind by the crew, and away went the *White Crest* amid a score of other boats over the line, and the race had begun. How beautiful they looked with their creamy white canvas distended by the breeze; the bright green waters rushing by the lee rail; the youthful crews, all in different uniforms, making their decks gay with dashes of brilliant color. One crew was in black with red caps—veritable pirates in appearance; others wore striped shirts of various colors and peaked caps, others again with handkerchiefs on their heads; but all were smart young sailors, and knew how to handle their boats well.

Out from the stern of each cat-boat there projected a light but strong outrigger or scaffold to which the mainsail sheets were led, enabling the boat to carry a longer boom and more sail; while every one of them had a number of canvas bags filled with sand, which the crews piled up on the windward side to give the boats more stability; and it was delightful to see the quickness with which the nimble crews scampered about and passed these back and forth when a new tack was begun.

Out into the rougher waters of the Sound pressed the fleet of eager racers, the larger sloops slowly drawing ahead of most of the cat-boats, which formed a class by themselves; but the *White Crest* was leading the "cats," and well up with the sloops. Away off to the right a dark blue line had now made its appearance. "There is a squall coming from over there," cried the young man who was tending the main sheet. "Ought we not to reef the mainsail before we catch it; those fellows ahead of us are doing so?"

"No reef shall be put in our sail to-day, if I can help it," replies Fred, as he grips the tiller harder in preparation for the wind, which now comes down on them with a rush.

The other boats are lying well down to it, the salt spray dashing in cascades over the decks and well up on the lee rails. The *White Crest*, with all of her great sail drawing, fairly springs along. Fred, bracing himself to the tiller with a piece of rope, "holds her to it" as she leaps from sea to sea, while the main-sheet tender, sitting back of the steersman, as cool as any one can be, watches the sail closely, and trims in or pays out the sheet as the boat is forced down or let up by the gale. Frank and the rest of the crew are huddled to windward, some half in, half out of the cockpit, or lying flat on the deck lugging the weighty sand bags to keep them from sliding. The squall, though heavy, did not last long, and when it had passed, the *White Crest* had done so bravely that but one boat remained ahead of her.

"There's the buoy!" cried some one, who had been on the lookout.

"Where?" demands Fred.

"A little to the left of the big sloop ahead of us."

"Can't be possible!" exclaims Fred, looking at his watch hastily; "but if it is, we have beaten the record for cat-boats."

"Hurrah!" shouts the crew.

"Hold her down, and we will beat the sloop ahead also," cries the sheet tender.

And now ensued a splendid race between these two boats that astonished all who saw it, for Fred steered so truly and pluckily that, as the *Crest* reached the mark, a fresh slant of wind gave them the weather-gage, and they ran inside the sloop, reaching the buoy first.

"Ready to go about. Hard a-lee!" shouts Fred; and they turn the mark with a rush, and stand for home with

the mainsail wide out, while the delighted crew stand up to rest themselves from their cramped position, and, as one remarked, holding out his Tam, "to catch more wind."

The rest is soon told. The run home was smooth and easy, and as they crossed the line amid the booming of guns and waving of flags, every one congratulated the gallant young skipper who refused to reef in the gale and so handsomely brought his boat in a winner ahead of her class.

THE NUTTING.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

CHESTNUTS ARE RIPE—

Are ripe, and now from the prickly burr

The brown nuts fall,

And bound

To the ground

With a twinkling sound

Where the woodland folk are camped around

At the end of the pasture wall.

With tongues that chatter and wings that whirr,

Birds in feathers and beasts in fur—

Squirrel and jay

And chipmunk gay—

They scrape and scamper and scold and play,

While the little white worm in the midst of the storm

Grows fat on his diet, and laughs at them all.

Chestnuts are ripe—

Are ripe, and now when berries are few

The brown nuts fall.

And here,

With a cheer,

From far and near,

In the sparkling sun the boys appear

At the end of the pasture wall.

Bitten with brambles, washed in dew,

Ruddy and brown, a barefoot crew,

Each with his sack

Like a peddler's pack,

They climb and shake and cudgel and thwack.

But the little white worm in the midst of the storm

Feasts on the kernel, and laughs at them all.

DORMY MATES.*

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DEREK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PROUD OF BEING A YANKEE.

TO explain the curious state of affairs disclosed in the last chapter, it is necessary to go a long way back in our story, and recall the New York jeweller who had shown Breeze that his locket could be opened, and had then tried to obtain it from him. This man had seen the advertisement asking for any information concerning Mr. Tristram Tresmont or his son, and it had made such an impression upon him that he had studied it carefully. He had even looked up the Tresmont coat of arms in a book on heraldry that contained colored plates of such things.

When Breeze brought the golden ball to him he was at first interested in it as a puzzle, and then startled at the sight of its contents. He hastily compared its coat of arms with the one in his book, and noted the little compass that it contained. So hurried was his examination that he did not discover the second spring, and consequently knew nothing of the locks of hair or the inscription.

It had flashed across the mind of this bad man that if

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 492.

he could obtain possession of the ball he might receive a reward for it, or perhaps use it in making a claim upon the Tresmont estate; for it had been mentioned in the advertisement as one of the proofs by which the missing child might be known. He did not tell Breeze of what he had discovered, for he hoped to make more out of his information in another way.

Failing to buy the trinket, he had tried to have it left with him at least overnight, that he might study it more carefully; but this plan was spoiled by the lad's prompt action and the interference of the police. Then the jeweller procured a second labyrinth ball, and aided by the book on heraldry, fitted its interior with enamelled plates of thin gold bearing the Tresmont coat of arms. While doing this he planned a bold scheme, which he thought might be safely carried out, for obtaining at least a share of the Tresmont property.

This was nothing more nor less than the taking of his own boy, who was about the same age as Breeze, to England, and by means of the false locket persuading people to believe him to be the son of Mr. Tristram Tresmont. Having carefully worked out every detail of this wicked plan, the jeweller finally appeared with his son, whom he had trained to be as bad as himself, before the Tresmont family lawyer, and claimed to have discovered the true heir to Sir Wolfe's property.

The lawyer listened to all that he had to say, and became almost convinced that he was telling the truth, but declined to commit himself to one thing or another until Lord Seabright, who was then in Iceland, should return. The false locket was even shown to a number of old Tresmont and Seabright family servants, who declared it to be the very same that had been clasped by Mr. Tristram about the neck of his infant son.

When Lord Seabright returned to London the whole case was submitted to him; and though he disliked exceedingly the appearance and manner of the young man who claimed to be his cousin, he could not help admitting that all the evidence seemed to be in his favor.

The wicked father had been recalled to America upon urgent business about a week before Lord Seabright's return to the city; but his case seemed to be progressing so favorably that he had not hesitated to leave it for a short time in the hands of a lawyer whom he had engaged. He never dreamed that the Yankee fisher-lad would succeed in opening the ball; or that, if he did, he would understand the meaning of its contents, or realize their value.

Thus the case stood when Squire Brady introduced an entirely new feature into it by drawing Lord Seabright's attention to Breeze McCloud and the locket that had been placed about his neck when he was a baby.

The young Englishman was as decided in his character and as prompt in action as Breeze himself. Now he determined to sift this matter to the very bottom, and to make a personal investigation of all the facts regarding it that could be discovered. Having rapidly thought out his plan, he said to Breeze, as they left the linen-draper's shop together: "Look here, McCloud, I like you a thousand times better than I do that other chap, and should be pleased to acknowledge you as a relative. I think, too, that your story is a much more likely one than his; but I am not yet wholly satisfied that you are my cousin Tristram. Now I have a plan to propose, which is this: If you will stay quietly here in Queenstown with the Bradys for a few days, until I can attend to some business affairs in London, I will come back for you and take you to America in the *Saga*. There we will see what we can discover in regard to your early history. In the mean time Mr. Marlin can sell your ambergris for you in London. What do you say?"

What could Breeze say to this generous offer except to thank his kind friend for it, and accept it gladly?

Although expecting the return of the *Saga* from day to

day, and consequently not writing home, Breeze waited two weeks in Queenstown before Lord Seabright's business would permit him to start for America.

When at last the yacht did arrive, Wolfe Brady, who had been disconsolate at the idea of again losing his dory-mate, was made supremely happy by the offer of a mate's position on her.

At the same time Breeze was astonished to learn that the ambergris he and Nimbus had picked up had been sold for fifty-six thousand dollars, which, when divided, according to Gloucester fishing law, among the crew of the *Fish Hawk*, would give them two thousand dollars apiece.

Ten days after leaving Queenstown the *Saga*, having on board Lord Seabright, the dorymates Breeze McCloud and Wolfe Brady, and their highly prized friend Nimbus the cook, rounded Eastern Point, and steamed swiftly up Gloucester Harbor.

It was late in the afternoon, and as Breeze eagerly turned his gaze toward the little white cottage on the eastern heights, that was the only home he had ever known, it was radiant with the glory of the setting sun, and seemed to be smiling a welcome to him. How the boy's heart thrilled as he looked upon the familiar sights of the harbor, and thought of all that had happened to him since he had left it, an unwilling prisoner on board the *Vixen*. Why, there she lay now, at anchor in the stream, the same shabby, disreputable-looking old craft. And there, too, was the *Albatross*. What recollections the sight of her aroused in the minds of the dorymates!

The yacht had hardly dropped anchor before Breeze had been set ashore, and was climbing the hill toward the little cottage. He was alone, for his friends would not intrude upon his first meeting with those whom he loved so dearly.

Captain and Mrs. McCloud had just sat down to supper, when, without warning, the door was flung open, and their boy, alive, well, and handsomer than ever, stood before them.

So long as he lives Breeze will never forget his mother's cry of "My boy! my boy! my darling boy!" as she sprang to him, clasped him in her arms, and sobbed out her great joy upon his neck.

There were even glad tears on Captain McCloud's weather-beaten cheeks as he held both the lad's hands in his sturdy grasp, and exclaimed, "Thank God, my son, that you have been brought back in safety to us!"

The happy inmates of the cottage got but little sleep that night, and the next day all Gloucester rang with the joyful news that Breeze McCloud, who had long since been given up for lost, had come back safe and sound, and bringing a fortune with him. Above all, it was whispered that he had come as dorymate of a real live English lord, who had picked him up somewhere near the north pole, and brought him home in the finest steam-yacht that ever was seen.

Soon after breakfast that morning Lord Seabright and Wolfe Brady appeared at the McCloud cottage, and were warmly welcomed—the former for his great kindness to Breeze, the latter for himself. The English gentleman had asked both Breeze and Wolfe not to say anything at present regarding his errand to America. After a while he led the conversation to Breeze, the mystery surrounding his parentage, and his rescue from the floating cask when a baby.

Then Captain McCloud showed them the very cask that had proved so truly a life-boat to the boy. He told them the date of its discovery, and pointed out on its bottom a partially erased stencil-mark, over which he said he had often puzzled in vain. It was something like this, PE IP—NORA, and although Lord Seabright did not say so at the time, he felt pretty sure that it had originally been "PER SHIP SEÑORA."



BREEZE'S WELCOME HOME

Next, Mrs. McCloud brought out the baby-clothes Breeze had worn when first laid in her arms, and on one dainty little garment showed them the embroidered letters "T. C. T."

After a while they all went on board the *Saga*, where her owner had invited them to luncheon. Here the unbounded joy of Nimbus at again meeting with the "Cap'n," in whose company he had suffered so much on board the *Esmeralda*, was touching to witness.

After luncheon, as they stood on the deck of the yacht, a weather-beaten fishing schooner, with her flag at half-mast, came sailing slowly up the harbor.

"She is bringing sorrow to some poor souls," said Mrs. McCloud, as she noted the mournful sign.

"Why, mother, it's the *Fish-Hawk*!" shouted Breeze, springing up in great excitement.

In a short time the vessel had approached so closely that there could be no doubt of it. She was the very schooner that he had left so long ago off the coast of Iceland. At length she drew so near that they could distinguish the features of those on her deck.

Suddenly one of them shaded his eyes with his hand, and gazed earnestly at the yacht. Then, with a joyful cry, he sprang to the signal halyards, and in a moment the schooner's colors streamed out full and free from her mast-head, while a wild cheer broke from her crew.

"Hurrah for Breeze McCloud! Hurrah for Nimbus!" they shouted over and over again.

"The flag was at half-mast for us, mother," said Breeze, his voice choking with emotion. At the same moment

the deep-mouthed roar of the yacht's cannon answered the cheers of the *Fish-Hawk's* crew.

They, poor fellows, had had little enough cause for joy; for their whole weary cruise had been nearly barren of results, and they had come home poorer than when they left. Their sadness was, however, exchanged for great rejoicing, and their poverty for riches, when they heard of the good fortune of Breeze and Nimbus, and knew that, owing to it, their schooner was "High-line" of the fleet for that season, and that they were worth two thousand dollars apiece.

As soon as his anchor was dropped, Captain Coffin went on board the yacht to see Breeze, and to hear the wonderful story he had to tell. Then Breeze went back with him to the *Fish-Hawk*, to be the bearer of his own good news to her crew, who shouted themselves hoarse in greeting him. Never was there a happier home-coming to any schooner of the Gloucester fishing fleet.

Of all those men who had just sailed down from the icy northern seas, none was so overjoyed at the sight of Breeze as old Mateo. He regarded the lad as his boy, and had been inconsolable over his loss. Now his happiness was so great that he could not control himself. He sobbed and laughed in the same breath as he exclaimed, "Ah, Breeze, ma boy! ma boy! you is come back, an' ole Mateo could sing an' dance an' holler, he vas so hap."

It was a day of joyful meetings, and one long to be remembered. The skipper of the *Vixen* came to welcome Breeze, and to tell him that a hundred dollars had been placed to his credit, as his share of that schooner's catch

on the Grand Bank. Hank Hoffer came; and many another, who had felt a diffidence about venturing on board the English lord's yacht rowed out to the *Fish Hawk* to greet him there. Was it not worth all that he had gone through to be thus welcomed home? Breeze thought it was, and as much more.

The next day the *Saga* sailed away, leaving Breeze behind, and it was a week before she returned. The first notice the McClouds had of her coming back was the appearance of Lord Seabright at their cottage one evening.

He greeted Mrs. McCloud and the Captain, and then, turning to Breeze with out-stretched hand, he said, "Cousin Tristram, I am proud to welcome you as a relative, and as master of Tresmont. How soon will you go back to England with me?"

Before Breeze could answer, Lord Seabright turned to the others and told them the whole story. He ended it by stating that he had discovered the rascally jeweller in New York, and compelled him to own up to his villany, and admit the falsity of his claim upon Tresmont.

"Now," he said, "I want to take Cousin Tristram home with me, and place him where he may become fitted to take charge of the great English estate that will be his as soon as he comes of age."

"But I don't want to become an Englishman!" exclaimed Breeze, now finding a chance to speak. "I am an American by birth, I have grown up as an American, and an American I mean to be just so long as I live. Oh, sir, if you are truly my cousin, as you say you are, I would a thousand times rather you would keep whatever English property might be mine, and leave me here to live with those whom I love and who love me."

No entreaties or inducements in the shape of the brilliant career open to him in England could alter his determination. He said that while he should be proud to be an Englishman if he had been born in England, having been born in Yankee land, he was more proud than anything of being a Yankee, and that he would not exchange that title for any other in the world.

Finally Lord Seabright, who had always been anxious to possess the Tresmont property, which adjoined his own, said: "Well, Cousin Tristram, I do not know but that you are right. A man can have but one country, and the one he will always love the most is the one in which he was born and has passed the first twenty years of his life. Such being my belief, I will make you this offer: I will purchase Tresmont of you, if you are willing to sell it, when you become of age, paying you its full money value. Besides this, you will have a handsome income from the invested property left by your grandfather. The only conditions that I attach to my offer are that in the mean time you will complete your education in the best American university, and that you will spend every summer vacation for the next three years with me in England."

"It's a bargain, sir," cried Breeze, "provided I can have money enough now to pay Wolfe Brady's expenses through college as well as my own."

"My dear fellow," replied Lord Seabright, "there is money enough already held in trust for you from Tresmont to pay the expenses of every boy in this town through college, and you would be welcome to as much more if you wanted it."

Here, with a parting word, we must leave the manly young fellows whose adventures on the Fishing Banks we have followed so closely. Breeze—or "Sir Breeze," as his college friends delight to call him—and Wolfe are no longer dormmates, but classmates. The former means to study law, and says that though he had an English father, his mother was an American, and as he was born in America, he may some day be President of the United States. Who knows?

Wolfe says that although having been born an Irish-

man, he can never be the head of the nation, he would like to be Secretary of the Navy. He begs that his friend will bear this in mind when he becomes President, and Breeze gravely says he will.

Wolfe does not like to study, but Breeze keeps him up to it, while he keeps Breeze from studying too hard.

With a portion of the wealth that is soon to become his, Breeze expects to build a steam-yacht which shall be the equal, in every respect, of the *Saga*. Her name is to be *Merab*, and her private signal a blue flag bearing a golden ball, while on her bows, in letters of gold, is to be engraved the legend "Point True."

THE END.

A DUTCH CHILD OF SOUTH BEVELAND.

SHE didn't mind about her doll; she said she was going to get another one at the fair. That was why she had on her best clothes—because the fair was very grand. Everybody knows that it comes only once a year, and the big market-place of Goes is quite covered with the little toyshops and the merry-go-rounds, great big merry-go-rounds with two stories, nicer than any one ever saw outside of Holland, and she was going to ride on them, and have as big a piece of cake as she could hold in both of her fat little hands.

Her name was Jacoba; it would have been Jenny if she could have told it to me in English instead of Dutch. It had been her grandmother's name too, the same grandmother who gave her the funny gold things that were stuck in her hair just over her big black eyes. They were worn very thin, and had lots of little dents in them, but Jacoba said they were worth ever so many guilders,



DUTCH CHILD IN THE COSTUME OF SOUTH BEVELAND, ZEELAND, HOLLAND.

and that she expected to give them to *her* grandchildren too, when she was grown up.

Just as she was beginning to tell me that all the little girls in the island of South Beveland were dressed exactly alike, and the fashions hadn't changed in ever so many hundred years, her mother came back with the big piece of cake, and though it was only gingerbread, and not so very nice to look at, I don't believe that Jacoba ever thought of me again.

THE RED MUSTANG.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

ACTION OF "TWO ARROWS," "THE TALKING LEAVES," "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

HOW CAL EVANS RODE FOR HELP.

THE excited boy on the red mustang was not allowed to use his own judgment altogether as to the right place for riding out from the forest. Hundreds and hundreds of cows and bulls and oxen took that important matter into their own hoofs. They had not been so sensitive as the horses, and had not been whipped or shouted at. They therefore had not been stampeded so quickly, but they went wild enough as soon as the craze took them. They may have been wondering whether a norther, or a prairie fire, or a travelling earthquake was after Sam and Cal and the horses when over the grassy rolls came that squad of yelling red men. The whoops were an awful noise to hear, and one very thin, respectable old cow set off at once. In another moment there were tossing horns and anxious bellowing in all directions, while some half-grown calves threw up their heels and followed the cow. A wiry, vicious-looking ox, with only one horn, punched with it the ribs of his next neighbor. That example spread like wildfire; and something said by the widest-horned, longest-legged, deepest-throated old bull may have really meant:

"Now—ow every fellow bellow and run like all ruin—uin—uin!"

Run like ruin they did, and of course they broke for the timber, although the Indians who were threatening Sam Herrick were right ahead of them. If a regiment of infantry had been in the way, it would have been scattered all the same, and what were a dozen or so of mere pony-riders? Sam was safe among his fallen trees, but the Indians had to get out of the way of that stampede. Cal Evans saw the cattle coming, and he had his wits about him.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "I'll put them between me and the red-skins. Now, Dick, it's your chance."

The red mustang knew that he had been called upon. There was a whinny, a bound, a swift dash of nearly two minutes into the open plain, and then a burst of whooping announced that he and his rider had been seen.

What of that, when all that tumult of tossing horns was streaming along behind them, putting its barrier between Cal and the nearest Apache warrior? Follow him? What would ponies already overdriven be worth behind the swinging, elastic bounds of the red mustang?

"Hurrah, Dick! There's no other such horse living! Hurrah!"

On, on, on! and there was no need of a trail to follow, for Sam Herrick's last advice had been, "Ride due north, Cal, and you won't lose any distance."

At that very moment the brave cow-boy was watching the course of events almost breathlessly, but the only token of excitement was a glitter in his black eyes, until he exclaimed:

"Colorado! Cal's safe! The critters have done it. They've done me a good turn too, if I can manage to keep out of their way."

He sprang to the saddle, and hurried along deeper into the forest. Just as the foremost bulls were charging in among the trees, Sam rode out into an open place on the bank of Slater's Branch. It was bare of trees, but it was thronged with horses, and so was the wide, shallow pool beyond; and now they all heard once more the crack of Sam's whip.

"The horned critters won't stop," he said to himself, "till their hoofs are in the mud. The red-skins may follow 'em, but there's time to put the hosses on the other side."

There was fright enough among them to prevent any delay, and the last mule was braying upon the opposite bank in reply to a shout of Sam's, when the cattle began to show in the open space. Bushes and trees had checked the stampede somewhat, but there were bellows of pleasure all along the line—bellows of all sorts and sizes, as if calf and cow and patriarch alike found mental relief in a sight of Slater's Branch.

"Colorado!" exclaimed Sam; "all the critters are as high safe as I can make 'em. I'm free, now, to pick my way back to Saint Lucy. Red-skins 'll go slow through timber with a rifle in it. If the whole band came I'd be of no manner of use. They can't catch Dick, now he's got a clear start. Cal's safe; but what I want now is a fresh mount. I've taken twenty odd miles out of this one, and I may have racing to do. That gray's about X."

The gray he singled out was caught and saddled and bridled, but no ordinary groom could have performed that feat. Neither could any timid horseman have compelled the gray to give up the disposition he had for dancing horse waltzes and polkas among the trees. Sam did it, and forced him to go ahead with not more than three or four gaits at once.

"More fire and more mischief and more good running in him," he remarked, exultingly. "Nothing could catch him, unless it might be Cal's red mustang. My chance is a heap better than it was."

He seemed to have a habit of talking to some imaginary companion. Men who pass much of their time alone are very apt to get such a habit, but men who live among crowds never do. Away he went a mile or more down the Branch, until he came to a place where he could cross it almost dryshod.

"The 'Paches won't come this way," he remarked. "They'll either try to strike Saint Lucy, or else they'll head for the Mexican line with their plunder."

Sam could make his calculations as coolly as if the Apaches had been so many peaceable traders, but there was only one thought in the mind of Cal Evans. It grew as he rode, and it kept his mind in a sort of mingled fever and chill.

"The ranch and everybody in it! If father is there he might take them for friendly Indians until it would be too late. He isn't likely to be there. Men all gone! Mother is there! Vic is there!"

Cal's thoughts took terrible shapes as he galloped onward, borrowing horrors from all he had ever heard of the deeds of pitiless savages. More than once a fierce kind of shout burst from him, but he had no need for urging Dick. The red mustang's racing blood was up, as if he knew that he was riding a great match against danger and death. He responded to his master with a short, excited whinny, and seemed to lengthen the splendid stride that swept the miles away. He had been set free to run his best and wildest, with only a light weight to carry, and the distance vanished behind him.

Cal had ridden Dick more than once when there were running deer to catch, and had thought him a miracle of speed, but now there were moments when he almost found

fault with him for going slowly. That, too, with the warm wind whistling past him, and his own best horse manship called for to keep the saddle. He guided Dick a little with reference to burrows and ant-hills. He knew that there were no ravines worth mentioning. He even kept a lookout for possible Indians between him and the northern horizon.

"I'll charge through them if I do see any," he said to Dick.

His face had undergone a change for the time, and was hardly boyish, it was so full of desperate determination and awful anxiety. He was riding for the safety of his home—of his father, mother, sister. At last before him arose a long, gentle roll of prairie that he seemed to know.

"Mother!" burst from him, as Dick sprang up the slope, and at the crest of it the good horse was reined in. "Santa Lucia! The ranch! All right yet, and not an Indian to be seen. Hurrah for Dick!"

He deserved it, although he did not look as if he had been specially exerting himself. There was hardly a fleck of perspiration upon his glossy coat, and he drew only two or three long breaths, not so much because he needed them, perhaps, as that he was relieved at finding everything serene about the ranch.

It was, in fact, a very picture of peace that lazy summer morning. The stout stockade, containing fully two acres of ground around the spring and the buildings, seemed almost deserted, except for a few cows, some dogs, and a couple of tethered horses. The house itself, of one story, built of large blocks of sunburned "adobe," made three sides of a square, the main entrance being through a gateway in the palisades and covered veranda that guarded the fourth side. Each face was over fifty feet long, and the outer windows were mere slits. The Spanish-Mexicans who built Santa Lucia, years and years ago, had planned it for a pretty strong fort as well as dwelling, and Cal Evans felt very kindly toward them at the present moment.

The gate of the stockade was wide open, unguarded, and he dashed through it and up to the house in a manner which attracted attention. The sound of a piano ceased at once, and a dignified elderly lady, who came out to the veranda, was quickly joined by a younger and slither form.

"Cal," exclaimed the latter, "has anything happened to father?"

"No, Vic, nothing much has happened—not yet."

"Cal, something has happened. What is it?" said the old lady, with a quick flush of anxiety.

"I must out with it. The Apaches have scooped the lower drove, every horse. They came for the upper drove, but Sam and I got them into the timber."

"Was he hurt?" asked Mrs. Evans.

"No, mother, but he isn't safe yet." And Cal went on to give a rapid account of all he knew.

Sam Herrick himself could hardly have shown better nerve than did Cal's mother. She grew calm and steady-eyed as she listened, but Victoria's pretty face paled and reddened again and again, for she was hardly two years older than her brother.

"Oh, if only father were here!" she said.

"Where's he gone?" asked Cal.

"Out on the range," replied his mother. "He and all of them will come in at the first sign of danger. Everybody knew that the Indians were dissatisfied, but I didn't dream of their coming this way."

"They wanted horses, mother, and they may try and strike the ranch," said Cal.

"I think not," she said, decidedly; "but you must carry the news to Fort Craig."

"And leave you and Vic here? Never!"

"You must not pause one minute. Not even to eat.

Victoria and I and the servants can bar the stockade and the house, but no Indians will come. If there is really any danger, the sooner the cavalry get here the better. Do you think you've tired Dick?"

"No, mother; but it seems as if I'd rather die than leave you here alone."

"Ride for our safety, my son. Ride steadily. It's a long push for any horse, and Dick must last till you get there."

"Yes, mother," said Cal, "but he can do it."

"Leave your rifle," she added. "You'll not need it, and it's an extra weight."

She did not let him forget to water the red mustang, and while Dick was drinking she packed a small haver sack with cold meat and bread for Cal's use on the road.

He was ready to mount.

"Oh, mother, I want to stay and fight for you and Vic."

"Bring the cavalry! Go!" she said, and it seemed to cost her something to say it.

He hardly knew, after he was in the saddle, in what words he put his good-by. He saw two faces that watched him as Dick sprang through the gate. It seemed almost as if he had seen them for the last time, and then he thought again that perhaps the best hope for Santa Lucia and all in it had been confided to the swift feet of the red mustang.

CHAPTER III.

THE BAND OF KAH-GO-MISH.

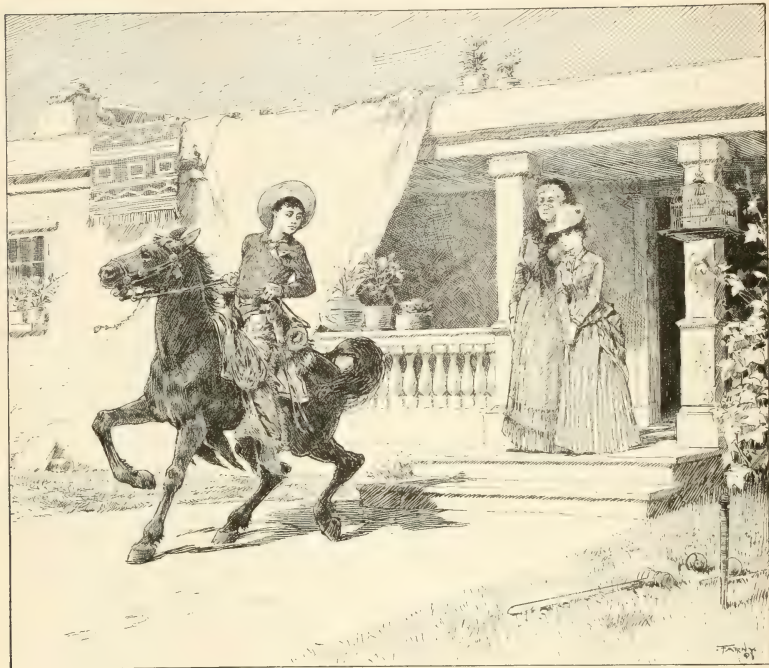
NEW MEXICO is a wonderful country. It is full of places that are worth going to see, while some of its other places are well worth keeping away from. Down through the Territory, east of the middle, runs north and south the main range of the Rocky Mountains. Among them rise the Picos and the Canadian and several other rivers that run away to the south and east. Westerly from the main range, with marvellous valleys between, are the Organ Mountains, which show what strange shapes vast masses of rock can be broken into. Farther westward is the great valley of the Rio Grande, and beyond this arise the Sierra Madre and the Sierra San Juan. It is all a wonderful region, with great plains as well as mountain ranges, and here and there are found remarkable ruins of ancient architecture, and everywhere as remarkable remnants of ancient people. Some of the wide levels are mere deserts of sand and gravel—hot, barren, terrible—but others are rich with pasture for horses and cattle, and they once were only for innumerable bison, deer, and antelopes.

The Spanish-Mexican *hidalgo* who had selected Santa Lucia had shown excellent judgment, although even in that day he probably had more or less trouble with his red neighbors. The present owners and occupants of the ranch had had none at all until the very hour when Sam Herrick found the prairie around him swarming with them.

As for Sam, he had now no suspicion how near he came to again meeting the very Apaches who had chased him and Cal, and who were now hurrying to rejoin their band. They missed Sam, and they brought news back with them which seemed to receive the approval of the very dignified warrior who had directed affairs in the capture of the horses. He was a proud-looking commander now, as he sat upon one of Colonel Evans's best horses to listen to their report.

"Ugh!" he remarked. "Kah-go-mish is a great chief. Get ranch first. Then go for horses in timber."

There was pride in every tone and movement of Kah-go-mish, for he had performed a great exploit, and he and his band were no longer in poverty. There were many



"'BRING THE CAVALRY! GO!" SHE SAID, AND IT SEEMED TO COST HER SOMETHING TO SAY IT."

signs, however, that they had not been prosperous upon the Reservation, although the chief still wore the very high silk hat which had there been given him. He had tied a green veil around it to set off its beauty and his own. His only other garments were the well-worn buckskin leggings which covered him from the waist to the knee, and a pair of long red stockings through which he had thrust his arms to the shoulder.

Some very good people had been interested in the Reservation set apart for those Apaches, and had gathered contributions of civilized clothing for them. It had not been in rebellion against anything of that sort that Kah-go-mish and his people had run away, for the miscellaneous goods from away down East helped the picture at Slater's Branch amazingly. The hat and stocking legs had helped the appearance of the chief himself, but other things had done more for a fat and very dark lady whom he had addressed as Wah-wah-o-be. The many-ribboned straw bonnet upon the head of the severe-faced wife of Kah-go-mish was fine. So was the blue calico dress with the red flannel skirt over it, and the pony she rode seemed to be afraid of the whole outfit. Near her, upon two other ponies, sat a boy and girl. They were apparently a little younger than Cal and Victoria Evans. They were hardly as good-looking, in some respects, and were dressed differently. Among the charities at the Reservation had been

a bale of second-hand trousers of the style worn nowadays by boys, reaching to the knee. The young lady wore a pair of these, and with them a dress of which any Mes-calero girl might have been vain. A piece of yard-wide red cotton, three yards long, had a hole in the middle for the head to pass through. When proper armholes were added and a belt of embroidered antelope-skin confined the loose cloth at the waist, what more was needed by the bright-eyed daughter of Kah-go-mish?

The boy on the other pony— Well, he wore another pair of second-hand trousers. They had been planned for a man, and were large in the waist, requiring a belt, but had been altered to the complete style by cutting them off just below the knee. The pony he rode was one of the nearly worn-out fellows that had travelled all the way across the mountains from the Reservation. He and Cal Evans had been within a few miles of each other that morning. Both were uncommonly vigorous young fellows, of whom their parents had a right to be proud, but it was not easy to discover many points of resemblance between them. There did not seem to be the least probability that they would ever be much thrown into each other's society; but then no young fellow of fourteen knows precisely who his future friends are to be, or where he is to meet them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A FEAST OF FLORA.—AN OUTDOOR TABLEAU.—By LUDIA F. EXAMPT.—[See Page 810.]

A FEAST OF FLORA.

An Out-door Tableau.

BY L. F. E.

A RECENT number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE contains an article called "Two Young English People," in which may be found the following sentence relating to the likeness of young Anglo-Saxons to the Greek type, especially in these athletic days. It says: "One is inclined to reflect that, after all, the athletic Athenians of old may not have been very unlike the men whom we see at Harvard or Oxford, while the fair-haired girls who play lawn-tennis at Newport or at Brighton might fitly carry baskets of flowers in honor of Artemis if processions in the service of the pagan gods should happen once more to come into vogue."

If this be true of men and women in their tight modern clothes, it is much more true of girls and boys, whose unconstrained style of dress ought to give them great physical advantages and freedom of motion. However, the quotation seems not applicable to the accompanying suggestion for an out-door tableau, which may be helpful to some of our readers. Nothing could be more simple, inexpensive, and easy to arrange than such a tableau. Although there was infinite variety in the modes of wearing them, every Greek dress was made on the same general plan, and if certain simple rules are followed, it is impossible for them to be other than graceful if worn with freedom and by a well-proportioned person.

To begin with, the very best material out of which to make these dresses is cheese-cloth. The making, however, merely consists in sewing up two or three straight seams; or, to be more explicit, the dress is a long bag, open top and bottom. Each dress must be as wide as the wearer is tall; and the length, of course, is a matter of taste, and depends upon how the dress is to be put on, and upon the age of the wearer. These tunics—or chitons, to use the Greek name—have no band or drawing-string at the neck, but are left straight, and are put on by fastening the two upper edges together with buttons or clasps over the shoulders, leaving a hole about a foot wide on either side for the arms. The folds about the neck then take their own graceful lines. Sometimes the edges of the dress are brought together again with another button over the arm, forming a sort of sleeve.

The girdle is passed under the armpits and fastened in front, in the case of a girl, who may also wear one at the hips, through which her dress may be caught up in front or on the side. A boy, however, should wear only one girdle, and that at his waist.

When the chitons are made, the next thing to be done is to dampen them all over thoroughly, and then twist them in a long roll as tight as it is possible to do it, tying both ends securely to prevent their coming unrolled. After they have remained this way for a week or more they will be like crêpe when shaken out. No stiffened or full-gathered garment should be worn under the dress, which should be put on over a thin scant petticoat of the same color and material as the dress.

To return to the picture. The little boy with the cymbals should be in light green cheese-cloth, with a wreath of grape, oak, or ivy leaves on his head. The border at the edge of his dress may be made by basting on narrow gilt braid, not too stiff, in a Corinthian pattern. He wears no girdle, and his chiton is buttoned only on the left shoulder, leaving the right arm and shoulder bare.

The boy next to him, who carries the staff of flowers, is in a cream-white tunic, with gold braid border and girdle. His right arm and shoulder are also left free. The little maiden whose arm is round his neck might be in pale violet, trimmed and girdled with silver. Her dress is made long enough to lie on the ground about six inches, and a piece is caught up in the front and fastened under her girdle, making the dress fall in long sweeping folds, and lifting it out of the way of her feet.

The little piper may be all in pale yellow, with fillet and borders of either white ribbon or gilt braid. His pipes can be easily made of rolls of gilt or silver paper glued together.

Next to him comes tripping a girl in pink and silver, with wreath of roses and hands full of flowers. Her dress should be made long enough to reach almost to her ankles, and then the extra length is turned over at the top, making the dress the right length, and giving the effect of a shorter drapery falling from the shoulders, as in the picture. Her dress is girdled under this flap high up by her armpits. The girdles should be made of much stiffer braid than is used for bordering the dresses.

The flowers they carry will of course be regulated by what

season the tableau is given—lilacs and daffodils and blossoms of all sorts in spring; roses, dahlias, lilies, hydrangeas, daisies, or any pretty colored flowers which happens to be in bloom in summer, and which are not too brilliant to harmonize with the pale shades of the dresses. Such a branch of blossoms as the little girl carries in the picture may be had at any season by taking a real apple bough, and covering it with pale pink and white tissue-paper blossoms and buds.

This tableau, like the Japanese scene which preceded it in a recent number, might be almost equally well reproduced indoors. In this case the background should be made by sewing together several breadths of soft, dull, sage-green lining muslin, making a drapery long enough and wide enough to cover the whole back of the scene. It should then be tacked up at intervals of two feet or more, leaving the drapery loose enough to fall in natural folds between the points where it is tacked. This gives the whole a sort of festooned effect, which is in keeping with the classic figures in front of it. Any tableau shows to better advantage against a drapery of a plain dull color, unless all the appropriate surroundings are accessible, and they seldom are to amateur performers.

IF AND PERHAPS.

BY EMMA C DOWD.

IF every one were wise and sweet,
And every one were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labor
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbor—
Oh, what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter hearted—
Perhaps in some near-by-and-by
That good time might get started.
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

A DAY IN WAXLAND.

BY E. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AUTHOR OF "THE HURRISOFFER," ETC

IV.

WHEREVER the Queen's foot touched the ground a flower sprang immediately into bloom. That was why she could never be lost. It would only be necessary to follow up her trail of flowers. All her robes were made of flowers woven together like cloth, and the flowers retained all their beauty and freshness, and the Queen looked as though she were made of the souls of flowers by the touch of a magician's wand. Notwithstanding her superb beauty and loveliness, the King stuffed his fingers in his ears as she ascended the wax staircase, and took her place beside him. The Lyric Bear stood at her elbow, with a pleasant smile that literally trickled out of his eyes. The other seats about the great ring were filled with delighted Waxlanders. Tommy stood beside the Lyric Bear and held his paw, as he, the Lyric Bear, was his guide.

Then two doors opened on one side of the ring, and the wax tapir came hopping out on his nose, and commenced whirling around the ring, and making the same whirling sound that he had made when awakening Waxland. He got going so fast that he became invisible. But if he became invisible, he certainly did not become inaudible. He seemed to turn into a circle of sound.

"What is the wax tapir doing that for?"

"He is waking up the wax animals," replied the King;

"they will perform various acts for our pleasure, according to custom, as soon as they are wide awake."

"But where is the wax tapir now?" asked Tommy.

"He has gone out," replied the King; "that is, he has spun himself asleep, and will not awake and become visible until to-morrow morning six months hence, when it will be time to wake Waxland up again. You know the wax tapir lets us know when it is time to get up, and the wax dolphin when it is time to retire for the night."

"But where is the great Wax Sea?" asked Tommy.

"The great Wax Sea," said the King, "is situated in the middle of this great ring. There is only a track for the wax animals to run on, about twenty feet wide, extending around the outside of the sea. Of course you cannot see the great Wax Sea, sometimes called the Moon Sea, because the light of day makes it invisible. But look!"

The doors from which the wax tapir had emerged opened again, and about a thousand storks filed out and bowed to the King.

Then they began running around the ring as hard as they could go. Around, around they went, increasing their speed as much as possible. Each wax stork seemed to be running as if for its life, and yet it was impossible to see which was ahead.

"What are they running for?" asked Tommy, in a mystified way.

"They are running to see who is to be the King of the wax storks," replied the King.

"But how can they find the King in that way?"

"Very simply; they are running to melt their legs off. The stork whose legs are melted off first will make known the fact by swimming in the now invisible Moon Sea, and as soon as he touches the Moon Sea he will turn into a black swan, and the wax dolphin will touch his head, upon which will blaze a golden crown."

Then they turned their attention to the storks, who were still running with might and main to gain the coveted golden crown. Some wobbled sideways, because one leg had melted more than the other. And it was plain to be seen that the storks were not as tall as when they commenced, as their legs had melted off fully a foot; and they kept getting shorter and shorter, until the storks looked like turkeys with the exception of their bills.

Suddenly they all stopped.

"The race is over,

The King is found;

He's in wax clover

Because he's crowned,"

sang the Lyric Bear.

And sure enough, while the unsuccessful storks flapped their wings and screeched in acknowledgment of defeat, a beautiful shining jet-black swan floated across the bosom of the invisible Moon Sea, and when it had swum out a long distance a golden crown suddenly appeared on its head, and all knew that it had been put there by the hand of the lovely but invisible wax dolphin.

Then the other storks rose and flew away in a great flock to have their legs renewed. Meanwhile the King stork floated about as gracefully as a gondola, and seemed greatly pleased with its new position. But in a little while it seemed to tire of the Moon Sea, and to long for the companionship of its old friends, for it rose from the sea, and flew off in the direction that they had taken.

When the King stork was out of sight, Tommy wondered what was going to happen next; but he had not a great while to wait, for no sooner had the Lyric Bear made a humorous observation that it would be an injustice to him to repeat, than the doors from which the stork had come opened, and a little island, so densely covered with flowers that it seemed simply a heap of

blossom, floated out, and did not become stationary until about fifty feet in front of the King.

The island seemed to float in the air, and all admired it, even the bears, who dreamed of honey when they saw the lovely flowers; for they suggested honey, although they were simply wax.

"Whose little island is that, Mr. Prose Bear?" asked Tommy Hawk, with a look of surprise and joy.

"That is the flower bower of the little wax day-maker."

"What does he do?"

"Why, he makes the days, of course; not the days of Waxland, but the days of your world."

Then the little day-maker appeared. He was a very dainty personage, and was black, white, gray, and yellow. The black represented the dark or rainy days; the white, the snowy days of winter; the gray, the overcast, doubtful days; and the yellow, the days of perfect sunshine.

Tommy was greatly pleased with the appearance of this little wax fairy, and did not fail to praise him in the warmest terms.

Then a white bird flew out of the bank of flowers.

"That is a day of snow," said the Prose Bear, as the white bird vanished in the sky.

Then a black bird flew out.

"That is a day of pattering rain and wailing wind," remarked the Prose Bear.

"I hope that is not a Saturday, when there is no school," said Tommy.

Then out flew a white bird, followed by a gray one, and so they kept on, until three hundred and sixty-five birds had vanished in the sky.

The Prose Bear kept an account, and told Tommy just how many fine and how many rainy days he would have next year. Then a big gold bowl, fringed with lilies and roses, appeared above the flowers. The little wax day-maker sat gracefully on the rim and stirred the flowers within with a long green ladle, that was really a holly-hock.

"What is he going to do now, Mr. Prose Bear?"

"He is now the little wax dream-maker," replied the Prose Bear; "and he is going to make the dreams that the King and Queen are going to have to-night, which is some four or five of your months distant from the present time."

"He plucks a flower as white as snow,

Up into the air to lightly throw.

Oh, when it turns in its flight to fall,

It will suddenly burst like a big puff ball,

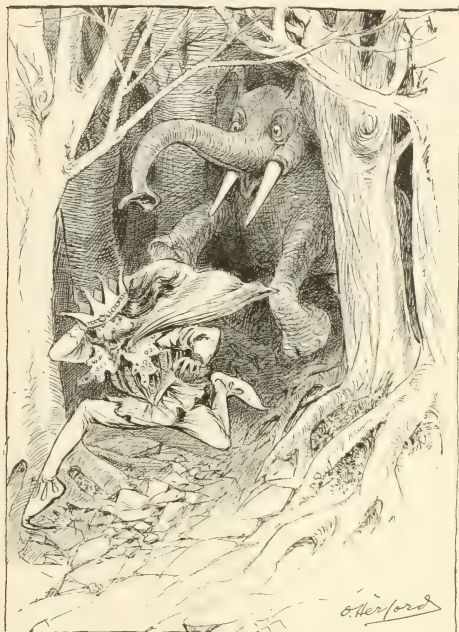
And pictures will out of that flower stream,

And they'll show us our goodly King's next dream,"

sang the Lyric Bear.

When he had ceased, the little wax dream-maker tossed a great shining wax lily into the air, and as it turned to descend, it burst like a rocket, and the King knew the dream he was going to have that night, although the night was several months off.

He could see himself as the King of the band of Head cheese wandering over the Head cheese Mountains, hated and despised by all his subjects. He was an unbearable tyrant, and all his subjects detested him, and longed for the time that they could chop him up and make head cheese of him. Even the beasts hated him, and finally they agreed to put an end to him. The animals all began to chase him. An elephant was right on his track, and the King, out of breath, was making for a narrow passageway under some trees that the elephant's girth would prevent him from passing through. But the elephant had the power to lose or gain flesh at will, so, by the time he reached the trees, instead of being a regular thick set elephant, he was stretched out until he was a hundred feet long and no thicker than an alligator. So he flew right along



An elephant was right on his track.

after the King, whose royal robes lay on the air like a table-cloth. The King thought if he could only run up the mountain, the elephant's weight would tell on him so, that he would be obliged to abandon the chase. Of course the King did not know of the elephant's power to lose flesh at will, or he would have pursued a different method. So when he started up the side of the Head-cheese Mountain he felt that he would shortly be out of his pursuer's reach. This thought was quickly dissipated when he looked around and saw the elephant reduced to the proportions of a greyhound, and coming after him like the wind.

Finally the King, in his great effort to escape, stumbled, and instead of arising and struggling on, he sat perfectly still, so great was his exhaustion. And the elephant stood still too; for he had to catch the King flying, or not at all. The elephant could not move unless the King moved, and as soon as the King was aware of that, he continued to sit still until he could summon assistance. But before he could do so, all the land of Head-cheese came to life; that is, it was all restored to its original condition of pignood. The pigs all ran around and shrieked, because the pepper and spices of the head-cheese were in their systems, and caused them great pain. So great was this pain that they determined to avenge themselves on the King.

But they could go no nearer to him than the elephant

did; and, unlike the elephant, they could not sit or lie down, because the spices and peppers kept them dancing about in ecstasies of anguish and despair. The King thought he could escape when the elephant went away to get something to eat; but in this he was mistaken. When the elephant got hungry, the head would go hopping down into the valley alone, and fill the trunk with fodder, and take it back where the body was on guard to eat it. Then the head and body would remain on guard while the legs went off to take some exercise. All the while the body would exercise itself by violently wagging the tail, which it could snap like a whip.

The King made up his mind that he would run for the palace, but found that he could not arise, because his feet were asleep, and would probably remain so for a month. So he thought he would lie down and go to sleep himself; which he did, only to have another dream that he was a tall lily growing in a deserted garden, and that his wife was another lily much whiter than himself growing on the same stem. The breezes caused them to kiss, and they were perfectly happy, wedded in the sunshine. They saw themselves reflected in each other's faces when they were bright with dew-drops, and knew that they would die together when the stalk withered, and that neither would have to mourn the other. So, when the stalk was frozen, the shock was so great that the King awoke into his first dream, and was face to face with the elephant; and so he sat until he was awakened by the whir of the wax tapir.

"I have got to go through all that," said the King. "Even though I am a King, I cannot escape the dream that comes out of the little wax dream-maker's flower."

Before the Prose Bear, the Lyric Bear, or Tommy Hawk could make any comments, or offer any sympathy, the little

wax dream-maker tossed a lovely yellow flower into the air. They all waited to see what the Queen's dream was to be. But when the flower turned to descend, it burst, and no picture came out of it.

"What does that mean?" inquired Tommy.

"It means," said the Prose Bear, "that the Queen is not going to have any dream. She is going to have the peaceful, refreshing, undisturbed sleep that closes the eyelids of the good."

The King was so provoked at the prospect of a six months' dream such as came out of the little dream-maker's flower, that the Prose Bear suggested that they ramble around Waxland for a while, in the hope of putting the King in a better humor.

"Are we not going to see the wax dolphin?" Tommy inquired.

"Yes," said the Prose Bear; "but she will not appear for a couple of months yet—not until darkness sets in, and the great Wax or Moon Sea shines like a silver plain. At that time the wax dolphin will swim about singing a lullaby, and waving a branch of wax poppies to put all Waxland to sleep."

Just at this moment they came upon a clump of flowers that disappeared suddenly in the ground as though drawn down by elastic strands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Change of Opinion:

Heigho, then, for the Market Town!

Dame Marigold is going down,

With Betty clinging to her gown.

The way is long beneath the trees.

Her baskets heavy with fresh cheese,

The good dame warm & ill at ease.

At eve with weary steps & slow,

Homeward the Market people go.

"What luck," they cry, "Dame Marigold,

Is all thy cheese & butter sold?"

With angry frown she answers "Nay,

I have no luck on Market day.

The child delays me on the way.

She lingers under every tree,

She chases under every honey bee,

I bring my butter back with me."

The neighbors shake their heads & groan,

"A willful lass," the women moan,

"The almshouse yet will come to hold

Both her & poor Dame Marigold."



Ten Years afterward.

Heigho, then, for the Market town!

Sweet Betty Marigold goes down,

In snowy cap & dainty gown.

Her eggs & cheese are quickly sold.

The neighbors whisper, young & old,

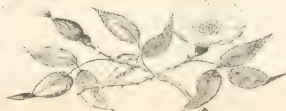
"She's worth her very weight in gold!"

The good dame sitting at her door.

Smiles at her well swept cottage floor.

And says, her hands clasped on her knees,

"Who lacks a lass is ill at ease!"



forma next year, and I suppose we will be very homesick, for two years ago, when we went to New York, we just spent the most dreary time in our lives. But we are older now, and I think we will enjoy school next year. We like the best of our studies, except the languages. I should like to show you our botanical room. So you may imagine how eager we are to learn. We have specimens, classified and preserved, of every plant on the island but one, for which we have hunted high and low in vain. We know it was found here years ago. Besides studying Latin, we spend a great deal of time over the modern languages. Papa has promised us a trip to every country of which we learn the language, so you may imagine how eager we are to learn. We learned to speak Spanish when we were small, then we learned English, and now we can speak French and Italian besides those. We are learning German now. We are not perfect in any, of course, as you may know from the errors in this letter. I wish some of the boys and girls on the boarding-school would write of their school life. Your friend,

NORDISE.

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

I have seen a few letters from Poughkeepsie, and thought I would write one. This is the second one I have taken *Harper's Young People*; my grandmother is the one who introduced me to my favorite stories are "The House of the Golden Bell," "Chrystal, Jack, and Co.," and "Captain Polly." I am very fond of reading. I have read only one of Dickens's books, and that was his *Child's History of England*, but hope to read more of them. I had four volumes of Cooper's works given me on Christmas, and have read two of them, *The Two Admirals* and *The Mohicans*. I like to read Bible history. My birthday was in February, and I was eleven years old. I have a very good Sunday-school teacher, and she has formed a society of King's Sons. I have earned one dollar and sixty cents for mission work. Have you ever been to Poughkeepsie? I think you were disappointed in not coming to our Missionary Conference, but hope you will be able to come some time. I must close now. Good-by. I am your friend, Howard H. C.

Indeed I was very much disappointed, but I will try to come when you have another.

PORT PERRY, ONTARIO, CANADA.

We have taken your paper in the division I am in at school since the year 1886, and we like it very much. We had a concert once, and performed a play you wrote, entitled "Pomegranate Seeds: a May-Day Play," and I hope you will write another one soon. We have a concert every Friday afternoon at school, and have readings, recitations, and dialogues. We read the good old stories in *Harper's Young People*, and like "Captain Polly" very much. Someone read aloud the letter of the young correspondent from Chili some time ago, and we thought it very interesting. We wish we would write again. This is the first letter I have ever written to the Post-office Box. I am one of your Canadian readers.

EMILY McB.

I thank you for having performed "Pomegranate Seeds." It has been very popular for school performance both North and South, and I intend before long to write another play, which I hope will be as great a favorite.

MADISON, CALIFORNIA.

It affords me great pleasure to inform you that I have been taking your paper for three years, and I like it very much. Some of the stories are delightfully interesting. I am a great novel-reader. My favorite authors are Dickens, Lottie M. Young, and Eliza Follen. I suppose you will think me too young to read novels; mamma says I am. Who is your favorite author? I send you a piece of poetry of my own composition.

H. E. D.

There is no room for the verses entitled "Grand Mississippi, Queen of Rivers." I have several favorite authors, dear. I advise you and all girls to take mamma's judgment for your own, and read nothing which she does not approve.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years, and my favorite stories are "A New Robinson Crusoe," "Camp Life among the Seminoles," "Chrystal, Jack, & Co.," and "Dorothy." On our picnic we have three horses, a dog, half a dozen cats, and lots of chickens. I ride one of the horses. We live about a mile and a half from the ocean, and have great fun fishing and swimming in it, riding horseback, and picnicking in the woods or on the beach. Good-by.

JOHN R. (aged 10 years).

THE MARTINS.

Our home, the Elm Wood, has long been loved by martins. They generally come in April. There is one which comes ahead and sees if the house

is all right; if not, it would tear out some of the old nests and then go back to join the flock. In a few days the flock is seen coming nearer and nearer, and after flying about the house several times they alight. First they have a great fight, in which all partake, both sparrows and martins; but the martins fight till they get the house. One always stays on the right in the house. At about seven o'clock it begins and watches until morning. In the summer of 1875, during one of the heaviest thunderstorms ever known, it fell down. Forty were killed and several injured. The birds that survived flew away and brought back a few chicks and tried to fix the house up. The house was rebuilt, but in a few years it fell down. The martins even to this day hover over the place at night at about watching time. If that wasn't a heart-rending scene nothing could be.

DAVID HIGER, VANDERBILT.

This story is very well told, and the author, a boy of twelve, must keep on describing what he sees around him. But I may as well here, because many children have asked about it, that stories published in the Post-office Box are not paid for. The honor of their publication is reward enough to satisfy writers so young. Neither are stories sent to the Post-office Box returned to the writers if they cannot be used. Keep a copy of whatever you send.

HOLD FAST MY GOLD RING.

The children sit in a circle, with hands closed; one takes the ring and goes around with it, tapping the closed fists of the players as if inserting the ring, and saying:

"Biddy, biddy, hold fast my gold ring, Till I go to London and come back again."

Each child, in turn, is then required to guess who has the ring, and, if successful, takes the leader's place; if unsuccessful, he pays forfeit. This is known in Massachusetts as:

"Button, button, who's got the button?"

Another form of the question is:

"Fox, fox, who's got the box?"

In England the game goes:

"My lady's lost her diamond ring,

I pitch on you to find it."

KENNETT SQUARE.

I live in Kennett Square. I have been to you before, but did not see my letter printed. I am at school. I have six studies, reading, geography, spelling, arithmetic, language, and history. I am eight years old, and have taken *Harper's Young People* for a long while, and I enjoy reading the Post-office Box. I have a brother and a sister; my sister's name is Margaret and my brother's name is Willie.

FLORENCE K. P.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I belong to a society in which we help the Foundling Hospital. Last year we had a fair, and made fifty-five dollars. When we gave it to Dr. S. (the president of the Hospital), he gave us permission to take any baby we wanted and clothe it. We first took a little girl, but she died, so then we took a little boy. He has large brown eyes and golden curly hair, and we all love him very much. In the last report of the Hospital we felt quite proud when we saw our names mentioned in the list of donors. By the way, we had a large sign made in gilt letters and put over the front door with some of our money. So now we are determined to have another fair for the same purpose, and if any of your correspondents would like to help us, by giving us some fancy articles, we would be very glad to receive them. We are working very hard. We meet twice a week, and sew all the afternoon. I am making a set of dollies and a centre piece for the table. I have also and myself have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* several years, and enjoy it very much. We are boarding, and I have only a little money for a jet, but he is very tame, and will jump on my fingers and eat from my hand. I am very fond of cooking, and papa can tell by the taste why I have cooked any dish. I go to a cooking-school once a week, and enjoy it very much.

LIZZIE HATCH.

1616 24th Street.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

It says bet conspider, d'p'p'sh
Chaw' d'p'se, eht, o'p'ly, a'se.
Dna eht p'p'sire d'ba katne shi eht
throug'h
Ot ebra m'lt m'p'p'p'p'.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My name is composed of ten letters, and I am a very great one.
My 3, 9, letters weigh.
My 10, 5, 7, 8, letters make
My 1, 2, 3, 8 is part of the body,
My 6, 5, 7, 1 makes a
My 1, 5, 6, 7 is part of a bird.

GENERAL DOCKING.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

1.—My first is in crop, but not in prop.
My second is in house, but not in mouse.
My third is in tale, but not in snail.
My fourth is in stump, but not in lump.
My fifth is in staff, but not in laugh.
My sixth is in fun, but not in tense.
My seventh is in you, but not in me.
My eighth is in trunk, but not in bank.
My ninth is in stall, but not in wall.
My whole we will look for in the fall.

2.—My first is in hate, but not in love.
My second is in sparrow, but not in dove.
My third is in not in trap, but is in snail.
My fourth is in bed, but not in chair.
My fifth is in kill; it is not in slay.
My sixth is in laughter, but not in play.
My seventh is in rats, but not in mice.
My eighth is not in water, but it's in ice.
My ninth is in hand, but not in foot.
My tenth is in chimney, but not in root.
My eleventh is in ear, and also in head.
My twelfth is in Frank, and not in Ted.
My whole is a very necessary article of one's toilet.

MARY C. HINTER.

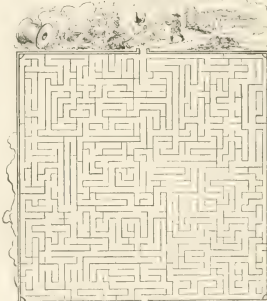
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 514.

No. 1.
L O O T
S I I N
B I I N
H I I N
S T Y Y
T H Y Y

No. 2.

The robin hath flown to the tropic,
The honey-bee flits to no man;
The reaper hath garnered the harvest,
And the fruit and the nuts are in store.
The flame hath died out on the maples,
We tread on the loose-lying leaves,
And the corn, that was sturdy and stalwart,
Is gathered and bound into sheaves.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from A. C. D., Nellie P. Croft, Janet B. Gilles, R. S., Blanche Caplin, Mary Holmes, Danny Castle, Robert Graves, Emma Wandless, Therese and Floy, Amy Grace Walter, John P., Charley Warrenner, and Hugh McDonald.



LABYRINTH PUZZLE.
Find a way through, stopping at each corner.



CHOICE OF A PROFESSION

"WELL, ROGER, WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO WORK AT WHEN YOU'RE A MAN?"

"OH, I'M GOING TO BE A MUSICIAN, SO ALL MY WORK WILL BE PLAY."

ELSIE'S MNEMONICS.

ELSIE was rather a favorite with the Captain of the big Atlantic liner during the voyage. He had a daughter at home about her age, so he said, and sometimes he would invite her to come up on the bridge in fine weather. So it happened that one day up on the bridge, when the sea was like glass, she spied

a dark purple band, gradually growing broader and drawing quite rapidly toward the ship, across the silver-gray ocean.

"What is that?" she asked.

"That's a westerly wind coming," he replied.

"Will that help us along?" asked Elsie.

"Yes, if it blows hard enough."

"Shall you make sail?" Elsie was sure of that phrase, for she had used it several times and had not been laughed at.

"Yes, I think so," said the Captain. "There's a westerly current hereabout, and we want all the help we can get."

Elsie pondered awhile in silence. Presently, "Captain," she said, "didn't you say a westerly wind?"

"Yes."

"And a westerly current?"

"Yes."

"Well, if a westerly wind helps us, why doesn't a westerly current help too?"

The Captain glanced at her quizzically. "Why, you see," and he hesitated a moment—"you see, we say that winds are east or west when they blow that way—no, the other way; but currents—well, currents are different. They go the same way as the wind; I mean an easterly current goes toward the east, don't you see?"

Elsie reflected for a full minute without speaking, then, "Why do you suppose that is so, Captain?" she asked.

But the Captain had gone to the end of the bridge, and was looking very hard through his marine glasses at a distant sail. "Mr. Jones," he called suddenly, addressing the second officer, "loose the fore-sail." Then, "Miss Elsie, I'm going to get sail on her now; you'd best get on deck."

So Elsie was helped down the step-ladder without having her question answered; but as she watched the men "lay aloft" and loose the big smoke-discolored sails, she could not help wondering why people should make such contradictory rules. Afterward she was seen in the saloon with pencil and paper, and when the Captain took his seat at the dinner-table, he found a neat little note beside his plate, and here is what was written inside in Elsie's hand:

"The currents of air
Are named *whence* they blow;
The currents of water
Whether they flow.

"Thus an easterly current—
Please bear it in mind—
Runs the very same way
As a westerly wind."



WANTS A FAIR TRIAL.

TEACHER "TOMMY, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SPELL THE WORD 'CERTAINLY'?"

TEACHER "WELL, YOU MAY TRY."

TEACHER (intervening): "I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T SPELL IT, TOMMY."

TOMMY (indignantly): "WELL, CAN'T YOU GIVE A FELLOW A SHOW. I'M NOT HALF THROUGH YET."

TOMMY. "YES, SIR."

TOMMY (confidentially): "S-E-R-T-T-I-"

WITH FOUR-PAGE

SUPPLEMENT

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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"SHE LOOKED MORE LIKE A PIRATE THAN ANY CRAFT HE HAD EVER SEEN."—[SEE "A 'SOMNAVIGATOR'," PAGE 818]

A "SOMNAVIGATOR."

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JUN.

EVER since the night Henry Chase got up and milked one of his father's cows he had been known to the community as a sleep-walker. On other occasions, while supposed to be safe in bed, he had washed the plates left on the dining-room table after a late supper, and had packed a valise in anticipation of a visit to Boston. Once he had even performed the feat of climbing to a black-bird's nest near the house, and bringing down an egg unbroken in his mouth. The strangest thing about it all was that when morning came he knew nothing of his somnambulist acts, and recalled them only by degrees, and with the aid of testimony from members of his family.

Nevertheless, when his friends Seth Eddy and Tom Waldron planned their little cruise around the bay in Mr. Eddy's new twenty-foot cat-boat, the *Kelpie*, they thought only of Henry's nautical tastes, and asked him to go with them. The consent of his parents was easily obtained, and one bright morning in August the trio set sail in the well-equipped little craft from Nayatt Point.

For two days their cruise was a great success. They looked into as many of the charming harbors of Narragansett Bay as their limited time allowed, and enjoyed all their new experiences of boating life with the keenest zest.

One of the annual regattas of the New York Yacht Club had brought hundreds of pleasure craft to Newport, where the boys were determined to be before Friday morning, to see the yachts make their early start for Martha's Vineyard.

It was ten o'clock Thursday night between the young voyagers had picked their way through the brilliant fleet, whose lights and fireworks had delighted them for the last two hours of their calm sail down the bay. They were glad to find a good anchorage, for the wind and sun of two days had made them very tired. After a bite of something to eat, which only increased their drowsiness, they willingly prepared for sleep.

Seth and Tom had enough animation left to poke a bit of fun at Henry—as they had done the two previous nights—for undressing completely, and robing himself in a flowing night-gown before "turning in" to his outer half of the port bunk. Henry was a good deal of a home boy, however, and knowing that the boat's blankets were warm—whether the wool was free or not—preferred to sleep in the garb to which he was accustomed.

Good-nights were soon said, and a deep sleep fell upon the occupants of the cabin. The dreams that visited the brains of Seth Eddy and Tom Waldron were as sensible, harmless, and matter-of-fact as the boys to whom those brains belonged. Henry's head in his waking hours was more active than either of theirs; in the hours of sleep its activity was redoubled. On this particular night it was unusually busy with dreams—strange dreams of land and sea. By the unaccountable transitions most people know so well, his dream-guide hurried him hither and thither, from one end of the universe to the other, regardless of time, space, and matter. Just as he was about to tumble down the crater of a lively volcano he found himself rowing his little boat about the familiar bay; the bay spread to an ocean; the row-boat changed to the *Kelpie* in which he was actually sleeping. The light-house on the shore was transformed into a rakish vessel. Flying from her mast-head was a black flag, which, with its ghastly skull and cross-bones, left no doubt in the dreamer's mind that the mysterious craft was a pirate. He was no less sure that he was sailing on that Spanish Main of which he had read and thought so often.

Just at this point of Henry's dream the little clock in the *Kelpie's* cabin sounded eight bells.

"How near the pirate must be," muttered the dreamer to himself, "if I can hear her bell!"

At once he thought, "The *Kelpie* must escape, and that soon." Out of his bunk he slipped. He knew there was no time to dress, and accordingly stole out of the cabin clad only in the night-gown that had raised the sleepy laugh a few hours before. It fluttered fitfully in the night wind, but what did Henry care?

The boys had been so weary when they came to anchor that they had decided to leave the sail unfurled, trusting the "lazy-jacks" and a single "stop" to keep it from blowing out in the light breeze. It therefore took Henry but a moment to cast this "stop" off, to seize the halyards, and hoist so quickly and quietly that he surprised himself. No time to get up anchor. The pirate was not an eighth of a mile away. Casting the anchor rope hastily off, and throwing its float overboard, he bounded aft and took the helm.

In and out among the yachts—every one of which Henry thought a new pursuer—the *Kelpie* glided. The light southerly breeze careened her only a little. If the two log-like sleepers in the cabin even noticed the frequent rise and fall of their respective bunks as the boat came about, they probably wove into their dreams a few growls at the Fall River steamer for making such a disturbance in the quiet harbor.

Henry's weird sail had been going on only a short time when a belated coaster really came into the harbor. Looming up in the foggy moonlight, with her dingy sails and low-laden sides, she looked to Henry's disordered vision more like a pirate than any craft he had ever seen. She was close upon him. The wind was so light that his flight could not be rapid. He peered about into the night. To the north, nothing but pirates, and gliding stealthily through their midst, the veriest pirate of them all—the pursuing coal schooner. East and west of him, boats as thick as to the north; but, "praise fortune!" he thought, "to the south the way is clear."

Grazing under the bow of one sleeping yacht and under the stern of another, he stole his way to what he thought was safety. On and on, all too slowly to satisfy him, the *Kelpie* crept. The lights of the boats behind him grew fainter. To port and starboard the enemies were dropping off, and ahead there was not a light or a sail to trouble him.

Nearer and nearer the *Kelpie* drew to the south shore of the harbor. No boats were there, for at low tide no water was there; but now the tide was high, and the *Kelpie* drew only a few feet. At last, just as she was coming about, shooting straight toward the land, she ran quietly up on the soft bottom, and came to a stop.

Henry Chase, looking in vain for his pursuers, concluded that he and the *Kelpie* were safe at last. Lowering the sail as noiselessly as possible, he slipped back into his bunk without worrying about such a trifle as an anchor, and spent the rest of the night as serenely as Seth, and Tom.

A few hours passed, and the sun winked impertinently through the port side-light into Seth's eyes.

"Hello, boys; wake up!" he cried. "I say. What's the matter? What makes the boat careen so? I'm sure she floated on an even keel last night."

Tom and Henry took a drowsy interest in this outbreak, but did not think much of it until they heard Seth shouting to them from the cockpit: "For goodness' sake, boys, come up here! We're hard aground, high and dry, not far from the Fort Wharf. What in the world does it all mean?"

When they found that their anchor was gone, and had left "not a rack behind," the problem was no easier to solve. Henry was quite as much puzzled as the other boys, and thought as little as a Rhode Island clam-digger of pirates and the Spanish Main.

The boys propped the boat up on an even keel, had their breakfast, and waited anxiously for the tide to rise. They could see the yachts getting under way, and dropping one by one out of the harbor.

"If it were not for that mysterious creature of the night that landed us here," exclaimed Tom, "we should be right out there in the midst of them."

As it was, they could only gaze from the distance and wonder at their strange mishap.

At about ten o'clock the tide helped them off. They were delighted to find their float and anchor where they had expected to find themselves in the morning.

Every day, according to a promise made before the cruise began, they sent home a postal-card to the following effect, "All well, and having a fine time." They unanimously decided to make no reference to their odd experience of the night until they should know more about it.

To mail their card they put into Sayer's Wharf. Henry went ashore, and returned to the boat in about ten minutes with a newspaper and a dazed face.

"Listen to this, boys," he said, as soon as the *Kelpie* was clear of the wharf once more:

*** A SPECTRAL SKIPPER.

"Shortly after midnight, when the harbor-master had determined the anchorage of the schooner *Emma Jones*, of Philadelphia, bound eastward, the captain of that vessel called him aboard and told a strange tale. He said that just after he had entered the harbor he and several of his crew saw a cat-boat gliding about in the most extraordinary and apparently aimless manner. He had nearly run her down, not through any fault of his, but because the boat once attempted to run directly under his bows. As she sailed away to the southward, the man at the helm was seen to be bareheaded and robed in a long white gown of ghostly appearance. No explanation of the mystery has been offered."

"Boys," said Henry, to whose memory the events of the night had been returning with more and more clearness since his first reading of the paragraph, "I must have been that ghost."

The postal-card the next day, in addition to the usual formula, bore to the boys' astonished families the words: "H. has proved himself a 'somnavigator.' Full particulars when we reach home."

As Henry Chase told me this story himself, of course it must be true.

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

X.—SUN PICTURES.

THERE are so many wonderful things about light that I am almost bewildered as to what to choose. The last experiments we made showed that light moved in straight lines unless something in its path turned it back to the eye; that light was invisible, though it revealed all things; that there were several kinds of reflection—direct, as when the ray is turned back from a mirror; irregular, when it is scattered by objects which do not shine; and total, when it meets the shining surface at a certain slope or angle.

There are some things that we call transparent, which allow light to pass through them, such, for instance, as water. Except at the very sloping angle—the angle of total reflection, as it is called—which I was telling you about last time, the light beam which falls on water goes into it. If it strikes straight down on the water, it goes on in a straight line, but if it strikes diagonally, the ray is bent as it enters the water—or *refracted*, as it is called.

Take the square or flat-sided medicine bottle used in our last experiments, fill it half full of water, and into this drop a very little milk, just enough to cloud it; above this fill the air in the bottle with smoke; cork it up, and let your ray of light fall through the glass film into the air above the water at such a slope that it will strike the water. (Fig. 1.) You see the beam (A) tracking its way diagonally through the air, bending at the surface of the water, and going down nearly straight. Look back at the air, and you will see that the whole of the light beam has not gone into the water, that it has been split as it touched the water, part being reflected by the regular law (B), and part bent in the other direction through the water, or refracted (C). Refraction takes place in a regular way too, but the law is too difficult to make clear to you. I hope you will care enough about these things to study it when you are older.

Now reverse this. With a little bit of mirror throw your beam upward into the water so that it will come out in the smoky air in the bottle. The beam is bent in a more slanting direction at the surface. So, you see, whichever way the beam goes, it follows the same path. This is not only true of the light ray from the sun, but also of every ray of light reflected from objects, and which enables

us to see them. When a ray of light goes into a flat piece of glass, goes through it, and comes out again, it is bent twice, but it goes on in the same direction in which it started (Fig. 2). When you see the sun or a star through the window-glass you do not see it exactly where it is, but shifted a little

aside, unless your eye is exactly opposite the sun. You can notice this when you are riding in a street car with one window across the car open and the next window shut. As you look at the signs they do not seem to be even at the edges. A very thick piece of glass laid on some ruled lines and looked at a little sidewise shows the same thing.

Take a glass bowl; a plain white finger-bowl is the best. Put it on the table before you, and lay in the bottom a five-cent piece (Fig. 3, A). Move your head till the near side of the bowl hides the coin. Now pour water into the bowl. You see the coin rise slowly up into view; the bottom of the bowl inside seems an inch or two higher than the bottom outside (B). Look now straight through the side of the bowl into the water. You see the five-cent piece as large as half a dollar, with its edge turned toward you and up. At least that is what I see in the bowl before me; it depends on the curve of the bowl just where and how you see this second coin. This appearance comes from refraction as truly as does the lifting up of the coin inside. And we will come back to this second enlarged coin later on.

So long as there was no water in the bowl the rays went straight across the edge, and struck a point above the eye. When the water was put in, the rays began going up as they did in the air, but when they reached the surface and passed out into the air, they bent lower, and went in a straight line direct to the eye. Put a lead-pencil diagonally into the water. At the edge you see it as though it were broken (Fig. 4).

This bending up or change of direction as the rays go into glass and out of it again is very useful. By careful study people have been able to form glass into various shapes, so that the path of each light ray will be turned exactly enough for the purpose they have in view. If you have any sort of a lens—a spectacle glass or a reading glass will do—hold it so that the sunlight will fall through instead of going directly through as it would in a plain glass. The rays are turned toward each other. By moving a piece of paper before it backward and forward you find a point where the lens makes a shadow, as if it were a piece of wood, except at one point, and there all the light is gathered. You remember that the light ray takes the same path in whatever direction it goes.

If light falling on a lens is drawn to a focus, then if you changed positions, and the light were at the focus, you would see it much larger than it really is, when you look at it through the lens. The curved bowl with water in it acts as a lens, and you see the coin through the water larger than it is. Fill a tumbler or stemmed bottle with water, and let the light strike through it. You see the transparent water and glass through a shadow, and in the middle is a bright spot of light. It has gathered the light that fell upon it to one line. Now put your finger



FIG. 1.

Beam in Bottle of clouded Air and Water. A, Beam; B, Reflected Part; C, Refracted Part.

behind the glass and see how it is magnified. The glass only curves in one way, so it only magnifies in one direction—in the direction of the curve.

This glass is a very imperfect lens; but by a knowledge of the right form of lenses, and of the kinds of glass to make them of, and their combinations, all the instruments that help us to see are made. Spectacles are single lenses, often curved differently for each eye. Opera-glasses, field-glasses, telescopes, microscopes, stereoscopes, and magic lanterns, as well as the cameras that take all our photographs, are made to do their work by means of lenses.

The best lenses cannot be made by machinery. They are ground out at first in that way, and then it requires the work of a man who knows the subject thoroughly, and understands, when certain rays go wrong, how to change the shape of the lens to correct this.

In some part of the day, when the sun is not shining on your window, but the landscape outside is bright with his rays, hang up your black curtain, cover up the large hole you have made in it by fastening over it a piece of foil. Prick a hole in the foil, hold a piece of paper opposite the hole, and you will see the landscape, or whatever is outside, pictured as the flame in the lantern was on the paper, and, like that, upside down.* This comes from the same cause, only that the picture of the flame was made by the rays from the flame itself, while the picture of the landscape is made by the reflected rays thrown off from the objects outside—the same rays by which we would see them if we took our curtain down and looked at them. The picture we see is not a mere reflection, such as you would see in a mirror, but a real picture.

In taking a photograph, you know, a picture is made somewhat in this way: instead of the pricked hole, through which the rays from the landscape go, there is in the camera a glass lens which collects a great many more rays of light and guides them in exactly the right direction, but it is not different from, it only improves, the work of the pricked hole. Have you ever looked into the back of a camera, where the photographer puts his head under the dark cloth? If you never have, do so the first time you have a chance. There is a ground-glass plate which can be pushed back and forth (just as you moved your paper before the hole); when the picture of the person who is sitting to be photographed is clear on this plate, the camera is said to be "in focus." This picture on the ground glass is wonderful, the colors are so soft, and yet all is so clear and perfect; but it is all upside down, just as your landscape was.

The ground glass is only used to get the focus, because

the photographer can see the picture through it. He has a plate of glass covered with a thin coating of some substance which the light changes instantly. He slips a

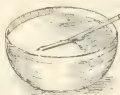


FIG. 4.

Pencil in Water, showing Refraction.

plate of this glass well covered into the place where the ground glass was, slides out the cover, and the coated glass receives on its surface the picture which fell on the ground glass before. Look at any photograph, and you will see that the face, the form of it, the expression, the features are all made by different shades of black and white.

Where the light from the sitter's face falls upon the coated glass it is turned the most; where the face is dark—in the shadows, or eyes, or hair—less light falls, and the coating is least changed. When they take the glass into the dark room they make this picture fast. This glass is the negative. If you have ever looked at one, you know that the picture is dark where it should be light, and light where it should be dark. But it is easy to make that all right by laying the negative on a piece of paper, which is changed as the coated glass was by the light, and letting the sun strike through the negative on it. You change the picture round. Look at a printed book in a mirror, and you will see the printing all turned the wrong way; reflect this reflection in another mirror, and it is all right. In another way the lights and shades on the sitter's face are reversed in the negative, and then they are re-reversed on the paper, and so brought right again.

If any light gets in to the plates except that from the sitter, the plate is spoiled, and if he were to move he would make overlapping images of himself on the plate, which would make the picture all blurred. You see how truly these are *sun pictures*, which is what the word "photograph" means.

Your eye is something like a camera, and such a picture falls

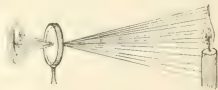


FIG. 5.

Action of Lens in making Picture.

into it as falls into the camera. There is a little dark spot in the middle of the colored part—this is a hole in the middle of a colored curtain; this hole makes itself larger or smaller as the light is dim or bright. Look at your own eye in a shaded place, and then again in a bright place, you will see how the pupil gets smaller as the light increases. Back of this hole is a lens, and back of this a black-lined chamber, so that no reflected light can get in to spoil the picture which the lens is making in the back part of your eye. The inside back wall of the darkened chamber, just opposite the pupil and lens, has no sensitive plate of glass, but it has something far more wonderful: there is a plate of nerves with tiny rods ready to receive the light waves and to carry their vibrations to the brain. Light becomes light only after the brain has translated its vibrations, just as sound becomes sound only after the same sort of translation has been done by the brain.

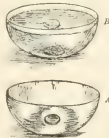


FIG. 3.

A, Coin in Bowl without Water; B, Coin in Bowl with Water.

MORNING-GLORIES.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

OVER the porch they clamber and twine,
And never the breath of a sound they make—
Blossoms of azure and rose and wine,
Fresh and dainty and wide-awake—
Our beautiful morning-glories!

About the porch they frolic and play,
And oh, the laughter and shouts they make!
Black eyes, blue eyes, brown eyes, and gray,
Merry and winsome and wide-awake—
Our beautiful morning-glories!

* See article on "Light" in No. 512

A DAY IN WAXLAND.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AUTHOR OF "THE HURRISOFFEL," ETC.

V.

"THOSE," said the Prose Bear, indicating with his paw the flowers whose sudden retreat from sight had attracted Tommy's attention—"Those are wax sensitive plants. They are so sensitive that they can't bear to be looked at, so when any one appears they fly right into the ground, and remain there until all sounds have died away. If we were to stand here a week those sensitive plants would remain underground all the time. I once drove a lot of wax sensitive plants into the ground, and then stole softly away. They didn't hear me move off, and when I passed the spot a day or two ago, they had not reappeared. They probably think I am standing there yet."

"What kind of a bird is that?" asked Tommy, as he noticed a specimen that could shoot its neck out to almost any length. It would sit on the ground and look at a wax pear growing twenty feet above; then it would gradually stretch its neck forth, and it would lengthen and lengthen until the bird's bill came in contact with the pear, which it plucked and drew back. It seemed strange where all the neck could go to. There didn't seem to be bird enough to contain it. After they had looked at it for a while, the bird gradually thrust its head forth until it reached a limb some thirty feet above. It took hold of this limb with its bill, and gradually drew itself up until it sat contentedly on the tree.

This movement was so grotesque that not one of the party could refrain from laughing.

"I should feel very sorry for that bird if it should ever get a throat trouble," said Tommy; "for it would have such an awful area of throat to take care of."

They all laughed at this, and the Prose Bear asked Tommy as a personal favor not to let any such chance slip to arouse the King, as it would tend to cheer him up, and make him forget the horrible dream that he was so shortly to have. Tommy promised the Prose Bear to do all in his power to amuse the King, and to try to find places in the conversation where he could wedge in a joke or a pleasantry.

Then the queer bird swung down from the limb, and commenced rocking to and fro like a pendulum. Sometimes it would swing all the way around. And it stretched its neck a little, and taking a good aim knocked a wax monkey off another limb, and frightened him half out of his wits.

The Lyric Bear seemed greatly amused at the discomfiture of the poor wax monkey, and at the airy way in which the bird kept swinging round and round.

"Oh, I'd rather be a donkey
In the south of sunny Spain,
Than a sugar-coated monkey
On an organ grinder's chain.

"Oh, I'd rather—"

Bang! The queer bird had lengthened his neck, and cut the Lyric Bear's rhapsody short by coming so swiftly in contact with his jaw, that before he knew it he swal-



A fair lithe spirit in pearly robes alighted.

lowed his smile, and looked as woe-begone as a black cat in a snow-storm. They all laughed heartily, and thought it a splendid joke on the poor Lyric Bear to have his hilarity cut short when it was at the expense of another's suffering. And in this laugh they were joined by the wax monkey himself.

"What is the name of this telescopic bird?" Tommy asked.

"He has no name," said the King; "because no one has yet thought of one that fits him."

"How would the Whirlaway Bird do, on account of his great whirling powers?"

"First-rate," said the King; "we shall hereafter call him the Whirlaway Bird."

The Lyric Bear was told to announce the fact from one end of Waxland to the other, which he did in the following lines:

"THE WHIRLWAY BIRD.

"Oh, say, have you heard
Of the Whirlway Bird?
It's a bird of the mountain and sea,
It's like rubber all round,
To which fact it is due
It can stretch till it looks round a tree.

"On the mosses it struts,
While it catches the nuts
In the sun on the very top limbs.
Oft it whirls through the sky
With a doleful 'ki vi!'
And it never takes cold when it swims.

"Like a ball it will bound
When it lights on the ground,
Then its neck stretches forth like a staff,
Till it seems in one's eyes,
All through sudden surprise,
Like an ornithologic giraffe.

"When the night curtain drops,
Then its wild whirling stops,
And it drifts upon winglets care-free
To a slumber profound,
In its neck snugly wound,
At the top of the wild rubber-tree."

They were then attracted to the Whirlaway Bird by his increasing the speed of his revolutions to such an extent that he could be heard but not seen. Suddenly the whirling stopped, and they saw its author about two hundred feet above the tree. It had lost its grip, and was shot almost out of sight, where it spread its wings and floated swiftly away.

Just as the Whirlaway Bird had entirely disappeared, Tommy shouted,

"Oh, hear the music!"

"That is the music of the wax band," said the Prose Bear. "Did you ever hear wax music before?"

"Never," replied Tommy; "and I think it's very lovely in spite of its greasy sound. But what is it playing for?"

"For the wax dolls to dance to," said the Prose Bear. "They are having a holiday and a picnic."

So the whole party sat down and watched the dolls, as soon as they were near enough to gain a good view.

It was remarkable to Tommy, who had never before enjoyed the novelty of seeing wax dolls dance, to observe how gracefully they moved about. They danced on a smooth wax floor, and the wax band played in a pretty wax pagoda. No two of them were dressed alike, and they all looked so lovely that the society reporter must have been sorely puzzled to do every one justice. Although it was daytime, they had their floor surrounded by burning wax candles to justify their evening dress.

After they had danced for a long time, the musicians played a march, and each little wax gentleman doll took a pretty little wax lady doll on his arm, and they filed away from the dancing floor to the refreshment table.

The King's forth-coming dream began to weigh heavily upon him again, and the Prose Bear knew that something would have to be done very quickly to drive the impression away. So he conveyed his meaning to the Lyric Bear, who suddenly burst forth:

"THE STORK.

"Once we had a sleepy stork,
And the stork was full of songs,
And we used to use his legs
For a pair of iron tongs.

"He would clean the ashes up
With his wings; and we would make
Him thrust his delicate bill
In the grate, the coals to rake.

"He would pick pins out of cracks
In a manner strangely droll,
Better than a pair of shears
Could he bite a button-hole.

"In the crevice he would reach
For the ancient burglar rat,
And upon one foot he'd stand;
In the other hold his hat.

"But we killed him one fine day
In a jiffy with a rake,
When he ate the garden hose
For an ordinary snake."

At the conclusion the King clapped his hands with delight, and the Queen smiled, although she didn't hear a

word of it. The Lyric Bear was so happy that he burst into a reel, and danced until he was foot-sore and weary. Completely out of breath, he sat down on the wax sward. All the rest sat down to rest while he was resting. After they were all seated, a voice came from the wax thicket. It was a sweet musical voice, and it said, "May I come and sit down there and rest with you?"

"Certainly," they replied.

There was a gentle flutter, and a fair little spirit in pearly robes alighted among them. She had soft white skin, and softer blue eyes, and her hair was long and golden, and had anemones and wild roses tangled in its shining meshes.

"Who are you?" asked the King, pleasantly.

"I am the Summer Wind," she replied, modestly.

"And how did you come here?" she was asked.

"I was on my way through a wood some distance from here, when I fell asleep on a spray of clematis, and while asleep I floated away from my fragrant cradle, and awoke to find myself drifting down a candy staircase. I sailed across a great sea of pansies, and finally found myself here."

"Don't you get tired of wandering aimlessly about?"

"Oh, my, no; I never grow tired of my roving career; but it is not aimless. My duty is to wait on the summer all the year round. It is never summer everywhere at once, and after I blow the flowers open in one latitude, I fly to a more northerly one to open the flowers there. Grow tired? Why, I don't know what it is to be weary. I laugh in the rustling tree; I sleep on the rippling waters; my play-ground is on the bosom of the ocean, and the fleecy cloud is my ship."

"Where did you come from just now?" asked the King.

"I am just back from a tour of China, the land of tea-roses. I lingered there, in gardens shaded by mulberry-trees, until all the flowers were in bloom, and then I went skimming across the sea to New Mexico, gathering and dispensing spice all along the way. Whenever I rested on the sea, the ships had to stand still. Whenever there is a calm at sea, you may know I am either dreaming or somewhere else; and when you see the trees perfectly motionless, it means that I am off on some lake, dancing about from one lily to another."

"There is a wax Æolian harp attached to the Queen's palanquin," said the Prose Bear.

The Summer Wind rose from the ground, and began moving through the harp between and around the strings, and the loveliest music floated out upon the air. The gentle spirit smiled as she saw how keenly her music was appreciated. Only when she passed through the harp could it be seen that she was air, because the strings went right through her.

"I wish you would get tangled up in that harp," said the King, "and never be able to get out, for then I should lead a happier life, soothed by your pensive, dreamy strains."

The Summer Wind then flew out of the harp.

"What now?" asked the King.

"I must away," said the Summer Wind, in reply—"I must away to a latitude far north of this, where many a field of flowers is waiting to be kissed into blossom. Farewell!"

Before they could say anything to the Summer Wind, she had risen quite a distance above the ground, and as she was passing away she smiled, and threw a spray of white clematis to them.

"May I come over there and sit down with you?" came from another thicket.

"You may," was the unanimous reply.

In an instant a great burly rough spirit, gray-blue in color, with icicles for hair and beard, and a sword of ice, floated in and sat down.

"Who are you?" asked the Prose Bear.

"I am the Winter Wind. I am the little gentleman that cuts your face like a country barber, and makes your ears blaze like a pair of pickled red-peppers. Whew!"

This last syllable was a gust of wind blown from his mouth to show his quality. He blew out all the burning wax candles on a tree fifty feet distant, and took all the wax feathers off a wax turkey that was on the topmost limb. The turkey was plucked as neatly as though done by hand.

"Oh, I tell you," continued the Winter Wind, as he drew his ice sword across his nose a few times to see that the edge was keen, "I am the old original Winter Wind! I am no small breeze or zephyr. I lift trees out of the ground by the roots, I move houses miles without letting them touch the ground, and sometimes for a joke I blow a ship out of the water, and leave it way up on top of a mountain." Here he ran his fingers through his icicle hair and beard. "I just do this to keep my hands cool," he explained. "I wish I had a nice refrigerator to take a sleep in. I am afraid that if I stay around here much longer I shall melt into a zephyr, and spend the rest of my days lolling about in sunny garden nooks, and be the companion of bees and butterflies."

He was then told about the Æolian harp, to take his mind off the subject of his melting up. In an instant he was going through the harp just as the Summer Wind had done. But the effect was entirely different. Instead of the gentle, dreamy music of the Summer Wind, the harp gave out the doleful wail of the Winter Wind across icy leas and through the leafless forest. The harp moaned and sobbed, until finally its strings snapped, and the surly Winter Wind rattled his icicle hair and beard, and floated a short distance in the air.

"I shall be in Greenland to-night," said he, with a breath that made them all chilly, "and if I don't see you again, farewell."

He then flew far up in the air, and in a moment there was a wax snow-storm. And it was the grandest and prettiest snow-storm that Tommy had ever seen. The flakes were as large as daisies, and very much the same shape, and as they fluttered through the air the effect was very pleasant. This was owing very largely to the fact that the falling flakes were of different colors, and as they came down so thick and fast they looked like flowers cut of silk of the most delicate tints. Already the ground was covered, and the sight was dazzling beyond description.

"How far off is night now?" asked the King.

"Three weeks," replied the Prose Bear.

"Then let us return to the shore of the great Wax or Moon Sea, and await the gathering shadows and the spiritual lullaby of the wax dolphin."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRENCH BOYS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY CARMOSINE.

IF you wish to see how a French boy of the middle classes looked and dressed in the last century, examine our engraving on page 824, from a picture by Chardin (born at Paris 1699, died 1779), now in the Gallery of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. It represents a big boy, wearing his hair tied back after the fashion of the day, seated at a table and amusing himself with cards. Notice how naturally he sits, how attentive he is to what he is doing, and how he holds his breath and pinches up his lips, so that he may not blow down the cards which he is setting up on end in front of him on the table. Chardin, though generally famous only for his pictures of inanimate objects, or "still-life," as the term runs, was really a great painter

of French home life and of familiar simple people. Many of his pictures may be compared with the works of Dutch painters like Metsu, Terburg, Jan Steen, and others. His pictures of children are particularly charming; he has painted children at play, with their toys and drums and wooden windmills; he has painted them in the joy of eating tarts and juggling with cherries; he has painted little girls rocking their dolls to sleep with important motherly airs, or teaching their little brothers the alphabet, and pointing to the A B C with a knitting-needle; he has painted school boys with their bundle of books, and school girls with their baskets of lunch and wool-work; he has painted children gathered round the family table on which the soup-bowl steams, and standing respectfully while their mother says grace.

The eighteenth century being quite near to our own times, we find more abundant documents about the life of children than it has been our fortune to find in our studies of previous epochs. In the memoirs of the time we find many interesting descriptions of child life, and notably some charmingly simple pages in the memoirs of Marmontel (born 1723, died 1799), a celebrated French literary man of the last century. Marmontel was born in a small town in the centre of France, of parents of very small means. He was taught Latin by the parish priest, and at the age of eleven was sent to a college kept by the Jesuits, where he remained until the age of fifteen, when he went to the college of Clermont, and paid his own fees by the money he earned by giving lessons to younger students, his family not being rich enough to pay all his expenses.

Marmontel's description of his boyhood is delightful. The village where he was born was very beautiful; his parents were good people, who loved him dearly; life in the village was simple and almost biblical; everything was ideal. One day little Marmontel, overwhelmed with caresses and blessings, climbs on a big horse behind his father, and the two ride to the town of Mauriac, where he was admitted to the college. Would you like to know how the boy lived? We will quote Marmontel's own words: "According to the usage of the college, I was lodged with five other scholars in the house of an honest artisan who lived in the town; and my father, sad to go away without me, left me there with my bundle and with provisions for a week; these provisions consisted of a big loaf of rye-bread, a small cheese, a piece of bacon, and two or three pounds of beef; my mother had added a dozen apples. Such, once for all, be it said, was the weekly stock of the provisions of the students of the college who were the best fed. The wife of our artisan cooked for us, and in return for her trouble, her fire, her lamp, our bed and lodging, and also for the vegetables from her little garden, which she put in the soup, we each of us paid her twenty-five sous [twenty-five cents] a month; so that everything included, except clothes, I cost my father four or five louis a year [sixteen or twenty dollars]. This was a large sum for him, and I was anxious to spare him the expense as soon as I could."

The whole account which Marmontel gives of school life in the first half of the eighteenth century would be worth translating if we had space, but the chapters are very long, and we must therefore content ourselves with extracts. Here are a few lines about games: "Our recreations," says Marmontel, "were exercises after the manner of the ancients: in winter on the ice in the midst of snow; in summer, away in the country, in the heat of the sun; and neither running, nor wrestling, nor boxing, nor quoits, nor slings, nor the art of swimming, were unfamiliar to us. In the hot weather we used to go and bathe about a league from the town; the little boys amused themselves fishing for crawfish in the brooks; the big boys caught eels and trout in the river, and amongst

their favorite amusements was netting quails after the harvest; and when we came back from one of these excursions, it went hard with the fields where the green pease had not yet been gathered. Not one of our boys would have stolen a pin; but in our system of morality it had become a maxim that there was no theft in taking something to eat. As far as I could, I abstained from indulging in this kind of pillage; but, without having taken any actual part in it, I nevertheless participated, first of all, in furnishing my share of bacon for cooking with the pease, and then in eating the dish with my fellows."

From all that Marmontel and other writers say, we can see that in the old days, although boys and girls learnt neither chemistry, nor physics, nor even geography, they were, nevertheless, well educated, and, above all, they were taught good manners and good morality. And for boys and girls alike, in whatever country and whatever age they may live, is it not the ideal thing to have at once good looks, good manners, good hearts and good education?

THE RED MUSTANG.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "TWO ARROWS," "THE TALKING LEAVES," "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GARRISON OF SANTA LUCIA.

FULLY six miles from the threatened home of the Evans family there was a deep, round sink-hole, shaped like a funnel. Nobody knew exactly when or how it was made, but down at the weedy bottom of it lay the body of an Indian pony, and over that leaned a very tall man.

Up at the margin of the sink-hole were four horses, and three of them had riders.

"Well, Colonel, how does it pan out?" asked one of the mounted men, inquiringly, as he drew near to him.

"Either Cal or Sam Herrick did it. Hit him right between the eyes. Tisn't two hours since it was done. The critter rolled down here. Joaquin, you and Key ride for the ranch. Tell Mrs. Evans I'll scout a little and be right there."

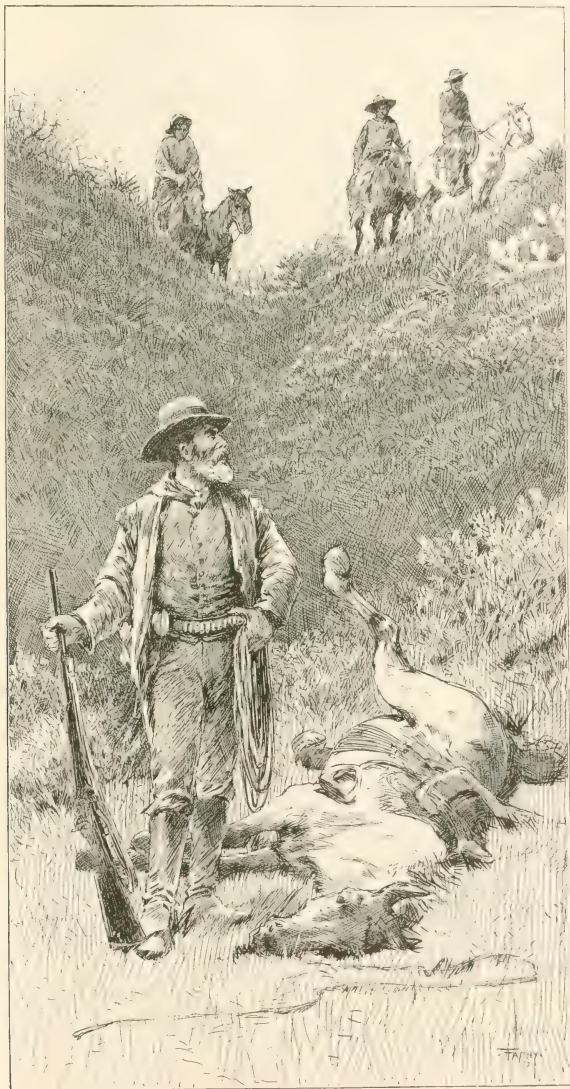
"All right, Colonel," shouted one of the horsemen.

"Si, señor," responded the other horseman.

The first was a brown, freckled old fellow, with nothing to mark him for notice but a jaunty sort of roll and swagger, even in the saddle. The second speaker was an American, of the race that fought with Hernando Cortes for the road to the City of Mexico. He may or may not have been a full-blooded Tlascalan, but there was a fierce, tigerish expression on his face as he glanced at the dead pony. His white teeth showed, also, in a way that indicated the state of his mind toward the tribe the pony's owner belonged to, but the words he uttered carried a surprise with them. Who would have thought that so sweet and musical



BOY PLAYING CARDS—AFTER THE PAINTING BY CHARDIN.



"WELL, COLONEL, HOW DOES IT PAN OUT?" ASKED ONE OF THE MOUNTED MEN."

a voice could come from such a thunder-cloud face as that?

Key and Joaquin galloped away, and Colonel Evans climbed up out of the sink hole.

"Somebody coming," suddenly exclaimed the remaining horseman.

"Reckon it must be Sam."

"Looks like him, Bill," said the Colonel. "Coming on the run."

"We'll know now," and Bill's words came out in a harsh, rasping voice that matched exactly with his long, thin body and coarse yellow hair.

The Colonel stood by his horse waiting for Sam. Nobody who ever saw Colonel Evans was likely to forget him. His eyes and hair were like Cal's, but the likeness did not go much further. There was silver in his heavy beard and mustache, and his eyebrows were bushy, giving him a stern, and, just now, a threatening expression. More than that, Colonel Abe Evans, old Indian trader and ranch owner, stood six feet and seven inches, although he was so well proportioned that at a little distance he did not seem unusually large. As to his strength, his men may have exaggerated a little now and then, but they declared that whenever a horse tired under him he would take turns and carry the horse, so as not to lose time. He hated to lose anything, they said, but most of all he hated to lose his temper.

There were signs that he was having some difficulty in keeping cool just now, but his voice was steady as yet.

"Is that your work?" he asked, as Sam reined in and stared down at the dead pony in the sink-hole.

"Colorado!" exclaimed Sam. "That's where that 'Pache went to. Hit the pony, did I? 'Feared to go out of sight powerful sudden."

He paused for a moment, and wiped his forehead, but there was a steely light beginning to dance in the eyes of Colonel Evans, and the cow-boy continued:

"No manner of use blinking it, Colonel. The lower drove's gone. Took me by surprise. Reg'lar swarm. I reached the upper drove in time and stamped it across Slater's Branch; every hoof."

"Did they follow you?"

"Oh yes, a gang of 'em, but Cal and I stood 'em off."

"Cal!" exclaimed his father, with a start and a shiver, but Sam went steadily on in a rapid sketch of the morning's adventures.

"Sam Herrick," said the colonel, "keep the gray you're on. It's your horse. I can read the whole thing like a book. Of course they wanted beef and horses, but they may go for the ranch. Come on!"

There was an angry shake now in the deep, ringing tones of his voice, and the veins in his forehead were swelling. He sprang to the saddle of the broad-chested, strong-limbed thorough-bred held for him.

"Sam," said he, as they rode away, "what's your opinion?"

"Cal got there safe, long before the red-skins could. We can do it, too, if they worked long enough over their beef. If we get there first, we can hold Saint Lucy against twice as many. But if we don't—"

Neither of those horsemen said another word after that. Sam knew no more than the rest did of what was actually going on at the ranch. More than a little had been going on, and with quite remarkable results.

Hardly had Cal disappeared through the gateway of the stockade before the two in the veranda turned and looked wistfully at one another.

"Mother," said Victoria, "do you think there is really any danger?"

"Terrible danger, my dear," said Mrs. Evans, with a quiver in her firm lips.

"Then what made you send Cal away? Oh, mother!"

"We are as safe, almost, without him as with him, and the whole valley is in danger until the army officers are warned. They believe that everything is quiet."

"How I wish they were here! And father!"

"Victoria," exclaimed Mrs. Evans, with a face that grew very pale, "he went to look at the lower drove, the one that the savages have captured."

"Sam didn't see him, or Cal would have said so. Mother, you don't believe they killed him?"

There was a strange look in the resolute face of Mrs. Evans.

"Vic," she said, "I don't believe they have touched him. He's not the man to be caught. We must work, though, for they'll be here pretty soon. We must bar the gate first, and any prowling Indian needn't be told that there are only women behind the stockade."

Vic's quick dash for the gate expressed her feelings fairly, but she put up the bars of the gate with more strength and steadiness than might have been expected of her. But for the reddish tint of her hair she would have looked even more like Cal than she did when she turned and said: "There, mother, that's done. Now, what?"

Mrs. Evans studied the gate for a moment.

"Vic," she said, "everybody must help. I think we can hold the ranch. Come with me."

In half a minute more they were standing in the courtyard of the adobe, explaining the terrors of the situation to a group of five startled and frightened women. Seven in all, they were the only garrison of Santa Lucia, and Kah-gomish and his warriors were coming to surprise it. How long could they hold out?

CHAPTER V.

CAL AND THE CAVALRY AND THE RED MUSTANG.

"SIXTY miles to Fort Craig!" That had been the mournful exclamation of Cal Evans, a little distance from Santa Lucia. Then he made a brief calculation,

and added: "Dick has had ten miles of easy going and ten miles of running. Not many horses could stand sixty more. I believe he can, but I'll take care of him, as mother said. It's awful! I don't wonder some people want to kill all the Indians right away. I do."

He had some lessons yet to learn about Indians, but now he reined in the red mustang to a steady-going gallop instead of the free gait that Dick was inclined to take.

An hour went by, and it was a trying hour to Cal Evans, crowded as his mind was with fears and with imaginations concerning what might be doing at Santa Lucia.

"Wasn't mother beautiful?" was one thought that came to him. "Vic too, and they're brave enough, and they both know how to shoot, but what can they do against Indians?"

He felt that he was doing his duty. He was at all events obeying his mother. He was a boy who wished to be in two places, but his mind grew calmer with the regular beat of Dick's hoofs. A sharp appetite came too, and put him in mind of his haversack. He ate as best he could, and the next stream of water he came to invited him to dismount and get some, and to let Dick do the same and rest a little. It was very hard work to stand still and eat cold meat and bread, and pat Dick, and think about Santa Lucia.

After that the red mustang was pulled in for a breathing spell at the end of every half-hour or a little more; but every minute expended in that way seemed like an hour to Cal Evans.

Noon came and went as the long miles went by. Groves, tree-lined sloughs, gangs of deer to the right and left hardly attracted a glance from the sore-hearted young messenger. Mountain-tops to the east that had been cloudy in the morning were showing more distinctly against the sky when Cal at last pulled the red mustang suddenly in.

"Smoke!" he exclaimed. "It can't be Indians. No danger of their being away up here. I'll find out."

Courageously but warily he rode some distance nearer, and was just about to dismount when a loud voice hailed him.

"Hullo! What are you scouting around for? What are you afraid of?"

"Hurrah!" shouted Cal, for the hitherto unseen horseman, who now came out from behind a clump of mesquit-trees, wore the yellow-trimmed uniform of the United States cavalry.

Explanations followed fast, and were made more full in front of the camp fire, where rations were cooking for a score or more of what Cal thought were the best-looking men he ever saw. That is, they were the very men he wanted to see, and the bronzed, gray-bearded captain in command of them was really a fine-looking veteran.

"So," he said, "my young friend, we ought to have set out a day earlier. Colonel Sumner had heard that a band had been seen near El Paso days ago, and we were coming your way. Your father isn't the man to be taken by surprise. He can hold the ranch."

"Father isn't there, Captain Moore," exclaimed Cal.

"I'll trust him to get there, then. That's a splendid fellow you're riding. What did you say? Twenty miles and more before you left Santa Lucia? Forty odd since to this place. Pretty near seventy miles. That's enough for him or you for one day."

It was in vain for Cal to plead the peril of his family. The cavalry had made a long push, and must rest their horses. One tough fellow was given only time to eat before he was again mounted on a fresh horse, with despatches for the commander at Fort Craig.

Dick was provided with ample rations, and so was his master; but Cal Evans needed all the cheerful encouragement of Captain Moore to keep his heart from sink-

ing under his heavy forebodings concerning the fate of Santa Lucia.

The nearer the sun sank to the horizon, the more strongly he felt that it was impossible for him to spend that night in the cavalry camp. He said so to Captain Moore, stoutly insisting that his day of hard riding had wearied him.

"I know how you feel," said the kindly veteran at last. "There'll be a good moon, and you know the way. I'll let you have one of our led-horses. You mustn't ride to death that red beauty of yours. We'll bring him on. Tell your father we shall start at sunrise, and that I've sent word to the fort."

Cal was sincerely grateful, and while a soldier was saddling for him a good-looking black, he went to say good-by to Dick, praising and caressing him in a manner that brought from him whinny after whinny of good-will.

His master had not known how tired he was himself until he mounted the black—so stiff, so sore, so almost without any spring left in him; but he felt better the moment the horse began to move under him.

"Take your bearings by the north star," shouted Captain Moore. "Go easy and you'll get there. Then I think you'll want to go to bed."

Cal thanked him and cantered away. He was glad enough of the glorious moonlight and of the stars, especially the north star. He was carrying news of help found quicker than he had expected. What, then? Would he find Santa Lucia as he had left it? Would it be besieged? How many Apaches might he not fall in with before getting there? He knew that they never rode around after dark, and that was something.

"If I don't get too tired and tumble off," he said to himself, "and if the horse holds out, I'll get home before daylight, and I'll ride through to the gate if the Apaches are camped all around the ranch."

The black galloped steadily. He was a good horse, but he lacked the easy swing of the red mustang, and there was more weariness in riding him. He was allowed to rest at intervals, and Cal tried hard not to ask too much of him.

"Captain Moore said about forty miles to the ranch," remarked the young rider to his horse, at last. "You must have done about half of them. You're doing well enough, but I never felt so tired in all my life. I'm going to make a good, hard push of about ten miles, if it's only to keep me from going to sleep."

The push was made and the black stood it well enough, but it grew harder and harder on Cal. At the end of it he knew that he could not be more than ten miles from the ranch, but he found that the black was disposed to walk. It might be unwise to urge him any more. At the same time every mile was probably bringing Cal and his news within more or less danger of Apache interruption. Oh, how he longed for a glimpse of the Santa Lucia stockade! And oh, how sleepy he was!

As the black plodded onward, Cal caught himself nodding heavily, and he recovered his senses in the middle of a half-waking dream in which he had seen the cavalry arriving and chasing away Indians.

"I may fall off," he said, "if I try that again. I'm afraid if I did fall I couldn't climb into the saddle again. I'm stiff and numb all over."

Plod, plod, plod, on went the very good-natured black, and Cal did not know how long it was before he had another dream.

It seemed to him as if the red mustang came and walked along with the black, and as if he himself had said: "Hallo, Dick. Glad you've come. You can carry me easier, and you know where to go."

Then, in the dream, Cal rode the red mustang.

EDITH'S DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM MCKENDREE BANGS.

EDITH lived in one of the narrow down-town streets. She and her father were alone on one floor of a great high building; at least they were alone together every night, but during the day a large, good-natured woman came, who kept the rooms clean and who cooked for them, and, which was of as great importance as anything else in the eyes of Edith's father, who was company for his daughter.

Edith's father was poor, but he was ingenious, and he had carved out of soft wood a farm for Edith. There was a farm-house and a barn, and there were all sorts of queer-shaped animals, and the leaves of the trees were very green and their trunks were very red, but it was all great fun for Edith.

Her father would show her how the cows and horses were fed, and he bade her listen to the rustling of the leaves in the breezes that he told her were blowing. In one corner, near the farm-house, was a well.

"Let us put our pennies in the well," her father said, "and when it is full we will go to the country; we will have an excursion."

At last the little well was full, and Edith told her father that there was not room for a single penny more. It was filled at just the right time too, for it so happened that the next day was a holiday.

"To-morrow we will go," her father said.

"Where, oh, where shall we go?" Edith asked.

"In the cars first," he told her; "as far as we can, and then we shall be in the country. But we must go early, or all the nice places will be taken."

"All?" she asked. "And do we take these cars at the corner?"

"Yes," her father answered. "But now go to bed, for you must get up very early."

Edith awoke the next morning before the sun had even touched their windows, and that was very early, for their floor was far up in the high building, and when first the sunlight was with them all the street was still in shadow. She woke up with a great start, and her fear was at first that she had slept too long. Then she dressed herself quickly and went to her father's room. He was sleeping soundly.

"What am I to do?" He said we must go early, or all the places would be taken."

She sat down and thought a few minutes. "I will go and save a place," she said to herself at last. So she went to the little well and took some of the pennies.

"Half for papa," she said at first, but then she remembered how much bigger he was, and she took only a few. Then she helped herself to some of the breakfast which had been prepared the night before, and walked carefully out of the room. Down the long staircase and through the quiet street she went to the corner. As the conductor helped her on to the car he said to her:

"Hello, little girl! Where are you going so early?"

"Oh, my papa told me where to go."

"He did, eh? Then I suppose you know your way."

"Oh yes," she said; "just as far as you go."

"All right," he said; and then he asked her for another penny for her fare, not that she couldn't count, but one of the pennies she had given him was so much larger than the others, that she thought it ought to do for two. She remembered how they had put it at the bottom of their well as a foundation for their store.

When she went to sleep, as she presently did, the conductor wondered, but he propped her up with a spare coat he had, and let her sleep on to the end of the road. Then he woke her up.

"You are sure you know your way?" he said.

"Oh yes," she answered, sleepily, as she walked away.

She found herself among a lot of houses not at all pleasant, she thought.

"This is not the country," she said. She knew better than that, for had not her father told her of the cows and the trees and the birds and the flowers? But presently, looking down one street, she could see a little way off a great many waving green branches. So she followed this street, and soon found herself in a cool lane beneath tall trees. She looked up at them in wonder and delight. Soon the lane opened upon another larger road, and this was bordered by many handsome places.

"I suppose these places are all taken, where the gates are closed," she said, fearful that she was too late, after all. But presently, finding one open, she walked in boldly.

"This is better than any," she said. And she stopped to touch the flowers till glistening with the dew upon them. The stem of one great flower had been broken, and

"No," he said; "not yet."

"No," she said, slowly; "I don't think you are, because if you were I wouldn't like you, you know."

"That would be right," he answered, and then he took her by the hand and led her toward the house. He was laughing all the time softly, but sometimes he would stop and laugh aloud, much to Edith's astonishment.

"Have you had your breakfast, little one?"

"Oh yes, long ago."

"Then you won't be hungry till lunch-time," he said.

He changed his mind, for now, instead of leading her toward the house, he left the path and marched along across the field, carefully avoiding all soft places, toward a great tree, under which there was a seat. Here they sat, and he told her stories—the most wonderful stories she had ever heard—of fairies and good people, of accidents and good deeds; and, better than all, sometimes he would stand and act before her the queer doings of his queer people. Then



THE STORY OF "SIR JUNIPER"

the blossom fell far over toward the ground. She tried in vain to straighten it. To another she leaned over and kissed it, and whispered, "What happened to you last night, all alone here in the dark?" But then she heard a queer stamping behind her, and a gruff voice said, "Don't waken those flowers too early."

And she turned to see a man—oh, so big he seemed!—smiling down upon her. He had only one leg; at least one of his legs was only a wooden peg, and about it his trousers fluttered in the wind.

"Well, Mary Ann," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"My name is not Mary Ann."

"Oh, isn't it? What is it then?"

"Edith; and I came to save the place."

"To save it," he said, and laughed. "From what?"

"For papa," she answered.

"Oh, for papa; that is good."

"Yes, he's coming. But are you a robber?"

she would clap her little hands with his, and her little laugh would join with his, and they were as happy together as could be.

"But now I must tell you the greatest story of all," he said. And he began to recite, in the drollest manner:

"This now is the tale that the old woman told

While blowing her nose as she buckled her shoes;

For she had a fancy for gossip and news,

Tea and spiced currants and things that were old."

"But she couldn't blow her nose while she buckled her shoes," Edith said, as soon as she recovered from her astonishment.

"Oh, couldn't she?" he asked. "You can do a great many things in this world when you know how." And standing on his wooden leg he whirled himself around upon it, his hands held straight before him, his coat tails flying straight behind him. Then he seated himself, and when he had recovered his breath, he went on:

"A tale of Sir Juniper, merry and free,
Who, brushing his hair with the tail of his coat,
His armor threw on as he saddled his goat,
And ate all his supper and finished his tea."

"How could he brush his hair with the tail of his coat," Edith asked, "and do so many things at once?"

"If you ask so many questions," he said, "we never shall know all that Sir Juniper did."

"Oh, please do go on; I want to know. And did he ride his goat?"

"Now we shall see, for

"His goat was so queer—it is so with all goats—
He sat on his feet in an uncommon way—"

"But I won't believe it," Edith said. "A goat couldn't sit on his feet. I have a goat on my farm. Papa made it."

"O—h," the gentleman said, drawing the word out slowly, "but, you know, there are all sorts of goats." And he was about to go on with his story of Sir Juniper and his goat, but just at this minute they heard a bell ringing at the house below them, and the old gentleman, picking Edith up in his arms, said: "There's the luncheon bell. We must hurry or we'll be late."

"The luncheon bell!" Edith said, in dismay. "And papa isn't here yet. Why don't he come? The lady next to us always has luncheon at dinner-time, so I know what you mean," she explained.

"Perhaps he has forgotten the time."

"Well, he will be sure to come soon."

"Oh yes, there is no doubt of that—no doubt at all."

In the mean time he had carried her down to the house, and now he took her in, and put her in a chair in the pleasantest room Edith had ever seen.

"Oh, do you have flowers every day?" she asked.

"Yes," he said; and then turning to a young lady who had now come in the room, he went on, "Here, my dear, is a little stranger come to lunch with us."

"Oh my!" said Edith, as she saw the lady's pretty frock and her welcoming smile. This young lady had the same pleasant laugh that her father had, and Edith liked her at once; but then the young lady, looking very serious, took her father out of the room. Presently Edith heard a curious ringing, and then the old gentleman seemed to be talking about her, but he seemed, too, to be talking to himself, for Edith heard no reply.

"What a funny bell!" she said to the young lady, who now returned.

"Yes," she replied; "it is the telephone."

"Oh!" said Edith; and she looked very wise, as though she knew all about it.

"But you must be very hungry. Come," and almost before she knew it Edith was seated at the table, and in front of her was a plate heaped with all manner of good things.

"But we must save something for papa."

"Oh yes," they answered.

"And you will tell me all about Sir Juniper?" she said to the old gentleman.

"After we have finished luncheon," he replied.

But after luncheon was finished Edith went fast asleep, lying on a lounge,

and the old gentleman went fast asleep in his easy-chair.

But all the bright morning there had been great hurrying and great worrying in the down-town street where Edith lived. Her father had been to the police station, and policemen all over the city were asking about a little girl of Edith's size, and they seemed to know all about her sweet face and the simple clothes she wore. Her father could not sit still, nor stay long in any one place, and he walked up and down the street to his home, and back to the police station.

"Shall I ever find her?" he asked himself, in great anxiety.

In the afternoon word came from a far uptown station; and at last Edith's father, for whom the cars ran very slowly that day, found his way to the old gentleman's house. There the young lady met him, and led him in to where Edith and her own father were still sleeping. Soon they were wide awake, and then there was a happy time; but the first words Edith said were,

"Oh, papa, I have saved such a nice place for you; haven't I?" turning to the old gentleman, and smiling up at him.

"I think so," he answered.

"And now you will tell us the rest of Sir Juniper, won't you?"

But the old gentleman kissed her, and asked her to let him save the rest until she should come again. "It is so long a story," he said.

And Edith was content; and that night, as her father took her home, she held as many flowers to her breast as she could carry. Often she would bury her face in them, and as she looked smilingly at her father, she said: "See how pretty they are! And we shall go, you know, soon—oh, so very soon again!"

"Yes, Edith," he answered; "but the next time you must wait for me."



SUGGESTION FOR A SUCCESSFUL NUTTING EXPEDITION.



OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

UNLESS you want to disappoint the Postmistress, you will be sure to write her a letter *very* *soon*, telling her the most interesting thing you have seen or heard of during the week that ends with Saturday. Come, little pens, be nimble—little hands, be swift! The Postmistress is expecting a perfectly immense mail!

HOUSTON, ARKANSAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Mamma gave Harper's YOUNG PEOPLE to me last November; it was the 19th, and my birthday. I have one grown sister, named Maud, and two others older than I, named Ethel and Lucy. My brother's name is Charlie; he brought me this paper from New York, with a letter and picture of Elsie Leslie Lyle, who plays *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. I wish I could see her. I have read this book and *Sarah Cowie*, and like both. We have the sweetest little pony named Betty. We all ride her; Lucy and I sometimes without saddle or bridle. We have a large greyhound named Forrest. He has a bad habit of running away, and not long ago he came back all bitten up; since, he has snail at home. I hope you will print this. Your affectionate reader,

CHRISTINE S.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am going to tell you of a trip I had. Every year we used to go to Canada, to visit my grandma, but we do not go now, because she moved to New York. It is a beautiful place, and we used to go hunting for blueberries nearly every afternoon. I never travelled before, and I was very ill. We slept in the cars. I only went with my two sisters: one was fourteen, the other twelve, and I was two years old. I have taken your delightful paper quite a while. My favorite stories are "Captain Polly" and "The Princess Lilliwinks," and I love the Post-office Box.

ETHEL L.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have taken Harper's YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and like it very much. My favorite stories are "Captain Polly" and "Dorymates." I am very anxious to go out of town to see my pets. One of our cows we raised ourselves, and I milk her, for she is very gentle. I have sixty chickens and nineteen little ones. I study

French, and I love it. I translate a great many of the letters in the Post-office Box into French. I have a little sister, who is four years old. She recites her lessons to me every day. She knows part of the piece of poetry, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." One night about dusk she was looking out of the window, and she said, "I wish the diamonds would come out." I told her such a pretty thing to say. Good-by.

GLADYS C.

DRESDEN, GERMANY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are two little girls, both named Marion. We are in Dresden, and like it very much over here. One of us takes your paper, and we find it very interesting. We think Dresden is a lovely city. We live on a beautiful street, and have a large garden. We have three dogs and a cat. Only one of the dogs is English, and she weighed only a pound and a half when she was first bought, but now she weighs five pounds; her name is Brush. One of the other dogs is named Pips; he is a great pet in the family. The other dog is a pug; his name is Moppel, but everybody calls him Mippel-Mippel. The cat's name is Puppe. You would receive a prize of a large piece of gingerbread, or at different ones, some small ornaments. There were a great many little stores where you could buy all sorts of things, and also circuses, trained beasts and other things.

MARION W. and MARION N.

This letter is one of those which has waited a good while. Will the writers please wait once more, and give their names in full!

SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over two years, but although we have on a large piece of paper, it was never printed, so, dear Postmistress, can you not find a little corner for this one. Last winter we went down to Thomasville, Georgia, where we saw some very strange things among whom was an old crazy woman called Aunt Flora, who was very happy in the belief that everything belonged to her, and to use her expression, she had "raised" both the large hotels from children. We are two French girls, who came over when we were quite small. Constance is fourteen, and Marguerite is nearly twelve. We have a little canary, which we have not yet named, and could the Postmistress suggest a pretty name for it? [Caprice?] We think you must become very tired of these letters every day, so we will not add any greater length to ours.

CONSTANCE and MARGUERITE DE B.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I have read your paper for a great many years, and have enjoyed it more each year. I think "The Household of Glen Holly" is perfectly elegant, as indeed all Mrs. Lillie's stories are. I go to a private school, and I study Latin, English, Irish history, mythology, philosophy, geography, arithmetic, and French grammar and literature, besides which I am taking violin lessons, so you see my time is pretty well taken up. I saw in New York a few weeks ago, and I saw *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. I think it is a beautiful story; don't

you? I have not mentioned my age, but would you please guess it? I must say good-by now, hoping you will not think this letter too long to print, for I should like so much to see it. I am your constant reader,

NADY L.

GREYSTOWN, NIAGARA, WEST INDIES.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I HAVE written to you before, and were very much pleased to see your letters printed. We promised to tell you a little more about Greystown, which is a very pretty little town situated at the mouth of the Rio San Juan. It has two plazas, one the Government and the other Victoria Plaza, which is prettily planted with cocoa-nut, mango, and bread-fruit trees. Ida lives on St. George's Plaza, and has a large garden—in fact, the best gardened town in the plenty of fruit and flowers. Ida has a brother named Johann, who is nearly fifteen, and he is going to write with us next time.

IDA and CONNIE.

PERMONT, ALABAMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I HAVE taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over a year, and like it very much. I like "Captain Polly," "Uncle Peter's Trust," "The Household of Glen Holly," and "A New Robinson Crusoe" the best. I have only seen a very few letters from Oakland, and from all California. Our coachman's boy Jo, who helps him with the work, went over to the field with a sack of hay one evening, to feed our heifer, Buttercup. He went over to the spring where the cows get their water. When he was returning, he called out to us to come and see the cows run. When we came we saw he had put both feet in the bag, and holding it around his waist, he was hopping over the hill. The cows were running all about, and an old horse, who would hardly move on ordinary occasions, jumped over the fence and ran down the road. [It was a silly act, I think.] We had six chickens, named Coochins, and nine of them run to you whenever you go into the yard. Our old chickens are very tame, and whenever it is near feeding-time, and we go into the yard, they chase us round; they will jump into our laps and eat from our hands. I have a dear little Jersey calf named Bessie, and my sister Mary and I have five cats, one little dog, lots of chickens, a parrot and thirteen small birds. Last October, just as everything was very dry, we had a terrible fire on the hills. A Chinaman had a bonfire one Saturday, and the next morning a strong wind came up and set fire to one of the trees. Mr. R. and all his men were out fighting it, and papa and two men were over there nearly the whole day, as they were afraid it might spread to the houses. Our little dog, whose name is Buff, climbs trees. Once, to get out of the way of a large dog, she ran up a tree and up a very straight trunk, and when she was high in the air she fell down on her back and went rolling over the hill. I hope you will publish this letter, as I think it may interest your readers. With love, dear Postmistress, your loving little friend,

MARION R.

KLAUSNBERG, TRANSYLVANIA, HUNGARY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I write to you as it is Sunday and rainy, and I do not know what to do; but if you can find time, I will write again soon, and tell you how I spent my birthday. I was so glad to see my letter printed, but even before I did so I received three letters from American children, who were kind enough to write to me; three others followed, two from America and one from England. I was very glad indeed, and I proposed something that has been mentioned long ago by somebody else in the Post-office Box. Let us keep a journal instead of writing letters—that will go round, so that every one of us will write his or her story. Does not the Postmistress approve of this? Please let me know, dear correspondents, what you say to my plan through the Post-office Box. Perhaps the kind and good Postmistress will give instructions as to the name and beginning of our journal.

ELSA BRANDT.

I am afraid that the journals would be too long for publication in the Post-office Box, but I am a great advocate of the keeping of journals myself. I find it very convenient to do so, and I often like to look back over a few years and see what was happening to me and mine at that time. You might cut little bits from your diaries, and thus make your letters very entertaining.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for some years, and like it so much. I think "Rolf House" and "Dorymates" are just splendid. I used to like Howard Pyle's father that he had a boat and fished every this summer, and the bathing and fishing were fine. I love to swim, don't you? I have a pony and a cat for us. I like to read late at night, and much interested in baseball, and father takes me to see the professionals play. My little brother went to Cape May, and when he got home he told me father that he had seen a part of the ark where Mr. Noah kept the skeletons of the ark. He had floated off from Ararat and landed at Cape May.



BIMBO'S CLEVER TRICK.

1. BIMBO PLAYED A GREAT TRICK ON ROCK, WHO IS EXTREMELY DIGNIFIED AND PROUD OF HIS POSITION AS WATCH-DOG; AND BIMBO, WHO IS VERY CLEVER, KNOWS THIS.

2. THE OTHER DAY BIMBO NOTICED THAT ROCK WAS GNAWING A DELICIOUS BONE WHILE HE HAD NONE, AND IT MADE BIMBO JEALOUS.

3. HE WANTED THAT BONE VERY MUCH, BUT HE KNEW THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET IT BY FIGHTING, SO HE DECIDED TO PLAY A TRICK ON ROCK.

4. "I'LL MAKE HIM THINK TRAMPS ARE COMING," THOUGHT BIMBO; "HOW-WOW!—GO AWAY FROM HERE, GO AWAY!"

5. "DEAR ME," SAID ROCK, AS HE HEARD THE NOISE. "I MUST GO AND SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER," AND THE FAITHFUL OLD FELLOW WENT OUT.

6. "WELL," CHUCKLED BIMBO, AS HE GRABBED THE BONE AND RAN OFF, "WHAT AN OLD GOOSE ROCK IS, TO BE SURE," AND ROCK THOUGHT SO TOO, HIMSELF.

GIRLS AND BUSINESS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



N a paper written some time ago for the benefit of boys in business, the qualities which were insisted upon as essential to success were chiefly: thorough honesty, promptness in fulfilling engagements, acquaintance with the work to be done, an obliging disposition, and a pervading sense of responsibility.

It is difficult to see that a girl taking up a business life requires other characteristics than these. In common with all who feel a chivalrous desire to shelter youthful girlhood from the rude blasts of the world, I am glad for those girls who have not to go from the pleasant retirement of home to the arena of the world's struggles. A happy girl in her father's house, under the wing of a gentle and judicious mother, is ideally placed, and is to be congratulated, if not envied. Hers are so many sweet opportunities for doing good, so many privileges to enjoy; so charming are the years that lie between the day of her graduation from the school, which has been to her a succession of delights, to the day of her wearing the bridal wreath and veil, that one finds it difficult not to envy the smoothness of her lot.

And if she never marry, her province, if she possess means and culture, is to show the world how rich and beautiful, how gracious and full of blessing, the life of a single woman may be—*independent, noble, and the centre of good influences.*

But observation and experience convince us that few girls can be certain of this safe, easy, and comfortable continuance through life in the parental home, on an assured income. Circumstances change. We have seen men living luxuriously in one decade, and existing precariously from hand to mouth in the next. The daughters of a man who was formerly one of New York's merchant princes are, in one instance, occupying positions little above menial in the homes of those who were once their father's guests. Nobody lives long in this land of swiftly gained and swiftly lost fortunes without seeing that riches take wings and fly away with such frequency and ease, that to depend upon their continued possession is to lean upon a swaying, bending reed. And as all girls do not marry, and as even those who do may find in the trained facility and the disciplined eye and hand which go to the acquisition of a bread-winning art, a great convenience in time of need, it is as well that girls as well as their brothers should have a business.

Every man owes it to his daughters to see that they learn some one thing so perfectly that, if needs be, it shall stand them in stead, as a means of earning money. The mother, be she ever so tender, so wise, so loving, is not really kind and to provident for her girls if she neglects to thus insure them against the mishaps and possible pitfalls of the uncertain future. Parental love should mean parental forecast, especially for those who else may be cast like helpless drift-wood on the shores of fate.

Fortunately the present range of vocations from which to select a girl's business life is very wide. For business, one may, if he please, substitute trade, profession, art, or accomplishment, it being understood that a legitimate bread-winning employment is signified. A generation ago sewing, teaching, and acting as amanuensis or companion, were the usual resources of a "lady" obliged to earn her own living. Clinging to the social rank implied and described in that word, a girl, ill fitted to support

herself or render a full return for what she was paid, would join the ranks of the governess, or would open a little school, or sit far into the night, eking out her earnings by sewing, which brought in a scanty wage.

To-day there are twenty doors wide open for one that stood jealously ajar thirty or forty years ago. Women have found few professions in which they may not compete on equal terms with men, though there are departments for which their tastes and general dexterity and deftness ought to fit them, but which as yet they have hardly touched. A girl who knows any one of twenty departments of work, and knows it well, may be sure of earning her salary and feeling the pleasure of standing on her own feet, perhaps of helping an over-burdened father, and educating little brothers and sisters. The faculties needed here will be put to good use in the several departments of house-keeping when the time may come.

In choosing a business, what considerations should, in the main, influence a girl, and her best adviser, who is, of course, her mother?

First, common-sense would suggest that personal preference and natural fitness be consulted. Do not, however, set up a false standard. Do not behave with the fatuity of a certain hard-working laundress, who not long ago consulted me as to what her daughter should do toward increasing the family exchequer. I, somewhat tentatively, aware of the sensitive pride of poverty, and having studied the class to which this woman belonged, advised domestic service. Mary might be, I thought, under nurse-maid, or a waitress, or, in time, a cook. A flash of the eye, a quiver of the lips, warned me that I was wounding the mother at her tenderest point. Was it for this she had toiled and slaved, worked late and early, that her girl should rise no higher than herself—be, as she phrased it, a mere drudge? Dress-making, to which an apprenticeship might be served, was next proposed, but, though less objectionable than the other, was still not in high favor. Millinery she scouted.

"What had you thought of yourself, Mrs. Mullaney? Would you like Mary to work in a factory or shop?"

She tossed her head in the negative.

"Sure, an' if I could hire a pianny, and pay for wan o' thim t'achers, it's a music-t'acher I'd like my child to be," was the reply given, after a little urging.

I could not convince Mrs. Mullaney, but I am more sanguine, dear reader, of convincing you that music-teaching as a profession is not to be attempted by any one who has not both a divine and a human endowment for the same. The first necessity is that innate love of music, that feeling of harmony, that desire for tone and color and rhythm, which seeks expression in melody, without having which nobody will ever be more than a merely mechanical performer. The second includes that patient, persevering service, as Jacob served for Rachel, which makes years of study to seem in the retrospect as "a few days" only. Music-teaching was as far as the heavens from the earth, or the East from the West, from poor Mary Mullaney; but on that she and her mother had set their hearts, fancying, poor things, that it was "genteel" and "respectable"—words which are the bane of many an ill-educated, struggling woman.

Anything that is honorable and honest is respectable, be it ever so lowly, ever so unobtrusive. The only thing which is not respectable in the least, and is wholly contemptible, is the being a sham, attempting to do what one knows nothing about, and doing one's work in a slipshod, careless, and inefficient manner.

Assuming that you are by-and-by to have a place in the ranks of the bread-winners, the best thing you can do is to think what pursuit you like best. A girl one day

lamented in my hearing that there was nothing she liked best.

"I hate to draw; I hate to study; I hate to sew. As for teaching, even if I did not dislike books and school with all my heart, I am not fond of children. There is not one thing that I could do to support myself, if I had to, except to make candy."

The family laughed at the pretty pouting creature with the big brown eyes, flushed cheeks, and glancing dimples. Her father gallantly exclaimed:

"Don't trouble yourself, pet. While papa lives there will always be plenty for such a little flower as you, and I want my darling to be like the lilies of the field, to neither toil nor spin."

Her brother observed ironically: "It's a good thing to be your daughter, papa. What would you say if Bob or I should speak as sister does?"

"Boys are different," answered the father, shortly. "I would be ashamed of my sons if they hadn't a desire to take care of themselves."

Here one puts a finger on the error at the root. The principle is at fault which allows a father to be indulgent with the indolence or false pride of a daughter, while he would scorn the same characteristics in a son. Son and daughter should be treated in this regard alike as responsible beings.

But candy-making as a profession is not to be despised. Two girls of my acquaintance pledged months ago what for them was a large sum toward the redemption of a church debt. They decided to raise their money by the sale of home-made confectionery, and their cream walnuts, fruit drops, and other toothsome compounds have met with ready sale and most gratifying fame. Women about to start on a journey go to Anne and Jessie for chocolate creams and caramels to supply the luncheon basket; boxes of these have been sent for to sweeten birthdays and home festivals, and the girls might go into the candy business to-day in a small way, and be sure of success, if they chose.

Pass over the things you "hate"; it's just as well to discern what and where they are, and recognize the thing you like. Never mind if it be a somewhat unconventional thing, a thing supposed to be unfeminine, if it be what you want to learn and practise, hold steadily on your way; do not be discouraged, but find out everything there is about it, and be ready when occasion arises to put your knowledge to good use.

If you are fond of house-keeping and its many duties, seek in every way to acquire that profession in its multifarious details. If you have a knack at the use of a hammer and nails, do not be discouraged because you prefer these to thimble and scissors. You will probably find, after a while, a use for that form of tool which is "handiest" to you. I read not long ago of a woman who had achieved success as a carpenter, and upholstery in some of its finer branches is a very attractive business for women.

But, girls, to the advice given your brothers I must add a word or two, which I should not presume to offer them. They would not need it, and, I fancy, would "laugh a laugh of merry scorn" if it were pressed upon them. Here it is. Don't cry when things go a little wrong. The bane of success in a girl's work is often found in her quick sensibility, her readiness to take offence at a word of criticism, or to be hurt and show wounded feeling if some one who has a perfect right to do so finds fault, perhaps with unnecessary frankness and directness. The soft cheek suddenly hangs out the storm signal of a crimson blush, the eyes fill, the girl is hurt, and shows it in a place where feeling should have had no room to press in an entering wedge. A girl who has her way to make in the world, with its many cares and responsibilities, must remember that sentimentality has no standing-

ground in the proper performance of her tasks, and must expect her work to be gauged, precisely as a boy's work would be, by its real value.

The girl who has found out her work and entered upon it should ask no favor in right of her sex, but she should cultivate a just self-respect. This will make her careful not to exceed her income in her expenditure, and it will lead her never to incur a pecuniary obligation to man or woman outside the immediate circle of her kindred. She will beware of the specious arguments of people who seek to sell goods to her on the instalment plan—a plan which works to the detriment and misery of many a wage-earning girl.

No one is so safe a confidante for the young girl as her mother or elder sister, and failing these, her teacher in the Sunday-school or the wife of her pastor, is usually her most judicious friend. It is a great advantage to a girl dependent upon her own exertions to belong to one of the beautiful guilds or sisterhoods—the Girls' Friendly Societies, or King's Daughters—which afford a young woman pleasant companionship, and give her a circle of friends who will assist her if illness comes or loss of employment uses up her savings.

Savings! Do I hear some one whose weekly salary hardly suffices for food, room rent, and clothing—and such there are among business girls—exclaim, "Where are savings to come from?" They are to come from stern and systematic economy. Perhaps they will be very little at the end of the year; but if you are resolved upon it, you will lay by in tiny sums, a trifle at a time, something on which to draw if the work becomes slack, or you are laid aside by illness. Few of us do not spend on small superfluities—a ribbon here, a sweetmeat there, a car fare when a walk would be better for our health—enough at the end of the year to foot up into respectable proportions had it been saved instead of needlessly spent.

To return to what was spoken of earlier: while you are looking about for your special endowment, remember that no mental discipline comes amiss, even if you do not directly see its use in the line you choose. A girl learns type-writing and stenography. She is employed by a literary man, who requires of her, beyond and above the manual dexterity, the ability to spell, to understand quotations, to write *intelligently* from dictation as well as automatically, to be in sympathy with what he is doing. A girl of fair or liberal education is worth a great deal more in such a position than one whose geography, grammar, and history are a hazy and nebulous mass of dissolving views.

It hardly seems to me within the bounds of possibility that there are American girls ashamed of work. Inefficiency, the leaning of one's weight unfairly on another, slovenly performance, sluggish and inert interest in one's duty—of these one may be ashamed, and justly; never of doing needful work well, and taking therefore the emolument which the work has gained.

A word about one's business dress may not be out of place. Showy colors and costly fabrics, even if you can afford them, are inappropriate for business uses. Black, gray, and brown, homely, serviceable hues which challenge no attention, a fabric which will shed dust and not shrink and crumple with a chance wetting, and a gown plainly and neatly made, are suitable for work and wear. She is dressed most tastefully whose costume is appropriate to the occasion on which she wears it. Thick, substantial boots, a water-proof cloak, an umbrella, a thick jacket for winter and a lighter one for summer, a hat which claims nothing by reason of show or assertiveness, are essential to the young girl who must be abroad in all weathers, and whose hours of going to and returning from her work are dictated by the clock and her engagement with her employers.

"GOTTER."

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

"WHO is Gotter?"

This is the question I asked myself quite a dozen times on the day of my arrival, and I kept on asking myself—well, until I found out.

We were all at breakfast. Harry named him first. We were lingering over the tea and muffins, chatting about this thing and that before the day's work began, when he suddenly looked at the clock. It marked half past eight.

"Oh dear! Gotter!" he exclaimed, and then I saw the young gentleman spring up, seize the hat and overcoat that hung on the rack, and presently there stood a hearty, healthy school-boy, with a load of books on his arm, ready to start.

"Oh yes; Gotter!" was echoed by two other voices, and soon Harry had two companions, his brother Robert, and little Edith, all bonneted, cloaked, and ready for another day's struggle with the troubles of learning. They were a merry group as they started off.

"Who is Gotter?" I said to myself, wonderingly, and half expected to see some sturdy fellow-school-boy, who owned that extraordinary name, join the group as they passed the gate.

The conversation went on briskly. We older ones discussed politics, the news of the day, the last new book, and several other subjects, when all of a sudden I heard the word again. This time it was from the head of the house.

"Well, I shall have Gotter after me if I don't move directly"; and another raid was made upon the hat rack for a hat and overcoat.

"Yes, he'll be after us all, if we don't bestir ourselves soon," my hostess replied, and there was a general move from the table.

"Ah! Gotter is then an expected guest," I thought. "Things must be made ready for his appearance."

But Gotter did not appear.

The day wore on. We took up our usual occupations—reading, writing, sewing, for the day was a stormy one, and there was no going out. The next time I heard him mentioned was in the evening.

"Isabel," said her mother to the fair young daughter of the house, "some of those seams on Bertha's new dress could be easily run this evening. There is none too much time left if we are to have it done by Sunday."

"Oh dear, mamma, I do so want to practise. The evening is no time for sewing," and she moved slowly toward the piano.

"Gotter," said her mother, with a smile. It was only one word, but I noticed that Isabel smiled too, and soon four pairs of fingers were working hard at the little frock for the youngest daughter of the house.

"Well," thought I, "what can Gotter have to do with a baby's frock?" But immediately the idea came. "Oh, Gotter is some distinguished guest. Even the little one of the family must look her best when he arrives. That is very natural."

But the next day and the next passed. I heard Gotter's name frequently, and always in connection with something to be done. But no Gotter arrived. I was very glad, for we were a very happy household all together, and I could not help feeling that our peace and comfort might be very much disturbed by having this important personage about, whom every member of the family seemed to value so highly. It was indeed quite a relief to my mind when, on Saturday morning, Harry jumped up from the table, and announced:

"Well, Gotter's got to git to-day. I won't have him around, anyhow. It's Saturday, and he sha'n't show his face."

This certainly seemed a little disrespectful toward one

of whom his parents and all seemed to think so much, but at the same time I felt quite sure that I too should be just as comfortable without the presence of Gotter.

To my immense surprise his mother answered, "I don't know about that, my son. See those paths outside. The snow-storm last night has blocked them up, and I really think that Gotter will insist upon having them shovelled out."

"Oh, mamma!" Harry did look so disappointed. It was a hard task to set the school-boy at on this holiday morning, after a long week's hard work. It could not be finished before noon, and all this splendid winter morning that could be devoted to sleighing, snow-balling, tobogganing, and other such delights, would be lost.

"Well, Harry"—and I could see that there was a good deal of sympathy with the boy's woe-begone face in the mother's voice—"it is too bad, my son, but I don't see that there is anybody else to do the work. Bridget cannot, papa must go to his office, and the rest of us are weak women and children. I am sorry, but you will have to settle it with Gotter."

Harry hesitated a few moments, and I could see that there was a struggle going on in his mind. But right conquered, for pretty soon I saw great shovelfuls of snow flying about the garden, where a stout, healthy, good-natured boy was making havoc among the drifts.

Or stop! Was he afraid of Gotter? What would Gotter have done to him? This mysterious individual, who ruled the household, was he dreadfully severe? Would there have been sad times for the school-boy if he had arrived, and found the paths about the house all blocked with snow? Clearly anything might be expected of Gotter, a person who interfered with and controlled every little matter, even the slightest occurrence in the household, and whose absence did not prevent him from holding a tight rein, and mixing his will up with the most insignificant affairs.

At last I became quite impatient to see Gotter. He would be well worth studying after all I had heard about him. He certainly must be the strangest character in existence, and, like all curiosities, interesting even though odious. Finally the day came when I felt quite sure that my curiosity was going to be gratified. Gotter was coming. I should see him.

Harry and Edith had been talking about their Missionary Band. It was a society of young people in the neighborhood who had been working for the good cause for a long time. Of late a new interest had been given to their plans. One of their number, a young man who had grown up among them, had been recently ordained to the ministry, and had decided to spend his life upon the shores of Africa teaching the poor natives there the wondrous truths of our Christian religion. The young people had been very eager helping him get ready to go, and now, as the last thing, they were to make up a purse for him, to pay his passage out and help him establish himself there. The question was how much should each give.

"How much shall you give, Edith?"

"I don't know, Harry. I haven't made up my mind. We can do as we like."

"Yes, fortunately. Gotter has nothing to do with this matter."

"I am not so sure, my dears." This came in a very low, gentle tone from their mother.

"Why, mamma?"

"How can he have?" from Harry. "Nothing has been said about any fixed sum, and there are so many things I want this summer. If I give any large sum, good-bye to my new row-boat."

"All right, Harry," said his mother, gently. "Gotter may not seem to you to have anything to do with the matter now, but by to-morrow he will certainly be here:

at least I feel sure he will. You watch and see if he does not arrive before the time set for the meeting."

Ah! Gotter was coming. The time was nearly here. I was so glad. Really, my curiosity was consuming me. I could not stand it much longer.

All the morning of the following day I waited for the traveller to arrive. But the hours sped on; he did not come. Finally one o'clock arrived.

Then it was that I heard a light footstep on the stairs, and presently, as he reached the landing, I heard his mother call him into her room.

"Well, Harry?"

"What, mother?"

"Did Gotter come?"

"Yes, he came."

"What!" I exclaimed to myself. "Is everybody crazy? Not a person of any kind, save the milkman and grocer's boy, has been to this house to-day to my certain knowledge, and yet here this boy tells his mother that Gotter, the great Gotter, the mysterious potentate that rules the house, that every one bows down to and yields before, has actually arrived, and is somewhere about the domicile. Yet nobody has seen him; nobody has spoken to him; no attention has been paid to his coming; no one except Harry shows the least cognizance of the fact! It's amazing. It's inexplicable!"

It was at this moment that I heard Harry say: "Yes, mother. Of course I'm the oldest member now; Jack is going, and I've got to take his place. I've got to set an example. If I don't give and give liberally, and practise some self-denial in order to do it, how can I expect anything of the others? Of course I've got to do my duty, and I shall just give the whole price of that row-boat."

"Ah, my son, I thought Gotter would arrive."

This was too much. I could not stand it any longer. I made up my mind at once that I must know who Gotter really was, and know it now. Never before had I been so puzzled about anybody or anything. As soon as I heard Harry's big boots clattering down the stairs I went to my hostess's room.

"Mary," I said, calling my old friend by her first name, "who is Gotter?"

"What!" she asked, while her eyes sparkled with fun. "You don't tell me you don't know who Gotter is?"

"Yes, I do tell you so," I cried; "and if you don't enlighten me now, I can't begin to describe to you what dreadful lengths my curiosity will lead me to. Ever since I have been in your house I have heard of no one else. No deed is done, nothing is discussed or thought about, but Gotter. Gotter requires this, and insists upon that. He rules everybody, and controls everything. Who is he, what is he, that he governs a whole household where he never appears?"

"Ah! He should do poorly without Gotter," said my old friend, shaking her matronly-like head.

"Probably," I said, with a good deal of sarcasm, "seeing how constantly you allude to him."

"Did you hear Harry's last remark before he went out?" she asked, suddenly, with what seemed to my impatience a good deal of irrelevance. "He mentioned Gotter's real true name certainly three or four times. Did you not hear it?"

"No, I did not," I cried. "I heard only the one name, the one that puzzles me so that I believe I shall become quite ill if my curiosity is not gratified."

"Well, I shall have to tell you." With a very much amused air she began: "After I was married and settled cozily here in my home, with my brood of little ones around me, I naturally began, as I hope all mothers do, to think how I might best train them up to habits of well-doing and integrity, and how to teach them that the first, the most important, the great business of life, in fact, was to do their duty toward God and man, and never to

swerve from the straight line taught by our heavenly Father in His Holy Book."

"Ah, yes; but what has this to do with Gotter?"

"Have patience. I very soon found, as I fancy most parents do, that among my little flock, if the right thing was to be done at all times and under all circumstances, there had to be no small amount of stern command and strict enforcement of the rules and regulations set down. There was a good deal of attempted appeal from a great many of the laws that Henry, my husband, and myself thought wise and good for the government of our little kingdom. And a great many of these appeals came from little lips in that common phrase which I fancy all children use, however careful parents and teachers try to expunge the word from their vocabulary. 'Mamma, have I got to?' 'Papa, please, have I got to?' 'Mamma, must I? Oh, need I? Have I got to?'"

"Aha! I think I am beginning to see now."

"Yes, I fancy you are."

"And 'got to' pronounced by little lips was 'gotter,' and 'gotter' very soon became 'Gotter' with a capital G, and he became the ruling spirit of the household."

"Yes, you have unravelled the whole mystery."

You can imagine how I laughed, and how my friend laughed with me, when I told her how puzzled I had been, and what wild flights my imagination had taken in accounting for this wonderful Gotter, and settling who he might be, and what his characteristics were.

But could a household, or could any of us, I ask you all, have a better ruler than "Gotter"—only another name for that sense of duty, that quick response to its call, that ready, cheerful obedience to just authority, based upon a careful study of the laws of God.

A LITTLE WORLD.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

WHAT care we for the wide old world,
With its kings and queens, and wars and woes?
For we have a world of our own, dear love;
A very small world—but still, it grows.

A little sweet world that floats through space,
Unseen by astronomers, known to none
But ourselves; and never a whit we care
How far away it is from the sun.

For isn't it warm as a fair June day?
And isn't it clear as a sunlit sea?
And Old Probabilities can't send rain
To darken that world for you and me.

And what do we care for Bismarck and Blaine?
We've a king (age eight) and a queen (age six)
Who hold more power than any such men,
And are up to all their diplomatist tricks.

And what do we care for all their ships,
With which they hope each other to drub,
When our young king has a naval display
That's grander than theirs in the big tin tub!

And why to their stupid courts should we
A blessed bit of attention pay,
When we can see our queen of the dolls
Hold grand receptions every day?

And what do we care for their treaties of peace,
Their federations and compacts brave,
When we have a union of four true hearts
That nothing can sever except the grave?

And how do we know they'll sever then?
Mayhap God's grace will break death's bars,
And let our little world still float
Through endless peace beyond the stars.

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THE LAST LOOK.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFF

MID pleasures and palaces
she has been roaming,
All Wonderland opening be-
fore her bright eyes;
Each marvellous day, from the
dawn to the gloaming,
A glad revelation, a joyous
surprise.
The Motherland gave her its
best and its fairest,
With welcoming smiles was
her hominy face met;
Whatever was oldest and great-
est and rarest
Has passed into pictures she
ne'er can forget.

And now, of a sudden, the gay
scene is shifted;
She hears 'neath the keel the
soft-whispering foam;
With shouts from the sailors
the anchor is lifted,
And the band in the cabin is
playing "Sweet Home."
The gangway draws in; from
the last cable parted,
The good ship, impatient,
fares forth on her way;
The throb of the engine in ear-
nest has started;
The land fades afar with the
fading of day.

She still gazes back; but her
mind slowly turning
From all she is leaving to
scenes yet more dear,
She finds far beneath her regret
a deep yearning
That brings with one heart-
beat a smile and a tear.
And yet "Oh!" she murmurs,
"I love it; I want it!
We haven't so much as one
really old tomb.
Why can't I just move it all over,
and plant it
In my own darling country?
There's plenty of room!"



THE LAST LOOK.—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

THE GOLDEN PALACE.

An Eastern Legend.

BY DAVID KER.

"**M**ONEY given to the poor is never lost," said my soldier attendant, Malek Beg, who, as he stood before me in his dark blue uniform, with a crimson turban overlapping his dark firm face and short gray hair, was a splendid specimen of the Mohammedan warrior of northern India. "Has the Sahib" (master) "ever heard the tale of the Golden Palace, and how it was built for Sultan Ahmed by a wise man of old?"

"Sultan Ahmed was a great king who ruled this land long ago; and he had many warriors, and countless treasures, and mettlesome horses, and richly caparisoned elephants, and goodly sons and daughters, and stately palaces in every part of his realm, and whatever else the heart of man could desire; yet all this was not enough for him. For it befell that as he journeyed through the land that lies along the foot of those mighty mountains of the north which we call 'The Abode of Snow' (Immaleh, or Himalaya), 'he beheld their grandeur, and said, in the pride of his heart, 'This is a fit place for me to build such a palace as shall cause the glory of my name to endure forever!'

"So the Sultan sent thither Yakooth" (Jacob), "the Wise, the most skilful of all his builders, and gave him vast sums of money for the work, and rich rewards for himself likewise; and he bade him build upon that spot a palace such as no king on earth had ever had. And when three years were past and gone, Sultan Ahmed went forth to see how the work had prospered.

"But when he came to the spot, behold! there was not one stone laid upon another, and the place where the palace ought to have stood lay bare and empty as before. For it chanced that when Yakooth first came thither to build there was a sore famine in that land, and in the fields and along the very high-ways lay men, women, and children dying for want of food. Then was Yakooth's heart filled with pity, and he remembered the words of the Prophet, 'Allah will have mercy upon the merciful'; and he gave to them all his own money, and all that the Sultan had left with him for the building of the palace; and thus he saved alive many who were ready to perish.

"But when Sultan Ahmed saw this his anger was like the hot wind of the desert; for he thought that this tale of the famine was only a lie, and that Yakooth had stolen the money himself. So he cast him into prison, and bade the heralds make proclamation abroad, 'To-morrow this man shall die, because he hath robbed the king, and hath dared to mock him with lies!'

"But that night Sultan Ahmed dreamed a dream. There came to him one taller than a giant, whose face was hidden by the folds of a long black mantle that covered him from head to foot; and he said to the Sultan, 'Follow me!'

"And straightway they soared up far above the earth, higher and ever higher, till they came to the gates of heaven, and passed through them. And lo! within stood a palace of pure gold, brighter than the sun, and so vast that all the cities of Hindostan might have found space within its walls.

"Then asked the Sultan, 'What palace is this?'

"And his guide answered: 'This is the Palace of Merciful Deeds, built for thee by Yakooth the Wise; and its glory shall endure when all the kings of the earth have passed away. But in the same hour that Yakooth dies by thy sword thou shalt die by mine, for thou hast condemned a better man than thyself.'

"And with that the spectre let fall his mantle, and behold! his face was the face of Azrael, the Angel of Death.

"Then the Sultan awoke in terror, and rose hastily, and went straight to the prison, and brought forth Yakooth with all honor, saying to him, 'Thou hast been wiser than I, for in truth a deed of mercy is greater than the glory of a king!'

SEVENTOES' GHOST.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"**Y**OU needn't waste any more time talkin' about it, Benjamin; you can jest take that puppy-dog and carry him off. I don't care what you do with him; you can carry him back where you got him, or give him away, or swap him off; but jest as sure as you leave him here half an hour longer, I'll call Jimmy up from the hay field and have him shoot him. I won't have a dog round the place, now. Couldn't keep Seventoes a minute; he's dreadful scart of dogs."

"Grandsir—"

"Take that puppy-dog and go-along, I tell ye. I won't have any more talk about it."

Benjamin Wellman, small and slight, sandy-haired and blue-eyed, stood before his grandfather, who sat in his big arm-chair in the east door. Benjamin held in his right hand an old rope, which was attached to a leather strap around a puppy's neck. The puppy pulled at the rope, keeping it taut all the time. He also yelped shrilly. He did not like to be tied. The puppy was not a pretty one, being yellow and very clumsy; but Benjamin thought him a beauty. He had urged to his grandfather that there would not be a dog to equal him in the neighborhood when he was grown up, but the old man had not been moved.

There were tears in Benjamin's pretty blue eyes, but his square chin looked squarer. He tried to speak again. "Grandsir—" he began.

"Not another word," said his grandfather.

Benjamin looked past his grandfather into the kitchen. His mother sat in there steaming currants. He went around to the other door and entered, dragging the puppy after him.

"Mother," he said, in a low voice, "can't I keep him?"

His grandfather in the east door looked around suspiciously, but he could hear nothing; he was somewhat deaf.

"No; not if your grandfather don't want you to," said his mother; "you know I can't let you, Benjamin."

The puppy was whining piteously, and Benjamin seemed to echo it when he spoke. "I don't see why he don't want me to. It ain't as if Cesar was a common puppy. You ask him, mother."

"No," returned his mother; "it won't do any good. You know how much he thinks of Seventoes, and the dog might kill him when he was grown."

"Wouldn't care if he did," muttered Benjamin; "nothing but a cross old stealing cat; don't begin to be worth what this puppy is."

"Now, Benjamin, you mustn't talk any more about it," said his mother, severely. "Grandsir does too much for you and me for you to make any fuss about a thing like this. Take that puppy and run right along with it, as he tells you to."

Grandsir's suspicions suddenly took shape then. "Benjamin, you run right along," he called out; "don't stand there teasing your mother about it."

So Benjamin gathered the puppy up into his arms with a jerk—it was impossible to lead him any distance—and plunged out of the house. He gave two or three little choking sobs as he hurried along. It was a hot day, and he was tired and disappointed and discouraged. He had walked three miles over to the village and back to get that puppy, and now he had to walk a mile more to give it away. He had no doubt whatever as to the disposal of it; he knew Sammy Tucker would give it a hearty welcome, for there was an understanding to that effect. Benjamin had been a little doubtful as to the reception the puppy might have from his grandfather; but when Mr. Dyer, who kept the village grocery store, had offered it to him three weeks before, he had not had the courage to refuse. Sammy Tucker, too, had been in the store, buying three bars of soap for his mother, and he had looked on admiringly and enviously. When Benjamin had mentioned hesitatingly his doubts about his grandfather, Sammy had pricked up his ears.

"Say, Ben, you give him to me if your grandfather won't let you keep him," he had whispered, with a nudge. "Father said I might have a dog soon as there was a good chance, and Mr. Dyer won't want it back. He's give away all but this, and he wants to get rid of 'em. They're common kind of dogs, anyhow. I heard him say so."

Benjamin had looked at him stiffly. "Oh, I guess grand'sir 'll let me keep this puppy, he's such a smart one," he had answered, with dignity.

"Well, you ask him, and if he won't, I'll take him," said Sammy.

But Benjamin had not asked his grandfather. He had not had courage to run the risk. He had waited the three weeks which the store-keeper had said must elapse before the little dog could leave its mother, and then had gone over to the village and brought it home, without a word to any one, trusting to the puppy's own attractions to plead for it. It had seemed to Benjamin that nobody could resist that puppy. But Grandfather Wellman had all his life preferred cats to dogs, and now he was childishly fond of Seventoes. Benjamin's mother often said that she didn't know what grand'sir would do if anything happened to Seventoes.

Benjamin, going out of the yard with the puppy under his arm, could see Seventoes sitting on the shed roof. That and the ledge of the old well behind the barn were his favorite perches. Grandfather Wellman thought he chose them because he was so afraid of dogs. Benjamin looked at him, and wished Caesar was big enough to shake him. He had named the puppy Caesar on his way home from the village. There was a great mastiff over there by the same name. Benjamin had always admired this big Caesar, and now thought he would name his dog after him. It was the same principle reduced on which Benjamin himself had been named after Benjamin Franklin.

Benjamin trudged down the road, kicking up the dust with his toes. That was something he had been told not to do, so now in this state of mind he liked to do it. The sun beat down fiercely upon his small red cropped head in the burned straw hat, and his slender shoulders in the calico blouse. The puppy was large and fat for his age, and made his arms ache. The stone walls on both sides of the road were hidden with wild-rose and meadowsweet bushes; the fields were dotted with hay-makers; now and then a loaded hay-cart loomed up in the road. Many boys no older than Benjamin had to work hard in the hay fields, but Grandfather Wellman was too careful of him; he would not let him work much in vacation; he had never been considered very strong. But Benjamin did not think of that. One grievance will outweigh a hundred benefits. He hugged the struggling puppy tight in his arms and trudged on painfully, brooding over his wrongs.

He muttered to himself as he went, "Wanted a dog ever since I was born. All the other boys have got 'em. 'Ain't never had nothing but an old cat. Sha'n't never have a chance to get such a dog as this again. Wish something would happen to that old cat; shouldn't care a mite." He stubbed more fiercely into the dust, and it flew higher; a squirrel ran across the road, and he looked at it with an indifferent scowl.

When he reached Sammy Tucker's house he saw Sammy out in the great north yard raking hay with his father. Sammy looked up and saw Benjamin coming.

"Hullo!" he sang out, eagerly. Then he dropped his rake and raced into the road. His black eyes winked fast with excitement. "Say, won't he let you keep him, Ben?" he cried.

"No; he won't let me keep nothing."

"Going to let me have him, then?"

"S'pose so."

Sammy reached forth his eager hands, and took the kicking puppy from Benjamin's reluctant arms. "Nice fellow—nice little fellow," said he, tenderly.

"I've named him Caesar," said Benjamin.

"That's a good name," assented Sammy. "Hi, Caesar! Hi, sir!"

Sammy's father came smilingly forward to the fence;

he was fond of dogs. He also took the puppy, and led it to it. Benjamin thought to himself that he wished his grandfather was more like Sammy's father. He looked on gloomily.

"Hate to give it up, don't you, Ben?" said Mr. Tucker, kindly.

"Sha'n't never have such a chance again."

"Oh yes, you will; your grandfather 'll let you have a dog some time."

"No; he won't never let me have nothing."

"Oh, don't you give up yet, Ben."

Benjamin shook his head like a discouraged old man, and turned to go home.

"Sammy 'll feed him, and take real good care of him, and you can come over here and see him," Mr. Tucker called after him, as he went down the road.

Benjamin thought to himself that he should not want to, as he marched wearily homeward. His arms were lightened of the puppy, but his heart seemed heavy within him. Two boys whom he knew sang out to him from a load of hay, but he gave only a grim nod in response. "They're got a dog," he muttered; and indeed the pretty shepherd dog was following after the load.

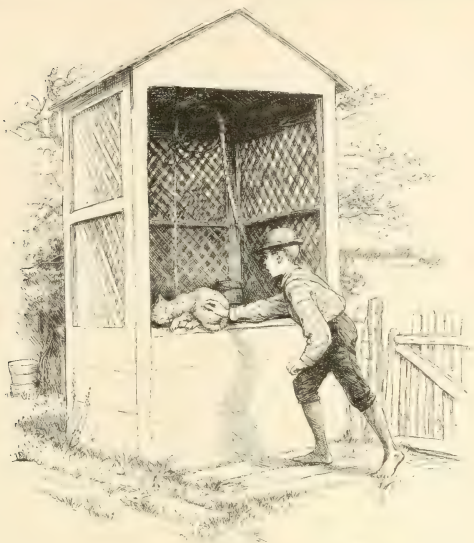
Benjamin, when he came in sight of home, thought he would take a short-cut through the orchard. He meditated stealing up the back stairs to his chamber, staying up there, and saying that he did not want any supper; he was not hungry. They had not cut the grass in the orchard, and he plunged through clover, feathery grass, and daisies to his waist. He felt pleased to think how he was making a furrow through his grandfather's hay. He emerged from the orchard, and went on toward the barn; directly back of it was the old well. When he reached that he stopped short. There was Seventoes—beautiful great yellow cat—stretched in the sun, all her wonderful seven-toed paws spread out. The ledge of the old well was a strange place for a cat, but Seventoes was fond of it, and staid there much of the time when he was not on the shed roof.

Benjamin walked close to the well and looked at Seventoes. His small face was burning red with the heat; his blue eyes gleamed angrily. "You lazy old cat," said he. He stood a second longer; then he thrust out his right hand and gave Seventoes a push. There was a piteous yawl and a great clawing, and Seventoes was out of sight. Benjamin ran. He gasped; a white streak was settling around his mouth. He was well versed in Bible stories, and he thought of Cain. What had he done? What would happen to him? Could he ever get away from his guilt, run fast as he would? Benjamin ran as he had never run before, his heart pounding, although he did not know clearly what he was running for. He tore around the barn, through the pasture bars, toward the house. When he came in sight of the shed a great qualm of guilt and remorse forced him to glance up at the place where poor Seventoes had so loved to sit, and where he would sit no more. Benjamin glanced, then he stood stock still, fairly aghast with awe and terror. *There sat Seventoes!*

All the red faded out of Benjamin's cheeks. He had never been encouraged in superstitious beliefs, but he was an imaginative child, and just now bewildered and unstrung. He stared at the shed roof. Yes! he saw Seventoes there, and Seventoes was at the bottom of the old well. Had he not seen him fall, clawing down?

Benjamin rushed staggering into the kitchen. "Oh, grand'sir! oh, mother!" he wailed—"oh, I've pushed Seventoes into the old well and drowned him, and his ghost's sitting on the shed roof! Oh, mother!"

Grandfather Wellman was confined to his chair with rheumatism, but he arose. "Pushed Seventoes into the well," he repeated, while Benjamin's mother turned as pale as her son.



"HE THRUST OUT HIS RIGHT HAND AND GAVE SEVENTOES A PUSH"

"I have—I have," sobbed Benjamin. "I didn't know I was going to, but I have. And he's in the well, and he's sitting on the shed roof too. Oh!"

"What do you mean?" his mother gasped. "Stop acting so, and tell me what you've done."

"I pushed Seventoes into the old well. I didn't know I was going to, but I did; and he's dead in there and he's on the shed roof. Oh, mother!"

"You 'ain't pushed that cat into the well?" groaned Grandfather Wellman. "If you have—" He was trying to limp across the kitchen with his cane. He too was pale, and trembling from head to foot. "Hannah," he said to Benjamin's mother, "you come right along quick, and see if we can't get him out. I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that cat."

Benjamin's mother started. Benjamin, sobbing and trembling, was clinging to her. Just then *Seventoes walked in through the east door*, his splendid ringed tail waving a little uneasily, but not a hair of him was hurt. A frightened cat can run faster than a guilty little boy, and *Seventoes* had found his unusual number of claws of good service in climbing a well and retarding his progress toward the bottom.

They all looked.

"Is it—*Seventoes*?" gasped Benjamin, with wild eyes.

"Of course it's *Seventoes*," growled his grandfather. "I'd like to know what you've been cutting up so for. Pussy, pussy, pussy."

Benjamin's mother took him over to the sink, and put some water on his head and made him drink some. "There's no such thing as a ghost, and you're acting very

silly," said she; "but I don't wonder you are scared, when you've done such a dreadful thing. It scares me to think of it. It was 'most as bad as killing somebody. I never thought a boy of mine would do such a thing. Grandsir good as he is to you, too."

"I won't ever do so—again," sobbed Benjamin, all trembling. "I'm sorry; I *am* sorry."

Benjamin was not whipped, the scourging of his own conscience had been severe enough, but he sat pale and sober in the kitchen, while grandsir, with *Seventoes* on his knees, and his mother talked to him.

"If you ever do anything like this again, Benjamin," said his grandfather, "I shall be ha'sh with you, ha'sher than I've ever been, and you must remember it."

"I guess he must," said his mother. "It was a dreadful wicked thing, and he should be punished now if I didn't think he'd suffered enough from his own guilty conscience for this time, and would never as long as he lived do such a terrible thing again."

"I won't—I won't!" choked Benjamin.

At supper-time, when the new milk was brought in from the barn, Benjamin filled a saucer with it and carried it to the door for *Seventoes*. He filled it so full that he spilled it all the way over the clean kitchen floor, but his mother said nothing. *Seventoes* lapped his milk happily; Benjamin, with his little contrite, tear-stained face, stood watching

him, and grandsir sat in his arm-chair. Over in the fields the hay-makers were pitching the last loads into the carts: the east sky was red with the reflected color of the west. Everything was sweet and cool and peaceful, and the sun was not going down on Benjamin's childish wrath. His grandfather put out his hand and patted his little red cropped head, "You're always going to be a good boy after this, ain't you, sonny?"

"Yes, sir," said Benjamin, and he got down on his knees and hugged *Seventoes*.

TEN MINUTES WITH A TREE-TOAD.

WHILE walking on a country road one cool morning in June, I noticed a small object on the edge of a board fence which excited my curiosity. The object was about two inches long, and looked like a piece of putty which had been pinched on to the board, or perhaps more like the light gray fungous growth seen on decayed trees.

I approached cautiously, having a strong feeling that it might be a thing of life, although there was nothing about it to indicate that it was such. When near enough to touch it, I felt confident that it was a tree-toad, even though I had never before seen one. Its little head and rump were drawn down and partially under, and its legs and feet were drawn up and folded so closely to the body as to make an almost symmetrical figure, the lines where the limbs touched the body being almost imperceptible. With a feeling of joy I closed my hand over it, and removed it from the fence.

To the sensitive palm of the hand its touch was cool, but not moist or "clammy," as in the case of its cousins, the common toad and the frog. Its skin felt smooth and silky.

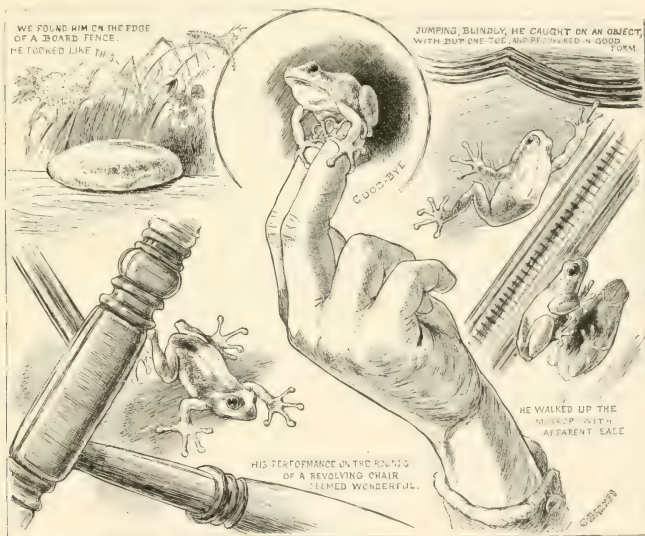
For fear of smothering the little fellow I made a pouch of my handkerchief, putting a stone in the bottom of it to make it roomy, and in that way brought him home for a closer acquaintance.

When placed on the centre of the library table, he sat for a moment as if to collect his thoughts, and then sprang, blindly, as it seemed, over the table's edge, and caught with one toe on an object which he was passing, and which he could not have seen from where he started. Although going with great swiftness, the strength of that single slender toe, rounded on the end with its curious little sucker, was sufficient to enable him to stop and draw himself up in good form. He then hopped on

the tips of my fingers, his little toes clasped firmly around them, surveyed for a moment the group surrounding him, and the next instant alighted on the bark of the tree.

We waited for some time, curious to see his next movement, but he made none. I watched closely for any change of color in his coat, for I had read that tree toads, like chameleons, change their color and so render themselves almost undistinguishable from their surroundings, but there was none, and he was perfectly plain to the sight of any of those who saw him gain the position; but another person joining the group could not discern him for some time, although his location was pointed out.

After a while, our attention for a moment being drawn elsewhere, he had disappeared completely, and the sharpest pair of eyes could not trace him, nor had he left the tree. This would tend to prove that whether or not he



to the round of a chair, and to give him a good opportunity to display his wonderful agility, I tipped the chair on one leg and revolved it slowly, he hopping from round to round, up, down, and across, seemingly enjoying it as much as his audience did.

At first when touched he appeared startled, and would jump. In one of these jumps he landed on the surface of the pier-glass, on which he moved up or down with a sort of half shuffle and half hop. Soon he evinced no fear on being touched, and on being stroked gently on the back would turn his head with a knowing wink in that direction.

Having given us such an interesting entertainment, I considered that he deserved his freedom again. Taking him in my hand I held him up about three feet from an old apple-tree at the side of the house. He seemed in no hurry to take his departure, but crawled leisurely up on

could adapt his color to match his surroundings, he certainly possessed the faculty of getting on to places most like his coat in appearance.

The more marked points of difference noted between the tree and the common toad are: the color, which in the tree-toad might be described as that of wood ashes on the back and sides, the under parts being white tinged with bright yellow on the edges; the structure, which is slimmer and more graceful than that of the common variety, the limbs being round, slender, and at the same time muscular, the toes ending in little round flat suckers; and the habit of turning their toes outward, in order the more firmly to grasp the tree trunk—this characteristic being more marked with the toes of the forefeet, and almost the reverse of the position of those of the common toad or frog; the skin smooth, thin, and free from lumps or warty corrugations.

THE RED MUSTANG.*

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

AUTHOR OF "TWO ARROWS," "THE TALKING LEAVES," "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER Cal rode away from the cavalry camp on the black, Captain Moore made a number of remarks about him.

"Plucky boy," he said. "Tough as whip-cord, but he'll be pretty well used up before he gets to the ranch."

The other officers and the men agreed with their commander in all he had to say about Cal Evans or about his horse.

The red mustang was in the corral. He had been tethered by a long lariat to the same pin with a mean-looking, wiry little pack-mule, and had given early tokens that he did not like his long-eared company.

Dick had travelled fast and far since sunrise of that day. Cal had given him a friendly rubbing down after supper, and he felt pretty well. One admiring cavalryman had given him a full army ration of corn, and another had brought him some nice pieces of hardtack, while several more had said things about his shape and color and the miles he had travelled, all in a way to rouse the jealousy of a sensitive mule. After the men went away, Dick considered himself entitled to lie down, and did so, but the mule did not. There was moonlight enough to kick by, and it was not long before the red mustang was suddenly stirred up. He was not hurt, for that first kick had been seemingly experimental, as if the mule were getting the exact range of Dick's ribs. A low squeal expressed his satisfaction at his success, but it was followed by a disappointment, for his own lariat was several feet shorter than the brand-new one given to the red mustang, and the latter had stepped almost out of danger. It was almost but not quite, and Dick was compelled to keep in motion to get out of harm's way. It was too bad not to have quiet after so hard a day's work, but that mule was a bitter-hearted fellow. Dick moved along, backing away and watching, and the mule slowly, sullenly, followed him. Santa Lucia was a better place than this, Indians or no Indians. Dick had seen Cal depart, and he had felt deserted and lonely then, but his homesickness increased rapidly under the treatment he was receiving from this wickedly perverse beast.

Back, back, back, until both lariats were tightly wound once more around the pin. The mule grew wickeder, and made a dash that did not cease until three more twists had shortened the lariats. Meantime there had been all sorts of jerks and counter-jerks upon the wooden pin, and it was getting loosened in the soft ground. Winding up the lariats, the game went on, until both tethers were short indeed, and that of the mule was less than three yards long. The strain of it disgusted him, and he gave a plunge and pull against it just as Dick was drawing hard in the opposite direction. Up came the pin, but once more the mule was disappointed. The next dash he made brought him and Dick to a stand, for they were on opposite sides of the trunk of an oak that caught the lariats in the middle. They could bring their heads and shoulders together, but the tree protected Dick from his enemy's heels. The tree and the knotted lariats held hard, and the red mustang could not prevent that ugly head from coming close to his own.

Would he bite? No; he was a bad mule, but the mischief in him, except such as naturally settled in his heels, was of another kind. He preferred to gnaw a hide lariat around a horse's neck rather than the neck itself.

The mule had good teeth, and he knew something about lariats. It was remarkable how short a time elapsed before, as Dick gave a sudden start, he found himself free.

Liberty was a good thing, but that camp was not an attractive place for a horse which had seen his master ride away from it. Besides, it contained the tormenting mule, and all of the red mustang's thoughts and inclinations turned toward Santa Lucia.

Notable things had occurred there since Dick and Cal came away, and after Mrs. Evans made her courageous appeal to her five servants. Four of these were evidently Mexicans, and the fifth declared her own nationality in the prompt reply that she made to her mistress:

"Wud I foight, ma'am? Dade n' I'll not be skelped widout foighting. I want wan of thim double goons, and the big wash-toob full of b'ilin' wather, and the long butcher knife, and the bro'd axe. I'll make wan of thim 'Paches pale like a potaty. There's plinty of good blood in Norah McLeory."

Evidently there was, but Mrs. Evans did not feel so sure of the others. Anita, Manuella, Maria, and a very old woman spoken to as Carlotta, seemed at first disposed to call upon an immense list of saints rather than listen to a plan which their mistress tried to explain, and Nora succeeded in shutting them up.

It was a remarkable military plan, and when it was all told, "Oh, mother!" exclaimed Vic; and in a moment more she added, "Splendid!"

"Dade, an' I'm ready, ma'am," said Norah, as she made a dash for the boiler, and heaped the stove with fuel. "Faith, I'd rather bile thim than ate thim!"

A bustling time of it followed, and courage grew with work. Weapons were plentiful, and the stockade had been regularly pierced for rifle practice. All that was needed there or in the adobe was a supply of riflemen. There was a tall flag-staff at one corner of the adobe, but its halyards had swung empty for many a day.

"Mother," said Vic, at the end of about twenty minutes, "what will they say?"

"The Indians?" said Mrs. Evans. "They may not come at all. Take your father's field-glass and go up to the roof. We must keep a sharp lookout. I'll attend to things down here."

Up went Vic, her bright young face all aglow with excitement, and she carried Cal's repeating rifle with her, as well as the double field-glass with which to sweep the prairie for Indians.

"Not one in sight," she shouted down to her mother. "Guess Cal's safe, anyhow. I don't believe they're coming."

She should have questioned Kah-go-mish about that. While she was nervously patrolling the roof of the old hacienda and watching for him, the prudent leader of the now well-mounted Mescaleros was pushing steadily forward.

"Ugh!" he said. "No kill. Borrow! Make pale-face lend poor Mescalero gun, horse, mule, blanket, knife, cartridges, kettle. Keep 'calp on head. No want 'calp now."

He hoped to find the ranch almost if not quite undefended, and to take it by surprise, getting what he wanted without doing anything to provoke the unforgiving vengeance of the military authorities.

Half an hour more went by that was very long to the watchers in the adobe.

"Four Indians, mother," shouted Vic at last, from her station on the roof. "Away off there, eastward. I can't see anything of father or the men."

"They will come, Vic. Watch!" replied Mrs. Evans.

"If they were near enough," said Vic, "I'd fire at them. They've halted."

They had done so on a roll of the prairie, for they were a mere scouting party, and they quickly hurried away,

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No 516.

as if they had an unexpected report to make concerning the state of things at Santa Lucia. Five minutes later Vic laid down her field-glass and took up Cal's rifle.

"More Indians, mother," she shouted, and the loud report which followed testified strongly to the condition of Vic's fighting courage.

Nobody seemed to be hit by that bullet; but the warning shot compelled one Indian to remark:

"Ugh! Kah-go mish is a great chief! Pale face heap wide-awake."

"They've halted, mother, but I didn't hit anybody. Hurrah! hurrah!"

"What is it, Vic?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Evans. "Do you see anybody else?"

"Not Indians this time. On the other side. Key and Joaquin. Perhaps they won't dare to ride in."

"Nothing could stop your father."

That was very true, and nothing did. Key and Joaquin had had somewhat the start of him, but had been delayed on the way repeatedly by the necessity of keeping out of sight of a dangerous-looking squad of Apaches, so that they were but a little in advance of three more white men who quickly rode up.

"Colorado!" exclaimed one of these. "What's lit on to the ranch?"

It was a fair question for Sam Herrick or any other man to ask. A wide-winged American flag floated proudly from the flag-staff, at the foot of which stood what seemed to be an army officer in very full uniform—cocked hat, epaulets, sword, and all. Another flag fluttered at the gate, and in front of it paced up and down a sentry in uniform, while outside of him, at regular intervals, were ostentatiously stacked a complete company's allowance of muskets, bayonets fixed, ready for service.

"Colorado!" again exclaimed Sam Herrick; but the angry look was fading from the face of his employer.

"Boys," he shouted, "give 'em a volley and ride in. The drove is gone, but the ranch is all right."

Crack went the rifles; but the range was long, and not one of the red men was harmed. A whoop, a yell, and they wheeled away, for they had no idea of storming a stockade defended by an infantry company in addition to Colonel Abe Evans and his cow-boys.

"Hurrah!" roared the deep voice of the Colonel. "There's fun coming!"

Loud rang the answering cheers of the cow-boys, but at that instant the sentry at the gate threw away his musket, exclaiming, "Howdy mother!"

The army officer on the roof made a quick motion as if he were gathering his skirts to go down a ladder, and he disappeared, while four soldiers inside the stockade dropped their muskets also, and their commander ceased a remarkable use she was making of an old drum. The garrison of Fort Santa Lucia had been seized with a sudden panic and had disappeared, leaving the gate open for the Colonel and his men to ride in and take possession.

Mrs. Evans had not been in uniform. She had put down her drum, and she was now in the doorway ready to meet her husband. Norah had dashed past her, exclaiming, "Dade, ma'am, I'd not let the owld man and the byes see me wid the like o' this on me bones."

Reports were quickly exchanged between the Colonel and his wife.

"Nothing lost but the horses and a few cattle," he said. "It was just like you, Laura. You did the best thing all around. Cal is safe; but if the cavalry come, he and I are going to ride with 'em after the red-skins."

"Of course," she quietly responded.

"Laura," said he, "I'm glad all that old army stuff was in the store-room; but I shall not take Major Victoria Evans along. I shall leave her here to garrison Santa Lucia, with General Laura Evans as commander-in-chief."

Sam Herrick and the other cow-boys brought in the stacks of muskets and closed the gate.

"A.J. that old iron is good for something, after all. So's the flag," said Bill.

"Colorado!" remarked Sam. "The red-skins may think they've struck Fort Craig by mistake."

"They'll smell a mouse," said Key, "and they may not give it up so easy."

"If they do try it on," said Sam, "it won't be till about daylight to-morrow morning. Let's have something to eat."

"Yes," said Norah, as they entered the kitchen, "help me off wid de b'iler. It was put there to cook 'Paches, but I'll brile you some bacon instid."

The kitchen table looked warlike enough with its collection of the weapons required by Norah, but she was no longer in uniform, and looked peaceful. She and her Mexican assistants cooked vigorously, but before the coffee was hot the Colonel sent for Joaquin.

"Eat your dinner," he said, in Spanish, "and then take a fresh horse and ride to warn the upper ranches. We're safe enough; even if they try a daylight attack, we can stand 'em off till help can get here. Bring me a dozen good men. I'm going to chase that band of red-skins, cavalry or no cavalry."

"Si, señor," replied Joaquin, and he was quickly away, seeming to hardly give a thought to any possible interruption by scouting Apaches.

Some work was done by scouting cow-boys that afternoon in the vicinity of the ranch. No Indians were seen; but for all that the night which followed was not a sleep night. The men slept fairly well, except the sentry whose turn it might be, but they were all dressed and had their weapons by them. It was nearly so with the female part of the garrison. They did not sleep well at all, but they were all dressed, and they kept more guns and swords and axes within grasping distance than did the men.

The dawn came at last, and it did not bring any alarm; but just as the sun was rising, the gate in the stockade swung wide open, and a man stepped out, gazing earnestly toward the east.

"Colorado! What's that?" he exclaimed. "I won't rouse the ranch, but it beats me all hollow. Hosses. Two of 'em."

There was evidently something curious in the fact that a pair of horses were plodding slowly along toward Santa Lucia, all by themselves, at that hour of the morning.

Sam stood by the gate as if waiting for an explanation, when there came a sound of steps behind him.

"Sam," asked an anxious voice, "do you see anything?"

"I'd say 'twas the red mustang, if there wasn't a pack on him, and a black hoss with him. Didn't know you was up, ma'am."

"Cal's mustang, Sam? I've not been abed or asleep."

"Mother, is it Dick? Is it Cal? Are there any Indians?"

"Vic, I'm afraid it's Cal. I'm going to see. He's wounded."

"Most likely," said Sam, with a sharp change of voice. "They'd better turn out. Stay here, madam."

He raised his repeater as he spoke and fired a random shot, the report of which made every soul in Santa Lucia start bolt-upright, and then he started on a swift walk, followed closely by Cal's mother and sister.

There were the two horses, red and black, and Vic reached them first. They stood stock-still, as if waiting for her, when she came near, and she was sure that the black carried Cal's silver-mounted saddle.

Dick carried Cal!

Was he wounded? Was he dead? How came he on Dick's bare back? A dozen excited questions burst from Mrs. Evans and Vic, but no answer came until Sam Herrick drew a long breath and responded: "Sound asleep!"



"THE GARRISON OF FORT SANTA LUCIA HAD BEEN SEIZED WITH A SUDDEN PANIC."

The boy's tired clean out riding, and Dick's been caring for him. He walked as if he was treading among eggs. 'Fraid Cal'd fall off."

There was nobody to tell just how many miles Cal had ridden unconsciously, or nearly so, with his arms around Dick's neck. Sam was just about to lift him off, when the deep voice of Colonel Evans behind him said: "Don't wake him, Sam; I'll take him. There isn't money enough anywhere to buy that red mustang."

Dick stood as still as a post while his master was gently removed in the strong arms of the old Colonel, but the moment that was done he accompanied a sharp whinny with a weary attempt to throw up his heels. Another pair of arms was around his neck now, however, and Vic tried hard to make him understand her intense appreciation of him.

"Hope he isn't hurt," said Sam. "I guess he isn't, nor Cal either."

No, Cal was not hurt, but he was a boy who had been through a tremendous amount of excitement, as well as of hard riding. Just as he was being carried through the gate he opened his eyes for a moment and saw the flag floating over Santa Lucia.

"Glad the cavalry got here," he murmured. "Captain Moore said they'd start at sunrise." He saw his mother and Vic, and tried to say something, but he was sound asleep again before the smile on his lips could be turned into words.

Cal was put upon a bed and his mother sat down by him. Norah McLory had teetered fatly around them all the way to the house, whispering remarkable exclamation

s, and she was evidently in great fear, even now, of awaking the weary sleeper.

"Wud hot wather do him any good, ma'am?" she huskily suggested.

"Breakfast will, by-and-by," said Mrs. Evans. "Oh, my boy!"

"Glad the cavalry are coming," said the old Colonel, as he turned away from gazing down at Cal. "I'll know all about it when he wakes up."

The whole ranch had for many minutes been in a state of turmoil, and mere quadrupeds had been left to take care of themselves, for even Sam Herrick came pretty near to being excited about Cal. He was out in the veranda now, and Cal's watchers heard him exclaim, "Colorado!"

"Something's up," said the Colonel, and he and Vic hurried out.

There stood Dick, with no bridle or saddle, but with a look about his drooping head which seemed to ask, "Is there anything more wanted of me?"

The black waited a few paces behind Dick, as if he also had an idea that his task was not completed.

"Dick!" shouted Vic. "What can we do for him, father? Would some milk do him any good? Dick, you're the most beautiful horse in the world!"

Milk was not precisely the thing he needed, but Sam led him away, the black following; and if rubbing, feeding, watering, and a careful inspection of every hoof and joint could do a tired racer any good, all that sort of comfort came abundantly to the red mustang.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CHUMS—AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.

TRAPPING THE WOODCHUCK.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

THE common woodchuck, or ground-hog, the only marmot found in the Eastern States, has ways that are both peculiar and heathenish, making it an object of special hatred to all farmers. Distantly related to the Western prairie-dogs, the ground-hogs naturally enough adopt their method of burrowing in the ground to build their homes, fairly honey-combing certain fields with their subterranean retreats. A clover field is usually preferred by these animals as a site for their homes, where they can take every advantage of the farmer's absence to gorge their ample cheek pouches with the rich clover heads. When several burrows are made in the same or adjoining fields, the whole tribe of woodchucks steal out of their homes, and raid the clover field at once, two or three acting as sentinels, while the others crop off the delicious morsels of food. The watchmen sit erect, with their forepaws held close to their breasts, and their heads slightly inclined to catch every sound, and so extreme is their sensibility of ear that they can distinguish the approach of an enemy long before he is sufficiently near to be dangerous. A clear, shrill whistle is the warning which disperses the marauders, and every animal quickly disappears in its deep hole.

Unlike the rabbits, they dig burrows to such a depth in the ground that very few would ever attempt to dig them out. One burrow runs thirty feet or more underground, and quite frequently it is under an old stone wall, a large rock, or a big root-spreading fruit tree, where it is almost impossible to dislodge the creature. At the farther end of the long burrow, which runs down obliquely at first and then horizontally, a spacious chamber is made, where the female brings forth her litter, and the young live until they pair off and shift for themselves. Into this chamber the animals retreat when pursued by enemies. The male woodchuck is often seen sitting at the entrance to his burrow, with its head and shoulders just above the heap of sand, quietly watching for the approach of an enemy. Rarely will a person get close enough to the watchful little creature to shoot it. Occasionally one will be startled up in the woods, or along the banks of a pond or stream of water, and a good shot obtained before the running animal can reach its burrow, but an old experienced woodchuck will very seldom be caught even thus napping.

Years ago a distinguished member of this tribe of animals burrowed its hole in a large clover field on a Long Island farm, where year after year it brought up large families. Vain efforts were made to kill the old patriarch. Many of the young ones were killed before they had become thorough masters of the situation, but the parent of them all refused to be beguiled into any kind of a trap. Steel-traps were set at the mouth of the burrow, the precaution being taken to sprinkle them over with fine sand, but every morning they would be found pushed away to one side. It was very rarely that the old fellow showed himself at the entrance to his home in the daytime; but with the hope that he might occasionally show himself several gunners stationed themselves in the field, and waited half a day for a shot. They banged away a dozen times at the creature, but the woodchuck managed to dodge back before they could get their guns to their shoulders and fire. Finally, disgusted with the whole job, five large barrels of water were carted to the burrow, and the work of drowning the animal out commenced. The fourth barrel brought the nose of the woodchuck to the surface; but on seeing his enemies staring at him from above, he dropped back in some unaccountable manner. The water rapidly soaked away, and the water of the fifth barrel did not bring the game to the surface again.

But the ire of the men had now reached a culminating

point, and the woodchuck must be killed at any cost. A little ingenious contrivance did the work. A small tin box was filled with powder, and a cap arranged inside of it, so that by pulling a string it would explode. The box was fastened in the sand at the mouth of the burrow, and a long string carried across the field. When the head of the woodchuck became visible, several hours after the trap had been set, the string was violently jerked, the cap exploded, and the ground-hog was thrown several feet into the air, amid a cloud of sand and dust. His death was a hard but noble one, and when his torn body was picked up, it was found to be of extraordinary size. The way of killing him was an ignoble one from a sportsman's point of view, but the old creature was doing so much damage that it was necessary that he should be killed either nobly or ignobly.

When cold weather comes on, the woodchucks usually close the inner chambers, and curl themselves up in a ball until warm weather revives them. In this condition they are safe from all intruders, as the water cannot enter their sleeping-room after they have once blocked up the passageway to it.

A DAY IN WAXLAND.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AUTHOR OF "THE HUNSDOFFER," ETC.

VI.

AFTER the King's command that they return to the shores of the great Wax or Moon Sea, they all arose to obey him. At the suggestion of the Prose Bear it was decided that they should return in a different direction, as new sights would no doubt cause the King to forget all about the dream that was now only three ordinary weeks, or fifteen Waxland minutes, off.

So they took their steps to the banks of the Wax River, that flowed in a circuitous course, and ended only a short distance from one end of the great Wax Sea. As the river was only a short distance, it took little time to reach its banks. It was a lovely sight to see the little wax houses, white as snow, standing back a hundred feet or so from the river, surrounded by twinkling green fields, and canopied by cloudless blue skies. The pastoral charm of the scene was heightened by the songs of birds and the mellow murmur of the Wax River. Little wax boys were bathing in the river when they should properly have been in school preparing themselves to become respectable Waxlanders.

The music of the King's feet announced his coming, and long before he was at the river-side the banks were alive with his subjects. The King had a small floating wax palace on the river, that he might take a sail when he felt in the mood for an airing.

It was only a short time before they were on board and in the middle of the stream, sailing listlessly with the tide. As they drifted along, the wax farmers ran down to the banks to cheer, and the wax cattle looked up from their monotonous surrounding, tossed their heads in the air, and looked upon the strange sight with large-eyed wonder.

An occasional flock of sheep and a windmill appealed to the wax artistic sympathies of the King, and Tommy himself said that he had never before seen anything imbued with and breathing such a languid spiritual beauty.

The sail was altogether too delightful and charming for description.

At length, in the distance, Tommy saw a pale, white, indistinct plain, and asked what it was.

"That," said the Prose Bear, "is the great Wax or Moon Sea. The sun is getting low, the shadows of wax twilight are beginning to gather, and it is just gray

enough to make the sea faintly visible. As it grows darker, the Moon Sea becomes brighter, until it glistens like frosted silver."

"Oh, that's the way the Moon Sea glows
When on Waxland its rays it throws,
Like wax rain-strands from the bright wax sky—
Oh, give me a piece of cranberry pie."

warbled the Lyric Bear, who was simply beside himself with joy.

"Are there any fish in the Wax River?" Tommy asked.

"Oh my, yes!" replied the Prose Bear. "It is full of fish and rocks, just like any other river, except that the fish and stones are wax, but a different kind of wax from the river itself that they may not blend. The ocean, you know, is full of sponge, but Wax River is full of sponge cake."

"Let's get some!" exclaimed Tommy, rapturously.

A hook was lowered into the water and a lot of sponge cake was brought up. They all ate heartily of it except Tommy. He had never tasted wax sponge-cake before, and concluded from his first experience that it must be an acquired taste.

"Oh, we're going to run aground," said Tommy.

"Excuse me," replied the Prose Bear, with a smile; "you should say run awax."

Tommy smiled in spite of his fear. And what was his surprise to see the floating wax palace run right up the bank, and continue up one side of a hill and down the other. What surprised him most was the fact that the floating wax palace did not increase its speed going downhill. It descended the steepest declivity at precisely the same rate that it would have ascended it. And another peculiar thing was that no one in the floating wax palace ever lost his balance for a moment. The pictures on the walls did not swing, the furniture did not move, and if it were not for the windows every passenger would have believed he was sailing on the level.

"It seems very funny," Tommy said at length, "that this ship should run uphill. How does it do it?"

"With wheels," replied the Prose Bear, solemnly. "It has a number of wheels underneath that propel it on the Wax River; and although it is considered highly improper to question any of the subtle mysteries of Waxland, yet I feel justified in telling you that it is a popular belief here that the river winds the machinery up, and revolves the wheels at such a rate that they keep going for several days after the floating wax palace is out of it. The best wax authorities hold this theory, which, in spite of elaboration and argument, is still only a theory and nothing more. Do I make myself quite clear to you?"

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly," said Tommy.

"That being the case," continued the Prose Bear, referring to the floating wax palace, "it keeps running right along at the same rate of speed, and I don't suppose it is possible for it to stop until it runs down; and then I don't think you can get out of it until it stops, and of course it stops abruptly."

This all seemed so strange to Tommy that he almost fancied that the old Prose Bear was simply joking. But this impression he could not continue to entertain, because the honesty imprinted on every feature of the Bear's face made it impossible to believe for a moment that he could be guilty of such a thing.

The shadows continued to gather, and in the distance the light of the great Wax Sea could be seen reflected against the sky.

"I hope we shall be in time to see the wax dolphin," said Tommy.

"I don't think you will be disappointed," replied the Prose Bear. He was going to say something more, but

the floating wax palace suddenly came to the shore of the Moon Sea, and went rolling down toward that part of the wax amphitheatre where the King and Queen had their royal seats.

But when the floating wax palace reached this spot it would not stop. It was plain to all that they would have to remain contented in their present situation until it came to a stand-still.

The King, seeing their predicament, ordered the floating wax palace to be sent whirling around the roadway that bordered the great Wax Sea—the road around which they had seen the wax storks madly race for the jewelled crown of Storkdom.

The floating wax palace kept whirling around and around, and it was truly a beautiful sight. The great Wax Sea looked like a sheet of silver fire, which it really was. But the heat of it could not be felt except when touched; and certain birds, like the stork, on being crowned, could not feel the heat of it. But if that stork once returned after rising from its surface, he would be burned in an instant. For this reason the floating wax palace was not headed into the great Wax Sea. As it was growing quite dark, they all began to listen for the lullaby of the wax dolphin. Presently they heard the following

"INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

"Come, oh, sleep, so sweet and rosy,
Close our eyelids softly now,
As the night wind shuts the posy,
When the bird is on the bough.

"Lead us to your mystic bower,
Where the soothing poppy grows,
Where bright visions lightly float,
Shedding fragrance like a rose.

"Wave your wand, and lead us thither,
Where white-aly leaves wreath
Pleasant hills whose charms never wither,
Where Eolian zephyrs breathe.

"Wave o'er us your downy tresses,
Breathe on us your breath so sweet,
And with all your coy caresses
Lead our tired and weary feet.

"Wave your head-tinted pinion
That we all may glide away
To that roscate dominion
Where it's brighter far than day."

As the last syllables died away like a bird song, the wax dolphin could be seen gliding languidly about on the bottom of the great Wax Sea, waving a wreath of poppies. Tommy noticed the King begin to yawn, while the Queen had to rub her eyes to keep awake. The motion of the floating wax palace seemed to keep them all from falling asleep. Tommy and the two bears, not being made of wax, were, of course, not susceptible to the witcheries of the luxurious wax dolphin. And they enjoyed it all very much.

"What was that sound?" asked Tommy.

"It was some clumsy lopsided bird," said the Prose Bear, "that fell asleep and lost its balance. It may have fallen fifty feet, but it will never wake up until to-morrow morning, which is six months distant just now."

The King grew sleepier and sleepier, and so did the Queen, and the floating wax palace began to lose its speed, or, as the Prose Bear put it, "the speed was fading gradually out of the wheels."

So they headed it for the wax palace of Waxem the Oneth, and strange as it may appear, the wheels fell asleep right in front of the palace door.

The Queen was borne up the steps by the two bears, for every one else in Waxland was asleep, and left in her palanquin in a sumptuous bower that invited rest. When they came back to take the King up to his couch, he jumped away from them and ran.



They saw the king running as fast as he could

He was sound asleep, but still he ran and ran, and it was impossible to overtake him.

They could hear the music very distinctly, but that was no clew to his whereabouts, because it sounded no louder one foot off than it did at a distance of twenty miles.

"It was his dream that frightened him into a run," said the Prose Bear, "and it is my opinion that he is now running for dear life, with the elephant at his heels."

Whenever the music of his feet stopped they knew he was resting. Sometimes it would stop for a minute, and then by its time they could tell that he was redoubling his efforts to put more space between himself and the hated elephant.

"From Waxland I must take my flight,
I must depart when falls the night,"

sang the Lyric Bear.

The Prose Bear wept. "Now I have got to go back to that wax-doll eye department, and wait for you to return—a long wait of six weary months."

"Tis even so, 'tis even so,
But why it is I hardly know,"

replied the Lyric Bear.

Then the Lyric Bear took Tommy by one hand, and the Prose Bear took him by the other, and they danced very gracefully along to the rippling melody of the King's feet.

When after a while they came near the field of pansies they saw the King running just as fast as he could put his feet on the ground. It was useless to try to catch him, because he would have the dream anywhere, and it would be impossible to wake him up. The Prose Bear's idea was to melt him, and remould him in the morning; but the Lyric Bear thought such an operation might prove injurious, so it was abandoned.

"He runs beautifully," said the Prose Bear, with admiration.

"Yes," replied Tommy; "but the race is really spoiled by not being able to see the elephant."

"There isn't any elephant," said the Prose Bear.

"Then why does the King run?"

"To get away from the elephant," replied the Prose Bear, with some asperity.

"But you just said there was no elephant," responded Tommy, timidly.

"And I say so still," said the Prose Bear. "When I say there is no elephant, I mean there is none in reality. And when I say there is an elephant, I of course allude to the elephant that the King imagines is after him, or rather the elephant that exists only in his dream."

"Thank you very much," murmured Tommy, "for your kind and lucid explanation. It is all as clear as day to me now. I trust you do not think I was trying to chaff you. To treat you with anything but the greatest politeness, Mr. Prose Bear, after the extreme kindness you have shown me would be unpardonable on my part."

"Not at all, not at all, Tommy," said the Prose Bear; "and I pray you will kindly excuse me for my seeming impoliteness. I was a little put out over the dilemma of the poor King."

At the pansy meadow Tommy and the Lyric Bear shook hands with the Prose Bear, and left him watching that beautiful wax-doll eye department.

Then the Lyric Bear took Tommy on his back, and waded across the river on the frontier of Waxland, just as he had done on the occasion of their entrance into that wonderful domain of his Wax Majesty Waxem the Oneth.

Once on the other side of the river, it was only a few steps to the winding candy staircase. Up this they ran, and were soon outside the huge sycamore entrance.

"Good-by, good-by, Mr. Lyric Bear," said Tommy, when the Lyric Bear had led him to the hill overlooking the house from which he had shortly before wandered as a Suppawnee Indian, only to be lost. "Good-by, good-by," he repeated, shaking the good Lyric Bear warmly by the hand.

And the Lyric Bear, visibly affected, replied:

"Good-by now, and be such a good little boy
That your actions will e'er fill your mother with joy."

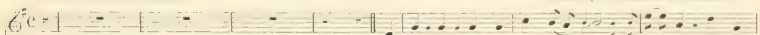
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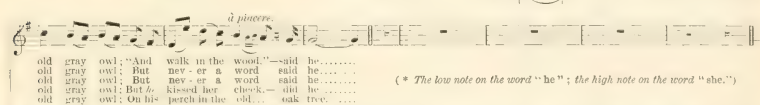
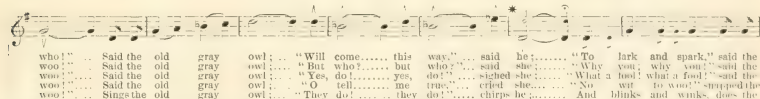
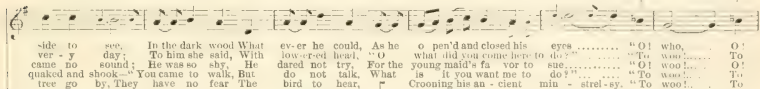
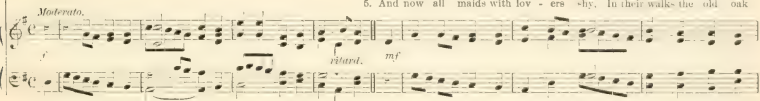
Words by MARIAN FAIRLAMB.

AN OWL ROMANCE.

Music by J. REMINGTON FAIRLAND



1. An old gray owl sat up in a tree, Turtling from side to
2. In-to the wood there chanced to -tray A lover and maid that
3. With leagued-sur prise she turned a - round, But from his lips there
4. At last as her hand in his he took, She said in a voice that
5. And now all maids with lov - ers sh-y, In their walks the old oak





BIRCH HILL, MONTANA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—You gave the boys such a nice invitation to write, and I am going to try my chances. My brother Percy tried it two years ago through your Post-office Box, but missed it. Through the kindness of Mr. J. W. Tupper, United States Marshal at White Sulphur Springs, I received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and all enjoy it from grandpa to my five-year-old sister Pansy. I am nearly twelve years old, and two brothers older and two younger than myself, and we all like pillow fights, as Jo's boys did. We live in a small place eight miles from White Sulphur, and keep the post-office here. Your portrait has an honored place over the post-office table, also Miss Alcott's and Pansy's. We have had such good times listening to Miss Alcott's stories. Just now we are reading *Tom Gudgeon's Chautauque*; it's one of our Sunday-school books. We have just started the Sunday-school library; we used to walk three miles to school, and now, at our Sunday-school, both boys and girls have a correspondent from Alaska, who says it's not so very cold there; neither is it here. We notice several allusions to Ontario, and like to hear about our own country through the paper. We have just had a fine treat of water-melon, and are sorry they won't grow here. I have had to get my auntie to copy this, as I had so much to say. DAD.

LE CONNAULT TERRACE, MONTANA, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I did not know there was such a paper as HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE until last Christmas, when my kind auntie, who lives near London, sent my brother a bound volume of the year 1888. I have read all the tales in that volume, and all the books in our house for young people, besides several books from the public library. I am collecting the *Edinburgh* sweets (you call them in America candy). I can find in your Post-office Box. We use treacle and molasses in our cooking, and my two brothers and a sister, all younger than myself, and we share between us three pair of fantail pigeons and a cat.

My recent visit to Plymouth has become a very fashionable resort, owing to its increased bathing facilities and the erection of a promenade pier, which is very much patronized on account of the military music performances, and also as being the starting-place of pleasure-steamer.

There are many places of interest about Plymouth, among the principal of which are the new Edgemoor Park, and the new Edgemoor Light-house. During the summer months there are steam-ship trips up the rivers Tamar, Yeare, etc. The Hoe, which is Plymouth's favorite promenade, stands on very high ground, facing the Sound. From it is obtained a magnificent view, in which may be seen the Breakwater, the Breakwater Light-house, the Edgemoor Light-house (some twelve miles distant), and Drake's Island, which is strongly fortified, in the Sound; also the Citadel, where several great improvements have been made, and the town, the Edgemoor Light-house built by Smeaton has been removed to the Hoe, and a charge of one penny is made to admit it. There is a monument to a very pretty monument, in memory of the defeat of the "Invincible Armada," which was first sighted from the Hoe. Mount Edgemoor Park, which also may be seen from the Hoe, is a very extensive place, open to the public every Monday and Wednesday, when pleasure-steamer runs there from Plymouth, Devonport, and that neighborhood. We all went there a week ago with three cousins, and had tea at Lady Emma Cottage, one of the tea-houses there.

GEORGE A. E. S. (aged 13 years).

"ROPER'S BAY, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA."

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have been intending to write to you for some time, but have been putting it off from day to day, but now I have at last begun, and I can only hope you will find my letter interesting enough to be worthy of publication. I am not a subscriber to the paper myself, but my little sister takes it—a Christmas present from her papa. She was very much interested in your paper, and she likes to read the stories in it. My sister does not read the nice pieces by Mrs. Herriek, and she did not even read that interesting description of the phonograph. The rest were much interested in Hedy's story. We have a colored boy working for us to whom we

said that Mr. Edison had invented a machine that could talk. I said to him, "Do you believe that, John?" He answered, "May not a man side with it." I have never traveled, but I cannot give you a description of any beautiful places, except our own dear home. But I am sure if you were to see our orange orchard, you would first of all March you would acknowledge it to be a thing of beauty. By that time every tree will be a beautiful, fragrant bouquet. There are few things prettier than a tree so cold in winter as in the season. But it is a fine sight at all times, for the trees are always green, and when the fruit is ripe the bright glossy leaves and golden fruit make a pretty contrast. But you would have to come to this to appreciate it. The orange belt of Louisiana only extends below New Orleans. Further north it is too cold to grow.

This little settlement, where I have lived all my life, is situated about seventy miles below New Orleans and about forty above the mouth of the Mississippi River, which rises by my door. I have been to Port Eads, but it is so long ago I have almost forgotten about it. The inhabitants of the Lower Coast below the city is called the Lower Coast and above the Upper Coast are nearly all descendants of the old French settlers, but there are also many American families. All the creoles are Catholics, and only two or three of the Protestant churches in the parish. The Governor, H. C. Warmoth's famous sugar plantation, Magnolia, is about twenty miles above here. There is a great deal of rice raised, and especially on the left bank of the river. It is a very uncertain crop, though, as storms bring the salt water that is in the bay back of the fields over the river, and the labor of months is lost in a few hours.

MOLLIE L.

PARK SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—This is the first time I have written to you, so I shall like of this letter printed. I have been reading some of the letters sent to you, and I thought I should like to write one too. I am thirteen years old, and have two brothers and a sister, and I like to read. I am. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and my sister and I like it very much. We have only a canary for a pet, but we have two budgies and a snail, and I like to write about was not very clean, so we sent it to some mill a long way from our house. About a fortnight after, our servant found it outside the gate. It had fallen in, and I had to get it, though it was sent in a sack. Every summer during the holidays we all go away together to the sea-side. Last year we went to Landudno. Our lodgings had a beautiful view of the sea, and papa took his large telescope, so on a wet day we amused ourselves by watching the people on the beach, and the steamships coming and going. We live at Newport, in Monmouthshire, and we have some very pretty walks here. Most of our friends think our Cemetery is the most beautiful they have seen. I like that tale, "The Household of Glen Holly," very much, and I like "Captain Polly."

ELIZABETH F.

I live in Bristol, England, on the banks of the Avon, and close by the handsome Suspension-Bridge, which is a very fine sight. I don't like to admire. My age is eight, and I am one of a family of thirteen, but four are dead. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE about two years, and are very fond of it. For pets, we have a canary-thrush and several ring doves, one of which is so tame that it will let us do anything with it. We had a beautiful dog, a monkey, a cat, and a hedgehog, but they have all died, and my little ones have been ill with measles, but are all right now; eight from our school were at home ill at the same time.

JESSIE CAMPBELL P.

RANDALL PARK, NEW YORK.

I live on Pacific Street, above Bedford, Brooklyn, and am now spending my summer at Randall Park, Freeport, and I am to remain here until the first of October. I am a very happy boy, and I am grand. I am very anxious to see how *Breezy* arrives home to his mother's house. I have a large collection of trivets, and I like to read Christmas. For pets, I have a dog, and a cat named Harry. Harry will not sleep on the floor, but goes upstairs into my room to sleep in my bed. I am to have a fair in October, and I have been fit of a hospital. RENA E. M. (aged 13 years).

ROBERT D. COTTELL, KENT.

I do not know whether or not you will allow me to write to your fascinating paper. I do not take it, but I have been reading for a long time. You see, it comes to the Mechanics' Institute here, to which I belong, and I read each number very carefully. I have been reading it for years. I love it more than I can tell you, and I would so much like to subscribe for it, but my sister Grace, who is as fond of it as I am, wants to take it for 1890, and although I have offered to pay half of it, she declined, and said that she wanted all of it; besides, I want to buy a pony with my own money, and I have only \$30 now. I am to have a fair in October, and I have been fit of a hospital. RENA E. M. (aged 13 years).

our big Esquimaux dog, and little brown water-spaniel, and little white bull-terrier, our two canaries, two red and two white bantams, two pet mice (pure white), mocking-bird, and ever so many chickens, hatched by our new incubator, but I am afraid I have taken up too much room already. My little sister is the child who would send anything to it now? I read about it in the volume for 1882.

MAUDE M.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S Cot is in St. Mary's Hospital for Children, 407 and 409 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York. Gifts are welcomed by Sister Catherine, whom you may address.

DIXON, GEORGIA.

There is supposed to be a legend that on the lake that the enclosed verses are written about there can be seen by moonlight at times a wonderful sight. Out of the darkness, none can tell where from, glides the form of an Indian warrior. In it stands a form larger than mortal man, but resembling in statue and dress an Indian chief of long ago. He was slain secretly by the white men, and as his body was not recovered the honors due to a chief he dares not appear before the Master of Life in the Happy Hunting-grounds; but forever haunts the lake near which he was slain. I have written the verses about it. I would be very happy to see them in the Post-office Box, if the Postmistress will kindly allow it.

THE GIANT OF LAKE SEMBAGO.

When faintly shines the silver moon,
And pinetrees thrave their shadows dark,
Ont from the deeply gazing gloom
There glides a spectre bare,
And see within the birch canoe,
And the gliding canoe, and the banks
Around his brow are eagle plumes,
Fastened by golden bands.

And now the legend all comes back to me,
As standing on that dark and pine-fringed shore
I see that strange boat slowly gliding on,
Needful no helping force of sail or oar,
Slain by white men in their first invasion.
He finds no rest, though 'twas so long ago,
But ever comes by the moon on the far light,
The spectral Giant of Lake Sembagu.
And thinks he of the white man now?
Dreaded destroyer of his ancient race;
The monster, the monster, the monster,
Is written on that majestic face.
And see, the waters scarcely part,
The spectre's boat comes slowly on;
But the monster, the monster, the monster,
And lo! that strange mysterious form is gone.
E. H. BRYAN.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

I have written to you twice before, and as both letters were printed, I thought I would write again. I found some very good characters the other day and thought I would send them to you. Monday I went in bathing with some of my friends, and saw a very good character. I saw a very good character of next week I am going over to the "Dumplings," at Jamestown. There is a house over in Jamestown which was floated over from Newport. It was situated in Middlebury, and was on the beach, put on floats, floated across the bay to the beach in Jamestown, and then taken up on a road. The house is now called *Bay Voyage*. I went down to the float in the evening and saw it. The top of the house was decorated with flags. It went across at about seven o'clock in the morning. It took about half an hour to go across.

S. EDITH L.

We can use only original characters in the Post-office Box, but I thank you for having copied these.

XENIA, OHIO.

I like your lovely little paper, the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, very much, and I have been interested in reading it. I am very much interested in "Captain Polly" and the "Princess Littlewhisk." My grandfather is the editor of the *Xenia Daily Gazette*, and he is the local editor of the paper. I read all of Miss L. Alcott's books and several others, among them *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, which I like very much. I am the first child, who is six years old, in the First Grade at School. I am ten years old, am in the Fifth Grade, and have a very nice, kind teacher, and love her dearly. Your loving reader,
NELLIE C. McC.

The Postmistress clipped this for dog-lovers from the New York Sun:

STONE MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA, August 21st.—Two men from the State of Georgia were at the town yesterday evening, and started for home at about sundown. In passing the north side of the mountain they noticed near the top a white object, which seemed to be moving backward and forward in a small space. It was supposed to be a child that had wandered around on the top of the mountain, but when they had reached the precipice and lodged in a crevice. The men retraced their

steps to town and gave the alarm. By this time it was dark, but in a few minutes more than a hundred men, with lanterns and ropes, waded, their way to the mountain. At the foot of the mountain the crowd parted, a number going on where the child was seen, with lanterns to signal those who had gone up the mountain. It was, then, thirty minutes the summit was reached by a few, a third party of men, who went strongly to the assistance of John Hendricks, and at the other end were twenty or thirty stalwart young men, who began to look up lower heights as over the mountain. Hendricks soon found the child, and, on the ground, he called those on top, and Hendricks was drawn up. The object proved to be a fox dog that had chased a fox up the mountain, and in wandering around had been killed and had lodged in the crevice, which is 175 feet high.

Dear Fishermen:—I am spending the summer here, and like it very much. In the woods there are the trails where the hunters hunted foxes and porcupine. Yesterday my brother found three nests, with three white waterbirds in each. I go in bathing in the bay, and climb up the oak-tree in our yard, and sit on a bough and made believe I was on horseback. To get to the beach here you have to cross the inlet in a yacht. When the tide is low in the bay we go out with a spade and dig for shells. In the bay, every morning the fishermen catch and sell the fish. The

MISSISSIPPI W.

NELLIE'S KIND ACT

Nellie was a little girl who tried to be good, but hardly ever succeeded. Her greatest fault and trial was a bad temper. She tried to master it by pulling her long hair whenever she was provoked, but after a while she pulled it so much she made her head ache, so her mother said she must quit it. So poor Nellie didn't know what to do, until she thought she would tie a string around her finger to remind her of her fault.

One night, when in bed, she thought "she would like to go to the hospital to see the little patients." So next day she told her mother, and asked to go with a friend of her mother's, who was going next day. Her mother said no at first, but when Nellie told her all about her plan, her mother

Now Nellie had but fifteen cents in her "giving-away money-box," but she had fifty cents more to spend, so she took all her money and bought some flowers and candy and apples to carry with her for the children at the hospital. As she went in she caught a glimpse of a poor little girl with her nose which was pinched

As poor Bessie that was the little girl's name saw the flowers, her eyes brightened and her lips parted with pleasure. The moment Nellie saw Bessie she was by her side in a minute, and in a few minutes the little cot on which she lay was covered with flowers, and Bessie was as happy as a Queen.

One happy day Bessie was seated in a handsome carriage, and in a few minutes was landed in the house where Nellie lived, to stay with Nellie and wait on her mother. So Nellie's plan was a complete success. A LITTLE GIRL.

But *did* Nellie overcome her quick temper?
Let us hope so.

[illegible]

Maximum N-H age = 15 years

I am a little boy ten years old. I have just been reading the letters in the Post-office Box. I thought I would write to you. We have a cat, a dog, and two birds. We had our cat just before we went to see Esie Leslie play *Esie's Famous Comedy*. We have a dog named Rex. He is the tip of his tail, which is white. Our dog is an Irish setter named Rex. We have had him ever since he was a puppy. I have three sisters. My oldest sister is married, and my youngest sister is helping me to write this letter. I am in the Grammar-School, the third room from the principal's. I have been in Rhode Island since Maine, this summer, and I had a delightful time.

NEW YORK 18 33

MY DEAR POSTMISSESS: I am a little over a year old. I have taken HAMILTON'S YOUNG PEOPLE about eight months, and loved very much. I was very much pleased with "The Princess Lilliwinks," and was VERY SORRY when it came to an end. For pets I have a cat and mamma has a dachshund. I have three brothers, one is only a baby three months old and one goes to school, and the other is going to school before Christmas.

CAROLINE LEE W.

May I also join your large band of merry correspondents who write from all parts of this wide world? I wanted to write to you before, but I always neglected it. To-day I made up my mind to do so. I have just returned from a tour of the prettiest and most prominent squares in this city is the Jackson Square. When you go in you can smell the sweet fragrance of the flowers and the perfume of the trees. A fine horse standing upon its hind legs. Below on the granite block on which the steel rods are inscribed those memorable words that great men shall be preserved "The Union must be preserved." Tulane University is the largest and best one in New Orleans. There is a free drawing-school for working men and boys.

Yours truly,
RICHARD M. ...

KONRAD, M.

I wrote to you once last summer, and now I think I will try again. I have three brothers and one sister, and we have good times together. I play baseball with my brothers, and always go to see the games played in town. I expect to go to New York to boarding school next winter. Stamford is quite a pretty town, but our roads are not very good. We live on Clark's Hill, and there are several other hills. I would like to exchange stamps.

Susan L. Howes, aged 15 years

ATTENTION ALL,

This delightful pastime, compiled from several sources, will not only amuse but will strengthen the memory as well. Any number of players may be engaged in the game, but it is well to have at least five players on each side. Two leaders can be selected, who choose sides, dividing the room into two equal parts, and appointing a commander on each side. These sides each occupy a different room if convenient, or take such an arrangement as is possible. The players then place upon a waiter or large plate a variety of small articles of various kinds, such as are easily collected from the room, and ornamented with flowers. When both leaders are ready, at the word "attention," they march forward until they are directly above the articles, and then each while they slowly count ten, and then each leader in the same manner exhibits his collection to each player. The number of articles is the same length of time. To prevent the players from taking a longer look they must all stand in a circle, and the players on one side the next player. The articles on these waiters must be equal in number, which must not exceed ten. After all players have seen each other's collection, the waiter on one side is called separately into the room occupied by the other players, and his collection is shown to them. One of the players is designated to tell what he saw

On this view, it would be given the best explanation by, in effect, its own existence. A more plausible position, in turn, is that the existence, supervenience, and therefore supervenience-reducibility of the supervenient levels are all properties that are themselves best explained by the existence of the supervenient levels. In other words, the supervenient levels are best explained by the supervenient levels. In this sense, the supervenient levels are self-explanatory.

PUZZLES FROM Vol. No. CONTINUE 1988

11

1 My first is a serpent, but not in shadow
My second is a serpent, but not in shadow
My third is in great, but not in little
My fourth is strong, but not in battle
My fifth is in August, but not in May
My sixth is in answer, but not in say
My seventh is in intimate, but not in day
My eighth is in fancy, but not in plain
While my last is in path, but not in same
My whole was a hero in politics
Who never lived, but was everywhere, thus, shows

Other fishery assessments two steps
 1. Determine if there is a problem
 2. Determine if there is a solution

My first is in elephant, but not in mouse.
My second is in cow-dodge, but not in mouse.
My third is in cow-boy, but not in calf.
My fourth is in whole, and also in half.
My fifth is in hatter, but not in hat.
My sixth is in puss, but not in cat.
My seventh is in better, quite frequent, I found
In words of one syllable, for instance, say
"sound."

guess my whole, you will certainly s

My first is in came, but not in stick.
My second is in well, but not in sick.
My third is in pen, but not in ink.
My fourth is in red, but not in pink.
My fifth is in lane, but not in pen.
My sixth is in whole, but not in half.
My whole is the name of a very useful article.

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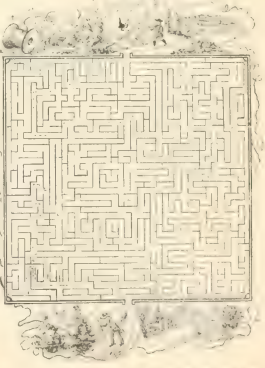
No. 2
DOUBLE ACROSTIC
1. A child's apron. 2. A pronoun. 3. A flowing stream. 4. Possession. 5. The last syllable of a noted town in the Highlands of Scotland.
Initials spelled downward give the name of two poets. WILSON THE WISP

Journal of Interpersonal Violence 27(10) 1986-2000
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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 506

No. 1 — Algeria, Berlin, Caracas, Denver, Edinburgh, Frankfurt, Galveston, Havana, Indianapolis, Jackson, Katoia, London, Mexico, New Orleans, Ottawa, Paris, Quito, Rome, St. Petersburg, Tbilisi, Utrecht, Vienna, Washington, Xeros, Yndoo, Zanzibar.

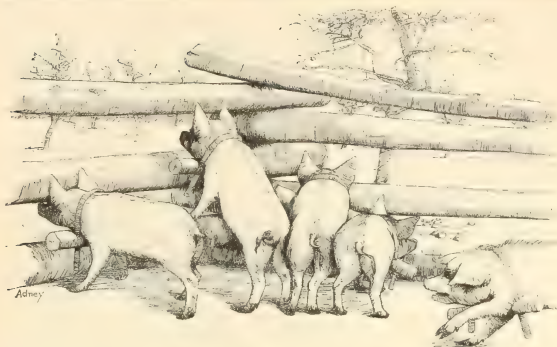
No. 2.—1. Bad—dab. 2. Pan—nap. 3. Ben—Net.
4. Loop—pool.



SOLUTION OF LABYRINTH PUZZLE, N. N. 515.

[illegible]

RIGDEN, HAO, MISHRA



FASHION NOTE.

"STIFF COLLARS ARE THE CORRECT STYLE FOR COUNTRY WEAR THIS SEASON."

OUR DOG, DAN.

WHO strews the yard with ghastly bones?
Dan!

Who's target for the small boy's stones?

Poor Dan!

Who persecutes the neighbors' cats,

And shivers at the sight of rats?

Frisky, foolish Dan!

Who romps from morning until night?

Dan!

Who gives dear grandma "such a fright"?

Bad Dan!

Who carries off the new-washed clothes?

Who barks when baby wants to doze?

Naughty, noisy Dan!

Who comes in-doors with muddy feet?

Dan!

Who never gets enough to eat?

Our Dan!

Who lets the baby pull his tail,

And makes her laugh when playthings fail?

Dear old Dan!

AMY ELIZABETH LEIGH.



ORPHANS.

THE LOST SISTER STAR.

ONE evening I told a little child the story of the lost pleiad, bringing it with-in her comprehension. The next evening, while seated in the gloaming, I heard her repeat it to her doll. No, she did not repeat it; she reconstructed it, and with much ingenuity. I give, almost word for word, the story as she reproduced it. The interruptions of the doll she spoke in a different tone.

"Oo want me to tell oo a 'tory, dollie?"

"Es, mamma."

"Then I'll tell oo a 'tory 'bout the los' sisser 'tar. Once on a time there was seven sisser 'tars. They lived in a tower."

"In the 'ky?"

"Es, little dear. One was naughty, an' wilful, an' dis-bedient. She wouldn't mind her sissers."

"Had she dollies?"

"I 'spec she had, little dear. But oo mun'n in'trupt me. The sisser 'tar had a winner in the tower where she sat all night an' shined. You see, dollie, that was her work. We's all got our work. We's all ought to shine. Well, she was told time an' agin not to go on the balcony. The tower was oh! ever so high, an' there was a ocean right down below, as wide an' deep as a-a-a creek. The sisser 'tar went on the balcony, which was berry naughty. She leaned over the railin'. An' then she fell, an' fell, an' fell! It was jus' awful!"

"An' was she tilled?"

"I 'spec she was. She wasn't never seen agin. An' the tower winner where she used to shine has been dark eber since. You see, dollie, had she minded her sissers, it wouldn't have happened. We gets punished when we doesn't mind. We all has somebody to mind. Oo has no sissers, dollie, but oo has a mamma. I's oo mamma, an' oo'l always mind me, won't oo?"

"Es, mamma. I'll mind oo till I's growed up, an' has dollies of my own."

"That's yite, dollie. I see the sau'man's comin' roun'. Guess I'll put oo to bed, little dear."

F. H. S.



EFFIE'S THOUGHTS.

"SHE IS THE DEAREST, MOST POSTICAL LITTLE THING YOU EVER SAW. WHAT IS MY EFFIE THINKING ABOUT NOW? TELL ME, LOVE!"

"OH, MAMMA! OH, CAN'T WE HAVE CHICKEN LIVERS AND CREAM TARTS EVERY DAY FOREVER AND FOREVER, DEAREST MAMMA? I THINK OF THEM NIGHT AND DAY; SAY YES, DEAREST, SWEETEST MAMMA."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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THE COMPASS PLANT. BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

IT was easier a century ago to deceive the scientific gentlemen than it is to-day. Then they seemed to be able to believe almost anything, and many a pretty fable they accepted for a sober truth. Think of their believing the tale the traveller told of what he called the Tartarian lamb! This lamb was a vegetable one,



THE COMPASS PLANT.—DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD.

and was the fruit of a plant which grew in the deserts of Tartary. It not only looked so much like a lamb that the wolves were deceived into eating it, but it tasted so much like the genuine animal, that the wolves went on eating without ever discovering their mistake.

A pretty good story that, and rather the best botanical fable that has ever been told, though the more recent story of the gigantic carnivorous plant of Madagascar is not at all lacking in good points. This plant was supposed to live on human beings; and the man who invented it told his story about the time so much was being written of the insect-eating plants, so his story met with the reader credence.

When General Benjamin Alvord wrote home from the Mississippi Valley, in 1842, that he had discovered a plant which was a veritable compass, its leaves pointing pretty nearly north and south, the scientific gentlemen of the country cried out that they were not so green as to believe any such story, and at once went to work and proved clearly that the General was either mistaken or wilfully stepping aside from the path of truth.

In this case they were not unlike the old lady who believed all her sailor-boy's stories about fishing up wheels of Pharaoh's chariots in the Red Sea and seeing the pillar of salt Lot's wife was turned into, but disbelieved him when he said he had seen fish that could fly. The scientific gentlemen had disbelieved a true story.

General Alvord was not to be put down so easily, however, and presently proved the truth of his statement. Then Dr. Asa Gray, the great botanist, looked into the matter, and said it was just as the General had declared; that there was such a plant, that its radical leaves in mid-summer did point north and south, and that an examination of the leaves under the microscope would show the reason why, which was that they were made to point as they did by the action of light.

Just how light acts upon the leaves is a rather abstruse affair; but it is enough to know that we may believe there is such a plant; though, for the matter of that, it would not make any difference whether we believed it or not; for the plant would exist just the same, and did exist and was known to the Indians and pioneers long before General Alvord wrote of it.

To one who has not been on the vast open prairies it may seem that it would be difficult to be lost there; but it is in fact a very easy matter, as hundreds who have been lost will testify. Even the Indians, whose lives were passed on the plains, would occasionally lose their reckoning, as the nautical phrase is, and would have recourse to the convenient little plant that always pointed to the north.

There is an Indian legend that ages ago one tribe of Indians stole secretly upon another tribe and exterminated the men, and carried all the women and children into captivity—all the children but one, a boy, who escaped, and hid in the long prairie grass until his enemies were gone. Then he crept back and watched the flames devour the homes of his people.

A white boy would have cried, and we should have thought none the worse of him for it; but the story is that this little stoic crept to where the ashes of his own wigwam were still glowing red, and there sat, silent and grim, wondering what he could do to avenge the wrongs of his people.

And as he wondered, he saw a strange plant come up out of the earth and grow before his eyes. He watched it grow, and when it had ceased, studied it with marvelling eyes. At first it told him nothing; but he had been taught to observe closely, and presently he noticed that some of the leaves pointed exactly in the direction taken by the destroyers of his tribe, and that others pointed in the opposite direction.

What did it mean? What could it mean but that he

was to go in the direction indicated by the leaves. He went, and when he grew weary and lay down and slept, he always awoke to see one of the mysterious plants pointing out the way to him.

So he went on and on until he came to where a tribe of strange Indians were encamped. From a shelter he watched them, until he noticed that although they were strong and active, they knew not as well as he how a bow should be made, nor a snare set, nor a horse guided. So then he went in among them boldly, and taught them the things he knew.

He was but a boy then, but the strangers respected him for his skill and knowledge; and as he grew they set him higher and higher among them, until at last he was their chief, and could command them this way or that.

Then he spoke out, and revealed what had been in his heart all the years of his sojourn among them. He was yearning for the south land, and for the punishment of the tribe that had destroyed his people.

His word was law unto his followers, and they were not averse to trying their skill in war with the natives of the south; so they painted their faces for war, whetted their knives, sharpened their arrows, and said good-by to their squaws.

And there again was the guiding flower always in the path of the chief, pointing out to him the direction of his foes. And after many days he reached the spot where his own people had been cut off, and he knew where his own wigwam had been by the flower that stood there, pointing avengingly to where the other tribe had gone.

After that there were no more flowers, but the tribe he sought was not very far distant, and he fell upon it, and with his northern warriors wiped it from the face of the earth, so that nothing remained to tell that it had ever existed.


A very bloodthirsty little Indian story indeed, and not nearly as pleasant a story of the compass plant as is told in connection with a little white boy, named Ezekiel Wright. He was called Zeke, and with his little sister Hannah wandered out on the prairie one day and was lost. This was long ago, when Ohio was in the far West, and Indiana had fewer people within its boundaries than one of its villages to-day.

When Zeke tried to return home, he found he could not do it, and after wandering aimlessly for some hours, nearly heart-broken by little Hannah's sobs and his own fears, he did what the little Indian would never have done—in the story. He sat down and cried. But that made Hannah fairly shriek, so presently he stopped and soothed her, and began to realize that he had more than himself to think of.

Then he put the best face on it that he could, and told her not to worry, and finally had her in a better frame of mind. That did not get him home, however, nor even point out the way. Besides, he was hungry, and Hannah was too, as she frequently reminded him. He did the best he could, but, for all that, they were obliged to spend the night out on the lonely prairie.

Fortunately Zeke secured a good sleep, and when he awoke in the morning, could think better. Perhaps he would never have thought of the compass plant if he had not plucked one of its pretty flowers to give to Hannah to beguile her. But he did remember what his father had told him of its use, and with a whoop of joy he took Hannah's hand, and led her as fast as she could go due west. He knew he would reach the Mississippi River in that way, and then he would be sure to find some one who could send him home.

And so he did; but he and Hannah did not reach the end of their journey until two months later, by which time their mother and father had given them both up for lost.



Ill-Luck and the Fiddler.

BY HOWARD PYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WONDER CREEK," "PIPER AND SALE," ETC.

MUST tell you, first of all, that the beginning of this story is as different from that which follows as talking is different from doing.

One time good St. Nicholas came down into the world to see how things looked in the spring-time.

By-and-by he came to a cross-road, and whom should he see sitting there but Ill-luck himself.

Now St. Nicholas had a pocketful of hazel-nuts, which he kept cracking and eating as he trudged along the road, and just then he came upon one with a worm-hole in it. When he saw Ill-luck, it came into his head to do a good turn to poor sorrowful man.

"Good-morning, Ill-luck," says he.

"Good-morning, St. Nicholas," says Ill-luck.

"They tell me," says St. Nicholas, "that you can go wherever you choose, even if it be through a key-hole; now is this so?"

"Yes," says Ill-luck; "it is."

"Well, look now," says St. Nicholas, "can you go into this hazel-nut?"

"Yes," says Ill-luck; "I can do that."

"I should like to see you," says St. Nicholas, "for then I should be of a mind to believe what people say of you."

"Well," says Ill-luck, "I have not much time to be pottering and playing, but to oblige an old friend." Thereupon he made himself small and smaller, and phst!—he was in the nut before you could wink.

Then what do you think St. Nicholas did? In his hand he held a little plug of wood, and no sooner had Ill-luck entered the nut than he stuck the plug in the hole, and there was man's enemy as tight as a fly in a bottle.

"So!" says St. Nicholas. "That's a piece of work well done." And he tossed the hazel-nut under the roots of an oak-tree near by.

And that is how this story begins.

Well, the hazel-nut lay and lay and lay, and all the time nobody met with Ill-luck. But one day who should come travelling that way but a rogue of a fiddler with his fiddle under his arm. The day was warm and he was tired, so he sat under the shade of the oak-tree to rest his legs. By-and-by he heard a shrill little voice piping and crying. "Let me out! Let me out! Let me out!"

The fiddler looked up and down, but he could see nobody. "Who are you?" says he.

"I am Ill-luck! Let me out! Let me out!"

"Let you out?" says the fiddler, "not I! If you are bottled up here it is the better for all of us," and so saying, he tucked his fiddle under his arm and off he went.

But before he had gone six steps he stopped. He was one of your peering, prying sort, and liked more than a little to know all that was to be known about this or that that belated to see or hear. "I wonder where Ill-luck was to be in such a tight place as he seemed to be caught in," says he to himself, and back he came again. "Where are you, Ill-luck?" says he.

"Here I am," says Ill-luck; "here in this hazel-nut under the roots of the oak-tree."

Thereupon the fiddler laid aside his fiddle and bow, and fell to poking and prying under the roots until he found the nut. Then he began twisting and turning it in his fingers, looking first on one side and then on the other, and all the while Ill-luck kept crying, "Let me out! Let me out!"

It was not long before he found the little wooden plug. He picked and pulled at the wooden plug, until at last out it came, and phst! pop!—out came Ill-luck along with it.

Plague take the fiddler, say I!

"Listen!" says Ill-luck. "It has been many a long day that I have been in that hazel-nut, and you are the man that has let me out. For once in a way I will do a good turn to a body." Therewith, without giving the fiddler time to answer, Ill-luck caught him by the belt, and—whizz!—away he flew.

By-and-by he came to a garden, and there he let the fiddler drop on the soft grass below. Then away he flew to attend to other matters of greater need.

When the fiddler had gathered his wits together and himself to his feet, he saw away at the end of the garden a great splendid house, built of white marble, with a fountain in front, and peacocks strutting on the lawn.

Well, the fiddler smoothed down his hair and brushed his clothes a bit, and off he went to see what was to be seen at the grand house at the end of the garden.

He entered the door, and nobody said no to him. Then he passed through one room after the other, and each was finer than the one he left behind. Many servants stood around, but they only bowed and never asked whence he came. At last he came to a room where a little old man sat at a table. The table was spread with a feast that smelt so good that it brought water to the fiddler's eyes, and all the plates were of pure gold. The little old man sat alone, but another place was spread as though he was expecting some one. As the fiddler came in, the little old man nodded and smiled. "Welcome!" he cried; "and have you come at last?"

"Yes," says the fiddler, "I have. It was Ill-luck that brought me."

"Do not say that," said the old man. "Sit down to the table and eat, and when I have told you all, you will say it was not Ill-luck but Good luck that brought you."

The fiddler did as he was bidden. Down he sat at the table, and fell to with knife and fork at the good things, as though he had not had a bite to eat for a week of Sundays.

"I am the richest man in the world," says the little old man after a while. "But I am alone in the world, and without wife or child. This morning I said to myself that the first body that came to my house I would take for a son (or a daughter, as the case might be). You are the first, and so you shall live with me as long as I live, and after I am gone everything that I have shall be yours."

The fiddler did nothing but stare with open eyes and mouth, as though he would never shut either again.

Well, the fiddler lived with the old man for, maybe, three or four days, as snug and happy a life as ever a



mouse passed in a green cheese. As for gold and silver and jewels, they were as plenty in that house as dust in a mill. Everything the fiddler wanted came to his hand. He lived high and slept soft and warm and never knew what it was to want either more or less or great or small. In all those three or four days he did nothing but enjoy himself with might and main.

But by-and-by he began to wonder where all the good things came from. At first the old man put him off with short answers, but the fiddler dinned and drummed and worried until flesh and blood could stand it no longer. So at last the old man said that he would show him the treasure-house where all the fine things came from.

He then took a key from behind the door and led the fiddler out into the garden. There in a corner by the wall was a great trap-door of iron. The old man fitted the key to the lock and turned it. He lifted the door, and then went down a steep flight of stone steps, and the fiddler followed close at his heels.

Down below it was as light as day, for in the centre of the room hung a great diamond as big as a blacksmith's fist, and it blazed and sparkled so that it dazzled one's

stand it no longer. "I'll just go down yonder," says he, "and peep through the key-hole."

So down he took the key, and off he marched to the garden. He opened the trap-door and went down the steep steps to the room below. There was the door at the end of the room, but when he came to look there was no key-hole to it. "Pshaw!" said he: "here is a pretty state of affairs. Tut! tut! Well, as I have come so far, it would be a pity to turn back without seeing more." So he opened the door and peeped in.

Before him was a great long passageway, and at the far end of it he could see a spark of light, as though the sun were shining there. He listened, and after a while he heard a

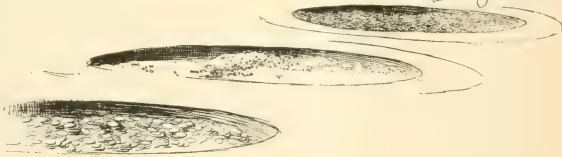
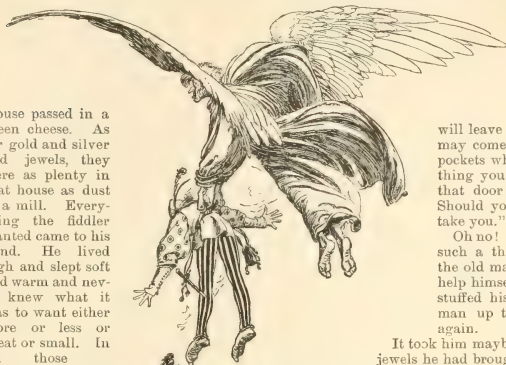
eyes to look at it. In the floor were set three great basins of marble; one was nearly full of silver, one of gold, and one of gems of all sorts.

"All this is mine," said the old man, "and after I am gone it shall be yours. It was left to me, as I will leave it to you, and in the mean time you may come and go as you choose, and fill your pockets whenever you wish to. But there is a thing you must not do: you must never open that door yonder at the back of the room. Should you do so, ill-luck will be sure to overtake you."

Oh no! the fiddler would never think of doing such a thing as opening the door. But since the old man had given him leave, he would just help himself to a few of the fine things. So he stuffed his pockets full, and followed the old man up the steps and out into the sunlight again.

It took him maybe an hour to count all the money and jewels he had brought up with him. After he had done

that he began to wonder what was inside of the little door at the back of the room. First he wondered; then he began to grow curious; then he began to itch and tingle and burn, as though fifty thousand I-want-to-know nettles were sticking into him from top to toe. At last he could





sound like the waves beating on the shore. "Well," says he, "as I have come so far, I may as well see the end of it." So he entered the passageway and closed the door behind him.

He went on and on, and the spark of light kept growing larger and larger, and by and by—pop!—out he came at the other end of the passage.

Sure enough, there he stood on the sea-shore, with the waves beating and dashing on the rocks. All of a sudden something came with a whiz and a rush, and caught him by the belt, and away he flew like a bullet.

He managed to screw his head around and look

up, and there it was Ill-luck that had him. "I thought so," said the fiddler, and then he gave over kicking.

Well, on and on they flew, over hill and valley, over moor and mountain, until they came to another garden, and there Ill-luck let the fiddler drop.

Swash! down he fell into the top of an apple-tree, and there he hung in the branches.

It was the garden of the royal castle, and all had been weeping and woe (though they were beginning now to pick up their smiles again), and this was the reason why: the King of that country had died, and no one was left behind him but the Queen. She was a prize, I can tell you, for not only was the kingdom hers, but she was as young as a spring apple and as pretty as a picture, so that there was no end of those who came a-wooing. Even that day there were three Princes at the castle, each one wanting the Queen for his own, and the wrangling and bickering and squabbling that was going on were enough to deafen a body. The poor young Queen could stand it no longer, and so she had come out into the garden for a bit of rest, and there she sat under the shade of an apple-tree, fanning herself and crying, when—

Swash! down fell the fiddler into the apple-tree, and down fell a dozen apples, popping and tumbling about the Queen's ears.

The Queen looked up and screamed, and the fiddler climbed down. "From where did you come?" said she.

"Oh! Ill-luck brought me," said the fiddler.

"Not so," said the Queen; "you fell from heaven, for I saw it with my eyes and heard it with my ears. I see how it is now. You were sent here to be my husband, and my husband you shall be. You shall be King of this country, half and half with me as Queen, and shall sit on a throne beside me."

You can guess whether or not that was music to the fiddler's ears.

So the Princes were sent packing, and the fiddler reigned in that country.

Well, three or four days passed, and all was as sweet

and happy as a spring day. But at the end of that time the fiddler began to wonder what was to be seen in the castle. The Queen was very fond of him, and was glad enough to show him all the fine things that were to be seen; so hand in hand they went everywhere, from garret to cellar.

"What is behind that door?" said he.

"Ah, that," said the Queen, "you must not ask or wish to know. Should you open that door, Ill-luck will be sure to overtake you."

"Pooh!" said the fiddler, "I don't care to know, anyhow," and off they went, hand in hand.

Oh yes, that was a very fine thing to say, but before an hour had gone by the fiddler's head began to hum and buzz like a beehive.

"I don't believe," said he, "there would be a grain of harm in my peeping inside that door; all the same, I will not do it. I will just go down and peep through the key-hole." So off he went to do as he said; but there was no key-hole to that door either. "Why, look!" says he, "it is just like the door at the rich man's house over yonder. I wonder if it is the same inside as outside," and he opened the door and peeped in. Yes, there was the long passage and the spark of light at the far end, as though the sun were shining.

He cocked his head to one side and listened. "Yes," said he, "I think I hear the water rushing, but I am not sure. I will just go a little further in and listen," and so he entered and closed the door behind him. Well, he went on and on until he came to the further end, and before he knew what he was about—pop!—he had stepped out upon the sea-shore just as he had done before.

Whiz! Whirl! Away flew the fiddler like a bullet, and there was Ill-luck carrying him by the belt again. Away they sped over hill and valley, over moor and mountain, until the fiddler's head grew so dizzy that he had to shut his eyes. Suddenly Ill-luck let him drop, and down he fell, thump! bump! on the hard ground. Then he opened his eyes and sat up, and, lo and behold! there he was under the oak-tree whence he had started. There

lay his fiddle just as he had left it. He picked it up and ran his fingers over the strings—trum! twang! Then he got to his feet and brushed the dirt and grass from his knees. He tucked his fiddle under his arm, and off he stepped upon the way he had been going at first.

"I would either have been the richest man in the world," said he, "or else I would have been a king, if it had not been for Ill-luck."

That is the way we all of us talk.



THE RED MUSTANG.*

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "TWO ARROWS," "THE TALKING LEAVES," "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

GETTING READY TO CHASE KAH-GO-MISH.

IT was noon when Cal Evans opened his eyes, and even then the lids came apart reluctantly. He saw his mother sitting by him, and Vic was peering in at the door; but he did not quite understand matters.

"Mother," he said, "are you all safe?"

"Yes, we're all safe," she began.

"He's awake! Mother, may I come in?" shouted Vic. "Cal, we had such a time! We all dressed up in those old uniforms and played soldier. I fired at the Apaches from the roof."

Cal struggled to sit up, and found out how sore and stiff he was, while he exclaimed:

"Vic, did you? There was an attack? You beat them off?"

"Scared them off," said his mother. "Why, how lame you are!"

"Awful!" he groaned, as he lay back again. "But about the fight—"

"There wasn't any," said Vic, and she added a rapid sketch of the garrison—Norah McLory at the gate, and Mrs. Evans with the drum, and the Mexican women parading as sentinels.

"Tell us about your ride," she said, as she paused for breath.

"Ride?" he said. "Well, yes, it was a great ride, but I don't know the whole of it myself. How's Dick?"

"Sam says he's all right," said Vic, "and there isn't such another horse in all New Mexico."

"Guess there isn't," replied Cal, very decidedly. "The black is a good fellow, but it was his gait that made me so sore. I can't turn over."

He could tell all that he knew, however, and he could hear all that they had to say, and he found that he could sit up when Norah brought in his breakfast.

"Hungry? I never was so hungry in all my life. But I'm going with father after 'em."

He was as much in need of a thorough rubbing as Dick had been, but when Sam Herrick gave it to him, a little later, he had to shut his mouth hard, for Sam's gentleness was of a cow-boy kind, and he did his whole duty. After that was over, Cal could walk fairly well, and he went out at once for a look at the red mustang, and Vic and his mother went with him.

"There he is," he said, "that's a fact, but I can't tell how it came to be so. I left him picketed in the corral at the cavalry camp. He must have untied himself and got away."

Cal knew nothing about the teeth of the persecuting mule.

"Did you mount him in your sleep?" asked Vic.

"I don't know," he said. "I was so tired I went to sleep more than once. Dreamed, too. It was all a good deal like a dream. Seems so yet, from the beginning. I've a kind of memory that Dick came alongside, crowding close and whinnying, and that he and the black stood still, so I could crawl on Dick's back and lie down somehow, and sleep more comfortably. That's all I know about it, except what you've told me."

If the red mustang felt any stiffness as a consequence of his remarkable performances, he kept the matter to himself, and accepted graciously all the petting given him.

The black came in for his share of praise, but he was regarded as an enlisted private horse of the regular army, while Dick's last performance had been altogether as a volunteer.

It was just about noon when Captain Moore, riding at the head of his men, listened to a message from Colonel Evans, brought to him by Bill, the long, lank, yellow-haired cow-boy.

"All right," said the Captain. "Glad I needn't push any faster under this hot sun. Glad Cal got in safe. Gritty young fellow. You'll have to tell him, though, that his horse and one of our pack-mules got away in the night. Sorry, but there's no help for it."

"Well, yes, that's so," replied Bill; "but that there red mustang—why, Captain, do you know, Cal Evans rid into Saint Lucy on to him? The boss was a-caring for him like a human, and Cal was sound asleep. He hadn't begun to wake up when I kem away."

The Captain and his fellow-officers had questions enough to ask then, and they learned all about Dick's volunteer work when they reached the ranch the next day. They knew nothing about the mule then, but at that very hour the long-eared rascal reported himself for garrison duty and rations at Fort Craig, having for the time delivered himself from the pack business, and from the fatigues of a long chase after Apache horse-thieves.

There were delays in the preparations for following the band of Kah-go-mish. Captain Moore had to wait for further instructions from Fort Craig, and Colonel Evans also waited for Joaquin and the expected cow-boy recruits from the upper ranches.

Sam and the rest had already gathered, with keen satisfaction, the drove of horses which had so nicely dodged Kah-go-mish, and they had scoured the plain to Slater's Branch and beyond. They reported all things safe and serene, and then Cal and Vic and their mother rode out and went over the scene of his first adventure.

From the mound on the prairie Cal showed them how the cattle and horses were stampeded. Then they went to the timber and the fallen trees where he and Sam "stood off" the Apaches. Then they rode away down to where Sam had first been swarmed around by the Mescaleros, and there was Sam to tell about it.

"Colorado!" remarked he, "but didn't they butcher a lot of cattle! They got about a dozen mules, thirty good hosses, and sixty or seventy second-rates and ponies. Mounted their whole band, I reckon."

"I don't care so much about that," said Mrs. Evans, but she was looking at Cal just then.

"Vic," said Cal, "you were three years at school, away off there in the settlements, and so was I."

"No Indians there," said Vic.

"Good thing you was," said Sam. "I never had any schooling. Hope you learned a heap."

"Hope I did," said Cal; "but I tell you what, it seems to me as if I'd learned more in one day's riding."

"Well, yes, like enough," replied Sam; "more of one kind. Glad you didn't learn how an arser feels. I did once. Bullet, too. Tell you what, though, if you go on the trail with your father and the Captain, I reckon you'll learn some more."

"I've seen a great many Indians," began Vic, "but they were all friendly except—"

"Colorado!" suddenly exclaimed Sam. "Four of 'em! Heading right for us! Don't shoot, Cal. Keep a good ready, but don't throw lead if you can help it. It beats me!"

Mrs. Evans reined her horse close alongside of Vic's pony, but said nothing. Her face was pale, but that of Vic's was flushed fiery red. So was Cal's as he touched Dick with his heel and sent him forward head and head with Sam's gray.

Four unmistakable red warriors, armed to the teeth, were rapidly riding nearer.

"Mother," exclaimed Vic, "I'm ready."

"So am I," said Mrs. Evans. "We can both help."

Each had a revolver in her hand, and Vic afterward remembered how glad she felt just then of her target practice. Her thought was, "I can hit one; I know I can."

The leading idea in Cal's mind was that his hero time had come, and that he alone was quite enough for four Apaches. The expression upon his face during about two minutes was tremendously heroic. He glanced behind him, and saw just such another look upon that of Vic, but the smile his mother gave him made him feel like a whole regiment of cavalry.

"Isn't he splendid?" said Vic.

Just then the four red men halted. They were only twenty yards away, and it might be that they were getting ready to shoot. They were conferring for a brief moment.

Cal drew rein, as Sam did, at the same time, and one of the Indians rode forward holding out his right hand, palm up.

"How?" he said. "Chiricahua chief want Sam? Ugh! Heap friend."

"Colorado?" exclaimed the cow-boy. "That's it, Cal. They're the friendly Chiricahua-Apache scouts the Captain sent for first time you met him. They want me to go 'long and show 'em the trail. Reg'lar bloodhounds." He turned in his saddle and shouted, "Ladies, it's all right," and in a moment more he and Cal were shaking hands with their new acquaintances.

"What hideous-looking men they are!" exclaimed Vic, for at that moment they were smiling, and the one holding Cal's hand was saying: "Ugh! Boy heap ride. Heap good pony. Ride big sleep. 'Pache 'calp him; he no wake up. Lose hair all same."

That was evidently meant for a good-humored joke. Mrs. Evans and Vic had to shake hands with them next, and then rode away with Cal toward Santa Lucia, while Sam and the wild-looking scouts set out for an examination of the traces left behind by Kah-go-mish and his warriors.

"The two bands, Chiricahuas and Mescaleros, are almost like different tribes," was the explanation Vic received from her mother.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TARGET ON THE ROCK.

MANY a long mile to the southward of the old hacienda the sun shone hotly down upon the rugged slope of a spur of a range of mountains. At the bottom of the slope ran a wide trail which had been used by wagons, and was almost like a road. Along its narrow pathway of sand and shale rode a straggling cavalcade of extraordinary-looking horsemen. About half of them carried lances and wore a showy green and yellow uniform. All had fire-arms in abundance, and most of them had long sabres rattling at their sides. There seemed to be a profusion of silver ornaments, even on men as well as upon brides and saddles, but there were also a number of badly battered sombreros and ragged serapes. What is a sombrero? It is any sort of very wide-brimmed, low-crowned hat, and can be made to carry much tinsel and feathers. As for a serape, one can be made out of any blanket by cutting a hole in the middle of it, so that it will hang gracefully around the man or woman whose head has been pushed through the hole. It was not easy to say whether the gay officer commanding the gaudy lancers, or the remarkably tattered peon who led the last string of pack-mules at the rear was really the most picturesque Mexican of that cavalcade.

On the slope above them, less than three hundred yards from the trail, a great boulder of gray granite stood out prominently from the bushes and the smaller lumps of rock around it.

On the boulder, at its very edge, stood the figure of a man who was even more noteworthy than were the officer and the peon. His arms were folded so that two red stocking legs spanned his broad chest; his silk hat, with a green veil streamer, was cocked on one side defiantly; his attitude was that of a man who did not fear all Mexico, and the loudly uttered words he sent down at the horsemen were: "Kah-go-mish is a great chief!"

Perhaps they agreed with him, and perhaps they did not, but although he had given them no apparent cause for considering him an enemy, horseman after horseman lifted carbine or revolver and blazed away at the Mescalero leader. Bullet after bullet buzzed in among the bushes and rocks above and behind him, but not a muscle of his tall form flinched.

All practised riflemen know that a mark placed as he was is difficult to hit, even at short range and in shadow, and that the difficulty is magnified by distance and a sunny glare.

There stood Kah-go-mish; and while report after report rang out in the narrow valley, and called forth echoes from among the crags, he exhausted all he knew of Spanish, and was compelled to help it with his native Apache dialect, and even then seemed unable to express his opinion of the marksmen. He had much to say concerning his own great and good qualities and those of his people, but declared that all the unpleasant reptiles and insects and quadrupeds he could name were serving as Mexicans that afternoon. He shouted to them that they did not even know how to shoot. If they had been Gringos (Yankees) of the lowest order, he said he might be in danger from their bullets, but, as it was, the man they aimed at was safer than any other man within range.

The Mexican caballeros may or may not have been able to understand any part of that hail-storm of hard words, but Kah-go-mish had an audience, and was not wasting his eloquence. He and his boulder seemed to be alone, jutting out from the slope, but that was an optical illusion. That knob of granite stood upon the outer rim of a wide, ragged, bushy ledge, and at no great distance there began a shadowy growth of forest. The broken level behind Kah-go-mish was peopled by scores of braves and squaws and younger people, proving that the two sections of his band had reunited. Dogs ran hither and thither, while ponies and horses could be seen among the trees. One dog in particular did his very best to climb upon the boulder, and then sat down under a furze bush and yelped with all his might at the cavalcade, as if in sympathy with the chief of his band of Apaches.

At the right of the granite boulder, and several paces from the edge of the ledge, were some huge fragments of basalt rock. In front of these crouched a group which gazed at Kah-go-mish with unmistakable pride. In the middle sat Wah-wah-o-be, bonnet and all. Against her, on the right, was curled the form of the young lady in the wonderful red dress, and she looked almost pretty as her black eyes flashed with admiration of her father's magnificent heroism and oratory. At the left of Wah-wah-o-be the boy in the reservation trousers stood sturdily erect, but nothing could make him handsome or take from his broad dark face the look of half-anxious dullness which belonged to it. His beady eyes glittered, and he showed his white teeth now and then, but his very smile was dull. He leaned back against the rock, and just then a something came whizzing past his head, and there was a slightly stinging sensation in his left ear. He did not wince, but he lifted his hand quickly to his ear, and there sprang to his lips an involuntary imitation of the

As for the boy himself, the dulness almost vanished from his face in his exultation at having been so nearly hit, actually grazed, by a rifle ball. His sister came around to stare at the scratch, and then his own quick eyes caught something.

"Tah-nu-nu!" he said, and pointed at the wide fold of her red calico. It was torn. A Mexican bullet had found its way through the furze bushes, and Tah-nu-nu had been almost as much in peril, the moment she stood erect, as her brother had been.

Wah-wah-o-be's wrath boiled over. The Apaches pay more respect to their squaws than do some other tribes, and the chief's wife was a woman who was likely to demand all that belonged to her.

Kah-go-mish had stood upon the rock to be fired at by the rancheros for the glory of it, and was almost too proud of so great an exploit to lose his temper at once. He was beginning to say something about Mexican marksmanship when he was interrupted by Wah-wah-o-be. She had feelings of her own, if he

sound made by the ragged ounce ball of lead when it struck the crumbling basalt.

"Z-st-ping!" he said, and the sound was caught up by other voices.

"Ping—ping—ping!" ran from lip to lip, and some laughed merrily, for all had heard the whiz and thud of the deadly missiles which were coming up from the valley, although they and Wah-wah-o-be had deemed themselves entirely sheltered.

Kah-go-mish had at that moment turned for a glance at his family, and he uttered a loud whoop as if of pleasure. At the same breath he came down from his rock with a great stag-like bound, and stood among them.

"Wah-wah-o-be, look!" he said.

"Ugh!"

He had no need to point, for she was already aware that the ragged edge of the bit of lead had made a deep scratch in her son's ear. She was both very proud and very angry.

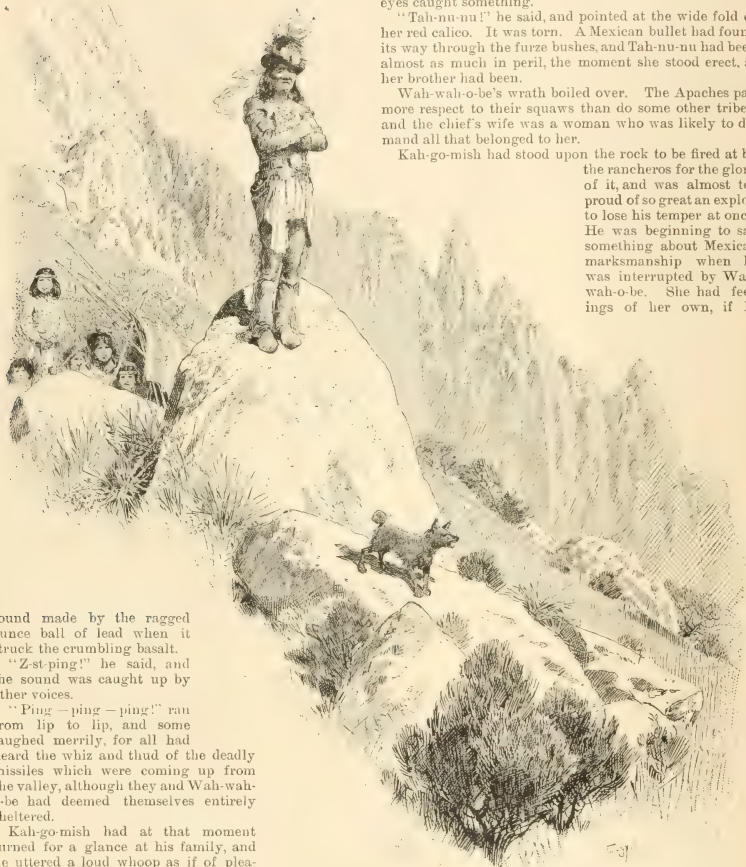
"Ping!" she exclaimed, as if the sound had acquired a new meaning.

"Ugh!" said Kah-go-mish. "Ping!"

had not. She pointed at her son's ear, and again she said "Ping!"

The bullet might have wantonly murdered any member of her family, or any of her neighbors. She made rapid remarks about it, of such a nature that Kah-go-mish felt a change going on in his mind. Other ears had

"KAH-GO-MISH IS A GREAT CHIEF."





"PLEASE GIVE ME SOME."—DRAWN FOR HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE BY J. GREGORY OF PARIS

heard, and the voices of braves and squaws seemed to agree with that of Wah-wah-o-be. All had fallen back from the dangerous margin, and it would have looked a little like a council if a squaw had not been the speaker. There was very little red upon the ear of Ping, but it served her as a representative of all the wrongs ever done to the Apaches by the white men, including that of cooping them in upon the reservation, where she had obtained her bonnet, and where they had all but starved for lack of game.

The blood of Kah-go-mish reached the right heat at last, and his hand went up to his mouth to help out the largest, longest, fiercest war-whoop he knew anything about.

"Kah-go-mish is a great chief!"

He said this as he strode away toward the trees, waving back all the rest with his hands. Warriors and squaws, boys and girls, at once seemed to arrange themselves for a good look at whatever their great man might be about to do.

He was gone but a few minutes, and returned, leading a mean-looking, undersized, disreputable pony, upon whose head he had placed a miserable, worn-out bridle.

He did not utter a word to Wah-wah-o-be, but upon the ground before her he deposited a handsome rifle, a bow and arrows, and a lance. He took from his belt the revolver and laid it beside the other weapons, and upon them all he placed the green-veil-plumed silk hat and the red stocking legs. He ostentatiously called attention to the fact that he retained nothing but his heavy bowie-knife. Armed with only that weapon, and mounted upon his worst pony, he, the great chief, the hero, was about to depart upon a war-path against the coyotes, the buzzards, the tarantulas, the red ants, the lost dogs—namely, the Mexicans of Chihuahua, or any other Mexicans. He would make them pay bitterly for having wasted so much ammunition that day.

The announcement of the chief's purpose was received with whoops and yells of approbation. Wah-wah-o-be seemed to overlook any possible peril of losing her husband altogether. She may have been hardened by a long habit of seeing him come home safe.

Kah-go-mish gave some rapid orders to one brave after another, mounted his pony while others were gathering their own, and then he rode straight into the side of the mountain, followed by his whole band—horses, dogs, and all. That is, it would have so appeared to any white man standing at the foot of the granite boulder, but it was only a good illustration of the magical arts by which the Indian medicine-men make it so difficult for green white men in blue uniforms to catch red runaways. Uniformity of color in quartz and granite, or other ledges, provides for a part of the mystery. Shrubs and trees and distances help, and so often does their absence. A great break in the side of that spur of the Sierra was as invisible from the pass as if it had been hidden by snow or mid-night. It was a chasm which led in two directions from that point. Kah-go-mish waved his hand authoritatively and wheeled his pony to the left, to the southward, toward Mexico. His warriors and his family, and all other members of the band, dogs included, turned northward, to the right, carrying with them positive assurances as to the place, and very nearly as to the time, when they might again hope to see and admire their leader.

During his absence the command fell to a short, broad-shouldered warrior, who walked dreadfully intoed, and who seemed to stand very much in awe of Wah-wah-o-be. She, on the other hand, was evidently well satisfied with the course which affairs were taking. She had picked up the weapons so heroically laid upon the ground by her husband, and she had helped Tah-nu-nu and Ping to gather the ponies of the family. She had said a great many things while doing so, for one point in her superiority to

other squaws was the capacity of her tongue for expressing her ideas.

The whole band had an almost prosperous appearance, very different from that which it had worn just before it began to swarm around Sam Herrick and the drove of horses. Lodge poles had been cut, now that there were ponies to drag them. Hardly anybody was on foot, except a few braves, whose half-trained spirited horses were likely to require leading over narrow and dangerous mountain passes.

Kah-go-mish rode on alone in one direction, and the band went in the other, and both were shortly buried in the deep cool gloom of the shadowy chasms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISUNDERSTOOD.

BY E. CAVAZZA.

TWO little sand heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

Beside one heap a little lad
With serious eyes, and all intent
Upon his work, with patience had
Moulded a mound, and as I went
Past him, I wondered what it meant.
"A pie?" I asked. "A fort," said he.

Two little sand heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

Beside the other pile of sand
There sat a tiny gold-haired maid;
She patted with her baby hand
The warm white hillock, and I said,
"That is a noble fort you've made."
"No, 'tis a pie," she answered me.

Two little sand heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

We grown folk hardly understand
The happy fancies children have.
Busy amid the sea-beach sand,
That is washed white by many a wave:
The boy would be a patriot brave,
A house-wife would his sister be.

Two little sand heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

SAVED BY A "SLIVER."

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE centre of the Province of New Brunswick is still a wilderness, a distracting tangle of lakes and woods and watercourses, the paradise of the trapper and the woodsman. Here still feeds the moose, still roams the caribou in watchful herds. In the great barrens clothed with a thick mat of blueberry scrub the bears grow fat and good-humored on the great luscious berries which are their favorite dainty, and in the denser growth of the ravines or on the rocky hills the Northern panther, or "Indian devil," holds an undisputed supremacy. In the white moonlit nights his ghastly, semi-human cries come down from the heights, startling and overawing the silence, while in the shadows of approaching storm his voice rises fretful and muffled from the coverts.

In the autumn of '87 I was hunting in these wildernesses about the head waters of that famous salmon river the sou'west Miramichi. I had old Jake Christison with me, the best woodsman on the river, and I had also my inseparable companion and most faithful follower Jeff, a large bull terrier. Jeff was not a hunting dog in any accepted sense of the word. He had no inherited instinct for the chase, but he had remarkable intelligence, unconquerable pluck, unquestioning obedience, and hence

a certain fitness for any emergency that might arise. In the woods he always crept noiselessly at my heels, as unembarrassing and self-effacing as my shadow.

One morning we set out from camp soon after breakfast to follow up some fresh caribou signs which Jake had just reported. We had gone but two or three hundred yards into the thickets when the woodsman discovered that he had left his hunting knife by the camp fire, where he had been using it to slice the breakfast bacon. To go without his hunting knife could not for a moment be thought of, so he turned back hurriedly to get it, while I strolled on at a leisurely pace with Jeff at my heels.

My way led me through a little wide ravine, in the centre of which lay the fragments of a giant pine, shattered years ago by lightning, and bleached by storm and sun. A portion of the trunk remained yet upright, a tall splinter, or "sliver," as the woodsmen call it, split from the rest of the trunk by some electric freak, and pointing like a stern white finger toward the spot of open sky above whence the bolt had fallen. Saturated with resins, the sliver was practically incorruptible, and time had only served to harden its lance-like point and edge. A few feet beyond this blasted pine the woods grew thick—a dusky confusion of great gnarled trunks and twisting limbs.

As I sauntered up to the foot of that whitened trunk, Jeff suddenly thrust himself in front of me with a low, almost inaudible growl, and stood obstinately still, as if to bar my further advance. Instantly my glance penetrated the thicket, and fell upon a huge panther, crouched flat along a fallen tree of almost the same color as the brute's hide. It was the panther's cold green eyes indeed that so promptly revealed him to me. He was in the attitude to spring, and ordering Jeff "to heel," I sank on one knee, cocking my rifle and taking aim at the same time, for there was not a moment to lose.

Even as I pulled the trigger the animal dashed upon me, in the very face of the flash. The suddenness of the assault of course upset my aim, but by good chance the ball went through the animal's fore shoulder, breaking the bone. I was hurled backward into a hollow under the fallen fragments of the pine-tree, and I felt the panther's teeth go through my left arm. Thrusting myself as far as possible beneath the shelter of the log, I reached for the long knife at my belt. Just as I got it out of its sheath, the panther, with an angry cry, dropped my arm, and turned half round, while keeping his place upon my prostrate body. My faithful Jeff had come to the rescue of his master, and had sunk his terrible teeth into the root of the panther's tail.

The snarling beast doubled back upon himself, and struggled to seize the dog between his jaws; but Jeff was too wary and active for this, and the panther would not leave his post of vantage on my body. He was a sagacious beast, and perceived that if he should let me up he would have two enemies to contend with instead of one. As for me, in my restricted position, I found myself unable to use my knife with any effect. I lay still, abiding my opportunity, and watching with intense but curiously impersonal interest the good fight my bull terrier was making. I was not conscious of much pain in my arm, but the shock of the panther's assault seemed in some way to have weakened my vital force. Presently the panther, finding it impossible to release himself from that deadly grip of Jeff's, threw himself over on his back, curling himself up like a cat, and raked the dog severely with his dangerous hind claws. The change in our assailant's position released my right arm, and at once I drove the knife into his side square to the hilt. I failed to touch a vital spot, but the wound diverted his attention, and Jeff, bleeding and furious, was enabled to secure a new hold. The panther was a splendid beast, and fought as I never before or since have seen a panther fight. Had it not

been for my shot which broke his fore shoulder it would have gone hard with both Jeff and me. As it was, however, the panther found his work cut out for him, though I was so nearly helpless from my position that Jeff had to bear the brunt of the battle. The brave terrier was getting badly cut up. I could not see very well what went on, being at the bottom of the fight, and my breath nearly knocked out of me; but all of a sudden a rifle-shot rang in my ears, the smoke and flame filled my eyes, and the body of the panther stiffened out convulsively. The next moment old Jake was dragging me out from beneath, and anxiously inquiring about my damages.

Reassuring him as to my condition, I sat down rather faintly on the trunk, while Jeff, at my feet, lay licking his scratches. The old woodsman leaned upon his empty rifle contemplatively, scanning our vanquished foe, and loudly praising Jeff. Suddenly he broke off in the midst of a sentence and glanced up into the branches ahead of him.

"Great Jee-hoshaphat!" he exclaimed, in a startled voice, springing backward, and snatching for a fresh cartridge, while Jeff jumped to his feet with a wrathful snarl. In the same breath, before I could realize what was the matter, I heard the female panther, mate of him we had killed, utter her fearful scream of rage and pain. From a giant limb overhead her long tawny body flashed out into the sunlight, descending upon our devoted party like a yellow thunderbolt. Weak and dazed as I was, I shut my eyes with a sense of sick disgust and weariness, and a strange feeling of infinite suspense. There was a curious sound of tearing and scratching; but no shock came, and I opened my eyes in astonishment. There was Jake calmly slipping a cartridge into his rifle. There was Jeff standing just as I had seen him when I closed my eyes. It seemed hours, but it had been merely an eyewink—the fraction of a second. But where was the panther?

My inward query was answered on the instant. A wild and indescribable screeching, spitting, and snarling arose, mixed with a sound of claws tearing desperately at the hard wood of the pine trunk. The panther was held aloft in the air, impaled on the sliver, around which she spun madly like a frightful wheel of tawny fire. Her efforts to free herself were tremendous, but there was no escape. The sliver was hard as steel, and as inexorable. Suddenly Jeff sprang at the creature, but in his impetuosity missed his hold, and got a lightning blow from one of those great claws, almost laying his side open. The brave dog carries the marks of that wound to this day. His revenge was instantaneous, for his next leap gained its object, and his jaws fixed themselves securely in the panther's haunches. The whole wild scene had thus far been like a dream to me, and the yellings and snarlings sounded far off and indistinct. The only reality seemed to me the still brown and green of the forest, the moveless tree-tops, the cheerful morning sun streaming down into the little glade, and the old woodsman standing in his contemplative attitude, watching the gyrating form of the panther. Then on a sudden my blood seemed to flow with a rush of new force, and a sense of reality came back to me. I jumped up, slipped a cartridge into my rifle, and with a timely bullet put the unhappy beast out of its pain.

In order to release the panther's body we had to cut down the sliver, the blood-stained top of which, with its point sharp and spear-like, as if fashioned by the hand of man, now hangs as a treasured relic upon my library wall. Right beneath, as a foot-rug to my writing-table, and a favorite napping-place for Jeff, is the panther-skin with two holes in it, where the sliver went through. The other skin I gave to old Jake as a memorial of the adventure; but it is probable he sold it at the earliest fair opportunity, for it was a comely and valuable skin.

A DEW-DROP.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

LITTLE drop of dew,
Like a gem you are;
I believe that you
Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,
On the grass you lie;
Tell me, then, at night
Are you in the sky?

SIR BALTHAZAR GERBIER'S CHILDREN.

BY CARMOSINE.

THE heading of this article sounds a little as if it were that of a story or a fairy tale; it is, however, simply the title of a large picture by Peter Paul Rubens now in the Royal Gallery at Windsor Castle. This picture contains the portraits of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, his wife, and their nine children, all dressed in their best, and all looking as happy and charming as they can. Our engraving shows two of the children only.

Sir Balthazar Gerbier—Baron d'Ouvilly—was a Flemish gentleman, born at Antwerp in 1592, and brought up to the profession of painter and architect. By his talent as a painter he gained the confidence of the Duke of Buckingham, left his native country, and settled in England, where he soon got into the good graces of King Charles I. Sir Balthazar spoke half a dozen languages, had travelled all over Europe, knew all sorts of things, and, above all, had the desire to oblige and to be amicable which makes a good courtier. Owing to these qualities, he was often charged by Charles I. with delicate missions. He was even sent to Spain once to negotiate a treaty of peace between England and that country. The painter Rubens was also sent to Spain on the same errand, and in 1629 went to England to confer with Charles I. about this difficult treaty. It was during Rubens's stay in England that he painted the King's portrait, and probably also the portrait of Sir Balthazar Gerbier's family, a portion of which we have here engraved.

A few years later this same Gerbier was instrumental in bringing the painter Anthony Vandyck to London, where he lived and worked for a number of years, as we have already seen. Always on the lookout for opportunities and expedients to assure or increase his favor, Sir Balthazar was in the habit of recalling himself to the memory of Charles I. by timely souvenirs and presents, which generally took the shape of works of art. In 1631, being then in Holland, he sent to England as a New-Year's gift to the King a picture by Vandyck, representing the Virgin and St. Catherine, and the following year he succeeded in making on behalf of King Charles I. an arrangement with Vandyck, who, after some resistance, went over to London in 1632 as court painter.

Sir Balthazar Gerbier seems to have been a sort of universal genius. Besides being painter, architect, courtier, and diplomatist, he also wrote books, of which the titles are, *Assistance to a Traveller; Counsel and Advice to All Builders; Brief Discourse concerning the Three Chief Principles of Magnificent Buildings; and a Lecture on the Languages, Arts, Sciences, and Noble Exercises Taught in his Academy.* The title of the last book shows that Sir Balthazar was at one time (1650) established in London as a professor of civilization, deport-



PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY RUBENS.

ment, and general refinement; and to judge from the aspect of himself and his family in Rubens's picture, he seems to have known something about the subjects which he professed. His own figure in the picture is very noble and elegant in bearing; the hat is of the latest fashion, the lace collar of the most approved shape, and the mustache and beard are of the cut affected by his Majesty Charles I. His wife, Lady Balthazar, who sits with a laughing baby on her knees, wears her hair after the French fashion set by Queen Henrietta Maria, that very beautiful queen of whom our old friend Howell, the biographer of the court, says, "She hath eyes that sparkle like stars, and for her physiognomy she may be said to be a mirror of perfection."

The children, both boys and girls, are also dressed in the height of the fashion of the Charles I. period, with slashed sleeves, lace collars, embroidered caps, and all the splendor of silks and satins. In one group a little girl sits with her lap full of leaves, her brother holds a perch on which sits a tame bird, while a third child has a bow and arrow. In another group (that which we have engraved) two sisters, one with her apron full of leaves, are mounting the steps that lead to the terrace, where the father and mother are seen with the other children grouped around them. The whole family is represented on a terrace decorated with columns and drapery, while in the background are vases of flowers and the trees of a rich garden. In a previous chapter we have spoken of Rubens as a painter of children; we need only remark here that he has painted Sir Balthazar Gerbier's boys and girls with all the charming and roscate freshness of their tender years, and all the well-behaved elegance which Sir Balthazar must have taken care to teach them.

A



JINGLE

BELS

JINGLE, jangle! All atangle
 With the scattered dreams that float
 Through a radiant mist remote;
 Harsh, discordant sounds that wrangle,
 Peeling from a clamorous throat
 Wroth with sleep's dissolving spell—
 Jingle, jang! the rising-bell!



The Rising-Bell.



Ting-a-ling-a! Who's the ringer?
 To the lattice run and see.
 Callers, haply, it may be;
 Errand-boy, or wandering singer
 Begging for a penny's fee.
 Some one comes. Some news he brings.
 Ting-a-ling! the door-bell rings!

Ding-dong! There's something wrong!
 Without, the world so fresh and fair,
 So dim the school-room's dusty air;
 The spelling lesson's very long.
 The clocks are striking everywhere;
 And on the wind the warning grows
 As ding-dong! the school-bell goes!

The School Bell



Tinkle, tinkle! Stars atwinkle
 In the purple dome of night.
 Miles of snow that glimmer white.
 Silver spray of bells that sprinkle
 All the air with music bright.
 Voices ringing down the way.
 Tinkle, tinkle! sleigh-bells gay!



The Sleigh-Bell

Roll, toll! From breezy knoll,
 From upland farm and valley low,
 From city mansions row on row,
 Churchward the happy people stroll.
 The Sabbath sunshine, as they go,
 Broods over them with golden wing,
 And roll, toll! the church-bells ring!

Cling, clang! A rush, a bang,
 A joyous scurry down the hall,
 Obedient to the welcome call.
 So sweet a summons never rang
 To hungry listeners, one and all!
 Its magic tones inspiring swell—
 Cling, clang! the dinner-bell!



The Dinner-bell



Bonny Bell

Jangle, jingle! double, single,
 Bells of every tone and time.
 Bell the sweetest in my rhyme,
 With the tinkling chorus mingle
 Laughter sweet as silver chime—
 Bell of bells, I love so well!
 Belle of belles, my Bonny Bell!

MARGARET JOHNSON.



OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

HOBART, TASMANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have not written to you before, but as I have been taking your paper for nearly two years, and have enjoyed the correspondence and stories so much, I thought I should like to write to you, even if my letter does not appear in print. Reading some of the letters in the Post-office Box is quite like a very interesting geography lesson, and it is so nice to know what other little boys and girls do in different parts of the world. Hobart is built like Rome, on seven hills. It lies at the foot of Mount Wellington, with the river Derwent flowing by its side, forming a lovely harbor, which visitors say is the most beautiful in the Colonies. Sydney Harbor is equal to it, though some think that one and some think that the other is the more grand and beautiful; so I really think there is much of a likeness, and it is only a matter of different folk's opinions as to which is truly the grander. We have a most lovely climate, and in consequence are visited by invalids from all parts of the civilized world, mostly consumptive ones. Little babies are even sent over from Melbourne in an almost dying condition, and I think that with very few exceptions our climate cures them all through safely. We can tell stranger children at once by their colorless complexions and general fragile look, especially children from India. A Tasmanian child always has a lovely complexion and a bright and healthy look. I have heard strangers call us "Young Tiers," because we are so strong and healthy and wiry. But this is only natural, as the Tasmanians live out of doors, and are climbing up the hills and mountains which close us in on all sides, with a lovely broad river (three miles across) running in the valley of them, and on and in which we sail, row, paddle, canoe, bathe, and picnic. Across the river Derwent, from Hobart wharf, steamers leave every half-hour for Kangaroo Point, which is the favorite resort for children, as there is a broad sandy beach there, which stretches for two or three miles, being intersected by cliffs and rocks, where there are some excellent caves, which are convenient to use as bathing-houses, or as shelter from heat or rain. My father has two country houses, to either of which my brother Leo and I go for our holidays. Leo is my chum. I have another brother older and another younger than Leo, and as I am the only girl, I am considered rather a tomboy from being always with my brothers. I am English-born, though my mother is French, and I was very delicate before I came to Tasmania, but have not been ill once since I have been here, and that is quite new years. I am just thirteen, and Leo is twelve. There are only thirteen months between us, and we are both the same height, and are so much alike that we are often mistaken for twins. We have a tutor, who is German, and he is very kind to us. He plays the violin and piano most beautifully. He teaches me music, and I am very fond of it. I taught myself to play on the penny whistle and piccolo, and Herr R., our tutor, says he will teach me to play the violin when my fingers grow bigger. I collect butterflies and insects for a museum I have, and Herr R. explains all about them to me when I ask him to, and makes it interesting for me, telling me all about their different classes and what are the habits of the different insects.

When we (Leo and myself) were away for our Easter holidays, our father bought us each a new pony, which we named respectively *Larkin* and *Radical*. As we had already two other ponies, Fickle and Wasp, we thought we would drive "brags," as you know, and take the three horses, one in front of the other. We drove in the small pony-chaise, and had a lovely long drive, though once one of the ponies began bucking, and as he rolled backwards and forwards, he yielded after a little, and proceeded quietly alone.

When our worst took us last week to Port Arthur, where our horses were kept forty or fifty years ago. It is a beautiful place, and it is very interesting to go over the different prisons, one of which is the old building. In the old Prison there are dark cells, where refractory

prisoners were very often put. I wanted to try what they were like, and my father for fun put me in one for a minute, and it was very horrible, the darkness being so intense that one could almost feel it. These dark cells have three huge iron-framed doors, closely closing upon one another, so no wonder they are so silent and dark. There is also a deserted asylum, where the convicts who went mad from ill-treatment were kept. We have an old man on our farm who was once a convict.

I have a number of pets. One is a big St. Bernard dog called *Rajah*; two black rabbits; an iguana, which kills snakes; a black cat called *Ange Noir*; and two air-tails, small native birds, not nearly so big as a sparrow, which are so tame that their cage door is never shut, and they follow us everywhere we go—in the house, the garden. They hop on my shoulders and hands, and kiss me with their little soft beaks, which are a brilliant red. They have also brilliant red feathers on their tails; that accounts for their peculiar name. I call them *Yum-Yum* and *Nanki-poo*. There are some lovely places here that I would like to tell you about, the lakes, our mountains, and lovely fresh-water rivers, where Scotch salmon and English fish are acclimatized, and do wonderfully well, growing to an immense size, though they somewhat destroy our smaller native fish. I am afraid, as mother says, that I am writing too long a letter, so I must say good-by.

JACQUELINE.

BIRKBECK, LANSHIRE, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I wrote to you once before, and I was very much pleased to see my letter in your little while ago. I went in for the Trinity College music examination, and passed. I should like to join your Little House keepers, only there is not much for me to do at home, except now and then do. Do you think I write well for fourteen? Father does not. We have the sea here, but it is not nice to bathe in, as you have to go out so far before you get into deep water, and it is very muddy. The tide goes out so far that they have had to make a channel for the boats to get into harbor. We have a pier, which is three-quarters of a mile long, and there is a tram on it which goes by machinery. Dividing Birkbeck from Southport there is a very large lamp post, which stands where the founder of Southport lived. On the beach the Marine Park has just been finished; it has a lake, on which people sail and row. There are photographers, who take people's pictures very cheaply; also a seashore railway, aerial flight, and a band. I think we are going to have another park here and tell of the Botanical Gardens we have. I have written stories very much, and I have printed. If this letter is not printed, I shall be very sorry; but if it is, and it keeps some one else's out who has never written before, please print hers, as I have written stories before and had them printed. I love reading the letters from other letters and California. I think the latter must be a beautiful place. I have a canary now; it can sing beautifully.

ERHEL P.

I think you write beautifully, Ethel. Perhaps papa does not wish to make his little girl vain by praising her.

ARADEN, LONDON, CANADA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I wrote to your lovely magazine once long ago, when I was living in England, and you were good enough to print my letter, so I thought that I would write again. I have been living with my grandfather now for about seven years. My youngest brother also lives with me. My dear mother and grandmother died within five months of each other, when my little brother was only two months old. Grandfather has taken *Harrison's* *Yours* *Pewee* for us ever since it was first published, and we think that it is the very nicest paper for children. I enjoy reading it very much. My youngest brother also has been an especial favorite of mine. For two years past I have been attending the Convent of the Sacred Heart in this city, the Mother Superior being a sister of Mrs. Lillie's. We used a number

of her class-books. I was in New York for two or three days the last time that I came out from England. If I am ever there again I should like to go and see you. I have just returned from a visit to Toronto, which I enjoyed very much. I was on the water a great deal while there, and was fortunate enough to have seen the Royal Canadian Yacht Club's Regatta. The bay on which the races took place presented a gala appearance. The day was clear and bright, with just enough wind for the yachts to use all their canvas. There were also several private steam-yachts, which hovered around the various vessels, flying flags from every available point, and filled with lavishly dressed crowds. As I think my letter is becoming too long, I will say good-by. I remain your faithful reader,

WENONAH JOHNSON.

YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

I never thought of writing to you until Daisy asked me to. We do admire your paper, and I am so much interested in the articles on painting and music. Daisy, on the other hand, does wish you could print some anecdotes about royal children every week. We have seen the Duke of Connaught's children, the Princess Alice, and the little Duke of Albany, and the eldest little Prince and Princess of Battenburg. So much for the English ones. When in Berlin about a year ago we saw the three eldest little princes, the Crown Prince, Prince Elie, Fritz, and Prince Adalbert. We have had pictures of them, and we have seen Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen. Do you think Mrs. Lillie or some of your writers could write about a little royal personage; if so, Daisy would be pleased. Your new correspondent,

ELIZABETH FEODORA A.

No doubt Daisy will be satisfied one of these days. Meanwhile, to the Postmistress, her clicks are all royal, and she cannot help feeling that no little Prince and Princesses can be more interesting than just plain Susy and Ellen and John and Richard are. When they are good? Not only then, dear inquirer, but always, and most children are sometimes naughty!

ROSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I arrived home safe from my summer residence in Roxbury on Saturday, and received many caresses. I have had a lovely time this summer. My friends and I went to the beach every day and sleep. I was always the first one to taste the milk fresh from the cow. I used to follow the house-keeper, who was very kind to me; in fact, I was the pet of the household. And now I am glad to get home to my dear mistress, who is writing this for me, for I am only a cat.

PINKIE WHITE.

Well, Madam Puss, we'll publish your letter to please your little mistress.

The children may be as much entertained as the Postmistress was with this extract from the Washington Post, on some very hard-worked words. Are we in fault?

I was awakened in the middle of the night by a disturbance in the library. It did not seem to be the noise of burglars. It was more like the murmuring sound of many tongues engaged in spirited debate. I listened closely, and concluded it must be some sort of a discussion being held by the words in my big unabridged dictionary. Creeping softly to the door, I stood and listened. "I don't care," said the little word of; "I may not be very big, but that is no reason why every body should take advantage of me. I am the most mercifully overworked word in the whole dictionary, and there is no earthly reason for it. Prove it," and 'accept of,' and 'admit of,' all sorts of things. Then they say 'all of us,' and 'both of them,' and 'first of all,' and tell about 'looking out of' the window, or cutting a piece



HE REVISED IT.

"I WANT TO GET A WATCH FOR THIS BOY."

"YES, SIR. A SECOND-HAND WATCH?"

"SECOND-HAND? NO, SIR; WE DON'T WEAR SECOND-HAND GOODS."

"BEG PARDON, SIR; I SHOULD HAVE SAID A WATCH WITH A SECOND HAND."

CULTURE.

A PERSON returned from Japan Said, "At once I will try if I can Speak pure Japanese With correctness and ease, Like a cultured and travelled young man."

SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

A LITTLE four-year-old occasionally heard his father use the expression, "He didn't know it was loaded." The expression is not used in connection with fire-arms in a general sense, but in connection with any incident in which a surprise follows the want of sufficient precaution. One morning Charlie clambered into his mother's lap while she was talking to a visitor. She pushed him off in perhaps rather an annoyed manner, and in doing so happened to get her finger into his mouth, whereupon he playfully bit it. She shook her finger, twisted up her face, and pretended to be in pain. He laughed, looked up, and said, with dancing eyes and dimples, "Oo didn't know it was loaded, did oo, mamma?"

F. H. S.

THREE PUZZLES.

BY GORR D. N. KNOTT.

A STRIKING PUZZLE.

A CLOCK that strikes the hours and half-hours is out of order, and when the hands point to nine o'clock, the clock strikes half past six. How can the owner correct this, remembering that, in order not to run the risk

of injuring the clock, he must only move the hands forward?

MATHEMATICAL.

A certain number of men started from the same point at the same time, and travelled in different directions on straight roads at the rate of five miles an hour. At the end of one hour each man was just five miles away from the two of his companions who were nearest him. How many men were there in all?

PAPER "PI" PUZZLE.

A young boy once found some torn strips of paper by the roadside, and amused himself in putting them together again. He was, however, unable to find all of the strips, and his work when completed was as given below. With a little ingenuity and patience, however, he succeeded in making out the verse, which he found to be by a well-known author. What was the verse?

I	HOL	T	TR	ATE	B	ALL;
I	FE	IT,	WH	SO	W	ST;
'IS	ETTE	HA	LOV	AND	L	
THA	EVE	TO	VE	LO	AT	AL.

TO MY SECOND SELF.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I'VE talked with a Khedive of Egypt, and dined with a grandee of Spain;
I've supped with a Khan of the Tartars, known the third of the Bonaparte's reign;
I've encountered the Czar of the Russias, of the Sultan I've oft been a guest—
But none of these great personages than my baby was more self-possessed.

If I ask him to say what his name is, or seek to find out who's his ma;
If I shake all my keys in his visage, or ask him "oose baby" he "are";
If I shoot off a cannon before him, or scold him for spoiling my rest—
'Tis never a glance e'en he'll give me, the youngster is so self-possessed.

His blue eyes are ever a-staring far, far away into space,
Expression defying solution on every sweet curve of his face.
And now, as I stand looking at him, as he sleeps in his soft perfumed nest,
I am glad that 'as all his is mine too, the babe by himself is possessed.



A GRIEVANCE ON BOTH SIDES.

"WHY, PET, WHAT IS THE MATTER? COME AND TELL SISTER."
"I-I JUST F-PAINTED THAT F-POST ALL NICE, AN' HE-HE'S R-RUBBING IT ALL OFF AGAIN."

WITH DOUBLE-PAGE

SUPPLEMENT.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

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THE RED MUSTANG.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

AUTHOR OF "TWO ARROWS," "THE TALKING LEAVES," "DAR KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORY OF A LOG.

THE red mustang was in excellent health and high spirits. So was his master, and they were nearly agreed upon another point. Dick evidently believed that any trail whatever ought to be followed at full

speed, and Cal fretted continually over the steady plodding commanded by Captain Moore. Cal was glad that in his first Indian campaign he was to have so much first-class help, including the four Chiricahua Apache scouts. He had confidence in his father and in the Captain, as men of experience in such matters, but at last he could hardly help mentioning to Sam Herrick the joint criticism made by himself and Dick. "Why, Sam," he remarked, "the red-skins have three days the start of us, and Captain Moore isn't in any kind of hurry. They must be gaining on us."

"That's not of much account, Cal," said Sam, "so long as their trail stays in this country. They're camped at the end of it to-night. So they will be every night till they get to the far end of it, and there we'll find 'em, unless they cross over into Mexico."

"And if they do that?" asked Cal.

"Mexico's a hot place for Indians just now," replied Sam. "Troops moving; militia called out. These fellows couldn't stay there."

The far end of an Indian trail is sometimes a curious thing to hunt for, as Sam went on to explain. It may get lost in the sand, or among the mountains, or in the snow, or somebody may hide it or steal it, or a heavy rain may wash it all out.

"Well," said Cal, "one thing's sure. If we should come near 'em and have to chase 'em, the horses won't be too travel-tired for good running."

"Exactly so," said Sam. "That's what the Captain's up to."

The cavalry and cow-boy camp that night was as safe as Santa Lucia, but there was something like a disturbance in another place.

The party of rancheros and Chiricahua militia who had blazed away at Kah-go-mish may have been a kind of scouting party. They had escaped destruction by not following him up the slope, and they afterward had not many miles to ride before they reached a camp to which they evidently belonged. One small corner of that camp had an appearance of good order, where an experienced officer of the Mexican army was in command of a few disciplined soldiers. The remainder of it seemed to bear the likeness of a grand military picnic, where all the men who had tickets were free to have a good time in any manner they might please. Very soon after supper most of them pleased to lie down and go to sleep, while others sat up to smoke and play cards.

Of course there could not be any danger threatening a force of over four hundred men, all so warlike, so soldierly, so completely ready to whip any tribe of mere red Indians. Besides, no important band of hostiles was known or believed to be in that vicinity. There might have been a better watch kept that night, nevertheless, especially at the corral where all their horses were picketed.

This had been made along the bank of the deep still stream which supplied the camp with ice-water from the Sierra Madre. Nobody ever heard of any fellow taking a swim in such cold water as that was. It was cold enough to chill the bones of a mountain trout. Of course no one did undertake to swim in it, but at about midnight a log came floating down. There was a large knot on one side of the log. The current or something carried it against the bank, right in the middle of the corral, and either there were two logs, or that log divided, for one log floated off down-stream, while the other log crept out on shore, stood erect, and walked stealthily around among the horses. The knot was carried on the upper end of this log, and the other went off without any.

Very quickly were four of the best horses equipped with four of the best saddles and bridles from among the long rows at the edge of the corral. The log did it, and added holsters with revolvers in them and two bundles of fine lances and some good American carbines and two full

saddle-packs of cartridges. The sentries of the corral were all stationed outside of the place where that peculiar log was at work. All but two of them were asleep, as the guardians of so strong and warlike a camp had a right to be.

Now the log crept around until it found a path leading out southerly, past a sentry who was sleeping very soundly indeed. Then it went back into the corral and led out the four saddled and bridled horses, with four others following that wore only halters, but carried securely strapped burdens, selected and fitted by the log.

There was a brilliant moonlight, so that there was no danger whatever to the camp from Indians, and the log led the horses on until it became wise to go ahead and see if there had been any picket posted at the place and distance at which one might have been expected.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the log, as it went back for the horses. "Mexican! No bluecoat!"

That was a compliment to such men as Captain Moore; but then the log was doing what no kind of fellow would have undertaken with "bluecoats." It now mounted one of the horses, and led the others up the stream to a place it seemed to know about, where the water was wide and shallow, and could be easily forded. On crossing it, the log was still at no great distance from the camp, but upon higher ground. Looking down, it could have a good view of the smouldering camp fires and the sleeping Mexicans, for tents there were not.

"Kah-go-mish is a great chief," exclaimed the log, exultingly. "Ugh! Got heap hoss, heap saddle, heap gun, heap all plunder. Ugh! Mexican shoot at him on rock. Wonder how feel now, pretty soon? Ugh!" An irrepressible whoop of triumph burst from him. "Ugh! Bad medicine," he said. "Great chief let mouth go off like boy."

He had not lost his wits, however, and he followed that whoop with a dozen more, a whole series of fierce, ear-splitting screeches, while he rapidly emptied the nine chambers of the captured carbine and the six of a revolver. He aimed at the camp fires, and with tiptop success, testified to by sudden showers of sparks and brands which flew around among the startled sleepers.

Great was the uproar in that astonished camp. Seven gallant fellows who had bugles began to blow for dear life the moment they were upon their feet. Every officer began to shout orders as soon as he was awake, and some seemed to begin even earlier. They exhibited remarkable presence of mind, but no soldier received the same order from any two of them. Within a minute, at least a hundred men were at their posts of danger behind something or other, while three hundred more were making a blind rush for the corral. The sentries had all fired their pieces at once, and now there began a general popping of guns and pistols at the awful shadows beyond the little river.

Kah-go-mish could hardly have wished for anything better. He wheeled and rode rapidly away, followed by the string of horses which he had regarded as the fee due to him for being made a target of.

He had not been killed then, no thanks to the Mexicans, and he had not killed anybody now, deeming it imprudent to take any scalps under the circumstances. He had again, however, proved his claim to be considered an extraordinary collector of enemy's horses, and that is a high fame to win among the wild tribes of the Southwest. As for the righteousness of what he had done, in his own eyes, he was a commanding officer of Mescalero Apaches, and his people were at war with Mexico, as the rancheros and militia had declared so recklessly. He made war in a manner every inch as civilized as their own, and thought well of himself for so doing. He said so quite a number of times that night, as he rode on deeper and deeper into the rugged

passes of the Sierras. Just about daylight he came to an open, shaded spot by a spring, where there was plenty of grass for his prizes, and where he could build a fire, and then find out what there might be for breakfast in a very fat haversack which hung from one of the saddles.

As for the Mexican cavalry of all sorts, they behaved well, and the officer in supreme command at last succeeded in substituting his own orders for those of his hasty subordinates. He stationed a strong force at the ford, to prevent the supposed tribe of red men which had assailed his camp from crossing the river. He threw out scouting parties, encouraged his men by voice and example, urging them to do their duty, prove their attachment to their flag, and die rather than surrender. He was answered by enthusiastic cheers, and when morning came he readily obtained from among them a body of brave volunteers, who followed him across the ford to search the dangerous underbrush on the hill from which the hostile barbarians had fired on the camp. The more these volunteers searched the better they felt, and at last they found a trace of the enemy. They captured a pony, bridle and all. It was the sad-looking beast selected by Kah-go-mish as the most nearly worthless of all that he had brought with him from the reservation.

Eight militia-men, one of them a bugler, already knew that the enemy had penetrated the corral, and had gotten away again, but here was a sort of a mount for one of them. Well, it was a capture anyhow, and a proof of victory, and was spoken of as "ponies" in the official report of the manner in which that night attack had been baffled by the Chiricahua militia.

CHAPTER X.

PING AND THE COUGAR.

WHEN Kah-go-mish set out upon his war-path, he went by ways which no white man's foot had ever trod. His family and followers began to perform the same feat in another direction.

Tah-nu-nu very nearly spoiled a name which was beginning to grow upon her brother. It was too long for common use, and it meant, "The-boy-whose-ear-pushed-away-a-piece-of-lead." Wah-wah-o-be every now and then strung all the syllables together, and the whole was like one of those mountain passes, wider here and narrower there, but rugged all the way. Tah-nu-nu cut it short, and called him Ping.

Wah-wah-o-be's tongue and the use she made of it helped such a trail as that amazingly. She had endless tales to tell concerning what her husband had done and was yet to do, and of the great deeds of her nation, and of the evil deeds and purposes of all pale-faces.

The questions asked by Ping and Tah-nu-nu were also endless. His proved that he knew some things already, and that he had learned a part of them while the band had been upon the reservation. Those of the little Apache girl proved for her as much and more. She must have been thinking and imagining, and her eyes frequently took on a soft and dreamy look which did not come at all in those of her mother or her brother.

There were not many safer places in all the Sierras than was the little valley in which the band of Kah-go-mish encamped an hour or so before the shadows became darkness among the chasms and gorges.

Ping ate a hearty supper, but he was in trouble. Other boys and girls and some of the squaws had taken a notion of turning their heads on one side and saying "Ping" when they met him, just as if they believed that he had winced from the touch of the bullet. He knew that he had not done so, but the taunt stirred up within him a very hot desire to do something heroic, like standing

still to be shot at. He felt that it was a great injustice to ridicule him for the ear he was so proud of. The sting to his vanity kept him in motion after supper, and he strolled all over the valley. No lodges had been pitched, and the horses were scattered around, feeding under the watchful care of several braves whose turn it was to serve as "dog soldiers," or camp police, and everything was peaceful.

The moonlight was brilliant, but Ping had no idea whether or not the mountain scenery it lighted up was grand. He did know that it was just the night for his father to do great deeds in, or for any wild animal to prowl around after its prey. The cries of several had been heard during the afternoon march and since the band halted.

Wah-wah-o-be had told him and Tah-nu-nu that these Mexican mountains fairly swarmed with Manitous and magicians, most of whom were favorable to the Apaches, but that all of them were more or less to be feared. For all that Ping knew, some of these unseen beings might be wandering up and down in that moonshine within arrow-shot of him. He felt safe in the camp, but nothing would have induced him to venture out among them. He knew very well that any Indian who got himself killed in the dark did not go to the happy hunting-grounds, but had an awful time of it somewhere. As for the wild animals, he had a settled determination to kill a grizzly bear some day, and to have his claws for a collar of honor to wear upon great occasions, as the great warriors of his tribe had. He proposed to become a mighty hunter and warrior, but just now he felt very sleepy, and he went back and lay down at the foot of a pine-tree, not far from the rest of his family.

Ping's eyes closed, but another pair did not. Tah-nu-nu's remained open in spite of her. She had heard more stories than Ping had, and while each tale had kept its old shape in his mind, it had turned into twenty new forms in hers.

That is one difficulty about having an imagination, and Tah-nu-nu's had been getting more and more excited ever since the Mexican bullet tore her beautiful red dress. She kept thinking, too, of her heroic father and of the great things he would have to tell when he should get back from his war-path.

Tah-nu-nu lacked only a few years of being a grown-up squaw, and Wah-wah-o-be often braided her hair for her, like that of a young pale-face lady at the reservation head-quarters. Some day a great brave was to come and pay many ponies for her, and she would then rule his lodge for him and scold eloquently like her mother. She had therefore a long list of matters to dream about as she lay awake among the bushes where Wah-wah-o-be and several other squaws had spread their blankets. It was at some distance from the fires which the "dog soldiers" kept slowly burning. Not far away, on the left, were the tall pines, under one of which Ping had curled down, while outside of all was a bare ledge of rock, littered with boulders and fragments.

There were streaks and patches of shining white quartz here and there. Tah-nu-nu had never heard of such a thing as beauty, any more than Ping, but she felt its power, as he did not. She arose and stole softly out to look at the marvellous picture made by that ledge in the moonlight. She looked and looked, but she had no Apache word for what she saw. It was all perfectly still during many minutes, and then Tah-nu-nu was sure she saw something moving around at the farther border of the ledge. Her first impulse was to go out and see what it was, but her next thought was of her bow and arrows and of Ping.

"Ugh!" said Ping, as she shook his arm, and he sprang to his feet.

"Hust!" she said. "Come! Look!"

He strung his bow and fastened his quiver of arrows to his belt, while she whispered an exclamation. Then he went to where the family packs had been thrown down, and brought back a weapon at which Tah-nu-nu nodded approval.

Days before that a careless pony had stepped upon and broken one of the best lances of Kah-go-mish. The blade was as keen as ever, and there were six feet of shaft remaining below the cross-piece, so that it made a pretty dangerous-looking pike, although it was no longer a lance.

Ping followed Tah-nu-nu, and not a word was uttered until they were out upon the ledge. Some prowling wolf might be there, attracted by the odor of cooked meat and fish, or even some more important animal, for bears also have noses. Ping would not have given a needless alarm for anything. That would have brought upon him sharper ridicule than had the scratch on his ear. He had no idea that any human enemy could be near that lonely camp, and wild animals, he knew, were sure to keep at a distance from camp fires. That was true; but then Wah-wah-o-be and her friends were not camp fires, and were not near to any. They were asleep away out on that side of the camp, and it was so safe that it had no sentry, and the eyes of Tah-nu-nu had been of so much the greater value.

She and Ping were stealing out upon the broken ledge, and he had an arrow upon the string, but she had not as yet.

"Ugh!" he said, as he crouched low and drew his arrow to the head.

Tah-nu-nu uttered a sharp cry. It was the Apache word for "cougar!"

Ping's bowstring twanged, and then he bounded to the right, as if he were dodging something. So he was, for the whole camp heard the snarling roar with which a

great "mountain-lion" came rushing through the air, and crashed down a bush close to the children of Kah-go-mish and Wah-wah-o-be.

Ping's arrow had been well aimed, for it was buried in the breast of the cougar. Another went into his side as he came down, and that was from the hand of a girl archer. Tah-nu-nu had worked like a flash, and her arrow operated as a sting, for the wounded beast made yet another tremendous bound.

All the squaws were on their feet, and Wah-wah-o-be could not have told why she picked up her blanket as she arose. She was worthy to be the wife of a chief, however, for when the cougar alighted almost in front of her, she promptly threw the blanket over him. Another and another blanket followed, while he rolled upon the ground, mad with pain and rage, tearing his unexpected bedclothes and snarling ferociously.

There had come into the dull mind of The-boy-whose-ear-pushed-away-a-piece-of-lead a great memory of a story he had once heard of a valiant warrior who faced a cougar single-handed. With it came another, of a chief standing alone upon a rock while a hundred enemies fired at him.

"I am the son of Kah-go-mish!" he shouted, exultingly, and before the fierce wild beast could free himself from the blanket, there was Ping in front of him, spear in hand.

Any experienced cougar hunter would have been inclined to say, "Good-by, Ping!" but the Apache boy was not thinking of the risk he was running. He knew what to do, and he put all the strength of his tough young body into the thrust with which he sent his weapon low down inside the animal's shoulder. The sharp blade went in up to the cross-piece just as the bow of Tah-nu-nu twanged again, and there were piercing shrieks on all sides. The loudest came from Wah-wah-o-be, as the cougar

made a convulsive effort to reach his rash assailant, for over and over went Ping, in spite of all his bracing.

He would have fared worse if the butt of the spear shaft had not been braced against the ground, so that the cougar did not fall upon him.

The blade had done its work. There were two or three more long ribs made in Wah-wah-o-be's woollen treasure, and then the cougar lay still.

Ping was beyond all ridicule now, for he had proved himself a young brave. Wah-wah-o-be was so proud of him, that she had not a word of grief to utter over the mess of woollen ribbons which was all that remained of her very best reservation blanket.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



OLD FRIENDS.

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK

XL.—COLOR

ONE of the most wonderful things about light is color. You have seen how a ray of sunlight passing from air into water is bent aside, and that the same thing happens when it passes from air into glass, as we did in the lens used for photographing.

Sir Isaac Newton tried the experiment of making glass into a triangular shape called a prism. He let a ray of light fall upon one of the sloping sides of the glass. He knew that the ray would be bent as it went into this piece



FIG. 1.
Home-made Prism.

of glass, and still more bent when it came out again; but he expected to see a spot of light only. Imagine his surprise when he saw, not a round spot of light, but an oblong band of the most gorgeous colors. The beam of light was bent as it went into the prism, and it was bent again as it came out; but besides being bent it was spread out. Take an ordinary fan which opens and shuts; open it, and you have a rough picture of the way the light ray is spread out by the prism. Newton argued that if the prism spread the light, another prism turned in the opposite way would bring it back. He placed a second prism in the path of the spread-out ray, and found what he expected: the colors were gone, and there was only a round spot of light.

I would like you to make or have made a simple prism. Get a block of solid wood about two inches each way. Have an inch hole bored through it crosswise, and then dress it down till it is three-cornered, with a flat top and bottom. Through the top bore a gimlet-hole down into the large crosswise hole. The drawing (Fig. 1) will show you what I mean. Paint the inch hole with black sealing-wax dissolved in alcohol. When it is dry, glue two flat pieces of glass on the sides; Le Page's glue answers very well. Let it dry thoroughly, and then pour water into the gimlet-hole, cork it up, and you have a prism.

Let the ray of light coming through the hole in the black silesia shade fall on the sloping side of your prism, which must be held diagonally to the light ray.* Do not let the water remain in the prism when you are not using it, or the swelling of the wood will break the glass. You can buy a fairly good prism for forty-five cents, but without a prism you cannot experiment in color. If you lay a small bevelled mirror in the sun, the bevelled edge will act like a prism, and throw the colors imperfectly on the ceiling.

A ray of light allowed to strike through the corner of a square glass bottle filled with water gives a suggestion of the colors of the rainbow, and the lustre from a chandelier or candelabra will give many imperfect prisms. The colors, you will always find, are in the order of rainbow colors—red, orange, yellow, green, and the blues; the red being least bent aside.

If you have a water or glass prism, let a ray of light fall through it; the narrower you can get the slit, the more perfect will be the band of colors, which is called

a spectrum. Place the prism so that the band will fall crosswise on a table. This can be done by setting the prism on the upper part of the lower sash of a window when the sun is about three or four hours high. Make

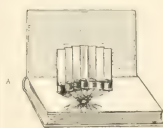


FIG. 3.
A Seven glasses reflecting spectrum, crossing and making white spot at centre. B Diagram of rays of colors.



a little screen by screwing a spool a little back of the middle of a flat board; let the board be ten inches square, and covered with white paper; then saw down for an inch through

the middle of the spool; into this cleft put a piece of pasteboard, or a large photograph turned back foremost. You will be able to make the spectrum fall on this screen. The light ray is bent aside and spread out into a fan of gorgeous colors, which are invisible till they fall on some object in their path. If you have a second prism, you can change all this gorgeous color back to white light; if you have not, let the colors fall on a common reading glass, and you will see the spot of uncolored light (Fig. 2).

Darkness, you know, is not something, as light is; it is the absence of something—the absence of light; just as silence is the absence of sound, and cold is the absence of heat. You have a ray of light crossing a dark room; when you shut up the hole that the light came through, you have darkness. Suppose you put over this hole a piece of white paper, you cut off some of the light; what comes through is light, but it is only a part of the light which came through before. White light, you have seen,

is made up of many different colored lights all coming into the eye together. If by some means you could get rid of some of these color waves, what do you think you would see? Not white light, because part of what made it white has been taken out of it. Suppose you sifted out the blue rays from a beam of white light, you would have left a mixture of all the other colors, which is a yellow. If you sifted out the red, you would have the rest, which is green. When you let light fall through a rich blue glass, you have done that very thing—you have sifted out the blue rays. All the color we see comes from this sifting out of some rays and leaving others. Sometimes we see the rays that have gone through, as in colored glass; sometimes the rays that are turned back, as in a colored leaf.

You remember how we found that pitch in music was high or low because there were quick or slow vibrations that reached the ear. Color is like pitch—it depends upon the number of light vibrations that reach the eye in a second. Red is the lowest note in the color scale, violet is the highest; the other colors come in between as they appear in the prism or rainbow. There is not an octave of color as there is in music; the highest color note does not vibrate twice as fast as the lowest. Ordinary white sunlight is a grand chord of all the color notes struck at once. This would make a horrible discord in sound, but it makes the pure white light when the waves are color waves.

When paints are mixed, you know, if you have ever tried to paint, that blue and red make purple, and yellow and blue make green. When the colors from the prism are mixed, blue and red make purple, as they do in paints, but blue and yellow make white. Paints are always in



FIG. 2.
Light spread out into color; reversed by reading glass.



FIG. 4.
Whirling Disk.

* The directions for this prism are slightly modified from one described in Lewis Wright's charming book on *Light*.

pure. Almost all blues have some green in them, and most yellows have green; so when you mix these two, the yellow and blue make white, but the green is left over from both, and that is what you see.

Let us try mixing the pure colors that come from the prism. Take seven small spools; those that button-hole twist come on are very good. Cut seven slips of glass from some broken mirror, or get them at a looking-glass factory. You can cut these easily yourself with a wheel-cutter, which can be bought for five cents. Lay the glass perfectly flat, and run the wheel along the edge of a ruler, pressing hard, and holding the ruler firmly so that it will not slip. It will make a scratch, and you can break the glass on this line. I tell you this again, because you may have forgotten how it was done before. Make the slips of glass two inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide. Heap some yellow beeswax on the top of the spools, and while it is still soft press the glass into these as stands.*

Place the glasses in a row in front of where the colors fall from the prisms on the little pasteboard screen, so that each will reflect a color. If you make the band of colors come from above, the little mirrors will throw the reflected colors in bands across the white paper pasted on the board on which the spools are standing. Now curve the line of the spools so that these reflections will cross each other. In Fig. 3, A, you see how the spools stand; in B, the dotted lines are the rays of color as they come from the prism; the straight lines show the direction in which the reflections cross; the bands of color all cross at the centre, making there a spot of white light, and the colors are different wherever two colors cross each other. This experiment is not difficult, except that you will perhaps have some trouble in getting the board flat and the spools and glasses steady and straight, but with a little patience you can succeed, and it is very beautiful and wonderful to see. Do not let the spools be wider than the mirrors, or they will not stand close and reflect all the colors. If the spools are too large, split the edges even with the edges of the little mirrors.

If you find this difficult, an easier but not such a satisfactory way of seeing this same thing is to cut a circle of pasteboard nine inches across. Divide it into four parts; then divide each of these into seven. (Fig. 4.) I choose a circle of nine inches, because the dimensions will each be almost an inch at the edge. With bright, clear water-colors paint these narrow pie-shaped slips with red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, indigo, in this order; then begin again, and do this in each quarter. Put a round smooth nail or scutcheon pin through the centre of the disk where the points of the colors meet; drive this into a heavy board edge, or common table, and whirl it around as fast as you can. The colors disappear, and you see a round but rather dirty white circle. If the colors were pure, it would be pure white; if they were really prismatic colors, you would have a little shining white moon of light.

When you threw the reflections of the colors across each other on the table, the colors were mixed there; when you look at the whirling card, the colors are mixed in your eye. The eye holds what it sees for a little while after the thing is gone. You know how this is when you whirl a stick which has been burning and is still bright; you see, not a moving point of light, but a circle or some other figure.

When you twirl your card, the red stays in the eye till the yellow and green and blue are added to it, and what the eye sees white are all these vibrations added to each other, not on the paper, but in the eye.

The reason why a ray of light passing through a prism comes out spread into color is that each color is bent a lit-

tle differently by the glass, the violet most and the red least of them all. The vibrations of the violet are the shortest and quickest; so when it goes out from the second side of the prism, it is thrown a little more aside than the slower red vibrations. You know how it is if you are running and taking quick steps and come to a turn, you are apt to be thrown a little to one side, you cannot help swinging round the corner faster than when you are running at a slower rate. All the colors move forward equally fast, but the violet beats faster.

The rainbow is very readily explained by the drops acting as a prism; it can be imitated with a magic lantern and a round glass globe filled with water, but the experiment would be too difficult for you to try.

Color, you see, comes from that part of the white light that is sent to your eye after the other colors have been sifted out of it. When you see a green leaf, it is not that greenness is a part of that leaf, it is only that from something in the leaf the light rays are all soaked up by it, except those that go to make green.

NANCY'S VISIT TO THE FLUME.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

"I DON'T see why some folkses air rich an' some air not," mused Nancy Butts, as a great stage-coach, drawn by four sturdy horses, came over the brow of the hill, and then with brakes tightly set wheezed and groaned as it went down the other side. Everybody knew that the old stage wheezed and groaned, although they couldn't hear it on this particular occasion, as it was packed inside and outside with a merry crew of young people, who sang when the horses tugged up the hill, and shouted as the stage tried to run over the steeds on the way down.

Poor Nancy! She had spent her whole life in the White Mountains, only sixteen miles from the Flume, and yet she had never seen it. Every day in summer she watched the merry parties go by in the morning and saw them returning at night, worn and tired, but still full of joy, and in that day they had viewed the Old Man of the Mountains, the Pool, and all those other natural wonders that she had so often heard of and never seen. And she wanted to see them, too, just as much as any of those people who came from Boston and New York, and staid at the big mountain hotels. This summer in particular Nancy had been possessed with a desire to visit those wonderful places, but there was no way to gratify her wish. Her father was busy all day with his crops, and when Mr. Butts occasionally took a holiday she did not like to suggest an excursion to these places, for they had no wagon, and it was too far to walk. Her parents, who had lived in the same house for years, never thought of riding about through the mountains just to "see things" like the city folks; everything the city people did seemed the height of folly and extravagance.

"Why air some folkses rich?" Nancy again asked herself. "Ma says they must pay a dollar apiece to go in them stages, and they go all the time." Another stage came up the hill and rattled by as Nancy sat on the doorstep. "I wonder where they eat?" said Nancy, and then she clapped her hands with joy at a thought which occurred. Why couldn't she make some money by selling them apples and grapes? There were plenty of grapes in the woods—great big black ones and sweet as sugar—and there was also any quantity of apples in their orchard; perhaps, too, she might get her mother to let her have some milk. She had heard of the people stopping at the different farm-houses for such things, and though they had never stopped at her house, perhaps they might if they knew they could get something. So she thought for a while, and then mentioned the scheme to her mother, who smiled and promised to let her have the milk in one

* Lewis Wright's *Light*.

of the stone corks, "an' mebbe pa'll put up a shed for you, Nancy, in the front garden." Nancy was astonished at the interest her mother displayed, and totally beside herself when she saw her father that afternoon drive four posts into the ground and nail a few boards over the top to shade her from the sun.

The next morning Nancy rose with the birds, and by the time breakfast was ready she had arranged a plateful of grapes on a little counter, piled up a dozen rosy apples and as many yellow ones, and had her crock of milk covered with a plate and clean cloth. Bunches of mountain flowers and golden-rod lay near the fruit, and a big sign on brown paper read,

FRESH MILK.

"Cause," explained Nancy, "folks can see the apples and grapes, but they won't know 'bout the milk 'less I tell 'em; that's the way they do in *real* stores," she added; for Nancy occasionally walked to Franconia with her mother, only four miles away.

It was still very early in the day when Nancy finished her breakfast, and went out and sat behind her stock, ready for any customer. She watched the sun come up from behind the mountains, and the mists roll up like a great curtain and fade away. The birds sang gladly, and a squirrel stopped in the middle of the road and looked at the little girl, as much as to say, "Good for you, Nancy, good for you!" Higher and higher climbed the sun, and it seemed to her an awfully long time before the stages came. Two young men rode by on horseback, and they smiled at the little figure in a white apron seated on a high box with her feet dangling in the air, and as Nancy saw them smile she hung her head and colored. When she looked up they had gone, and Nancy scolded herself for her bashfulness, for how was she to know whether people wished to buy of her unless she paid attention to them? Suddenly the rumble of a stage was heard, and looking down Nancy saw the horses just coming up the hill, and they never came so slowly. It seemed such a long time before they reached the top, just where she was, and then there was a louder roar, a cloud of dust, and they had gone down the other side. Tears rushed to Nancy's eyes. Would they all do so? she wondered, for no question of her ultimate success had hitherto entered her mind.

"My dear!" said a voice, and, looking up, she saw a lady and gentleman in a buggy which had stopped. The lady beckoned to her. "A glass of milk, if you please," said the lady, as Nancy came out; and Nancy, with trembling hands, carried it out to her. "It is rather warm, my dear," said the lady, kindly, as she drank. "How much do you ask a glass?"

How much? Strange to say, Nancy had never fixed a price, and she hesitated.

The gentleman leaned over and gave her a dime. "I haven't no change," she said; but she was talking to herself, for the buggy had driven on. One whole dime for a single glass of milk! Nancy's heart beat wildly as she laid the piece of money on the counter. At that rate she would soon get a dollar, and could go on one of the stages to the Flume. Another quartet of horses toiled up the hill, and the stage stopped at the top.

"I want some apples," said a boy, hopping down from the top, and speaking to a lady inside the stage.

"Ask the little girl to come here," said the lady; and Nancy went. "How much are your apples?" she asked.

"One cent apiece," faltered Nancy, painfully aware that nearly a dozen young people and children on top of the stage were gazing down upon her. The boy who had jumped down, meanwhile, had confiscated Nancy's whole stock, counter and all, and carried it out to his mother in the coach.

"Why, Robert," exclaimed the lady, "you must not do that. Is there more than fifty cents' worth here? No?" as Nancy shook her head. "Here you are, dear," and she passed the money out. "What do you intend to do with it all?"

"I want to go see the Flume," said Nancy, in a low voice. But Robert repeated her answer to the crowd on the top, and instantly there was a sudden chorus:

"Oh, mamma, let's take her!" "Can't she go with us, Mrs. Worthington?" "Haven't you *ever* seen it?"

"Have you never been?" asked Mrs. Worthington. "Why, you can come with us now," and the lady whispered to the others inside. "Come," said she, alighting, "let me see your mother."

Nancy never knew how it was, but a minute or two later she was seated on top of the coach between a boy and a girl, and the stage was tearing down the hill at a break-neck pace. On and on they rode, over mountains, through valleys, until they came to a beautiful body of water. "Echo Lake," cried some one; and then they passed the Profile House, and looked up at the great walls of rock which formed the Franconia Notch. How perfectly lovely it was! And all the time Nancy kept her two pieces of money tightly clasped within her hands.

"I've never seen the Flume either," whispered the girl who sat near to her, as they rode along the shaded road which runs from the Profile House to the Flume, "and I haven't the least idea what it's like; have you?"

"Whoa!" shouted the driver; and the stage drew up in the midst of a broad gravel plaza.

"Is this it?" thought Nancy, as everybody got down; but she didn't say anything, and followed her little friend and all the others through the toll-gate, where a sign read,

FLUME, 1 M.

"That means one mile," said her friend; and then they had a merry race down the steep hill.

What lots of people were there, and how happy everybody seemed, just as though they were all off on a holiday for the first time! Mrs. Worthington bought them all sticks with curious handles and marks at a little house, and then they walked along the plank walk, over the rocks, and entered the narrow gorge where the waters rushed through and the great rocks towered high on either side. It was like fairy-land to Nancy; her fondest hopes were realized, and she was in the Flume! A narrow foot-bridge led along one side of the wall, and the water trickled out of the crannies of the rock and made the air delightfully cool. You could look up, up, and see the green trees leaning over the chasm, and then beneath them was the swift mountain torrent tearing along over the stones.

It was altogether too short a time that they stopped there, but when Nancy a little later was ushered with the others into the dining-room of the great hotel, she felt that her cup of happiness was full, for she had never before eaten such a delicious meal. The ride home was so very short, and everybody was so kind, that when the stage climbed up the hill near her home, Nancy felt sad; but her mother was standing in the doorway, and Nancy, anxious to tell her all, brightened up again.

"Good-by, Nancy, good-by," shouted everybody, as the stage rolled away, and Nancy waved her hands to them until they were out of sight.

"Do tell!" said her mother, as Nancy finished the story of her day's pleasure; "an' do you know that you lef' the milk out in the sun an' it soured, an' two young fellows on horseback stopped here awhile ago an' wanted some, so I give them some of to-night's milkin', an' they lef' this for you," and Mrs. Butts laid a bright silver quarter on the table.



THE FÊTE OF ST. NICHOLAS.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY JAN STEEN.

YOUNG PEOPLE IN OLD HOLLAND.

BY CARMOSINE.

THE history of art in Holland until the sixteenth century is confounded with that of the art of northern Europe in general. This art, like the civilization of the country, belonged to the German school whose artists worked at Cologne, at Bruges, at Leyden, at Antwerp. In the seventeenth century Holland became a free country, politically and religiously, and a new, strange, and distinct society grew up in the love of liberty, independence, and material prosperity. The fascinating narrative of the struggles and triumph of the Dutch republic may be read in Motley's famous *History of the United Netherlands*; here we need only remark that the Dutch, owing to the marshy and low-lying nature of their little country, had to create even the soil on which they were to live, and in the heat of the enthusiasm which newly

won liberty gave them, they accomplished miracles which fill us with wonderment. Their sailors fought by sea against the Spaniards, the French, and the English, and at the same time went trading all over the world. Meanwhile at home the Dutch built dikes to keep the sea from overflowing their country, docks, arsenals, bridges, canals, town-halls, churches, markets, hospices, and a thousand edifices where companies of archers, scientific societies, and trade guilds used to meet. In Holland everything dates from the seventeenth century, not only the great sea-captains and the great citizens, but also its great poets and great painters.

The Dutch art of this new birth of the country is something original and spontaneous, without parallel in the past, without rival in the present. It is the art of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Jan Steen, Terburg, Metsu, to name only a few of the greatest; an art of singular skill so far as technical matters are concerned; an art

very realistic, very close to nature, very minute, and very strictly imitative; and withal an art remarkably human, and even familiar in sentiment.

Take, for instance, our illustration engraved from a picture by Jan Steen (born at Leyden, 1626; died at Delft, 1679). It represents the fête of St. Nicholas in a comfortable Dutch home in the seventeenth century. It is a great day for the children, who, according to the tradition, have put their wooden shoes in the chimney overnight so that the good saint may fill them with gifts. To the right is the mother, seated beside a table laden with cakes and sweets. She holds out her hands to a little girl, who is hurrying away with a doll and a tin bucket full of toys. In the background, sitting by the fire, are the father and the grandmother. In the middle distance a big boy is whimpering, because his wooden shoe has been found to contain a bundle of rods, the present which St. Nicholas thought the best deserved.

Now this picture is something new in art; it is more

purely human, more domestic, more familiarly realistic than anything we have seen in the art of Italy, Spain, Flanders, France, or old Germany. It is simply a scene of home life represented with picturesque qualities, a comic sense, and a vigor and directness which are new and peculiar to the Dutch masters, and particularly to Jan Steen. The familiar life of the Dutch has been treated by Jan Steen in the same frank and amusing spirit which we find in the "Fête of St. Nicholas." Some of his pictures are interior scenes—family rejoicings and feasts, where everybody is seen eating, drinking, smoking, joking, and having a good time. Charlatans, quack doctors, magicians, gay gentlemen, langensling ladies, school-boys and their innumerable pranks—all the characters of the human comedy which we find in the works of the great novelists and dramatists have been depicted by Jan Steen with never-failing wit, sarcasm, and jollity, and always with such expressive simplicity that his pictures never need explanation.



THE CAT'S DANCING LESSON.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY JAN STEEN.

Another picture by Jan Steen which we have engraved is "The Cat's Dancing Lesson," an amusing scene of Dutch home life. Dinner is over; the frying-pans, spoons, napkins, platters, and pewter pots have not yet been removed; the father has lighted his pipe, and was doubtless smoking calmly, and perhaps intending to play a madrigal on the lute that hangs on the wall, when the cat appeared. A happy idea! The cat shall dance while the mother plays on the flute. Then in comes the dog, and the sight of the cat's comic and unwilling steps amuses him greatly, and makes him bark for joy, and the peals of laughter of the children and the barking of the dog excite the curiosity of the old grandfather, whose gray head we see looking down from a window upon this after-dinner amusement. Nothing could be more human and more natural than all these laughing faces. The little boy on the left throws back his head to have a good, full-chested laugh; his brother adds to the cat's terror by offering her a pipe; the poor little cat opens her mouth to protest against this treatment, and writhes and curls up her feet, not knowing what dancing means. As for the dog, you think you hear him bark as he presses his fore paws on the floor, and raises his nose in the air full of joy and excitement.

HOW I TRAIN FOR A RACE.

BY WALTER C. DOHM.

IT was my intention when I first decided to write an article of the character of this one to entitle it "How to Train." A slight consideration of the subject, however, showed plainly how long such an article would necessarily be, for a different system of training would have to be laid down for nearly every separate individual, as so much depends on the constitution and physique of the would-be runner, and the distance which he intends to make his specialty. Therefore I determined to tell how I myself prepared for a contest, and to offer such advice and make such suggestions as might prove useful to younger athletes.

"But," some of our young readers may say, "what good would it do me to train? I can't run; anybody can beat me." True enough, perhaps, *now*; but it is just this training that will improve your running, and enable you to make the most of the beneficial effect of out-door exercise. A friend of mine, who is a very fast runner—at one time he was champion of America at his particular distance, but has now retired—was known at school as "Fatty," and his school-mates had no fear of the wrath which this title aroused, for there was no one of them whom he could overtake. They would have laughed at the idea of their chunky school-mate ever becoming a famous runner; but he did, and has to-day a collection of medals and other trophies of which any athlete might be proud. I know other athletes who might just as appropriately have been dubbed "Skinny" or "Shadow," who have become famous for their performances on the track. So you see that big or little, tall or short, fat or thin, you will never know whether you are a runner until you have given training a fair trial.

Suppose now that having decided to try running, you wish to know how to go about it. First, you will select the distance at which you intend to excel. The most popular distances are the one hundred and two hundred and twenty yards dashes, the quarter and half mile runs, and the mile and four mile runs. Running at the first two distances is called "sprinting," the quarter and half mile runs are "medium distances," and the long distances are those of one mile and upward. The "sprints" are less fatiguing to the runner, and do not require the same severe course of training as the longer distances, where strength, endurance, and wind in a great measure replace mere speed.

One of the most important elements in "sprinting" is rapid starting. The ability to get away from one's mark quickly can only be acquired by incessant and well-directed practice. The position which most runners assume for the start is to stand with the right foot about fourteen inches behind the left, the body slightly inclined forward, with most of the weight on the hindmost foot. At the report of the pistol—which is the signal generally employed for starting—the right foot and left arm shoot forward, and after two or three short steps you are fairly in your stride.

Of the two medium distances the quarter is far more difficult

to run than the half, as to run a good quarter requires an unusual combination of speed and endurance; in fact, a few "quarter-milers"—the very best ones—sprint the whole distance, but this is unusual. When we come to the half-mile the pace becomes slower, and in the long distance many runners no longer keep on the toes, but run flat-footed.

In selecting your distance, you can be guided only in a measure by your physique or "build." If you are large and muscular, however, the probabilities are that you will do better as a "sprinter," or you may even do well at the quarter. Light and wiry men are suited to the longer races, in which great endurance is required, though men of this stamp also make excellent "sprinters." Therefore if you are not large, you can only decide on your distance by actually testing your ability at all three. This being done, and having a running-track in the neighborhood (or a level road on which you can measure off the necessary distance will do just as well), you are ready for the practical work of training.

As to the objects to be attained by training they may be described as follows: 1, The removal of all superfluous flesh; 2, the increase of "staying" powers or endurance, and the development of those muscles which are to be called into play in the actual contest; 3, the cultivation of "wind," or the power of breathing freely, and keeping the blood in regular circulation, in spite of severe and prolonged exertion; 4, "judgment," by which is meant the ability to select the fastest pace which it is possible for one to maintain over the entire distance.

In aiming at the removal of superfluous flesh—the training off of which virtually reduces the weight which one has to carry—I begin by adopting such a diet as will add strength but not weight to the body. With this object in view, I carefully avoid all fat meats, soups, butter, starchy foods, potatoes, sweets, etc. I eat a great deal of rare lean meat, and only the most easily digested at that, such as beef and mutton. Eggs—especially poached—poultry, fish and game, may be eaten plentifully, but such meats as veal and pork are to be avoided. Stewed vegetables are to be partaken of freely, as are also greens, such as lettuce, cresses, etc. Fruit is a necessity, and is to be taken at breakfast. Whatever bread is used should be either toasted or used when about forty-eight hours old. For desserts, jellies are probably better than anything else; but all pastries, such as pie, cake, and the like, together with all rich puddings and sauces, must be abstained from.

For beverages I use weak tea and coffee in small quantities, and but little water. Stimulants of all kinds, and alcoholic drinks especially, are to be shunned, as between the use of these and that of tobacco in any form whatever, it is hard to decide which is the more injurious. By adhering to such a system of diet, and by inducing perspiration by exercise, the weight may be gradually reduced to the required point.

As to the form of exercise, it is, of course, to be of such a nature as will best secure the objects mentioned under 2, namely, endurance and muscle. The best exercise for this purpose is running. Beginning gradually, I do just so much as will make me feel that some demands have been made on the muscles. Great care must be taken not to do too much at first, else, unaccustomed to the exertion, you may become stiff and sore, and more harm will be done than good. As training progresses, the work is increased, either by running further or doing the same distances faster. At the end of two weeks the entire distance at which you intend to compete may be run over at racing speed, and this may be repeated as often as once every week thereafter. On the day previous to this effort I would do no work whatever; and as I always run these trials on Saturdays, I do nothing on the day following, either.

All this work will be found to have improved the "wind" also. With each day's work you will find that you breathe more and more freely as you run, and in a very short time you may run a hard race with little or no discomfort to the breathing.

"Judgment" in pace can be acquired only by constant practice. Many races are lost by selecting at the start a pace which is either too fast or too slow. If the former be the case, the runner finds himself when near the finish too exhausted to continue running, and is therefore beaten by a man who has perhaps not nearly his ability. If, on the other hand, the pace on the start be too slow, there is danger of the other competitors acquiring a greater lead than he can overcome. A device to which I resort to study my pace accurately, is to take one-half or three-quarters of the distance at which I am to compete and run it at my regular racing gait. At regular intervals along the course I have time-keepers stationed, who inform me as I go by of the time which I am making. Suppose, for instance, I am able to

run a half-mile in two minutes. Instead of running the full 880 yards, which would be very exhausting, I run three furlongs, and at the end of each furlong, or 220 yards, the timer there stationed calls out the time. If this be less than thirty seconds at the end of the first furlong, I know that I am running too fast, and can decrease my pace until I get to the next time-keeper, where, being again informed of how I am running, I can regulate my pace accordingly. Besides the excellent practice which this gives in "judging" pace, there is no better way of developing those qualities which are needed for success in racing.

Having now given a general outline of what my system of training is, I propose next to go into details, and give an account of just how I put my system into actual practice. On the first day of training, after arriving at the track, I take a run of forty or fifty yards at a fairly fast pace, and repeat this once or twice until the muscles are well limbered. And here great care must be taken not to start off immediately at top speed, as the result is likely to be a strained muscle or tendon. After this I would run a slow quarter-mile, and then, after a brisk rub by my trainer—he always uses whiskey to rub me with—the first day's work is over. Training being now under way, I retire at 10 P.M., and rise next morning at 7—it is important to keep regular hours—and after a short walk, which serves as an appetizer, take breakfast. This consists of fruit—either oranges, grapes, or peaches are excellent—a little oatmeal, broiled beefsteak or mutton-chops, fish or eggs, and a cup of coffee and some bread.

When in Princeton, attending college, recitations come next, and I exercise at noon. During vacation, however, I train on the grounds of the New York Athletic Club, at Travers Island, and there at 2 P.M. I take lunch, consisting of cold roast beef or chicken, with cresses, and some iced tea. Exercise comes at 5.30 P.M., an hour which I prefer to noon, as it is cooler and pleasant.

The exercise in the evening, while of the same general character as the evening before, will be a little more arduous. After the preliminary "limberers," in company with two or three other athletes who are training at the same time, I practise starting, as described above, and after three or four trials, on each of which we run fifteen or twenty yards, a final start is taken, and a race for about sixty yards ensues. After a little breathing-spell, I run a half-mile just fast enough to make myself a little tired; the customary "rub down" follows, and so another day's training is finished.

Thus the work progresses evening after evening. As I become stronger, I run fractions—say half or three-fourths—of the regular distances at racing speed, being careful in each instance to have the time taken, as spoken of under "Judgment." In this manner, after three weeks' work, I will perhaps enter some race in the vicinity. The beginner, however, should train for at least three weeks longer before attempting a race, and then, when his muscles are in such condition that he can at will exert them to their utmost, and his endurance and wind are so increased that he can maintain the exertion for some time, he may enter either a "novice" race—which is one open to runners who have never won a prize—or a "handicap," in which he will receive a start on older and faster runners. These races are to be considered only part of the regular training, just as the games which a college base-ball nine plays with professionals are part of their regular practice.

For at least three days before this race there should be absolute rest from all running exercise. And then, when you step on the track—nervous and excited, perhaps—you will feel as full of energy and life as a colt fresh from the pasture. Take care when you get ready to start that you do not move over your mark before the pistol is fired, as in that case you will be put back a yard. The signal given, however, "stand not upon the order of your going, but go," and see "Judgment." You ought to know by this time what is the fastest pace you can maintain for the entire distance, and no matter how the other competitors run, just keep to your own pace. As you run oftener in such races you will acquire confidence, and gain the experience which only racing itself can give, and after the lapse of two months you will be "fit to run for your life."

In concluding, let me offer one more suggestion. Don't let success elate you too much; that is, don't get what is commonly known as a "swelled head." Over-confidence will lose you as many races as lack of judgment. If, on the other hand, you have been a little unsuccessful, persevere. Don't give up. You can never tell when you are suddenly going to improve. A championship was won by an athlete who had been competing

for eight years without having won a prize. Another athlete whom I knew was for three years only a second-class runner, but in his fourth year he suddenly developed into a first-class champion. And even if such a thing as poor or indifferent success should await you, what harm can there be in a system of training which strengthens the constitution, and enables you to lay up a supply of vital strength on which you may draw in after-years?

REMEMBERED.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

BESIDE me at the luncheon-table sat
A little lad of nine. The gay talk flew
From lip to lip, of gossip and light chat,
Till from his forehead back he gently drew,
With roguish glance, a wandering soft curl,
And laughing, said, "Oh, I remember you!
I knew you when you were a little girl!"

We laughed, but he insisted, long ago,
Somewhere, he knew together we had played.
He had forgotten what the plays were, though;
Whether through some fair garden we had strayed,
Or romped at games in a delirious whirl
Of frolic; but one memory had staid,
He knew me when I was a little girl.

And the bright eyes that smiled up into mine
Assured me we had been in those old days
Great cronies! Ah, dear little lad of nine,
I doubt if ever any sweeter praise
From wiser lips out in the gay world's whirl
Will come to me than that your young heart pays,
Remembering when I was a little girl!

GLIMPSES OF CHILD LIFE FROM DICKENS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE BOY THAT WAS BROUGHT UP BY HAND.

IN these glimpses of child life as Charles Dickens saw it, I think we must notice that the children whom his great heart pitied were generally bereft of mother love. None of them left without a mother's tender care had a harder time during the years which are generally bright and merry to the little human being than had Pip, the boy that was brought up by hand.

Pip's real name was Philip Pirrip, which, on a baby tongue, ran smoothly into Pip, and Pip the boy remained.

Poor little Pip was one day reading the inscriptions in the church-yard where lay his father and mother and five small brothers, when he was suddenly seized by a terrible-looking man clad in coarse gray, a great iron on his leg. No hat had the man, nothing but a rag tied round his head, and his shoes were broken and old. He had an evil face, and an expression of wolfish hate and hunger in his snarling mouth.

"Keep still, or I'll cut your throat!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch.

"Oh, don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded, "pray don't cut it, sir."

"Tell us your name," said the man. "Quick!"

"Pirrip."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "I'll cut the place."

Pip pointed out the village, a full mile away, where—upon this grim creature, like a savage ogre, turned him upside down, and almost inside out, shaking him till the contents of his pockets fell upon the ground. A bit of bread, the only eatable they contained, was presently devoured, the man further alarming Pip by remarking on the fat cheeks he had, and saying that he'd like to eat him up. (Pip tells the story himself.)



PIP AND JOE.

"Now, looker here," said the man, "where's your mother?"
 "'There, sir,' said I.
 "'He started, ran a little way, stopped, and looked back.
 "'There, sir," I explained, "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."
 "'Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father, alonger your mother?"
 "'Yes, sir,' said I; 'him, too; late of this parish.'
 "'Who do you live with?"
 "'My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."
 "'Blacksmith, eh?" said he, and looked down at his leg."

To make the story short, this terrible personage was a convict who had just made his escape from a prison-ship near by across the marshes. It was of great importance to this convict to get rid of the iron on his leg, part of a chain he had worn in prison; and as he had been skulking among the graves for hours, and was fearfully hungry, it was very necessary for him to get something to eat. But he was in a very disagreeable plight, for a grown-up man or woman meeting him would at once see that he was an escaped prisoner, arrest him, and hand him back to the soldiers, who would presently be scouring the countryside to recover him. So he could neither go boldly to a house and ask for food, nor expect any kind-hearted friend to remove his fetter.

Like Ishmael, the convict is badly off; his hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him. This present convict thought himself fortunate to have encountered a little orphan child. He did not let the child go till by threats and alarming looks and words he secured the child's promise to bring him a file from the blacksmith's shop and something to eat the next morning. You may be sure that, once released from the clutches of those claw-like hands, Pip never stopped running till he reached home.

Home was at the blacksmith's house. There never was in this world a better fellow than the blacksmith, Joe Gargery. He was a "mild, good-natured, easy-going, foolish dear fellow," with a crop of light curls, and eyes of the very lightest possible blue. He was as strong as a

giant, but both he and Pip were afraid alike of Mrs. Joe Gargery.

It was after dark when Pip reached home, though he ran as fast as he could; and the forge being shut up, Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Pip lifted the latch, peeped in, and saw Joe sitting in the chimney-corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times looking for you, Pip. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen."

"Is she?"

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she's got Tickle with her."

Tickler, I may explain, was a cane with which poor Pip was only too familiar. The sister who had brought him up by hand was in the habit of using this weapon of torture whenever she could get an excuse for punishing Pip.

"She sot down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickle, and she Ram-paged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the lower bars with the poker, and looking at it; "she Ram-paged out, Pip."

"Has she been gone long, Joe?"

"Well," said Joe, glancing up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the Rampage this last spell about five minutes, Pip. She's a-coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you."

Mrs. Joe, hurrying in shortly after this conversation, discovered Pip behind the door; and after giving him several cuts with Tickle, ended by throwing him bodily at Joe, who caught the boy,

passed him into the chimney-corner, and fenced him in with his leg.

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe. "Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worry, or I'd have you out of that corner, if you was fifty Pips, and he was five hundred Gargerys."

"I have only been to the church-yard," said I, crying bitterly.

"Church-yard!" repeated Mrs. Joe. "If it wasn't for me, you'd have been to the church-yard long ago, and staid there. Who brought you up by hand?"

Poor Pip was used to this interrogation, and it troubled him much less than the question pressing on his mind, how ever he was to keep the promise he had made to the dark-faced man skulking among the gravestones, viz., to bring him food and a file. Mrs. Joe, having hung Tickle in a handy place on the wall, proceeded to cut a huge slice from a great round loaf of bread, giving half of it to her husband and half to Pip. Pip concluded to hide this piece of bread in his trousers leg, that he might carry it to his unknown friend the next morning. But Joe, not being in the secret, was very much surprised at the rapidity with which Pip's bread and butter disappeared.

"I say, you know," said Joe. "Pip, old chap! you'll do yourself a mischief. It'll stick somewhere. You can't have chawed it, Pip."

"What's the matter now?" exclaimed Mrs. Joe.

"If you can cough any trifle on it up, Pip," said Joe, "I'd recommend you to do it. Manners is manners, but still your 'ealth's your 'ealth.'"

Early the next morning, before anybody was astir, Pip, guiltily conscious that he was robbing his sister, yet terrorized by the threats of the man outside in the marshes beyond the graveyard, crept into the pantry and secured some mince-meat, some brandy, and a whole pork-pie. Stealing into the forge, he secreted a file from among Joe's tools, and fled to the place where last night he had left the man with the iron fetter on his leg.

There was company coming to dinner—Mr. Wopsle, Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, and Uncle Pumblechook. If ever on this earth there was an arrant humbug, it was Uncle Pumblechook. But if you wish to read about the Christ-

was dinner, the missing of the viands, including the brandy and the pork-pie, and also the re-arrest of the poor convict, who told Joe Gargery that he had eaten his pork-pie, thus saving Pip from disgrace—poor Pip, who had not *then* the courage to confess what he had done—I must refer you to *Great Expectations*. For here I have only time to show you Pip writing a letter to Joe.

Shall Pip tell you the story?

"One night I was sitting in the chimney-corner with my slate, expending great efforts on the production of a letter to Joe. It was about a year after our hunt on the marshes, and it was winter and a hard frost.

"With an alphabet on the hearth at my feet for reference, I contrived, after an hour or two, to print and smear this epistle:

"I AM DEER JO JOE I U R KRWITH ELL I ORE I SHAL SON B H A B I L I T Z
T E R D I G E U J O A N T H E N W E S H O R E B S O G L O O D A N W E N I M P I N N A I D E Z
J O W O T L A R X A N B L E V E M E I N F X N P I P."

"I say, Pip, old chap," cried Joe, "what a scholar you are! Ain't you?"

"I should like to be," said I.

"Why, here's a J," said Joe, "and a O equal to anything! Here's a J and a O, Pip, and a J-O, Joe."

"Ah," said I, "but read the rest, Joe."

"The rest, eh, Pip?" said Joe. "One, two, three. Why, here's three J's and three O's, and three J-O, Joes, in it, Pip."

This was really the extent of poor Joe Gargery's acquaintance with the alphabet. Pip felt a little proud and superior when he discovered this, but a little ashamed too, when, a little later, Joe told him that he had never had the time to learn anything, having had, when a little fellow, to work for his family, and take care of a drunken father. When Joe's own people had died, and it "were lonely" at home, he had asked Pip's sister, who was "a fine figure of a woman," to marry him, and he had said.

"Bring the poor little child; God bless the poor little child! there's room for him at the forge."

At this, Pip broke out crying, and begged Joe's pardon, and Joe dropped the poker to hug Pip, saying,

"Ever the best of friends; ain't us, Pip? Don't cry, old chap!"

The two made a compact on the spot that whenever Mrs. Joe's vigilance could be evaded, they would study together, Joe learning whatever Pip could teach him.

"Your sister," said Joe, "is given to government. Pip! Which I mean ter say the government of you and myself."

"Oh!"

"An' she ain't over partial to havin' scholars on the premises, and in partickler would not be over-partial to my being a scholar, for fear as I might rise. Like a sort of rebel, don't you see?"

"I don't deny that your sister comes the Mogul over us now and then. At such times as when your sister is on the Ram-page, Pip, and/or compels me to admit that she is a bluster."

Joe pronounced this word as if it began with at least twelve capital B's.

Shortly after this, Pip was carried away from Joe's, under the charge of Uncle Pumblechook, and a change came into his life. He was carried to the house of a lady named Miss Havisham, and his business at Miss Havisham's was to play in this lady's presence with a girl named Estella and amuse Miss Havisham.

The last words which Pip heard as Uncle Pumblechook drove away in his wagon, leaving him at this lady's door, were:

"Boy! let your behavior here be a credit to them that brought you up by hand."

Miss Havisham's house was very fine, gloomy, and mysterious. Miss Havisham herself was dressed in withered bridal finery, and on the table by her was a mouldy bridal cake, and a satin shoe, once white, now yellow with age. As for Estella, when Pip had played "Beggar my neighbor" with her a little while, and their hostess asked him what he thought of her,

"I don't like to say," I stammered.

"To tell me in my ear," said Miss Havisham.

"I think she's very proud," I whispered, near a whisper.

"Anything else?"

"I think she is very pretty."

"Anything else?"

"I think she is very insulting."

"Anything else?"

"I think I should like to go home."

"And never see her again, though she is so pretty?"

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home now."

"You shall go soon," said Miss Havisham, aloud. "When shall I have you here again?"

"I was beginning to remind her that to-day was Wednesday, when she checked me."

"There, there! Come again after six days. You hear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat. Go, Pip!"

But I have taken up all the space that I can have to tell you about Pip. He is soon emerging from childhood. You will be glad to hear that he had, on the whole, a happy life, that he saw a great deal more of Estella, and that there came good times for poor old Joe.



KEEPING CORRECT TIME

MARRIAGE IS SO CAREFUL THAT SHE CREATES A MINUTE OVER HER DEED, SO THAT SHE LIVES NEARLY
HEAVEN OR IS IN WAITING THE HEAVEN



FRED, who is gliding on her doll's wing. "LATTY, DO YOU KNOW WHY GRANDPA'S HAIR HAS COME OFF HIS HEAD? IT WASN'T STUCK WELL."

PREPARING FOR ANOTHER POSSIBILITY.

"MAMMA, I'm sorry I dis'beyed you."
 "I am glad to know it, Flossie."
 "Mamma, I'm drefful sorry."
 "Yes, little dear."
 "Mamma, I'm just as sorry as I can be."
 "That's enough of 'sorry,' dear. You needn't heap it up."
 "Well, mamma, maybe some of it will do for next time I dis'bey."

her. Elsie's mother noticed the little girl did it rather reluctantly, and after Mrs. T. had gone she inquired the cause of her reluctance, and was somewhat surprised to receive the following answer.

"Because, mamma, her mouth-brans are so big they tickle."

HOW HE KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT.

"Don't sleep with your mouth open in that way," said Fred to his younger brother, as the dawn crept through the window. "You should breathe through your nose."

"But I don't know when my mouth's open," declared the other. "What do you do when you wake and find your mouth open?"

"What do I do?" replied the older brother, explosively. "Why, I get up and shut it!"

THE IMPUDENT OSTRICH.

An ostrich once had for a basis

Of op-er-a-tions an oasis.

He'd yell and he'd laugh

At the timid giraffe,
 And scare him to death
 making faces.

Mrs. F. is a person with more than her share of superfluous hair.

One day as she was leaving Mrs. T.'s, on whom she had been calling, she invited Mrs. T.'s little Elsie to kiss



HE MIGHT GET WET

"JIMINY! MESTEN'T THE FELLOW HAV'N BEEN A DANDY SIZE T'AT DOB'T T'Y BEFORE IT WAS REDUCED!"

"MA CAN I GO UP ON THE BANK AND PLAY AWHILE?"
 "NO CHILD, IT THREATENS TO RAIN."







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DAVY AND BESSY — SEE PAGE 886.

DAVY AND BESSY.

BY JULIA D. WHITING.

WHEN I first saw little David Powell he was waiting by the side of the stable door of our next-door neighbor. We had moved into our new house only the day before, and all that I knew of the people who lived on either side was that one was a merchant and the other kept a market-garden, and the market-gardener had a stable in which he kept three horses.

I noticed that the boy—I didn't know his name then—was not only leaning against the door, but had laid his ear against the crack, and I saw him laugh, and wondered what he heard.

The next morning I saw him again doing the same thing, and the next morning after that, and I made up my mind to ask him why he waited, with his ear at the crack of the door. So I went out into the back yard and walked about a little, and after a while I went to the fence, and said, "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, ma'am," said he, and up went his hand to pull off his hat.

"I see you here every morning," I said.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm waiting for Mr. Thorn to come back."

"Mr. Thorn. Oh, then you are Mr. Thorn's little boy?"

"Oh no, ma'am. I am Mr. James Powell's son David. I have a sister Jane. She's littler than me, and there's a baby at our house. Do you know what his name is?"

"No." As he said nothing, I inquired what it was.

"I s'posed you meant to guess. Everybody guesses what a new baby's name is."

"It is a new baby, then?"

"I guess it is! Why, it isn't two months old! It will be two months old some time, though, because that's what my mamma says every time I ask her. Everybody has guessed what his name is, but there isn't any of 'em guessed right, though. Do you s'pose you could?"

"Well," I said, to humor him, "I guess it's John."

"No, ma'am."

"Willy?"

"Willy!" he said, with deep disgust. "No, ma'am; that's a real silly name."

"Thomas?"

"No."

"Ebenazer?"

"Well, I should think," said David, "that you never saw a real pretty little baby, or you wouldn't want him called Ebenazer."

"Well, now, I guess it must be James."

His face fell. "Some one told you," he said, in a disappointed voice, "and you just pretended to guess."

"No, no," I protested; "I said James because it is your father's name."

"I should ha' thought you'd thought *my* name was James, then."

"But I didn't guess on your name, or perhaps I would."

"It isn't," he said. "My name is David; David Ames Powell, and I live on Prospect Street."

"But I see you every morning by this door."

"Yes, ma'am. That is because I come to see Mr. Thorn's Bessy. That's his horse, and she loves me, and Mr. Thorn and me love her, and she wants me to come and see her."

"But why do you stand with your ear at the crack?"

"To hear her nicker. That's what Mr. Thorn calls it. She makes a funny noise, and then I whistle to her, and we talk that way until Mr. Thorn comes; and then he lets me go in, and then we play, and I watch Mr. Thorn dress her down, and sometimes he lets me help him polish up her hoofs, and he says that I make 'em shine better than he does, and she likes it, and I do.

"When I'm big, Mr. Thorn is going to let me dress Bessy down, and I shall drive an engine. Not a car-engine"—as he marked surprise on my face—"but a power engine, to drive the machinery in a great big factory like where my father works. I get bigger every day. My mamma says I'm a 'sistance. I heard her. She said it to the doctor's wife when she didn't know I heard her. I was playing under the pear-tree, and she was in the sitting-room, and I heard her say I was a 'sistance, and I asked mamma that night when I was going to bed, and she said it was washing dishes. There's Mr. Thorn now," and Davy ran away.

I went into the house, but peeping through the blinds, saw a good-looking elderly man drive up in a spring wagon. Reaching the barn, he jumped out, throwing the reins to David as he did so, saying, "You may hold them for me, Davy."

So Davy held them while the great door was unlocked and rolled back, and I heard the loud whinny of a horse, as loudly replied to by the span outside, while Davy called out, in his small voice, "I'm here, Bessy"; and as soon as Mr. Thorn appeared and took the reins, Davy darted into the barn.

Presently I saw, walking sedately out together, a fine chestnut horse (Bessy, of course) and Davy, she bending down her head, so that he could grasp her mane.

Once out, however, Davy let go his hold, and the two began what any one could see was play. Now Bessy would rush to the end of the yard and spring about, lashing out her feet and leaping into the air, while Davy laughed and danced with joy. Now she would come tearing up to him, looking as if she would dash him out of the way; but just as she reached him, would come to a full stop, and sidle round and round him, and finally seize his hat and rush off with it, shaking it in the air, and then returning, set it squarely and softly on his head.

Now began the prettiest play of all, for they began a game of hide-and-seek, hiding from each other behind the wagon or the barn door. Now Davy would hide, and now Bessy, dodging back and forth, and finally finding each other. When that happened, Bessy always took a wild scamper about the yard, Davy racing after her.

At last Mr. Thorn appeared in the door, and spoke to Bessy, who stopped her play at once, and Davy and she walked soberly into the barn, and that was all I saw that morning, but it was not the last time I watched Davy and Bessy.

The first of June was very warm that year, and looking out one morning, when the air was especially close, I saw Davy at his post, looking very hot and uncomfortable. Throwing up the nearest window, I called "Good-morning," and then asked him if he wouldn't like to sit in a cool room with me, while he waited for Mr. Thorn. He thought he would, and explaining the matter to Bessy through the crack, came over.

I seated Davy by the dining-room window, where he could look out on the stable, and took up my mending, wondering what I should talk about with Davy. As I could think of nothing else, I said, "Don't you get very tired sometimes waiting for Mr. Thorn?"

"I should," said Davy, "if it wasn't for my thoughts."

"Why, what do you think about?"

"About octopuses and bears and kangaroos. Did you ever see an octopus?" he inquired, eagerly.

"No, Davy, I never did, and I'm not sure I should know one if I saw it."

"Wouldn't you?" he said, shocked at my ignorance, but too polite to show it. "I should, because I have seen a picture of one in the book."

"Why do you twirl your thumbs, Davy?" I said.

"It's to help me to think. I was trying to think of something to say to you. My father twirls his thumbs, and he says it helps him. Women don't have to. My

mother don't. Say, do you s'pose," he inquired, presently, "that Bessy means to be naughty when she is naughty?"

"I don't know, I am sure, Davy."

"I don't think she does. She hasn't any mother to tell her she's naughty. But Mr. Thorn says she does. One time she did something very bad and made a great deal of trouble, and Mr. Thorn said she must be punished." He dropped his voice almost to a whisper as he said: "So he whipped her. He hit her three times. He told me after it was all over."

"Well," I said, after a pause, "did it do her good?"

"Yes, ma'am, I s'pose it did. She never did it again, and Mr. Thorn made it up with her, and mamma gave me an apple for her, and let me take it to her after supper. Should you think it would do horses good?"

I answered, very seriously, "It does little boys sometimes."

"Yes, ma'am, it does me."

"Does it?" I said, quite amused.

"Yes, ma'am. When I am very naughty it makes my mamma feel very bad, and at night we talk it over, and then she has me tell her what I think, and sometimes I think I had better be whipped, and sometimes I don't, and so sometimes I am whipped, but most times I'm not."

"Well," I said, "do you always settle it, Davy?"

"Yes, ma'am, always. One time, though, me and mamma didn't agree, and she whipped me just a little. Did you ever drum?" he inquired.

"No, Davy; I never did."

"Well, you know what I said about driving an engine when I was big; but sometimes I think maybe I'll be a drummer, or drive a cracker cart. Have you seen the new cracker cart?"—alluding to a fine red one that passed the house every day—"and do you think you'd like to drive such a one?"

"Very much, if I were a boy."

"That's what I think; and then, you know, I'd ring a bell—a gong bell—like Mr. Watkins, the cracker driver, does; though," he added, after a short silence, "I might make up my mind to hunt bears. Bears ought to be hunted, you know, because they eat up people. Did you ever hear of Grizzly Adams?"

"No," I said; "never."

"Well, I have. He was a man that used to hunt bears and tame them, and in the picture he's asleep, with his head on a great big one—bigger than Mr. Jones's Newfoundland. Just think of that! Would you just as leave put your head on a bear? I wouldn't, and I don't believe my father would, nor most any man."

How long we should have pursued this exciting subject I don't know, for just then, with a shout of "There he comes!" Davy rushed out of the house, and jumped over the fence to join Mr. Thorn.

That day was not, however, to end as pleasantly as it began. Just before dusk, as I was sitting in my parlor with a caller, I heard a series of shrill cries, apparently in the street. "Surely something has happened," said my caller, starting to her feet. I followed her example, and together we went out of the door and upon the piazza.

The cries continued, mingled with laughter. Running out to the end of the piazza next to Mr. Thorn's yard, I saw a strange sight.

There was a group of people coming in from the street, all much excited, and in the yard was a little girl lying upon the ground, and Bessy standing over her, while Davy alternately threw himself on the ground beside the child, and called, "Janey! Janey!" in a pitiful voice, and then, jumping up, threw his arms about Bessy's neck, kissed her, and laughed, and called her "Darling Bessy!" until I felt that the child was going mad, for I didn't understand it.

I saw Mr. Thorn coming forward from the stable, and

thought I should find out presently. He walked up to Bessy, and said, quietly, "Why, what has happened, Bessy?" to which Bessy, who had gone to meet him, responded with a whinny, and then returned to the little girl, who seemed to be in a faint.

And now two men came in through the little crowd, and one of them, whom I knew in a moment must be a doctor, knelt down to examine the little girl.

I had slipped away after my camphor bottle and a glass of water before this time, and as the doctor looked up, I leaned over the railing of the piazza, and held out the things, while my caller took out a clean handkerchief from her pocket.

Soon the child opened her eyes. The doctor said, "Her head is all right," and after feeling her arms and legs, "She's all right, Mr. Powell," on which her father took her in his arms and kissed her again and again. Then he beckoned to Davy. Davy was hugging Bessy's leg, and didn't notice his father, until he said, "Exactly what has happened, does any one here know?"

Before any one else could speak, Davy called out: "Oh, it was Bessy—darling Bessy! She saved Janey's life!"

"I guess the boy is about right," said one of the men. "That's about the way it was. If it hadn't been for that creature, you wouldn't have had a little girl now, Mr. Powell."

"But how did it happen? Who saw it? I don't know anything about it," repeated Mr. Powell, hugging little Janey, who felt better, so that she held up her head now, and looked about her.

"Davy can give you the rights of it better than any one else," said the man who had spoken before.

"Davy?" said Mr. Powell.

"Yes, papa," said Davy, coming up to his father's side, followed by Bessy, who alternately regarded Davy and little Jane. "Mamma said I could come over to see Bessy, and I did, and Bessy was running around the yard, and I heard a team coming like anything, and then I saw Janey coming across the road, right in front of the horses, and I screamed, and Bessy ran and snatched up Janey by her dress, and brought her in, and dropped her on the grass, and then Janey wouldn't wake up, and then you came."

"That's it; pretty straight too. You can see where the gathers of her dress gave way," said one of the men. "I rather guess you will find she's grazed her shoulder some," nodding toward Bessy as he spoke. Mr. Thorn was already examining it.

"I saw the whole thing," now said another of the group. "It was Dr. Thompson's team run away again. It wouldn't have done any harm very likely, but your little girl got right in the way, and if it hadn't been for Bessy— Well, I never see a thing done neater in my life. She took right hold of the back of her clothes."

No one was paying him any attention. Every one was about the horse, and Mr. Thorn was examining her shoulder. It turned out that it was not badly hurt, after all. They all praised her, and if ever a horse looked proud it was Bessy.

Mr. Powell said, "I feel as if I ought to own that horse, Mr. Thorn, if you would—"

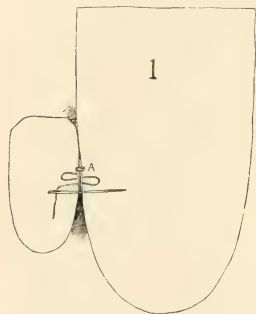
"There isn't any sum of money that would buy Bessy," said Mr. Thorn, decidedly; "but I tell you what, Mr. Powell, if I am ever driven to sell her, you shall have her, and till then I consider that Davy and I are partners. That suits Davy, don't it?" catching up the boy and setting him on Bessy's back, while she whinnied, as much as to say she was satisfied.

Bessy was made the object of a great deal of attention after that. People who knew neither Mr. Thorn nor Bessy came to the stable to see her, and asked to be told just how she saved the little girl.

HOW TO MAKE A MOCCASIN.

BY E. T. ADNEY.

THE moccasin here described is that of the *Milicetes* of New Brunswick and Maine, the making and wearing of which, however, are not confined to the Indians themselves. The materials are various. Made of thick cowhide tanned soft, and



wrapping high around the ankle, and with a different way of lacing. Long intercourse with the white people has affected the *Milicete* to at least this extent, that his typical summer moccasin is made of the top of an old cast-off boot.

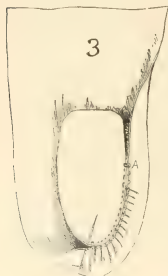
So we take a piece of old boot leather, or, better still, a piece of stout new leather to the Indian camp, and have a pair of moccasins made to order by *ko'-ko-mis'* (your grandmother).

She puts the leather to soak in a pan of water, and gets out a small awl, a strong needle, and a piece of waxed shoe thread. Picking up a bit of string or a splint of basket ash she measures the distance around the foot just above the large toe joint.



The soft leather is spread out on a board, and with the back of a knife the large and small pieces in diagram 1 are marked out.

These are cut so that the width of the large piece added to the width of the small piece, or "tongue," at point marked A, just equals the distance around the foot where it has been measured. The edges of the two pieces are sewed together and a few stitches taken, as in diagram 1, A. Now, as the edge of the one piece is so much longer than that of the other, for every short stitch taken in the "tongue," a longer stitch must be taken in the large bottom piece, and thus, when the thread is drawn tight, a wrinkle or crease, called a "crimp," is made in the larger piece. Diagram 2 shows how these stitches are taken. The sewing is continued



in this manner (diagram 3) until the other side is reached, which is finished like the beginning (diagram 4).

The moccasin is then laid upon a flat stone, and the seam is pounded flat with a hammer. Then it is handed to the future

wearer of it, who thrusts his toes in as far as he wishes them to go, and drawing the other ends back around his heel, notches the edges where they meet.

The two notches being placed one over the other, the waste leather is cut away by a single straight cut (diagram 4). Inside of this cut another one (diagram 4, B) is made, which does not extend quite to the bottom, but leaves the small double-pointed piece of leather attached as a tail.



The heel is then sewed up by an over and over stitch, and the seam pounded flat as before (diagram 5). Double cuts are neatly made at short intervals near the upper edge, a leather string for tightening and lacing is passed through these slits, to be tied in front over the toe, and the moccasin is complete.

When the other one has been finished in like manner, you take them, and say, "*Kul'-lo'-ut.*" *Ko'-ko-mis'* smiles, and replies, "*Mak-kus'-s'i-a'-e-zuk kul'-lo'-ut, ha-ha*" (Good moccasins, yes).

Then the other one has been finished in like manner, you take them, and say, "*Kul'-lo'-ut.*" *Ko'-ko-mis'* smiles, and replies, "*Mak-kus'-s'i-a'-e-zuk kul'-lo'-ut, ha-ha*" (Good moccasins, yes).

THE DEADLY "RATTLER."

HOW to cure the bite of a rattlesnake? This is the question that is now attracting the attention of the special class of students of natural history known as ophiologists, that is to say, persons who are wise in regard to snakes and serpents and their habits.

It seems a curious field for investigation, but about a year ago the government of Great Britain became so greatly alarmed at the number of deaths in their Indian dominions resulting from the bite of the rattlesnake, that they offered the sum of £5000 (\$25,000) to any one who should discover an effectual antidote for the terrible poison these creatures inject into the wound made by their fangs.

The rattlesnake is distinguished from all other serpents by the singular appendage which gives it its name. This rattle, placed at the end of its tail, consists of a number of thin horny cells, like a thimble in shape, and each one nearly covering the other, so that when they are shaken by the muscular action of the snake a rustling or rattling noise is produced. The number of joints in the rattle indicates the age of the serpent, one being added each time it casts its skin. The venom of the rattlesnake is injected by means of its fangs. These are two hollow teeth which, when not in action, lie quietly in the mouth, pointed backward, and wrapped in a fold of the soft skin that lines the upper jaw. At the base of each of these fang teeth is an opening connected with a tube running backward under the eye to a gland which contains the poison.

When the rattlesnake means mischief he throws himself into a coil, with his head raised as if for observation. He does not pursue his prey, and if not molested, or his attention attracted by what he may fancy a possible danger, he rarely begins the attack. Little animals he scorries unless he is hungry, so that a mouse or a toad will sometimes be allowed to live quietly for days in his cage. Large or noisy creatures alarm him, and then he is ready for the affray. His head is thrown far back, his mouth opened wide, and with the fangs held very erect, he strikes suddenly and swiftly. The blow is a stab, and is given by throwing the head forward, while the coils below it are straightened out to lengthen the neck and give power

to the motion which drives the fang into the victim's flesh. As they enter, a muscle closes the lower jaw on the part struck. It is a thrust aided by a bite. At this moment the poison tube is opened, and the same muscle which shuts the jaw squeezes the gland, and drives the venom through the hollow tooth into the wound.

When the ophiologists began their work of analyzing the poison of the rattlesnake, in order to see if they could discover an antidote for it, they invented the curious contrivance which is shown in our picture. It is called the "snake loop," and consists of a small wooden bar about four feet in length, upon which a strap of leather is fastened. This serves as a lasso, and is dropped into the cage of snakes by the operator. The moment a snake raises his head the noose of leather is quickly slipped over it, and as it passes back of the skull is pulled tight. The writhing, twisting snake is then drawn out of the case. One man holds the bar and snake, watching intently its every movement to prevent accident to the principal operator, who holds a small thin china dish below the open jaws of the serpent. He cautiously slides the thumb and forefinger of his other hand down the wooden bar until they cover the neck of the snake just back of the head. A quick pressure from the fingers just at the point where the sac containing the deadly venom is located brings the desired result. A thin fine yellow spray is emitted from the fangs of the snake, and falls upon the plate held in readiness. This operation is repeated several times until the supply seems exhausted, and the serpent is dropped back into his cage.

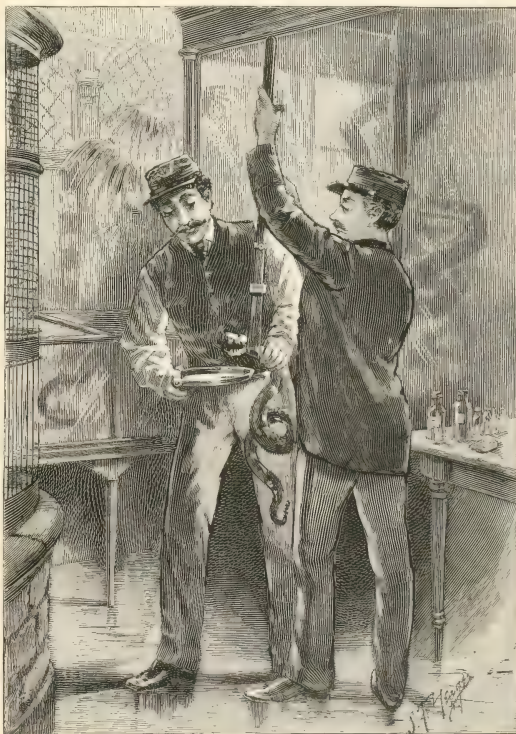
So far no antidote has been found to this terrible poison, but Professor S. Weir Mitchell, one of our leading ophiologists, tells us that he is hopeful that further investigation and study will lead to some such result. Until this antidote is found, human beings and nearly all animals will remain at the mercy of the deadly rattler when he strikes. Hogs seem to be impervious. These stupid, stolid creatures will even kill and eat the rattlesnake, regardless of its terrible poison glands. The kingsnake, too, will give battle to the rattler, and after sustaining a fair number of bites, has been known to end the fray "by swallowing his opponent, and calmly stretching himself out in the sun afterward." But alas for other creatures whom the terrible rattlesnake attacks! Usually the poor victim gives a cry, then becomes dull and languid; paralysis seizes the limbs, the chest becomes motionless, and death ensues.

But, as Professor Mitchell tells us, the rattlesnake has so much to do before he can inject his terrible poison into the veins of his victim that there are many chances of escape. He writes: "In so complicated a series of acts there is often failure. The tooth strikes on

tough skin and doubles back, or fails to enter, or the serpent misjudges distance and falls short, and may squirt the venom four and five feet in the air, doing no harm." An instance of how easily a rattlesnake may be bewildered and overcome was furnished not long ago by the heroic act of a lady living among the Catskill Mountains. Mrs. Frank Keen, a resident of the beautiful little village of Chichester, was out picking raspberries. She was working busily away when all of a sudden she heard a mysterious rattling noise, followed by an alarming hiss. Fortunately for herself, Mrs. Keen knew what the ominous sound meant.

Turning in the direction whence the sounds came, Mrs. Keen saw her foe. There, with its long olive-brown body coiled up, the rattles shaking out their horrible menace, and the head lifted in the act to spring, was a large rattlesnake, one of the kind familiar to the earlier residents of the Catskills, but supposed to have been driven away from the region long ago.

Most people, it is probable, would have started to run, and in doing so might have parted with their lives in the act; for the rattlesnake was four feet long, and with



EXTRACTING POISON FROM A RATTLESNAKE.

a single impulse of its horrible muscles would have darted after her, and have buried its fangs in her flesh. Mrs. Keen was no coward, and however formidable her enemy might be, she was determined to fight to the last. Seizing her bright tin pail, half filled with raspberries, as it hung on her left arm, she dashed it down with all her strength full upon the reptile's head.

Fancy it! What can that rattlesnake have thought, if in his expiring moments he had any time to think? First a blinding shower of raspberries pouring all over him and around him, into his eyes and down his horrible throat, then the sharp edge of the tin pail cutting through his flesh and into his very vitals, taking his life as surely as ever a knife or hatchet could have done. For when Mrs. Keen had courage to look at him again, after her work was accomplished, she found that his head was nearly severed from his body.

Certainly this was a novel way of overcoming a rattlesnake. At the same time, as very few of us have Mrs. Keen's courage and presence of mind in an emergency, it is pleasant to feel that the rattlers are becoming fewer and fewer, and that our chances of meeting them now, unless we go very far from our large towns and cities, are becoming less and less.

A FOREST COMBAT.

BY DAVID KER.

"I've seen many a hard fight in my time," said Captain Rifleton, who had just rejoined his comrades of the —th Native Bengal Infantry, after a month's shooting in the wild jungle country that lies beneath the shadow of the Himalaya, "but the hardest that I ever saw was one that I assisted at in the Purana Forest the other day, and a very disappointing fight it was to me."

"How was that, Fred?" asked two or three voices at once. "If it was such a good hard fight as you make out, why on earth should it disappoint you so?"

"That's just what I'm going to tell you," said the hero, as he leaned back in his chair and glanced round at the ring of eager faces that encircled him.

"This time I was lucky enough to get hold of the best native *shikari* [hunter] in the whole district, and he and I kept pushing on to the northeast till we got into a belt of jungle far away among the hills, where I had never been before, and where, to judge by the look of the place, no one else had either. Not a single path or clearing was anywhere to be seen, and the trees and bushes were so thick and high that you could hardly see your way even in the daytime. Ismail, my hunter, said that none of the native tribes ever went near it, because they thought it was haunted; and I'm sure it well might have been, for a grimmer or gloomier place I never saw in my life."

"Now it happened that up to that time, although we had bagged any amount of small game, and two or three deer as well, we had only got a single tiger; and it seemed to me that one tiger-skin was not enough to show for a whole month. So I made up my mind to bowl over another somehow, even if I lost my own skin in doing it; but hunt as we might, not a tiger could we see, although we found their tracks in abundance."

"One day we had camped in a deep hollow, so shut in by huge trees that it was almost as dark as the bottom of a well; but this was just what we wanted, for it kept off the glare of the sun. Ismail had fallen asleep, and I was in a fair way to follow his example, when all at once a rare bird got up close by me, and fluttered away into the bushes."

"I caught up my gun, which was lying beside me, and away I went after the bird as fast as I could, which was not very fast, for the boughs and creepers were so

tough and so matted together that I might as well have tried to run through an iron railing. But all at once I heard a strange harsh cry, something between the yelp of a dog and the squall of a cat, and the next moment I found myself on the edge of a small open space in the very thick of the jungle (which seemed to have once been a pool of water that had been dried up), and right in the middle of it my bird lay dead, while over it stood a splendid lynx, very curiously marked.

"Well," said I, "there's my bird spoiled for stuffing; but I'll have Mr. Lynx's own skin to pay for it, anyhow."

"But just then I discovered, to my very great vexation, that the gun which I had snatched up so hastily was empty; and before I could get the charge into it, there was a faint rustling in the bushes on the other side of the clearing, and out from among the leaves peeped the head of a tiger as big as—well, to speak within compass—as big as the doctor here."

A general laugh greeted the comparison, in which the regimental doctor himself—a big, good-natured, jolly-looking Irishman from Tipperary—joined as heartily as any one.

"People talk of being as sharp-sighted as a lynx," resumed the Captain; "but *this* lynx wasn't very sharp, for he never saw the tiger till he felt it. With one bound the beast was upon him, and then there came a dull crunch and a faint choking cry, and all that was left of the poor lynx was a crushed mass of dappled fur."

"So," thought I, "here's the lynx's skin spoilt for me next; but if I can get the tiger's instead, it won't be such a bad exchange."

Here the story was interrupted by another roar of laughter.

"Well done, Fred!" cried Lieutenant Carter; "this tale of yours is as good as 'The House that Jack Built': 'This is the tiger that killed the lynx, that spoiled the bird, that vexed the Captain, that lived in the camp at Kotree.'"

"Here just as I was getting ready to let fly at the tiger," continued Captain Rifleton, quite unmoved by all this railery, "there came a very sudden and startling interruption. I had already noticed, in a vague kind of way—as one sometimes sees a thing without paying any heed to it—a strange kind of greenish glistening among the boughs of a huge tree that overhung the spot where the tiger was standing; and now, at the very moment when I was raising my piece to take aim, there was a flash of many-colored light from among the leaves, as if a rainbow had suddenly shot downward, and I saw the tiger struggling on the ground in the coils of a boa-constrictor big enough to swallow a horse!"

"Then there began such a fight as I never saw. The tiger tore his enemy with tooth and claw, while the boa strove to tighten its coils so as to crush the life out of him with one squeeze. It was terrible to see what strength the two put forth, and to think how helpless one would have been against it one's self. Every heave of the serpent seemed enough to crush a rock, and the tiger's struggles were so tremendous that you'd have thought he would tear in pieces not only the snake itself, but also the tree out of which it had leaped. I understand *now* why those old Romans used to enjoy wild-beast fights as they did. It was certainly a wonderful sight, and you may think how absorbed I was in looking at it when I tell you that I forgot the loaded gun in my hand as clean as if it hadn't been there; and although I could have ended the fight with one shot whenever I liked, all I did was to stand and stare."

"Just at first, to my great surprise, for I had always thought that no living thing had any chance against a boa-constrictor, it seemed as if the tiger was going to have the best of it. The snake was bleeding fast from

half a dozen fearful gashes, and although its coils still held the tiger fast, they seemed to have no power to tight en upon him and crush him. This rather puzzled me, for I saw that the serpent's tail still kept its hold upon the huge bough from which it had sprung, which would give it leverage enough to exert the full power of its pressure; but I suppose the clutch of the tiger's jaws must somehow have paralyzed its strength, or at least prevented its being brought to bear all at once.

"But just at the very crisis of the battle the tiger suddenly unclined his teeth, either to take breath or to get a better grip. It was the worst mistake that he ever made in his life. Instantly I saw a kind of electric quiver run through all the boa's mighty length, and the huge folds began to tighten slowly, like the coils of a rope when a sailor hauls it in. Then there came a dull crackling sound, like the breaking of dry twigs when you force your way through a thicket, and the tiger lay limp and dead, literally crushed out of all shape.

"But he did not fall unavenged. In the fury of his death-struggle he had made his teeth meet right through the serpent's back, and had fairly broken its spine; and after flapping and wriggling convulsively for a few seconds, the great snake sank down and died beside its dead enemy.

"Just then I heard a hoarse exclamation behind me, and turning round, saw my hunter Ismail staring at the tragedy with eyes as round as saucers.

"Ismail seemed greatly pleased when he saw how the two monsters had destroyed each other; but it didn't please me very much, I can tell you. In fact, so far as I was concerned, the whole affair was just a string of disappointments. The lynx had spoiled the bird, the tiger had spoiled the lynx, the snake had spoiled the tiger, and got spoiled himself in doing it; and so, out of the whole four, I didn't get one specimen worth keeping. So I think you'll admit that I was right just now in calling that battle a very *disappointing* fight."

OTTO HEGNER.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THESE are the days of juvenile prodigies. Hardly a play comes before the public now without a precocious child actress as one of its attractions, and some of the little ones, like Elsie Leslie Lyde and Tommy Russell, display remarkable talent. But the work which they are called upon to do is not so extraordinary as that done by juvenile musicians. Children on the stage are required to enact the parts of children, to represent characters which are entirely within their mental grasp. But in music the "infant phenomenon" is confronted with a far severer task.

The juvenile pianist is called upon to interpret music written by a man. The demand on the player's ability is much the same as if little Tommy Russell were asked to play Hamlet instead of Lord Fauntleroy. It is asking too much, and the younger the child is the more hopeless is it to expect him to do anything more than surprise us with the dexterity of his fingers. I have just heard of a Polish boy named Raoul Kozalski, five years old, who is to play in public Mendelssohn's D minor concerto, and a mazurka by Chopin. He can only strike the notes; he cannot give the compositions any expression.

Little Otto Hegner, who has come to America under the management of Henry E. Abbey, and who made his first appearance on October 26th, supported by a grand orchestra, may possibly not astonish the superficial observer so much as more diminutive pianists have done; but there is reason to hope that his work will be more satisfactory to the serious lover of music, because the boy

has the advantage of his contemporaries in development. He is now twelve years of age, and his musical gifts became evident before he had completed his fifth year. Like Mozart and Josef Hofmann, he was the son of a musically accomplished father, who quickly perceived the child's uncommon talent, and spared no pains to cultivate it.

Little Hegner received his earliest instruction, therefore, from his father and Franz Fricker, a German musician of sound acquirements. For a year and a half these two men carefully and lovingly cultivated the talent which had been intrusted to their care. At the end of that time they decided that little Otto showed powers of such uncommon magnitude that he ought to be placed under the instruction of a master of high repute. He was therefore taken to Bâle, where he became the pupil of Hans Huber, a noted Swiss composer, born in 1852. Herr Alfred Glans, another learned Swiss musician, became his teacher in theory, for it was the wise purpose of the boy's father to make his musical education a sound one.

About two years ago the child was permitted to appear in public, and his success was immediate. Since that time he has played throughout Switzerland and Germany and in England. His first appearance in Germany aroused wide-spread interest, the leading critics commenting on the solidity of his attainments, and predicting for him a bright future. In London his uncommon talent caused a deep interest. It was declared that, notwithstanding the wonderful sensation produced by little Josef Hofmann, nothing equal to the genuine artistic ability possessed by Otto Hegner had been shown by one so young within the memory of living persons.

The English critics, who evidently bestowed careful study on the work of the new prodigy, were of the opinion that he surpassed Hofmann in the mechanical mastery of the key-board. They further agreed that in individuality of conception and independence of style he was Hofmann's superior. His phrasing, according to their estimate, is at once neat, accurate, and refined. The most notable of their opinions, however, was to the effect that he interpreted the compositions in his repertoire—works by Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Mendelssohn, Raff, Liszt, Weber, and other great writers of piano music—like a player of great experience.

In view of what I have said about the difficulties in the way of a child's performing the expressive works of the highest masters, the importance of this opinion may be measured. The boy must be endowed with extraordinary mental powers. This is not impossible, of course, for marvellously gifted children have made themselves known in art and literature as well as in music. What student of musical history does not remember the story of that concert in Vienna on April 13, 1823, when Franz Liszt, then twelve years of age, stepped before an expectant audience and saw the earnest eye of the mighty Beethoven fixed upon him? The child was filled with pride and joy. He played Hummel's concerto in B flat, and, as usual, concluded his performance by an improvisation, but not on a theme written by Beethoven, as he had hoped. The child, however, was aroused to enthusiastic effort by the presence of the great man, and he played like a young master. His success was enormous, and to his joy and pride, Beethoven, at the close of the concert, ascended the platform and repeatedly kissed him amid the cheers of the excited audience. There must have been something more than mere mechanical facility in this playing which so moved the stern and morose Beethoven.

The English critics declared that Hegner seemed to possess by intuition the facility that older pianists obtained by a long course of study and practice. This is precisely what was said of little Josef Hofmann. But



OTTO HEGNER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

the English critics added that Hegner brought out the points of his selections with an intelligence and perception of their design as clear as if he had written them. The interest excited by Hofmann's playing was tempered, they declared, by the ever-present knowledge that it was the work of a mechanically gifted child, while Hegner commanded the admiration of experts by abilities which are on an equality with their own painfully accumulated powers. I cannot fully agree with this estimate of Hofmann's talent, because I was present when a severe test was made in private of his facility at impromptu composition; and in spite of the fact that he had never been taught harmony or theory, he displayed a striking perception of musical form and an uncommon fund of invention. Measured by the inevitable standard of Mozart's juvenile and brilliant genius, which brought forth concertos at an age when other children are wrestling with the alphabet, neither Hofmann nor Hegner is great. But as an executive musician, there can be little doubt that Otto Hegner is extraordinarily gifted. He is a remarkably handsome child, with dark wavy hair,

thoughtful but keen eyes, and a general expression of mental alertness. While he may not appear so "cunning" to many who take a good part of their musical enjoyment through their eyes, there is reason to hope that he may give great pleasure to those who always rejoice when they perceive the promise of a great artist.

THE RED MUSTANG.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "TWO ARROWS," "THE TALKING LEAVES," "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN OF KAH-GO-MISH.

THERE were no alarms of cougars nor of any wild people around the Santa Lucia ranch. Even the dogs could hardly get up an excuse for healthy barking after dark. Just in the dawn of that next morning, however, the cow-boy on guard at the stockade gate was taken by surprise. Nobody rode up to the wooden barrier, but his quick ears caught a stealthy footstep behind him, and he turned sharply around with his hand on the lock of his rifle.

Did she mean to murder him?

There she stood, Norah McLory, with a double-barrelled gun in one hand and a cleaver in the other, and a red shawl pinned all around her. She made a very striking picture, and the look on her face was very much as if she were ready to strike.

"What's up, Norah?" exclaimed the cow-boy.

"Faith an' I'm oop meself," said she. "I couldn't slape for thinking of thim red villains."

"No red-skins 'round here," almost yawned the weary sentry.

"Ye don't know that," said Norah; "and I wanted to see was you watchin'. We might all be murdered in bed."

"The dogs 'd take care o' that," said he; "and oh, but I'm hungry."

"I'll have you the cup of hot coffee right soon," said Norah; "and you needn't tell the byes I watched ye."

That was a bargain; but before the coffee boiled there was proof of other wakefulness besides Norah's. Mrs. Evans and Vic were out to look at the garden, and to feed the chickens, and to talk about what might be going on in the far-away camp which contained the red mustang.

After breakfast the cow-boys went to their duties. So did Norah and the Mexican servants. Vic and her mother took a brisk horseback ride, and came back to their home.

"Everything is too quiet," said Vic, impatiently. "There isn't anything going on! I want to see somebody! I want to see something! I hate this waiting."



"THE DARKNESS FOUND THEM SCATTERED ALL ALONG THE BOTTOM OF A TREMENDOUS GORGE."—[SEE PAGE 894.]

"I'm afraid it will be days and days before we can hear from your father or Cal," said Mrs. Evans; "but I hope it will be good news when it comes."

The entire garrison of Santa Lucia—ladies, servants, and cow-boys—talked of the men on the trail of Kah-go-mish, and wondered where and under what circumstances their camp might be getting breakfast.

Cal Evans himself, although he awoke in the camp they were talking about, did not clearly know where it was; and while he was grooming the red mustang he said as much to Sam Herrick.

"Colorado!" remarked Sam; "you're just like everybody else. I believe those Chiricahuas have lost the trail, or else they don't mean we shall find the Mesca-leros."

"What's going to be done?" asked Cal.

"Your father and Captain Moore mean to push right on," said Sam. "They've got some plan or other. Tell you what, though, if I was an Apache chief, and if I'd gobbled a drove of horses, as they did, I'd take my chances over in Mexico. I wouldn't come loafing out hereaway, to be followed by cavalry and caught napping. There's a plain of awfully dry gravel a little west of where we are now."

"Sam's right," said the Colonel. "He's an old hand at trailing. We believe the red-skins have crossed the line."

"Into Mexico? Shall we miss 'em?"

"No, Cal; I think not. Captain Moore knows something of what the Mexicans are doing. The Apaches won't be comfortable there. What we're guessing at is the place where they're likely to come out again. We're pretty sure we know about where it's got to be."

He might have been less positive if he could have seen how very comfortable the band of Kah-go-mish looked in their camp among the Mexican mountains at that hour. The discovery had already been made that more plentiful grass could not safely be sought for under the Mexican flag. Too many lancers and rancheros were out on the war-path, and the thoughts of all the band were turning toward some better refuge north of the United States line. Everybody was contented for the day, however, or until about the middle of the afternoon. Even Wah-wah-o-be was astonished then, and Ping for a moment forgot his cougar. The little valley rang with a great whoop, which came from its southerly end. Every brave within hearing did his best to answer that whoop, and the whole camp was at once in a state of excitement, for it was the voice of the returning Kah-go-mish, and it was thrilling with triumph.

Here he came, not astride of the doleful pony that had carried him away, but riding an elegantly caparisoned steed. Some other horses followed him. He had gone out almost weaponless, and he was now overladen with weapons. He had gone bareheaded, and now he wore a gorgeously gold-laced and yellow-plumed cocked hat, recently the special pride of a major of Mexican militia. Even the reservation chimney-pot silk beauty, green veil and all, was as nothing compared to this.

Kah-go-mish had not exactly played Cortés and conquered Mexico, but what he had done was nearly the same to Wah-wah-o-be, Tah-nu-nu, and The-boy-whose-car-pushed-away-a-piece-of-lead.

It was a great time, but the chief had the plans of a general in his head. No Mexican force would follow him into the Sierra, but one might try to head him off on the other side, and take away his horses, and it was time to be moving.

The band broke camp at once, to push on through the rugged mountain paths as long as there might be daylight enough to go by. That was why the darkness, when it came, found them scattered all along the bottom of a tre-

mendous gorge, walled in by vast perpendicular faces of quartz and granite rock. Even Ping thought it wonderful, when the straggling camp-fires were kindled, that their light did not stream half-way up those walls, and left the rest in shadow until the moon rose high enough to show them.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE DESERT.

ON the morning of the second day after Ping and Tah-nu-nu and the blankets proved to be too much "bad medicine" for one poor cougar, the sun arose hotly over one of the dreariest bits of scenery in southern New Mexico. It was the gravel desert described to Cal Evans by Sam Herrick. No mountains were visible on the south or east, and the ranges of tall peaks westerly and northerly were a very long day's journey from the most interesting spot in that entire plain. Everywhere else even the cactus plants and scrubby mesquite-trees and stiff-fingered sage-bushes were scarce, as if they did not care to struggle for a living in so mean a country. Here, on the contrary, there was a dense chaparral of every kind of growth, excepting tall trees, that is common to that climate, and spreading for miles and miles.

If any man had ridden into it, his first declaration might have been, "All this thorn and famine shrubbery was laid out by a lot of crazy spiders."

Innumerable paths led through it, crossing or running into each other in a manner to have perplexed a carpet-weaver or a military map-maker, and everybody knows what tangled patterns they can make. The spiders had not done it, but the larger kinds of four-footed wild animals. They had worked at those paths for ages, treading them down all the while, and preventing any vegetable growth from choking them up.

There was really no tangle, at least none that could perplex the clear mind of a bison or an antelope, and all the threads of that spider web had more or less reference to a common centre toward which the main lines tended.

The dry and thirsty bushes on the outer edge of the chaparral should not have settled where they did. They ought rather to have learned a lesson from the bisons, and gone in farther. The wide main pathways ran into each other, and all the smaller pathways melted into them, until only twenty or thirty ends of paths led into a great open space, in the middle of which was the one thing needed by all that vast plain, with its dreary gravel and sand and alkali.

Water?

Yes; water as clear as crystal, and seemingly as cold as ice.

The greater part of the open space was occupied by a seamed and broken face of quartz-rock, nowhere rising more than a few feet above the general level. Scores and scores of miles away, among the unknown recesses of the Sierra, westward, was a lake, a reservoir, into which the everlasting snows continually melted. At some point of that reservoir a channel had been opened through and under the cloven strata of the rock, making a natural aqueduct. Cold and clear ran the snow-water, never-failing in its wonderful supply, until it burst up into the burning sunshine in the very middle of the desert, of the chaparral, and of the spider web of paths. It danced and gurgled this morning right under the timid noses of a gang of antelopes who had trotted in there by the shortest lane.

A motherly old sage-hen watched them from under a bush upon one side of the open, while in the opposite scrubs a large jackass rabbit sat, with lifted forefeet and with ears thrust forward, his face wearing such a look of surprised disapproval as only a rabbit can put on.

One antelope held his head up and listened while the rest were drinking. He turned his head and looked

around him, and in every direction he could see an extraordinary collection of white or whitening bones, large and small. Perhaps, year after year, many over-thirsty animals had rushed hastily in and drank too much of that snow-water. At all events, they had ended their days there. The antelope, or anybody else, could also have said to himself: "Tomato cans? Empty sardine boxes? Bottles? Old wheels? I wonder how many and what kind of white men or Indians have camped around *Fonda des Arenas*?" If he had been an American antelope, however, he would have said Cold Spring, and not Fountain of the Sands.

The antelopes were divided as to their nationality, and changed their citizenship several times, for right through the middle of the spring and along the little rill by which it ran across the rock lay the boundary line between the United States and Mexico. Some curious chisel marks in one place had meanings with reference to the boundary, and so it must have been there; but even the keen eyes of two buzzard-eagles, soaring overhead, could not have seen the line itself.

Suddenly the antelope chief gave a bleat and a bound, and in a twinkling he and his little band disappeared in the southern chaparral. Every one of them had fled into Mexico.

Only ears as sensitive as their own could have heard any warning in what seemed the almost painful silence of that solitude, but they were right in running away. Not many minutes elapsed before several of the paths leading toward the spring were occupied by stealthy human forms on foot, peering around as if to make sure that no other human beings had arrived before them. They answered one another with low calls which sounded like suppressed barks of a prairie wolf, and these were repeated in the chaparral behind them.

Then a tall, broad, dignified man, in a red flannel waist cloth and a gorgeous cocked hat, and with red stocking legs on his arms, strode out toward the bubbling fountain with the air of a ruler taking possession.

"Kah-go-mish is a great chief," he remarked, emphatically. "Cheat pale-face a heap. Ugh!"

If other remarks made by himself and by a dusky throng now pouring out of the chaparral could have been interpreted, it would have been understood that a plan of Kah-go-mish for escaping from some pursuit or other had thus far worked well, but that the danger was by no means at an end.

"Leave heap sign," said Kah-go-mish. "Pale-face know great Chief been here. Not know where gone. Ugh!"

Sign enough was made, for now the band moved away westerly by a path of the chaparral. Broad and plain was the trail left behind, and it was all on Mexican sand. It went right along until it reached and crossed another wide path at right angles. Here most of the band turned to the left, under orders, but the rest, a lot of warriors, went on, making false trail as if for a purpose, half a mile farther, to a wide empty patch of hard gravel. No two of the warriors left that patch together, and the trail died there. Of the band which turned to the left at the crossing the squaw part pushed on, while some cunning old braves worked like beavers to scratch out every trace that they or theirs had entered that left-hand path at all.

It was all a very artistic piece of Indian dodging, and when it was completed the entire band of Kah-go-mish was encamped in a secluded nook of the chaparral, about a mile and a half from the spring. So far as any tracks they had made were concerned, they would have been about as hard to find as the sage-hen, who had now returned to her place under the bush by the spring, and had distinguished company to help her watch it.

A sage-hen crouching low in sand and shadowed by wait-a-bit thorn twigs is pretty well hidden. So is a

great Apache chief when he has left his cocked hat and his horse a mile and a half away, and is lying at full length in a rabbit path a few yards behind the sage-hen.

Kah-go-mish and the sage-hen lay still for a while, but it was not long before there was another arrival at the spring.

Perhaps the new arrival had been long in convincing himself that he could safely venture to the spring, but he now left his pony at the edge of the quartz level and walked on to the water's edge. He was not a white man. He was one of the Indians who had said "How?" to Vic and Mrs. Evans, and the sight of him seemed to arouse all the wolf in Kah-go-mish. The eyes of the Mescalero leader glistened like those of a serpent as he thrust his rifle forward. There was a sharp report, and Kah-go-mish bounded from his cover, knife in hand, for the Chiricahua scout lay lifeless upon the rock.

"To-da-te-ca-to-da no more be heap eyes for bluecoat," said the ferociously wrathful chieftain, and a moment later, as he again disappeared in the chaparral, he added, bitterly: "Heap sign now. Ugh! Pale-face find him. Bad Indian! Ugh!"

CHAPTER XIII.

LOST IN THE CHAPARRAL.

KAH-GO-MISH and all the other members of his band except two had been entirely absorbed in the marching and countermarching required to make other people lose track of them. Meantime the two exceptions had been threading the blind paths of the chaparral more rapidly and a great deal more anxiously.

Neither of the ponies which carried Ping and Tah-nu-nu was hampered by a saddle, and both were somewhat wild, but they were not wild enough to have an antelope's learning as to the streets and lanes of that bushy wilderness. Their young riders were just as ignorant. After the fight with the cougar, Ping remembered that when Tah-nu-nu sent her last arrow into the side of the great cat, his sister had seemed to him to be about twice her ordinary size. Her bow had twanged at the moment when he had himself felt like a very small boy indeed, about to be stepped upon by the worst claws in the world. She at that moment had thought of her brother as a young warrior and a hero. Now, however, they were even, for they both had lost their way; and she spoke of him as a mere boy, while he described her as a little squaw, from whom, of course, any great amount of wisdom was hardly to be expected. Whether they rode fast or slow, up one path or down another, seemed to make little difference. They were completely puzzled.

At last an avenue of more than ordinary width seemed to offer a promise that it might lead somewhere in particular, instead of everywhere in general, and Ping remarked: "Ugh! Heap trail," as he rode into it.

"Buffalo trail," added Tah-nu-nu, satirically.

On they rode for a while, making fewer turns and windings, until they came to a difficulty which stopped them. The wide path split into two that were equally wide, and made a good place for a lost Apache boy and girl to argue a knotty question. Tah-nu-nu favored the right-hand road, while Ping preferred the left, and neither of them could give a good reason for any choice.

After Ping killed the cougar, the heart of it had been given him for breakfast and the tongue for dinner, but whatever else he had gained by eating them, he had not acquired that animal's natural-born bush wisdom. He may at some time have eaten an antelope's ear, however, for he now put up his hand as if another bullet had whizzed past him.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "Heap pony! Come!"

They wheeled their own ponies behind the nearest thick bushes and dismounted. The new-comer might be a

friend, but he was just as likely to be an enemy. They had only a minute to wait, and then another exceedingly puzzled young person drew his rein at the point where the wide path divided. Ping's eyes opened wide and they glittered enviously. Never before had he seen so dashing-looking a young pale-face, nor any kind of boy mounted upon such a beauty of a horse. Oh, how the son of Kah-go-mish did long to become the owner of that red mustang!

"Dick," said the boy in the saddle, very much as if he had been talking to another human being, "do you know that you and I have lost our way? How do you suppose we shall ever get out of this scrape? It's a bad one."

The Mescalero branch of the great Apache nation, while at war with Mexico, was at peace with the United States, although it was by means of a treaty which had been badly cracked, if not broken, upon both sides. As for The-boy-whose-ear-pushed-away-a-piece-of-lead, however, he felt in all his veins that he was at war with the entire white race, and that he wanted that red mustang.

His arrow was on the string, and he was lifting his bow, when Tah-nu-nu caught him firmly by the arm.

"Ugh!" she whispered. "Kah-go-mish say no kill. No fight bluecoat. No take 'calp. Ping no shoot."

The too eager young warrior struggled a little, but Tah-nu-nu was determined. Then he seemed to assent, and she let go of his arm while they both listened to something more that the white boy said.

"Dick," he remarked, "here goes. We'll take to the right, if it leads us to China."

With the guiding motion of his hand the red mustang sprang forward. Just as he did so, a fiercely driven arrow whizzed by the head of his master. It only missed its mark by a few inches, and they had been gained for Cal by the quick hand of Tah-nu-nu.

"Indians!" was the exclamation that sprang to Cal's lips. "An ambush."

He rode on rapidly a little distance, and then he pulled in his pony, adding, "Things are getting pretty bad for us, Dick."

"Ugh!" Ping had said, as Cal disappeared. "Tah-nu-nu make him lose arrow. Lose pony. Heap squaw!"

"Kah-go-mish say, good!" she sharply responded. "Heap mad for kill."

She had saved the life of the young pale-face stranger, and she felt sure of her father's approval. She had heard him give his warriors strict orders against unnecessary bloodshed. He had specified bluecoats and cow-boys with thoughtful care for the future of his band, if not for the treaty, but he had said nothing about Chiricahua scouts.

Ping was compelled to yield the point, but it was plain to both of them that if there were more pale-faces to the right, for that one to follow after, their own course must be to the left. Down that path they rode, accordingly, and they were going right and wrong at the same time.

Cal Evans, on the other hand, was going altogether in the wrong path, and was doing it pretty rapidly. It occurred to him that buffaloes marching two abreast must have laid out that bush-bordered lane, but then other lanes as wide ran into it or crossed it. He at last brought Dick down to an easy canter, and tried to study the situation carefully. He had heard of experienced plainsmen who had lost themselves in the chaparral. They had wandered around aimlessly for days and days, crossing their own trails again and again. At last they had lost hope, and had lain down and died of hunger and thirst at only short distances from friends who were hunting for them. Cal's heart beat hard as he recalled those terrible stories.

"What will father say," he thought, "when he finds out that I'm missing? What would mother and Vic say, if they knew? I only rode ahead a little way, and I can't guess how I came to lose track of them all."

Very mocking were the curves of that seeming road to nowhere, and many were the narrow lanes that entered it, as if they also wanted to go there. Cal could hardly have guessed how many sultry miles he travelled before he came suddenly upon a wider, sandier path, bordered by taller bushes that struck straight across the other.

"It's time for us to try something new, Dick," he said, but he said it dolefully, as he turned to the left and pushed down the unknown avenue. It had its curves, like the other, and it was wider here and narrower there, and it led him on for a full hour. He had long since forgotten about the whizzing arrow in his deep anxiety, and he knew that there could not be ambushes everywhere.

At the end of the long hour he and Dick stood stockstill. They were on a slight elevation from which a considerable sweep of the chaparral could be overlooked. It was a dreary, dreary prospect, and it seemed to have no limit. Cal stared wistfully in all directions, but north and south and east and west appeared to be alike without hope. Into that lonely path no other human being was likely to come. Dick and Cal were like flies caught in the vast web. In spite of the glowing sunshine, all things seemed to be growing very dark indeed, and they even grew darker when his feverish imagination wandered away to Santa Lucia.

"It's a fact, Dick," he said, huskily; "you and I are lost."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The very Foolish Hunter



This persevering Hunter up in Maine
Of his prowess is particularly vain.

"I'm a Hunter very good,
I wish it understood,
But the Caribou are not so very tame."



"I've been tramping through the snow
Till I truly do not know
The direction to the place from which I came.
I never get in sight,
Though I follow day and night,
For the Caribou are far from being TAME."



Adney

PEONY JANE'S FAINTING FIT

(AS TOLD BY ETHEL).

I.

I'll tell you how it happened,
If you want to know. You see,
'Twas when I had the measles
That mamma made her for me;
She was—well, she was a *holster*,
But I loved her ten times more
Than if she'd been a Paris doll
Just from a city store.

II.

Peony Jane we called her,
Because her cheeks were red,
And she wore mamma's old dressing-gown,
And lay upon the bed.

I played that she was delicate,
And could not go about,
For mamma had made me promise
That I'd never take her out.

III.

She was the dearest, dearest thing!
I'm sure I don't know why
Our visitors should laugh so much
When Peony was by.
And if I chanced to leave her
In grandpa's easy-chair,
I always got a scolding;
Do you think that was fair?



IV.

Well, I left her in the parlor,
By the hearth one dreadful day,
While I went to get my other doll,
Rosina Alice May,
And when I had come back to her,
What do you think? There sat
Our next door neighbor, Mr. Jones,
Who's blinder than a bat.



V.

He was talking to my Peony
As if she'd been alive,
He said she was not looking well,
And ought to go to drive.
He told her that the weather
Was "exceptionally fine,"
And recommended for her health
A little old port-wine.

VI.

He asked about her husband,
And her sister's married name,
And though she did not answer,
He went on just the same;
And presently, poor Peony,
Who could not hear a sound,
Just swayed a little to and fro,
And fell flat on the ground.



VII.

Up jumped poor little Mr. Jones,
And cried out in dismay,
"Help, help, help! your mistress
Has fainted quite away!"
And when the servants and mamma
Came running in to see,
He found out what had happened,
And was angry then with me.

VIII.

He said for punishment he thought
A scolding very mild,
That nothing but a whipping
Would do for such a child.
He said I had deceived him;
And then he went away,
And he's never been inside our house
From that time to this day.

IX.

And so because old Mr. Jones
Had not the eyes to see
That Peony was not mamma,
They took my doll from me;
They made her into pillows,
In spite of all my tears,
But I never will forget her
If I live a hundred years



I tell him to sing, and he starts to keep time with the music, and such a noise! you can't hear anything. It is quite amusing to hear him. Last June I had two magpies; they were the cutest birds I ever saw. Both have disappeared and can't be found. I still go on looking for them. They were throwing stones at them, and I suppose they were killed. I think it is cruel, and wonder why some boys will be so mean. I think Mrs. May K. Little is splendid. Are all of her works printed in book form? I have taken this delightful paper ever since I can remember, and am a constant reader. C. W. C.

Most of her books are published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little boy ten years old. I formerly lived in Rogers City, and we moved to Detroit. My papa is taking a course in the Detroit College of Medicine. I am going to be in about two weeks, and will study reading, writing, grammar, physiology, geography, and history. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. The stories I like best are "Life among the Seminoles," "Christy, Jack, & Co.," "Dorystates," "Princess Lilliwinks," and "The Red Mustang." For pets, I have a dog called Sport and a cat called Sam. FREDERICK A. E.

STAFFORD COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I live in Norfolk, but I am spending the summer with my grandmother in the country. I have a beautiful paper called YOUNG PEOPLE, which I think is very interesting. I expect to go home as soon as school is open. I have two sisters, one older than myself and one younger. The one younger died last summer and broke her arm, and has been staying with the doctor ever since. I have a little baby brother, who is spending the summer with me. I have only one pet, and that is a little dog about two months old. I am trying to teach him some tricks. He knows how to shake hands, beg, and jump over a stick. Last night he and I went to catch a bee tree; they got a lot of nice honey. MARCELLA M. G. (aged 12 years).

STAFFORD COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a girl eleven years old. I am a friend of ours sending a beautiful paper to us, and has been sending it for five years. We live in Stafford. On our farm we keep two horses. I am very fond of riding on horseback, and I ride every chance I get. I have two sisters and three brothers, and now I will tell you how many pets I have. I have three cats; their names are Daffodil, Bell, and Tomcat. I have a puppy; his name is Fido. I have a very green goose, which I ride whenever I wish. The old horse's name is Selim. One of my sisters is married, and has three daughters and one son, and I have two nieces and one nephew. One of my nieces has been staying with us; her name is Marcella. Today Marcella and I were on the way to the station, and got caught in a hard rain. MARY C. M.

PRINCETON, MICHIGAN.

I am a little boy twelve years old. I live in British Columbia, near the boundary line. It is just like "Tommy Tyler's land," when people get into any trouble here, they skip out over the line. Once General Sherman went by, with a military escort. He stopped two minutes in the morning and two in the evening, and the children were in bed, but we jumped up and peeped out through the window at the soldiers, and he had caught to see all the children's faces. We were playing peek-a-boo. It was fun to see the soldiers mounting their horses; they looked like a flock of crows flapping their wings, as they all swung their legs over their saddles at the same time. At the word of command, we have a memento of the General's visit in the shape of a sword that one of the deserters threw away. We have a pet magpie; it is very tame, and it will perch on any one's head and pull his hair. It mocks the cock's crowing, the pig's squealing, and the turkey's gobbling. We have two sparrow-hawks in training. One flew away yesterday, and the magpie flew after him and made him alight on the hawk's back on the river-bed, and kept circling round the hawk, pecking at him, and making a great fuss till we went and caught him. We have a pet owl, which my brother caught, and two dogs, and lots of horses and cattle. I was fishing this summer with my brother, and in one hour we caught ninety trout. I want to go with Will the next time he goes hunting mountain-sheep. There are numbers of them about thirty miles from here, but too small to go alone. JOHN STRATHTON A.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

We are a boy and girl of fourteen and twelve years, who belong to friends of yours. One day to spend the afternoon, thought we would write to you and tell you how much we enjoy your paper. We have spent our vacation to-day, and have been very much interested, but what we enjoyed most was our visit in Bos-

ton. Although there is no place to us like Brooklyn, we think Boston very beautiful. I spent most of our time in going to places of historical interest while we were there. One day we went to Concord, and saw the homes of Emerson and Hawthorne, and the very old grave of the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. We are very fond of music, and like to play duets together, although one of us is more advanced than the other. If any of your readers could tell us of some pretty duets we will be very much obliged to them. Well, as we wish to play tennis, we must close.

F. K. B. and M. G.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We have taken your delightful paper since last November. We are spending the summer at Southampton, Long Island. For pets, we have a pony and a dog (a silver collie). I have noticed that several girls have described themselves, so I shall follow their example. I am thirteen, four feet and five inches in height, with brown hair, and greenish-brown eyes. I have two sisters older and a brother younger than myself. I prefer riding and tennis to anything, particularly riding. I wrote to you once before, but my letter was not printed, and I am very anxious to have this printed. I hope to see my letter in next week's paper. C. D.

It is never possible to publish a letter in "next week's paper." From three to six weeks, as a rule, we are obliged to keep you waiting, because, you see, there are so many of you.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

My brother and I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since Christmas, and we like it very much. I like the stories of "Dorystates" and "Captain Polly" very much. I was sorry when "Captain Polly" ended, and I wish the little older I am going to read Charles Dickens's stories. My brother Harold is nine years old, and I am ten. EUGENE K.

N. E. VALLEY, DUNEDIN.

I am a little boy, aged twelve. I have seen many letters from boys and girls in your splendid paper, and I thought that I would write too, as an collecting stamps, and want to change New Zealand stamps for stamps from any of the foreign readers. There is going to be an Exhibition of Maori art and Maori life, and there will be lots of Maori exhibits and carved Maori houses. Hoping to hear from some of your correspondents, I remain, ELDERED HERBERT.

N. E. Valley, Dunedin, New Zealand.

We have just finished reading the last number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and are the best of friends. We thought we would write you a letter, as we enjoy reading the other letters so much. We enjoyed reading the "Lawn Tennis" story, and we all enjoyed the "Lawn Tennis" story. We like to see Henry W. Slocom play croquet. LAURA E., and ALICE and LOUISE R.

Cousin Dorothy's Class.

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 10, 1889.

David's Grief for Absalom.—II. Samuel, xviii., 33.

Golden Text: "A foolish son is a grief to his father." Prov. xvii. 25. Nobody who does not read the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters of the Second Book of Samuel will be able to read this lesson intelligently. The march of events has now brought us to the culmination of Absalom's rebellion against his father. It would be a pleasant subject for an evening proposition for the class on Sunday, if you would read all about Absalom's seizing of Jerusalem, of the sad procession of David and his friends out of the city, down the valley of the Kidron and up the hill of Olivet.

David had three mighty nephews, one of whom, Joab, was his commander-in-chief, and devoted to David and the rightful kingdom. Very likely Joab had never admired his cousin Absalom, had despised the latter for his vanity, his luxury, and his efforts to be popular on account of personal attributes. The rough soldier had little patience with the luxurious devotee of the court. And now when Joab went into battle, it was with a brave anger in his heart, and a determination to kill Absalom if he could catch him unsupported.

We read that Absalom, desiring that his name might be remembered, had built for himself a pillar of stone, and a column of cedar, and a statue, probably some beautiful spot in full view from Jerusalem. But his plans were sadly defeated. As the battle raged in the thick wood of Ephraim, the state on which Absalom was so proud to stand under a tree with low-spreading boughs. In these his thick and beautiful hair became entangled, and he was caught in the branches of the frightened animal, maddened by the arrows and the noise of the conflict, went from under his master, leaving him suspended in the air, and the Jews fought on, as if he were not there.

We cannot justify Joab's cruel behavior. He

had no right to take upon himself the office of executioner, and had he simply taken Absalom prisoner, he would have fulfilled his duty. But the king was a rude one, and the men were desperate and cruel through brasses. We see a touch of human pity in him, however, when he held his hand from breaking the King's head, from bearing the dreadful tidings to David.

Christ and Absalom both lay, however, and both had a share in breaking the King's head, the news of his son's death. The different methods of carrying tidings is marked here. To-day we write or telegraph, usually adopting the latter and the former method of communication of the old days and lands, and in some parts of the East still, tidings are borne by men, who run rapidly mile after mile, apparently feeling little fatigue, till their errands are accomplished.

David's grief was terrible. He wept and would not be comforted. We are almost forced to the belief that there was something good in Absalom to have won such devotion, or we would be, if we did not know how patient and tender a father's heart can be—how much a parent will endure from a child.

The lessons for us are that even in this life vanity and selfish ambition are generally disappointed. David's wicked son was kept in memory by a heavy burden of complaint, and a pit by a jeering crowd, added to for years by passers-by who scorned the bad Absalom. That nothing can wear out the love of an earthly parent, and that the Heavenly Father in Heaven will be patient with the other, and also that to rebel against God, and goodness, and Heaven is always a great crime.

There may be the wicked thought against a father or mother, which in God's sight is as sinful as Absalom's rebellion. Are you careful to make your parents glad that they have good and loving children? —G. S. DOROTHY.

Puzzles from Young Contributors.

No. 1.

A GEOGRAPHICAL GUESSWHAT.

(A town in Idaho went to visit a town in Alabama, and while going was caught in a mountain in Africa) story. She finally reached her friend's house, which was in a town in Tennessee Street. When she got there, her friend was just going to see a show with her. They got some (an island west of Scotland) to make a dress for the fancy-dress party. They went to the party, and had coffee, ice-cream, (mountains in Hawaii) cake, and (a lake in Africa) cake. The night (the town in Idaho) had a nightmare from drinking coffee. (The town in Alabama) was awakened by some one pulling her hair, and she found out that her friend had been on a lake in New York State, and that she was rowing her boat. The next morning (a lake in Africa) and (a lake in Africa) came after their sister, and she told a (a town in Idaho) that she would hope to see her at the family (a town in Idaho) at her home on Christmas Day. ANNA BARNES.

No. 2.

ALPHABETICAL PUZZLE.

A, a range of mountains in Africa.
B, a city in Maryland.
C, a town in south of Ireland.
D, a city in Germany.
E, a river in Germany.
F, a cape in Africa.
G, a river in India.
H, a range of mountains in Asia.
I, lake in which river Mississippi rises.
J, a city in Germany.
K, range of mountains in Asia.
L, group of islands west of India.
M, a large lake in North America.
N, West coast of the Union.
O, a city in Colorado.
P, a height in the Rockies.
Q, a city in Canada.
R, a river in Africa and Africa.
S, a city in California.
T, river in Italy.
U, river in Russia.
V, a city in Italy.
W, cape north of Scotland.
X, river in Ohio.
Y, a city in Africa.
Z, river in Africa. LOIS M. METCALF.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 519.

No. 1.—DEAN SWIFT. LAWLESS. NEEDLE.

No. 2.—

B I B
Y I C
I J E
O W N
N E S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lois M. Metcalf, V. I. Olin, Mattie B. Hull, Martha Salisbury, Mary H. Kellott, Frank Rossman, F. Keith Potts, Fred Randall, George B. Crutcher, and Mrs. J. W. Tildwell, Morry Macal, and Anna Berd Christen.

